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[See "Crazy Wife's Ship."]

"BUT HE'LL COME IN THE MORNING, SURE."

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVI. DECEMBER, 1892. No. DXI.

A NEW LIGHT ON THE CHINESE.

BY HENRY BURDEN McDOWELL.—ILLUSTRATED BY THEODORE WORES.

A MIRAGE of Turanian civilization, a shadow of the past projected upon the present, a frontispiece out of the book of life—this, and more, is the Chinese quarter in San Francisco.

These thirty thousand souls, huddled together in spaces wellnigh unbreathable, uninhabitable, jostling each other along dark and crowded thoroughfares, silently and imperturbably pursuing their mysterious ways, so supremely indifferent to all that hems them in, men they seem not, but shades "all too impalpable" from the deep Tartarus of Time.*

Architecturally, however, Little China is at most but an influence, and it is doubtful whether a single structure in the entire colony owes its existence entirely to Chinese capital. Indeed, the necessities of the case made no such demand upon the frugal and thrifty Mongol. Like Molière, he took his own wherever he found it. The huge business block of San Francisco's early commercial period and the hastily constructed shanty of the sand hills alike became his property by right of conquest, and he found both orders of American architecture equally available. The shanty soon shone resplendent in vernal green and sacrificial red; and the hard uncompromising lines of warehouse, dry-goods emporium, and office building were softened by many a jutting gable and projecting balcony, hung with lanterns and refreshed with lilies.

The philosophy of Chinese house-painting is truly curious, though perhaps the interest which attaches to this subject lies more in the restrictions imposed upon the man with pot and brush than in the free exercise of a decorative art. For among these Celestials art is eminently utilitarian. We enjoy our colors; the Chinese put theirs to work. More, in house-painting, green and red are, so to speak, *de rigueur;* other colors would be unpropitious, unlucky, ill-omened. And even if the average Chinaman (balancing himself as best he can upon the superstitions and practices of ages) is ignorant of the precise grounds of his belief, he adheres none the less rigidly to the canon. As Pythagoras taught that music was the first cause of the universe, so the Chinese have pinned their faith to the absolute efficacy of color, endowing it with powers quite beyond the laws of chemistry or physics. Indeed, poor John may be said to live and die by the color scale.

No color, not even imperial yellow, lies so near the heart of the Chinese as red. True, they do not, as did the Hebrews, smear blood on the lintel, but they have a custom of much the same import. Any one even superficially interested in this curious people must have noticed the little pieces of red paper—red peach paper it is called by the Chinese—which, covered all over with characters, are attached to the door-posts of their dwellings. The impression is general that these bits of paper in some way indicate the business or employment of the occupant. But Ah Sin himself will tell you that they are "just lucky."

This is as satisfactory a reply as could be expected from him under the circumstances; the mystery of life is not easily expressed in a couple of words. But why red peach paper? For the answer to this

* The official map of Chinatown prepared by the San Francisco Board of Supervisors designates 2 theatres, 13 large joss-houses, 16 opium dens, 110 gambling-hells, 246 manufactories, innumerable restaurants and shops, and 30,360 souls, living within an area of twelve city blocks! This is, indeed, a city within a city.

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READY TO SAY MASS.

—and to many a similar question—we must look not in the present, but in the remote past.

A Chinese authority of the second century, who happily styles himself an "Inquirer into Manners and Customs," states that the wonderful Peach-Tree is situated (very conveniently out of reach) in the Happy Islands of the Eastern Ocean. A comparison of the numerous beliefs which have clustered about this marvellous tree with those which prevail in other lands develops the fact that the Chinese have a tolerably definite conception of that Tree of Life which, in a lofty spirit of prophecy, rises so grandly in the middle of the Garden of Eden. Indeed, the Biblical account and the Chinese legend not only tally in many details, but, what is more striking, they both point very much the same moral; for we are told in the Bible that after the fall of man an angel drove him out of Paradise for fear that, having eaten of the tree of knowledge, he would also eat of the tree of immortal life. The same idea is expressed in Chinese story. The departed spirits of the Middle Kingdom, yearning for immortality, turn their faces to the east, and eagerly repair to the sacred mountain where grows the tree of everlasting life; but, crossing the waters of the Eastern Ocean, and arriving at holy Mount Tu Sho, their hopes are rudely shattered. Two giant brothers, Thu Yu and Yuh Lui, having power over disembodied spirits, rise up before them and bind them with the "cords of hell," and fling them down into Tartarus, which, by a nice conception, is placed directly under the roots of the divine tree. Very evidently not even Chinese morality contemplates a short-cut to Paradise; although here hell is but purgatory—a place of "departed spirits"—and not a place of everlasting torment. We are expressly informed that these Chinese cherubim bind with "ropes of reed" and throw "to the tiger" (the tiger is the Chinese animal of hell) only those "ghosts" which, "without virtual reason, wickedly wrought evil against mankind." By implication, surely the innocent soul must necessarily pass on, and freely feed on the Tree of Life.

The Inquirer, continuing, states that "the district magistrates have for this reason now always peach-wood figures at their doors, and suspend ropes of reed and painted images of a tiger there, in memory and imitation of this past event, and in order to guard against evil.*

We gain a still clearer idea of the two brothers from the constitution of the Chinese hell. There they are known as "Horse Head" and "Cow Head," and they are the executive officers of the Chinese judge of the dead. Now in the Yi-King the animal attributed to Khien, the Heaven or All-Father, is the Solar Horse; to Kwan, the Earth or All Mother, the Lunar Cow. A cuneiform cylinder re-

* It was by a very gradual process that these huge and massive peach-wood figures gave way to the little fluttering pieces of red paper now used to represent the "spirits of the door." "On New-Year's day," says King Chu, "the people make planks of peach-wood and fasten them to the doorway. They are called 'trees' or 'wood' of the genii." King Chu also refers to a custom of his time which permitted the substitution of "two painted likenesses of the spirits," which he tells us are "pasted on the left and right of the entrance"—Thu Yu at the left and Yuh Lui at the right. The Mung Lui, or "antithesis of the doorway," as the red paper is often called, are now thought to sufficiently suggest the giant guardians of the "gates of the sun."

cently translated by Mr. St. Boscawen fairly tells over again the story of Mount Tu Soh and the giant brothers. Gidzubar, the solar hero, sinking slowly to his death beneath the dark winter clouds in the north, wanders vainly in search of the secret of immortality. He comes at last to Mount Masu in the East, where the "Pine-Tree" grows; there he encounters the "two guardians of the gate," described as scorpion men, whose heads tower to the dome of heaven, and whose feet rest on the shadow of the dark land of Aralie, the Bit Muti, "House of Death." "At the rising of the sun and at the setting of the sun they guard the sun." When Gidzubar beheld them, even he, the solar hero, trembled, and was constrained to submit to their judgment. The very word *khurub* appears in the cuneiform, and shows how appropriately the Kherubim of the Bible are symbolical of the divine justice. But the Chaldaic Kherub hesitates before the godlike mien of Gidzubar, the hero. As Wotan, in similar perplexities, consults Erda at the foot of the tree Yggdrasil, so he also turns to his better half for advice.

Thus runs the text:

"The Scorpion Man to his female spake:
'Who approaches bearing the flesh of the Gods in his body?'
The Female, the Scorpion Man inclined to:
'His progress is that of a God, but his weakness is human.'"



A CHINESE SHOP.

The die is cast: even the sun must die in the west to rise again in greater glory in the east.

The Chaldaic canon explicitly declares the Kherubim male and female, but this is sufficiently suggested in the sense of contrast which is maintained throughout the entire series of life-tree guardians. For we are entitled to recognize our friends Cow-Head and Horse-Head in the doughty athletes Castor and Pollux, and in those patron saints of the gymnasia — when athletics meant everything in Greece — Eros and Anteros. As Fafner and Fasolt they stalk in dire disgrace through the "Niebelungen Lied", they appear in

mediæval heraldry as supporters to the throne of Denmark; as Gog and Magog they are guardians of Guildhall; and as the Lion and the Unicorn they are "a-fighting for the crown" of England.

The mythical character of the Red Peach-Tree is sufficiently established by the language of many different writers. A commentator on the calendar of King Chu informs us that it coils up its leaves to a "height of 3000 miles," and that "a golden cock is sitting upon it when the sunlight dawns." An emperor of the Liang dynasty, Yuen Ti, emphasizes the typical character of this golden cock by stating that when he "begins to crow, all the cocks in the world are thus stirred up and also crow." It is the cock's function to awaken the glorious sun, which (in dispelling darkness) is held to disperse the evil spirits of night. These spirits, so the Chinese think, abhor the truth of the sun's light, and shrink back into the lie of hell.

And why not? Even poor Hamlet's father must obey the fearful summons of the "trumpet to the morn."

Bernardo. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Horatio. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.
Marcellus. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm.
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Socrates sacrificed a cock to Æsculapius, the god of health, so the Chinese formerly placed a painted effigy of the "bird of dawning" on the lintel of their doors, "to drive out pestilence, contagion, and evil spirits generally." It is equally noteworthy that it is a cardinal point of Chinese faith that their sun or Saviour-God Yao enters the world at midnight of the twenty-fourth day of the twelfth month. On this occasion the golden cock upon the Tree of Life naturally does not wait for the dawn, but, in honor of the advent of a spiritual sun, crows all night long.

In associating a mystical meaning with the color red, and closely connecting this meaning with the Tree of Life, the Chinese have but followed out all analogies to their logical conclusion. The tree of life is the tree of man; and red is the color not only of man's blood but of the universal life. By very definition, then, red is the color of salvation operating to secure the health of both body and soul. In Chinatown, therefore, it has actually become a sanitary precaution—a sort of spiritual chloride of lime.

But it has other uses. No present, for instance, is ever bestowed, even upon a white barbarian, which is not carefully wrapped up in red paper. The very name for present is *ang-pao*, red parcel. Red is the color of the "longevity candles" and the "birthday eggs." Again, no Chinese gentleman would ever think of inflicting upon friend or acquaintance such an omen of death as a white visiting-card; it is always red.* Red, in fact, is used generally on every joyful occasion, as at marriage or at the birth of a male child, and is only carefully avoided in cases of decease or mourning. Even the red fire-cracker is more definitely connected with Chinese religion than with Chinese sport. In Chinatown fire-crackers are used to drive out devils—an employment which, though it brings them into rather general play, must not be confounded with the use our children make of them upon the glorious Fourth. As a matter of fact, Chinese boys and girls are not allowed to touch these implements of religious warfare.†

With us even the yule-tree has degenerated into a toy; with the Chinese the tree is still a tremendous reality—so real, in fact, that its branches have obscured their spiritual sunlight and left them in the darkness of superstition. Is

* White is the color of mourning.

† This is not the only pursuit to which Caucasians have given a frivolous turn. On the 9th day of the 9th month, the heaven day of the heaven month (there are nine heavens and ten hells in Chinese mythology), it is the custom of the gravest merchants and fathers of Chinatown to make a pilgrimage to the nearest hills or high places, where, with great seriousness, they proceed to fly kites wonderfully and fearfully made. Dragons twenty feet long, fishes and animals—even sacred texts—are thus sent up into the ether. These "messengers to heaven" are touching evidences of no little reverence in the Chinese mind. It is needless to state that children are not allowed to fly kites, nor do their fathers, save on this one day.



AT THE RESTAURANT.



A LITTLE MUSIC.

it not strange that so idolatrous a nation should in this one case have so much refrained from the actual representation of an idea exercising so powerful a control over their hearts and imaginations? Even in idol processions, where the sacred dragon himself is manœuvred, the peach-tree seldom appears on any of the numerous floats which constitute the chief glory of these pageants. Yet, despite the great mystery which shrouded the rites of Cybele, the pine of the great goddess was openly carried through the streets of Rome when her cult became the state religion, and an excellent representation of what the Chinese mystic would immediately recognize as corresponding to his notion of the Tree of Life was once a distinct feature of the Lord Mayor's Show in London. From the branches of that tree still floated the cords of hell—although the giant guardians Gog and Magog have been relegated to Guildhall—and its significance was still further accented by the presence of that type of self-sacrifice, the pelican destroying herself for her young. Throughout all Christendom the axe is now rudely laid to the roots of the unhappy fir or beech, their best service being deemed the amusement of our children and the gladdening of Christmas-tide. In China, however, the beatific peach-tree is permitted to freely scatter its blossoms on the air of spring as unmolested as if on holy Mount Tu Soh itself.*

* However, the peach-tree does occasionally appear in Chinese iconography. The To Do Morokoshi, a Japanese collection of Chinese antiquities, a work of the highest authority, published at Tokio in the year 1716, contains an interesting illustration of the cosmic Tree of Life rising out of the waters of the Eastern Ocean. Its branches are seen crystallizing into rock and earth, with the sun and moon displayed on either side. Clearly here is the explanation of that confusion between "tree" and "mountain" which is so persistent a feature of Chinese mythology. The Peach-Tree, instead of being *on* Mount Tu Soh, *is* Mount Tu Soh. The tree is the mountain; the mountain is the tree. This

By a natural and an interesting process the guardians of the tree of immortal life have become the Chinese gods of the threshold. In full stature, and presumably in primeval strength, they flank the doors of monasteries and the entrances to the halls of justice. Much reduced in size and perched high on shelves, they face each other in the vestibules of the Chinese home; and in their most diminutive aspect they become little images, occasionally two-headed, which are carried about the person as charms, or hang from the eaves of Chinese houses.

As there is no monastery in Chinatown, and, in theory, no hall of justice (although a sort of Chinese lynch-law certainly does prevail, and rather stubbornly), these guardians of the threshold are not often to be seen in their heroic proportions. On important religious occasions the giant brothers (constructed of paper and eight feet high) are set up before the joss-houses; but not until an important ceremony—which must be taken to largely qualify the alleged idolatry of the Chinese—has been performed.

On leaving the idol-makers these images have no sanctity whatever—even a European can have them made to order for a trifling sum; it is only after they are consecrated that they become the domicile, for a season, of the great spirit they represent. The ceremony of consecration is very interesting. It takes place in either one of the narrow streets or alleys leading off Pine and Sacramento streets, which of necessity serve as courts to the inner temple, or within the precincts of the temple itself.

After appropriate sacrifices and services a Taouist priest, accompanied by his acolytes, solemnly approaches the idol and consecrates it with a long brush by touching up the two eyes with a spot of red. Before the "red pencil," as the Chinese call the sacred brush, has been applied, the idol is but so much paper; after, such is the efficacy of prayer and ceremony, it is endowed with the light of heaven—the soul of an All-seeing God.

Of course this power to make a god practically implies the power to unmake

is not all—the tree is also an "animal," nay, a "human" tree. For every woman in China is most firmly believed to be a tree in the underworld. Her children are flowers on that tree—the boys red, and the girls white. In the heavens they are stars.



THE GODS OF THE THRESHOLD.



A CHINESE FLOWER.

him, but the antithesis does some injustice to the exact attitude of the Chinese towards their worship. It is true that as soon as the sacred festival is over, the idols are carefully destroyed, or rather burned; but this, commonly thought to be an act of sacrilege or indifference, is, on the contrary, an act of reverence. The gods, having left these temporary receptacles made in their image, they should not remain on earth, the Chinese think, to be profaned. They are consequently with due care given to the flames, and thus set free in the living fire, they are made one, so to speak, with their heavenly prototypes.

The two "gods of the door" appear in the Babylonian calendar as the Gemini—the zodiacal sign for the third month —the month of man.*

The Chinese and Babylonian calendars, in fact, are identical in structure, although the underlying principle of both is much more clearly set forth in its Chinese than its Accadian form. The Chinese calendar is typical for all calendars, and introduces us at once to the *rationale* of the most primitive method of notating time and thought. In accordance with the vivid imagination of a period in human history when the creative far outstrips the critical instinct, Night and Day were the first parents of time. The Chinese calendar builds upon this simple antithesis to give the impetus of life to the procession of days. The Sun and Moon, as Father and Mother of time, stand at the threshold of the year, and impose the law of their duality upon the hour, day, month, year, and cycle.* This idea is extended throughout the entire Chinese time-table, which, by-the-way, with the exception of the 60-year cycle, is singularly like our own:

THE CHINESE TIME-TABLE.

60	"married"	or 120 "single"	minutes	make	1 hour.
12	"	" 24 "	hours	"	1 day.
15	"	"30(or 29)"	days	"	1 month.
12	"	" 24 "	months	"	1 year.
60	"	" 120 "	years	"	1 cycle.

The year begins with the first new moon after the sun enters the water sign of "Aquarius," and consists of twelve months of alternately 30 and 29 days, with a full moon falling in the middle of each month. Formerly the days of the month were notated in China as in Babylon by moon stars, fancied to be pods upon the sacred tree. According to the Tchu Shu Ki Nien, when the Emperor Yao had been on the throne seventy years, a kind of plant called *lik-koh* grew on each side of the palace stairs. On the first day of the month it produced one pod, and so on every day a pod to the

* Professor Terrien de la Couperie has identified the first five hundred Chinese characters as those used in the Hieratic Accadian, and he brings the Chinese from Susiana into northwestern China about the twenty-third century before Christ. Professor de la Couperie has massed a convincing array of facts in favor of this hypothesis, which had, indeed, received the sanction of François Lenormant before his death, and now enjoys the support of Professor Sayce and other eminent and careful scholars. Indeed, the laws of circumstantial evidence would have themselves been sufficient in time to establish the identities of Chinese and Accadian culture. If Comparative Philology insists upon linking the Chinese language with pre-Babylonian speech, the higher science of comparative custom and ideas still more indissolubly unites China with Chaldea. The Great Plan, as the Chinese loftily call their chart of wisdom, was brought from the banks of the Euphrates, from which it was also carried, as it now appears, to the four quarters of the world.

* Indeed, the Chinese year is so much "alive" that the devouter Chinese women fast the first day of every month to provide food for the year to eat.

15th, while on the 16th one pod fell off, and so on every day a pod to the last day of the month; and if the month was a short one (one of 29 days), *one pod shrivelled up without falling.* The growing phase of the month from the new to the full moon is considered the "strong" or masculine half of the month; the waning phase the "weak" or feminine half. The duality of the month is a distinction we have lost, owing to the separation of the lunar and solar years in the modern calendar, although we still preserve the "marriage idea" in our day of twenty-



CONSECRATION OF THE JOSS.

four hours, which, in reality, consists of two days of twelve hours each—the day of light and the day of darkness. Eloquently and accurately, therefore, does the Bible say, "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

The intimate connection which exists in the Chinese mind between the smallest and the largest fraction of time is illustrated by a philological as well as by a mathematical process. In the table given below the names of the twelve signs of the *zodiac* also serve for the names of the twelve months. These same names, compounded with the two terms *ch'uh* and *cheng*, make the twenty-four hours; and these again compounded with ten determinants produce just sixty names (and no more) for the years of the cycle. It is significant that as midnight is feminine, the day begins, as of necessity, with the second or feminine term of *Tsze*, the sign or month of Aquarius.

beginning of the first to the end of the twelfth month, the Chinese—as do the Jews—recognize a year extending from the beginning of the seventh, also lasting a twelvemonth. These two years are still recognized by custom—the twenty-fourth day of the sixth month, now St. John's day, and the twenty-fourth day of the twelfth month, Christmas eve, being peculiarly solemn days of preparation for the incoming years.

These pivots of time—these hinges of the two years—are still a conspicuous element in the Shinto worship, the oldest religion of Japan. Mr. Ernest Satow makes the interesting statement that the priests of Isé purify the people at the two annual festivals of the sixth month and twelfth month. These festivals are called *Oharai No Matsuri*. Pilgrimages are made to the shrine of Isé, where wands, or *oharai*, are procured by every true believer. On arriving home, these symbols

Comparative Table of Chinese Months, Hours, and Years.

The Twelve Months.	The Twelve Hours.	The Years of the Cycle.
		First Ten.
1st Month, Tsze.	Tsze cheng, *Midnight*.	1st Year, Tsze-Kiah.
2d " Chow.	Chow ch'uh, 1 A.M. cheng, 2 A.M.	2d " Chow-Yih.
3d " Yin.	Yin ch'uh, 3 A.M. cheng, 4 A.M.	3d " Yin-Ping.
4th " Mao.	Mao ch'uh, 5 A.M. cheng, 6 A.M.	4th " Mao-Ting.
5th " Chen.	Chen ch'uh, 7 A.M. cheng, 8 A.M.	5th " Chen-Wu.
6th " Sze.	Sze ch'uh, 9 A.M. cheng, 10 A.M.	6th " Sze-Ki.
7th " Wu.	Wu ch'uh, 11 A.M. cheng, *Noon*.	7th " Wu-Keng.
8th " Wei.	Wei ch'uh, 1 P.M. cheng, 2 P.M.	8th " Wei-Sin.
9th " Shen.	Shen ch'uh, 3 P.M. cheng, 4 P.M.	9th " Shen-Yen.
10th " Yeo.	Yeo ch'uh, 5 P.M. cheng, 6 P.M.	10th " Yeo-Kwei.
		Second Ten.
11th " Su.	Su ch'uh, 7 P.M. cheng, 8 P.M.	11th Year, Su-Kiah.
12th " Hai.	Hai ch'uh, 9 P.M. cheng, 10 P.M.	12th " Hai-Yih, etc.
	Tsze ch'uh, 11 P.M.	

(The process is continued until the 12 months and the 10 determinants make 60 years.)

The duality of the year is also suggested to the Chinese by the fact that the 12 "stems" or month names multiplied by the 10 branches or numerals make 120 years. But these must be "married"; therefore, on the theory, essentially Chinese though occasionally reasserted in our midst, that man and wife are one, they become the sixty years for which by philology there are provided just sixty names.*

Besides the year extending from the

* De la Couperie derived the 12 "stems" from the 12 Babylonian months. In the 10 "branches" he sees the 10 Accadian numerals.

of growth are placed in the *kama oama*, "shelf of the gods." Mr. Satow adds that every six months these wands should be changed for new ones, but that in practice the *oharai* are removed only once a year, perhaps less often.

It is an illustration of the differentiation of custom that the use of red peach paper is utterly unknown in Japan. Japan, the land of beauty and optimism, has rejected the conceptions so dear, on the other hand, to the stoical Chinese. The Japanese are on terms of friendly intimacy with their spirits and gnomes, the Chinese in an attitude of fear and

propitiation. According to the Japanese, the devils fear most not red paper, bombs, nor fire-crackers, but the unfolded beauty of the lotus and the glory of the chrysanthemum.

Indeed, it is significant that although in some parts of the Middle Kingdom the custom of hanging greens over the lintel on the twenty-fourth day of the sixth month is still observed — here showing a rudimentary sympathy with the more beautiful religious stand-point — they reserve their full energies for the twenty-fourth day of the twelfth month. This day is called in the calendar the day when the "spirits are seen out," and for obvious reasons. For at midnight of the twenty-third day the household gods ascend to heaven to report upon the conduct of the family, and do not return until New-Year's eve, leaving their charges in the mean while to the tender mercies of the evil spirits, who, in common with the good deities, are supposed to have inhabited the house during the year.



PAINTING LANTERNS FOR THE CHINESE NEW-YEAR.

The Chinese have the greatest fear of disturbing their good spirits in attacking their evil ones. On the 24th, however, their household gods being absent in heaven, they are fully at liberty to wage unremitting war upon the unlucky demons of the night with the powerful aid of gong, drum, cymbal, fire, candle, and noisy fire-crackers. Long strings of these fire-crackers are hung from the eaves of the house and lighted from the lower end. The entire length is soon ablaze, spluttering, crackling, and wriggling like the "fiery dragon" himself. Any devil who can pass this cordon of flame is thought very clever. These demonstrations cease shortly after midnight. The sun god, Yao, having entered the world, man's struggle against evil may be relaxed without too much danger.*

If our calendar were annotated with reference to Chinese feasts and fasts, it would be rather difficult to distinguish their holiday customs from those of our Christmas and New-Year. But, as it is, the 24th and 25th of December never coincide with the 24th and 25th of the Chinese twelfth month, owing to the fact that their year is movable and ours fixed. But it is obviously improper to compare calendars on any other than the numeri-

* The twenty-fourth day of the twelfth month (if we except the twenty-fourth of the sixth) is about the only day Chinese housewives are at liberty to "clean up," although they do not go to extremes, as did the ancient Mexicans, who destroyed the entire furniture of their houses before the beginning of every new year.

cal basis. Hence, for the 25th of December read the 25th of the twelfth month. It may be said that the Chinese, like all races and individuals who are in the first stages of self-conquest, exclusively express their charity in these few days which usher in the birth of a new year. The custom of giving presents, and particularly that of exchanging New-Year calls, is essentially Chinese. The coincidence of these two rather peculiar acts of brotherly love coexisting in Holland and Scotland should furnish cause for thought. It is a little singular, certainly, that the Chinese, who are not an over-charitable or forgiving race, should enjoin the forgiveness of all debts at the beginning of the new year.

It is an amusing spectacle in Chinatown to see the creditor mercilessly hunting down the debtor during the few days that remain. No one is exempt from this necessity, for in order to pay his own debts he must in turn collect what is due to him. The debtor who cannot fulfill his obligations by New-Year goes into bankruptcy by the operations of a custom stronger than law. He undoubtedly earns the contempt of his fellowmen, but at least he is free from their persecution. His debts are forgiven, with quite as much sincerity as could be expected under the circumstances.*

Besides this painful phase of Chinese yule-tide, there are other preparations to be made for the fitting celebration of the great three-day festival, beginning with the first day of the first month. The red peach paper which has been removed from the doorway must be replaced, and therefore about this time the professional letter-writer of the Chinese quarter takes his station on the street corner, and is busily employed in writing sentences of good omen. Naturally some of these gentlemen are more popular than others, a letter-writer who claims to have passed one of the inferior civil service examinations, or who at one time has been connected with a fashionable joss-house, being more in demand than he who has picked up his smattering of knowledge at school, or by what is an important factor in Chinese education, self-help.

It is quite customary, also, to bring these red paper slips to the joss-house, where for a trifling fee they are stamped with the seal of the joss. Certainly it is worth taking some trouble with a little piece of paper which is to do duty for an entire year; for as soon as the slips have been prepared and stamped, they are glued to the door-posts, against the time when the evil spirits shall return and make the last state of the man worse than the first. The moral which the Saviour pointed out to His disciples that spasmodic effort is inevitably followed by reactions unfavorable to true spiritual development is fully borne out by the history of the Chinese people.

The ninth day of the ninth month, it has already been observed, is the heaven day of the heaven month, and is appropriate to the Feast of Kites. The seventh day of the seventh month celebrates the marriage of the two years. The fifth day of the fifth, the third of the third, and the first of the first are equally festal days. In fact, the Chinese believe that "there is luck in odd numbers," although to the even months they accord due measure of respect. Through these numerous festivals and all the minute observances associated with them are taught the lessons of life. A wealth of proverbial and homely wisdom springs from this huge kindergarten system, which, though sadly in need of repair, still serves a purpose.

There is a natural connection in the Chinese mind between the birth of the year and the birth of man. This association is so strong that the birthday of any child born in January reverts to the first day of the month. Thus every January child, at least, toddles along in the footsteps of the year.

As soon as a child is born, the first question which presents itself is its initiation into the human family. The *patria potestas* reigns supreme; it is for the father to say whether the little life-bud shall grow up to become a citizen or citizeness of the Middle Kingdom. In accordance with the family law, which is supreme in China both for the Emperor and for his meanest subject, until the child has been "lifted up" by the father it has theoretically no existence. It follows, therefore, that infanticide, or the failure to provide for offspring, receives the tacit approval of the law. As male children are a means of support in old

*A man who demanded payment of a debt during the Eleusinian festival in Greece could be put to death.

age, they are useful, and rarely if ever destroyed. Daughters, however, are a responsibility and an expense, and are frequently exposed. Obviously, they are not over-welcome in the Chinese home. Mothers of the poorer class exhibit considerable anxiety as to the matter, and frequently consult the neighboring joss-house, which, of course, has a panacea for all woes. The Taouist priest throws up the "sticks" in order to ascertain whether the tree which represents the woman in the underworld bears white or red flowers. If white, then something must be done "to change the earth," for, as surely as the sun rises, to her no male children shall be born. But what is to be done? The remedy is certainly a curious one. It is an illustration of the familiar homœopathic principle that like cures like. In such a case the girl child of another family must be adopted, in order to ward off the long line of females which threatens the welfare of the house. This process is known as "grafting." Thus it turns out that a girl not wanted in her own home is at least permitted to live in another. But even then there is a surplus, and the mandarins are at their wits' ends to stem the fearful tide of infanticide. A number of benevolent Chinese merchants have devised a plan which is certainly charming, considered both from the point of view of ingenuity and charitable intent. The little girls are brought up in asylums, which are practically female universities. Although deserted by their families, the authorities take great pains to obtain their pedigrees, which are hung up over their cots, and are, of course, invaluable for future use. As they grow older, these children are carefully trained and elaborately educated. Arriving at a marriageable age, they have an enormous advantage over the average Chinese woman, who never receives any education whatever unless belonging to the wealthy or official class. Indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, very few Chinese can even read or write, and therefore the little foundling carries to her husband the one great boon which is the ideal, however remote, of every Chinese heart—an education.

For it is a mistake to suppose that the Chinese are, in the sense in which we understand the word, an educated race.



A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE.

This statement has been frequently made by a number of authorities, but it is none the less erroneous. Education is worshipped in China but not possessed. There are reasons for this anomaly, and they are important enough to be considered. In the first place, there is no public-school system, and the rates of tuition are moderately high. Now what is the wage of the worker? The common laborer receives about five cents per day; the skilled laborer, ten cents; and when employed in the artistic trades, twelve cents. Obviously, under these conditions, it is wellnigh impossible for the father of a family to provide his children with the most elementary education, especially as reading and writing in China are both means and end. There are 40,000 characters in the language, and the present method of education is not conducive to their speedy acquirement. Even in the schools of Chinatown, where everything is relatively more practical, children who dare to put together in rational connection the characters they are being taught are subjected to tortures worthy of the inquisition of the Scotch Covenanters. They are permitted to ponder over the essence of the character for "dog" and the character for "bite," but they are not allowed to put them together until permitted by the teacher.

Four or five years must elapse before the student of Confucius even begins to read. What chance, then, is there for a child of a parent who is making from five to ten cents a day?

The Chinese Six Companies frequently have occasion to paste up notices on the dead walls of Chinatown. These notices are intended to be read, and are therefore couched in the simplest language. It is a curious sight to watch these worshippers of learning collected about the bill-boards. The writer has counted as many as a hundred, who, without uttering a word, have patiently waited for hours, until the scholar happens to arrive who shall read aloud to them an announcement which, if written in English, would be intelligible to a ten-year-old American child. It is pathetic that a people who literally worship education should be so wholly debarred from it.

A reverence for education is part of their religion. One of the interesting personages of Chinatown is the itinerant paper-scavenger employed by the Six Companies to patrol the entire quarter. It is his duty to pick up every piece of paper bearing a written character. These pieces of paper are taken to the joss-house and burned according to the rites.

Tradition, fable, custom, and the oft-repeated ritual imperfectly supply the place of a popular education. Indeed, the poorest child is given what the Chinese believe to be a religious education. The ceremony of "going through the door" is interesting in this connection, as it illustrates the solar symbolism, which is the essence of Chinese ritual. The "door" or "sun-gate" is erected in the middle of the room. On a table at the side are heaped up seven piles of rice, with a candle on each pile, recalling the modern birthday cake with a candle for each year of the child's life. The rice is in token of abundance, while the candles represent the seven stars of the "Bushel," or "Mother" Goddess. When all is prepared a Taouist priest takes the young child in his arms, and followed by the father and the rest of the family, solemnly "goes through the door" —a movable wooden frame placed first in the centre of the room, and afterwards at each of the four points of the compass. This ceremony is repeated on each birthday until the child arrives at the age of sixteen, and the memory of it hangs over the Chinese man during all his life. For on his fortieth birthday it is customary to take a common bushel measure, and to fill it with rice and such toys or implements as are significant of his capacity; the whole is surmounted by a huge candle, indicating, perhaps, that the seven gifts of the "Seven-starred Goddess" are fused into the individuality of one strong character.*

At death there is that final "passing through the door" which leads to another life. In former times this was also acted out. This ceremony strongly suggests an extinct arkite ritual. The body of a deceased emperor or high official was borne through the streets on a catafalque. Arriving at the temple, the coffin was taken through the entrance; but once within, enough bricks were removed from the side of the temple to permit the coffin to pass out in an unusual manner, thus symbolizing the resurrection of the soul. At childhood, middle age, and death the thoughts of a Chinese man are thus centred on his hope of immortality.

The Chinese, like Shakespeare, recognize the Seven Ages of man. "When he is ten years old," says the Book of Rites, "he goes to school; when he is twenty, he is capped; when he is thirty we say he is at his maturity—he has a wife; when he is fifty we say he is getting gray—he can discharge all the duties of an officer; when he is seventy, he is old—he delegates his duties to others." But all this time he is amusing himself very sadly; the curse of superstition, or of over-earnestness, covers him like a pall. He is not frivolous, this son of heaven; at least he begins to play late in life—his children are not allowed to play at all; and if he is married, it is generally without his consent. Mythology rants throughout his drama; he cannot eat, drink, or sleep except according to the rites. Spectres dog his footsteps and beset him at every turn; but still he keeps on reason-

* The picture by the pre-Raphaelite painter Duccio, "The Burial of the Virgin," represents the Virgin Mary as being lowered into her tomb, the Twelve Apostles variously grouped around her, St. John kneeling by her side with the seven stars of the blessed Dipper raying from the edge of the palm leaf in his hand. The palm and the seven stars are symbolical of immortality. Substitute the peach-tree for the palm in this picture and it would mean much to the Chinese, especially as nine of the apostles are aureoled, as if receiving light from the three not aureoled, who, in the conception of the artist, seem to typify the triune source of light diffused through the "heavens nine."

ing, fighting superstition with its own logic, and living a life not altogether hopeless nor without reward.

They are not easy to approach or quick to understand, these moon-eyed gentlemen; they do not understand themselves; but if you ever get upon the path of their logic, you are sure of gaining their assent. Artists in Chinatown were long in solving the problem of getting models for their pictures, as the Chinaman has a superstitious horror of having his portrait painted. He imagines if you get him on canvas you have him, so to speak, on the hip. His soul is there entangled in the colors, and he has been robbed of it by the artist. However, he does not object to being photographed, as he has been told that the sun has something to do with that, and anything in which the sun is concerned is sure to be "lucky."

The Chaldeo-Chinese hypothesis, first timidly suggested by Lenormant, and more boldly advanced by De la Couperie, has been fully substantiated. It is important in this: Without it China is a puzzle, a problem with which neither scholar, moralist, nor statesman is competent to grasp. De Quincey, a man of the widest sympathies, confessed as much in 1818, when he wrote that to him "a young Chinese" seemed "an antediluvian man renewed," that he was "terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barriers of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between" him "by feelings deeper than" he "could analyze." Than with the Chinese, he "could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals." Even Mr. Andrew Lang, in his article on Mythology, *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1890, feels justified in omitting "any reference" to Chinese or Japanese mythology, from "want of information and the general obscurity of the subject," and the learned editors of that monumental work *L'Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité* assert, without fear of contradiction, that were China obliterated from memory and the map, the only loss to the world would be a few teacups. Surely it is high time some place in history should be made for the Chinese—a place at least as large as Mr. Lang accords to his own Hottentots and Fiji Islanders, especially as every third man in the world is a Chinaman.

However, thanks to modern scholarship, China no longer stands apart from the main current of history. If Aryan India, like a great tide, has washed in between China and her past, she remains none the less a definite photograph—but little retouched — of primitive civilization. To read between the lines of this amazing jumble of tradition and belief is to be introduced to the mathematics of



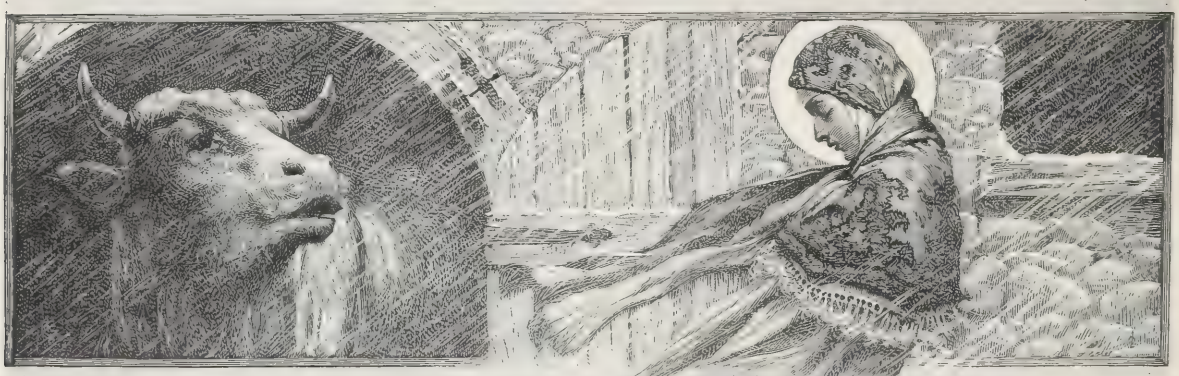
ON THE STEPS OF THE JOSS-HOUSE.

culture, to see definitely articulated the skeleton of things, to come into sympathy —however imperfect—with man's point of view at a period not far distant from the birth of time.

It took an incredibly short time to Christianize the savagery of the New World. The empires of Mexico and Peru fell almost at a blow. And now we are elbowing each other on this great continent, wondering whether there will be land enough for our children. We are gazing eastward with the jealous scrutiny of alarm. The oldest and newest civilizations have been brought together upon the Pacific coast. Surely the Chinese have much to learn from us, but have we not something to learn from them?

TRYSTE NOEL

THE Ox he openeth wide the Doore,
And from the Snowe he calls her inne;



And he hath ſeen her Smile therefore,
Our Ladye without Sinne.
Now ſoone from Sleepe
A Starre ſhall leap,
And ſoone arrive both King and Hinde;
Amen, Amen:
But O the Place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath huſht hiſ voyce and bent
Trewe eyeſ of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on hiſ lovelie Neck, foreſpent,
The Bleſſed layſ her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
Hiſ bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;
Amen, Amen:
But ſore am I with Vaine Travel!



The Ox is hoft in Juda's ſtall
And Hoſt of more than onely one,
For cloſe ſhe gathereth withal
Our Lorde her little Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd to-night my Tears were there,
Amen, Amen:
Between her Boſom and His hayre!



GILES COREY, YEOMAN.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

GILES COREY.
PAUL BAYLEY, *Olive Corey's lover.*
SAMUEL PARRIS, *minister in Salem Village.*
JOHN HATHORNE, } *magistrates.*
JONATHAN CORWIN, }
OLIVE COREY, *Giles Corey's daughter.*
MARTHA COREY, *Giles Corey's wife.*
ANN HUTCHINS, *Olive's friend and one of the Afflicted Girls.*
WIDOW EUNICE HUTCHINS, *Ann's mother.*
PHŒBE MORSE, *little orphan girl, niece to Martha Corey.*
MERCY LEWIS, *one of the Afflicted Girls.*
NANCY FOX, *an old serving-woman in Giles Corey's house.*
Afflicted Girls, Constables, Marshal, People of Salem Village, Messengers, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Salem Village. Living-room in* Giles Corey's *house.* Olive Corey *is spinning.* Nancy Fox, *the old servant, sits in the fireplace paring apples. Little* Phœbe Morse, *on a stool beside her, is knitting a stocking.*

Phœbe (*starting*). What is that? Oh, Olive, what is that?

Nancy. Yes, what is that? Massy, what a clatter!

Olive (*spinning*). I heard naught. Be not so foolish, child. And you, Nancy, be of a surety old enough to know better.

Nancy. I trow there was a clatter in the chimbly. There 'tis again! Massy, what a screech!

Phœbe (*running to* Olive *and clinging to her*). Oh, Olive, what is it? what is it? Don't let it catch me. Oh, Olive!

Olive. I tell you 'twas naught.

Nancy. Them that won't hear be deafer than them that's born so. Massy, what a screech!

Phœbe. Oh, Olive, Olive! Don't let 'em catch me!

Olive. Nobody wants to catch you. Be quiet now, and I'll sing to you. Then you won't think you hear screeches.

Nancy. We won't, hey?

Olive. Be quiet. This folly hath gone too far. [*Sings spinning song.*

SPINNING SONG.

"I'll tell you a story; a story of one,
'Twas of a great prince whose name was King John.
A great prince was he, and a man of great might
In putting down wrong and in setting up right.
To my down, down, down, derry down."

Nancy. Massy, what screeches! [*Screams violently.*

Phœbe. Oh, Nancy, 'twas you screeched then.

Nancy. It wasn't me; 'twas a witch in the chimbly. (*Screams again.*) There, hear that, will ye? I tell ye 'twa'n't me. I 'ain't opened my mouth.

Olive. Nancy, I will bear no more of this. If you be not quiet, I will tell my mother when she comes home. Now, Phœbe, sing the rest of the song with me, and think no more of such folly. [*Sings with* Phœbe.

"This king, being a mind to make himself merry,
He sent for the Bishop of Canterbury.
'Good-morning, Mr. Bishop,' the king did say.
'Have you come here for to live or to die?'
To my down, down, down, derry down.

"'For if you can't answer to my questions three,
Your head shall be taken from your body;
And if you can't answer unto them all right,
Your head shall be taken from your body quite.'
To my down, down, down, derry down."

Nancy (*wagging her head in time to the music*). I know some words that go better with that tune.

Phœbe. What are they?

Nancy. Oh, I'm forbid to tell.

Phœbe. Who forbade you to tell, Nancy?

Nancy. The one who forbade me to tell, forbade me to tell who told me.

Olive. Don't gossip, or you won't get your stints done before mother comes home.

Phœbe (*sulkily*). I won't finish my stint. Aunt Corey set me too long a stint. I won't. Oh, there she is now! [*Knits busily.*

Enter Ann Hutchins.

Olive (*rising*). Well done, Ann. I was but now wishing to see you. Sit you down and lay off your cloak. Why, how pale you look, Ann! Are you sick?

Ann. You know best.

Olive. I? Why, what mean you, Ann?

Ann. You know what I mean, in spite of your innocent looks. Oh, open your eyes wide at me, if you want to! Perhaps you don't know what makes them bigger and bluer than they used to be.

Olive. Ann!

Ann. Oh, I mean nothing. I am not sick. Something frightened me as I came through the wood.

Olive. Frightened you! Why, what was it?

Phœbe. Oh, what was it, Ann?

Ann. I know not; something black that hustled quickly by me and raised a cold wind.

Phœbe. Oh, oh!

Olive. 'Twas a cat or a dog, and your own fear raised the cold wind. Think no more of it, Ann. Wait a moment while I go to the north room. I have something to show you. [*Exit* Olive *with a candle.*

Phœbe. What said the black thing to you, Ann?

Ann. I know not.

Nancy. Said it not: "Serve me; serve me"?

Ann. I know not. I was deaf with fear.

Phœbe. Oh, Ann, did it have horns?

Ann. I tell you I know not. You pester me, child.

Phœbe. Did it have hoofs and a tail?

Ann. Be quiet, I tell you, or I'll cuff your ears.

Nancy. She needn't be so topping. It will be laying in wait for her when she goes home. I'll warrant it won't let her off so easy.

Enter Olive, *bringing an embroidered muslin cape. She puts it gently over* Ann's *shoulders.*

Ann (*throwing it off violently*). Oh! oh! Take it away! take it away!

Olive. Why, Ann, what ails you?

Ann. Take it away, I say! What mean you by your cursed arts?

Olive. Why, Ann! I have been saving a long time to buy it for you. 'Tis like my last summer's cape that you fancied so much. I sent by father to Boston for it.

Ann. I need it not.

Olive. I thought 'twould suit well with your green gown.

Ann. 'Twill suit well enough with a green gown, but not with a sore heart.

Nancy. I miss my guess but it 'll suit well enough with her heart too. I trow that's as green as her gown: green's the jealous color.

Olive. You be all unstrung by your walk hither through the wood, Ann. I'll fold the cape up nicely for you, and you can take it when you go home. And mind you wear it next Sabbath day, sweet. Now I must to my wheel again, or I shall not finish my stint by nine o'clock.

Ann. Your looks show that you were up later than nine o'clock last night.

Phœbe. Oh, Ann, did you see the light in the fore room?

Ann. That did I. I stood at my chamber and saw it shine through the wood.

Nancy. You couldn't see so far without spectacles.

Ann. It blinded me. I could get no sleep.

Nancy. You think your eyes are mighty sharp. Maybe your ears are too? Maybe you heard 'em kissing at the door when he went home?

Olive. Nancy, be quiet!

Nancy. You needn't color up and shake your head at me, Olive. They stood kissing there nigh an hour, and he with his arm round her waist, and she with hers round his neck. They'd kiss, then they'd eye each other and kiss again. I know I woke up and thought 'twas Injuns, and I peeked out of my chamber window. Such doings! You'd ought to have seen 'em, Ann.

Phœbe. Oh, Nancy, why didn't you wake me up?

Olive. Nancy, I'll have no more of this.

Nancy. That's what she ought to have said last night—hadn't she, Ann? But she didn't. Oh, I'll warrant she didn't! I know you would, Ann.

Olive. Nancy! [*A noise is heard outside.*

Phœbe. Oh, what's that noise? What is coming?

Enter Giles Corey, *panting. He flings the door to violently and slips the bolt.*

Nancy. Massy! what's after ye?

Phœbe. Oh, Uncle Corey, what's the matter?

Giles. The matter is there be too many evil things abroad nowadays for a man to be out after nightfall. When things that can be hit by musket balls lay in wait, old Giles Corey is as brave as any man; but when it comes to devilish black beasts and black men that musket balls bound back from— What! you here, Ann Hutchins? What be you out after dark for?

Ann. I came over to see Olive, Goodman Corey.

Giles. You'd best staid by your own hearth if you've got one. Young women have no call to be out gadding after dark in these times.

Phœbe. Oh, Uncle Corey, something did frighten Ann as she came through the wood. A black beast, with horns and a tail and eyes like balls of fire, jumped out of the bushes at her, and bade her sign the book in a dreadful voice.

Giles. What! Was't so, Ann?

Ann. I know not. There was something.

Olive (*laughing*). 'Twas naught but Ann's own shadow that her fear gave a voice and a touch to. Say naught to frighten Ann, father; she is the most timorous maid in Salem Village now.

Giles. There is some wisdom in fear nowadays. You make too light of it, lass.

Olive (*laughing*). Nay, father, I'll turn to and hang up my own shadow in the chimbly-place for a witch, an you say so.

Giles. This be no subject for jest. Said you the black beast spoke to you, Ann?

Ann. I know not. Once I thought I heard Olive calling. I know not what I heard.

Giles. You'd best have staid at home. Where is your mother, Olive?

Olive. She has gone to Goodwife Bishop's with a basket of eggs.

Giles. Gone three miles to Goodwife Bishop's this time of night? Is the woman gone out of her senses?

Olive. She is not afraid.

Giles. I'll warrant she is not afraid. So much the worse for her. Mayhap she's gone riding on a broomstick herself. How is the cat?

Olive. She is better.

Giles. She was taken strangely, if your mother did make light of it. And the ox, hath he fell down again?

Olive. Not that I have heard.

Giles. The ox was taken strangely, if your mother did pooh at it. The ox was better when she went out of the yard.

Phœbe. There's Aunt Corey now. Who is she talking to?

Enter Martha Corey.

Phœbe. Who were you talking to, Aunt Corey?

Martha. Nobody, child. Good-evening, Ann.

Phœbe. I heard you talking to somebody, Aunt Corey.

Martha. Be quiet, child. I was talking to nobody. You hear too much nowadays.

[*Takes off her cloak.*

Nancy. Mayhap she hears more than folk want her to. I heard a voice too, a gruff voice like a pig's.

Giles. I thought I heard talking too. Who was it, Martha?

Martha. I tell you 'twas no one. Are you all out of your wits?

[*Gets some knitting-work out of a cupboard, and seats herself.*

Phœbe. Weren't you afraid coming through the wood, Aunt Corey?

Martha (*laughing*). Afraid? Why, no, child. Of what should I be afraid?

Giles. I trow there's plenty to be afraid of. How did you get home so quick? 'Tis a good three miles to Goody Bishop's.

Martha. I walked at a good speed.

Giles. I thought perhaps you galloped a broomstick.

Martha. Nay, goodman, I know not how to manage such a strange steed.

Giles. I thought perhaps one had taught you, inasmuch as you have naught to say against the gentry that ride the broomstick of a night.

Martha. Fill not the child's head with such folly. How fares your mother, Ann?

Ann. Well, Goodwife Corey.

Giles. She lacks sense, or she would have kept her daughter at home. Out after nightfall, and the woods full of the devil knoweth what.

Martha. Nay, goodman, there be no danger. The scouts are in the fields.

Giles. I meant not Injuns. There be worse than Injuns. There be evil things and witches.

Martha (*laughing*). Witches! Goodman, you are a worse child than Phœbe here.

Giles. I tell ye, wife, you talk like a fool, ranting thus against witches. I would you had been where I have been to-night, and heard the afflicted maids cry out in torment, being set upon by Sarah Good and Sarah Osborn. I would you had seen Mercy Lewis strangled almost to death, and the others testifying 'twas Sarah Good thus afflicting her. But I'll warrant you'd not have believed them.

Martha (*laughing*). That I would not, goodman. I would have said that the maids should be sent home and soundly trounced, then put to bed, with a quart bowl of sage tea apiece.

Giles. Talk so if you will. One of these days folk will say you be a witch yourself. You were ever hard-skulled, and could knock your head long against a truth without being pricked by it. Hold out if you can, when only this morning the ox and the cat were took so strangely here in our own household.

Martha. Shame on you, goodman! The ox and the cat themselves would laugh at you. The cat ate a rat, and it did not set well on her stomach, and the ox slipped in the mire in the yard.

Nancy. 'Twas more than that. I know, I know.

Giles. Laugh if you will, wife. Mayhap you know more about it than other folk. You never could abide the cat. I am going to bed, if I can first go to prayer. Last night the words went from me strangely! But you will laugh at that. [*Lights a candle. Exit.*

Phœbe. Aunt Corey, may I eat an apple?

Martha. Not to-night. 'Twill give you the nightmare.

Phœbe. No, 'twill not.

Martha. Be still!

There is a knock. Olive *opens the door. Enter* Paul Bayley. Ann *starts up.*

Paul. Good-evening, goodwife. Good-evening, Olive. Good-evening, Ann. 'Tis a fine night out.

Ann. I must be going ; 'tis late.

Olive. Nay, Ann, 'tis not late. Wait, and Paul will go home with you through the wood.

Ann. I must be going.

Paul (*hesitatingly*). Then let me go with you, Mistress Ann. I can well do my errand here later.

Ann. Nay, I can wait whilst you do the errand, if you are speedy. I fear lest the delay would make you ill at ease.

Martha (*quickly*). There is no need, Paul. I will go with Ann. I want to borrow a hood pattern of Goodwife Nourse on the way.

Paul. But will you not be afraid, goodwife?

Martha. Afraid, and the moon at a good half, and only a short way to go?

Paul. But you have to go through the wood.

Martha. The wood! A stretch as long as this room—six ash-trees, one butternut, and a birch sapling thrown in for a witch spectre. Say no more, Paul. Sit you down and keep Olive company. I will go, if only for the sake of showing these silly little hussies that there is no call for a gospel woman with prayer in her heart to be afraid of anything but the wrath of God. [*Puts a blanket over her head.*

Ann. I want no company at all, Goodwife Corey.

Phœbe. Aunt Corey, let me go too; my stint is done.

Martha. Nay, you must to bed, and Nancy too. Off with ye, and no words.

Nancy. I'm none so old that I must needs be sent to bed like a babe, I'd have you know that, Goody Corey.

[*Sets away apple pan ; exit, with* Phœbe *following sulkily.*

Martha. Come, Ann.

Ann. I want no company. I have more fear with company than I have alone.

Martha. Along with you, child.

Olive. Oh, Ann, you are forgetting your cape. Here, mother, you carry it for her. Goodnight, sweetheart.

Ann. I want no company, Goodwife Corey.

[Martha *takes her laughingly by the arm and leads her out.*

Paul. It is a fine night out.

Olive. So I have heard.

Paul. You make a jest of me, Mistress Olive. Know you not when a man is of a sudden left alone with a fair maid, he needs to try his speech like a player his fiddle, to see if it be in good tune for her ears ; and what better way than to sound over and over again the praise of the fine weather? What ailed Ann that she seemed so strangely, Olive?

Olive. I know not. I think she had been overwrought by coming alone through the woods.

Paul. She seemed ill at ease. Why spin you so steadily, Olive?

Olive. I must finish my stint.

Paul. Who set you a stint as if you were a child?

Olive. Mine own conscience, to which I will ever be a child.

Paul. Cease spinning, sweetheart.

Olive. Nay.

Paul. Come over here on the settle, there is something I would tell thee.



"THIS IS NO COURTING NIGHT."

Olive. Tell it, then. I can hear a distance of three feet or so.

Paul. I know thou canst, but come.

Olive. Nay, I will not. This is no courting night. I cannot idle every night in the week.

Paul. Thou wouldst make a new commandment. A maid shall spin flax every night in the week save the Sabbath, when she shall lay aside her work and be courted. There be young men here in Salem Village, though you may credit it not, Olive, who visit their maids twice every week, and have the fire in the fore room kindled.

Olive. My mother thinks it not well that I should sit up oftener than once a week, nor do I; but be not vexed by it, Paul.

Paul. I love thee better for it, sweetheart.

Olive. My stint is done.

Paul. Then come. (*She obeys.*) Now for the news. This morning I bought of Goodman Nourse his nine-acre lot for a homestead. What thinkest thou of that?

Olive. It is a pleasant spot.

Paul. 'Tis not far from here, and thou wilt be near thy mother.

Olive. Was it not too costly?

Paul. I had saved enough to pay for it, and in another year's time, and I have the help of God in it, I shall have saved enough for our house. What thinkest thou of a gambrel-roof and a lean-to, two square front rooms, both fire-rooms, and a living-room? And peonies and hollyhocks in the front yard, and two popple-trees, one on each side of the gate?

Olive. We shall need not a lean-to, Paul, and one fire-room will serve us well; but I will have laylocks and red and white roses as well as peonies and hollyhocks in the front yard, and some mint under the windows to make the house smell sweet; and I like well the popple-trees at the gate.

Paul. The house shall be built of fairly seasoned yellow pine wood, with a summer tree in every room, and fine panel-work in the doors and around the chimbleys.

Olive. Nay, Paul, not too fine panel-work; 'twill cost too high.

Paul. Cupboards in every room, and fine-laid white floors.

Olive. We need a cupboard in the living-room only, but I have learned to sand a floor in a rare pattern.

[Paul *attempts to embrace* Olive. *She repulses him.*

Paul. I trow you are full provident of favors and pence, Olive.

Olive. I would save them for thee, Paul.

Paul. And thou shalt not be hindered by me to any harm, sweetheart. Was't thy mother taught thee such wisdom, or thine own self, Olive?

Olive. 'Twas my mother.

Paul. Nay, 'twas thine own heart; that shall teach me, too. [*Nine-o'clock bell rings.*

Olive. Oh, 'tis nine o'clock, and 'tis not a courting night. Paul, be off; thou must!

[*They jump up and go to the door.*

Paul (*putting his arm around* Olive). Give

me but one kiss, Olive, albeit not a courting night, for good speed on my homeward walk and my to-morrow's journey.

Olive. Where go you to-morrow, Paul?

Paul. To Boston, for a week's time or more.

Olive. Oh, Paul, there may be Injuns on the Boston path! Thou wilt be wary?

Paul (*laughing*). Have no fear for me, sweetheart. I shall have my musket.

Olive. A week?

Paul. 'Tis a short time, but long enough to need sweetening with a kiss when folk are absent from one another.

Olive (*kisses him*). Oh, be careful, Paul!

Paul. Fear not for me, sweetheart, but do thou too be careful, for sometimes danger sneaks at home, when we flee it abroad. Keep away from this witchcraft folly. Good-by, sweetheart.

[*They part.* Olive *sets a candle in the window after* Paul's *exit. Nine-o'clock bell still rings as curtain falls.*

SCENE II.—*Twelve o'clock at night. Living-room at* Giles Corey's *house, lighted only by the moon and low fire-light. Enter* Nancy Fox *with a candle,* Phœbe *following with a large rag doll.* Nancy *sets the candle on the dresser.*

Nancy. Be ye sure that Goody Corey is asleep, and Goodman Corey?

Phœbe (*dances across to the door, which she opens slightly, and listens*). They be both a-snoring. Hasten and begin, I pray you, Nancy.

Nancy. And Olive?

Phœbe. She is asleep, and she is in the south chamber, and could not hear were she awake. Here is my doll. Now show me how to be a witch. Quick, Nancy!

Nancy. Whom do you desire to afflict?

Phœbe (*considers*). Let me see. I will afflict Uncle Corey, because he brought me naught from Boston to-day; Olive, because she gave that cape to Ann instead of me; and Aunt Corey, because she set me such a long stint, because she would not let me eat an apple to-night, and because she sent me to bed. I want to stick one pin into Uncle Corey, one into Olive, and three into Aunt Corey.

Nancy. Take the doll, prick it as you will, and say who the pricks be for.

[Phœbe *sticks a pin into the doll.*

Phœbe. This pin be for Uncle Corey, and this pin be for Olive, and this pin for Aunt Corey, and this pin for Aunt Corey, and this pin for Aunt Corey. Pins! pins!! pins!!! (*Dances.*) In truth, Nancy, 'tis rare sport being a witch; but I stuck not in the pins very far, lest they be too sorely hurt.

Nancy. Is there any other whom you desire to afflict?

Phœbe. I fear I know not any other who has angered me, and I could weep for 't. Stay! I'll afflict Ann, because she hath the cape; and I'll afflict Paul Bayley, because I'm drove forth from the fore room Sabbath nights when he comes a-courting; and I'll afflict Minister Parris, because he put me too hard a question from the catechism; that makes three more. Oh, 'tis rare sport! (*Seizes the doll and sticks in three pins.*) This pin be for Ann, this pin be for Paul, and this pin be for Minister Parris. Deary me, I can think of no more! What next, Nancy?

Nancy. I'll do some witchcraft now. I desire to afflict your aunt Corey, because she doth drive me hither and thither like a child, and sets no value on my understanding; Olive, because she made a jest of me; and Goody Bishop, because she hath a fine silk hood.

Phœbe. Here is the doll, Nancy.

Nancy. Nay, I have another way, which you be too young to understand.

[Nancy *takes the candle, goes to the fireplace, and courtesies three times, looking up the chimney.*

Nancy. Hey, black cat! hey, my pretty black cat! Go ye and sit on Goody Corey's breast, and claw her if she stirs. Do as I bid ye, my pretty black cat, and I'll sign the book.

Phœbe. Oh, Nancy, I hear the black cat yawl!

Nancy (*after courtesying three times*). Hey, black dog! hey, my pretty black dog! Go ye and howl in Mistress Olive's ear, so she be frighted in her dreams, and so get a little bitter with the sweet. Do as I bid ye, my pretty black dog, and I'll sign the book.

Phœbe. Oh, Nancy, I hear the black dog howl!

Nancy (*after courtesying three times*). Hey, yellow bird! hey, my pretty yellow bird! Go ye and peck at Goody Bishop's fine silk hood and tear it to bits. Do as I bid ye, my pretty yellow bird, and I'll sign the book.

Phœbe. Oh, Nancy, I hear the yellow bird twitter up chimbly!

Nancy. 'Tis rare witchcraft.

Phœbe. Is that all, Nancy?

Nancy. All of this sort. I've given them all they can do to-night.

Phœbe. Then sing the witch song, Nancy.

Nancy. I'll sing the witch song, and you can dance on the table.

Phœbe. But 'tis sinful to dance, Nancy!

Nancy. 'Tis not sinful for a witch.

Phœbe. True; I forgot I was a witch.

[*Gets upon the table and dances, dangling her doll, while* Nancy *sings.*

WITCH SONG.

(Same air as spinning song.)

"I'll tell you a story, a story of one;
'Twas of a dark witch, and the wizard her son.
A dark witch was she, and a dark wizard he,
With yellow birds singing so gay and so free.
To my down, down, down, derry down.

"The clock was a-striking, a-striking of one.
The witches came out, and the dancing begun.
They courtesied so fine, and they drank the red wine—
The wizards were three and the witches were nine.
To my down, down, down, derry down.

"Halloo, the gay dancers! Halloo, I was one;
The goody that prayed and the maiden that spun!
The yellow birds chirped in the boughs overhead,
And fast through the bushes the black dog sped.
To my down, down, down, derry down."

[*A noise is heard.* Phœbe *jumps down from the table.*

Phœbe. Oh, Nancy, something's coming! Run, run quick, or it 'll catch us!

[*Both run out.*

Curtain falls.

ACT II.

Best room in the house of Widow Eunice Hutchins, Ann's *mother*. John Hathorne *and* Minister Parris *enter, shown in by* Widow Hutchins.

Hutchins. I pray you, sirs, to take some cheers the while I go for a moment's space to my poor afflicted child. I heard her cry out but now. [*Exit.*

[Hathorne *and* Parris *seat themselves, but* Hathorne *quickly springs up, and begins walking.*

Hathorne. I cannot be seated in this crisis. I would as lief be seated in an onset of the savages. I must up and lay about me. We have heretofore been too lax in this dreadful business; the powers of darkness be almost over our palisades. I tell thee there must be more action!

Parris (*pounding with his cane*). Yea, Master Hathorne, I am with thee. Verily, this last be enough to make the elect themselves quake with fear. This Martha Corey is a woman of the covenant.

Hathorne. There must be no holding back. The powers of darkness be let loose amongst us, and they that be against them must be up. We must hang, hang, hang, till we overcome!

Parris. Yea, we must not falter, though all the woods of Massachusetts Bay be cut for gallows-trees, and the country be like Sodom. Verily, Satan hath manifested himself at the head of our enemies; the colonies were never in such peril as now. We must strive as never before, or all will be lost. The wilderness full of malignant savages, who be the veritable servants of Satan, closes us in, and the cloven footmark is in our midst. There must be no dallying an we would save the colonies. Widow Hutchins saith her daughter is grievously pressed. (*A scream.*) There, heard you that?

Hathorne. It is dreadful, dreadful, that an innocent maid should be so tormented by acts which her guileless fancy could never compass!

Parris. Verily, malignity hath ever cowardice in conjunction with it. Satan loveth best to afflict those who can make no defence, and fastens his talons first in the lambs.

Enter Widow Hutchins *with the embroidered cape.*

Hutchins. Here, your worships, is the cape.

Hathorne (*examines it*). I have seen women folk wear its like on the Sabbath day. I can see naught unwonted about it.

Parris. It looketh like any cape.

Hutchins. I fear it be not like any cape. Had your worships seen my poor child writhe under it, and I myself, when I would try it on, bent down to my knees as under a ton weight, your worships would not think it like any cape.

Parris. I suspect there be verily evil work in the cape, and a witch's bodkin hath pierced these cunning eyelets. It goeth so fast now that erelong every guileless, senseless thing in our houses, down to the tinder-box and the candlestick, will find hinges and turn into a gate, whereby witchcraft can enter. You say, Widow Hutchins, that Olive Corey gave this cape to your daughter?

Hutchins. That did she. Yesterday evening. Ann went down to Goody Corey's house for a little chat; she and Olive have been gossips ever since they were children, though lately there hath been somewhat of bitterness betwixt them.

Parris. How mean you?

Hutchins. I have laid it upon my mind ere now to tell you, being much wrought up concerning it, and thinking that you might give me somewhat of spiritual consolation and advice. It was in this wise. Paul Bayley, who, they say, goeth every Sabbath night to Goody Corey's house and sitteth up until unseemly hours with Olive, looked once with a favorable eye upon my daughter Ann. Had your worships seen him, as I saw him one day in the meeting-house, look at Ann when she wore her green paduasoy, you had not doubted. Youths look not thus upon maidens unless they be inclined toward them. But this hussy Olive Corey did come between Paul and my Ann, and that not of her own merits. There is nobody in Salem Village who would say that Olive Corey's looks be aught in comparison with my Ann's, but I trow Goody Corey hath arts which make amends for lack of beauty. I trow all ill-favored folk might be fair would they have such arts used upon them.

Hathorne. What mean you by that saying?

Hutchins. I mean Goody Corey hath devilish arts whereby she giveth her daughter a beauty beyond her own looks, wherewith she may entice young men.

Hathorne. You say that this cape caused your daughter torment?

Hutchins. Your worships, it lay on her neck like a fire-brand, and she thought she should die ere she cast it off.

Hathorne. Widow Hutchins, will you now put on the cape?

Hutchins. Oh, your worship, I dare not put it on! I fear it will be the death of me if I do.

Hathorne. Minister Parris, wilt thou put on the cape?

Parris. Good Master Hathorne, it would ill behoove a minister of the gospel to put himself in jeopardy when so many be depending upon him to lead them in this dreadful conflict with the powers of darkness. But do thou put on the mantle the while I go to prayer to avert any ill that may come of it.

Hathorne. Nay, I will make no such jest of my office of magistrate as to put this woman's gear on my shoulders. I doubt if there be aught in it. Prithee, Widow Hutchins, when did this torment first come upon the young woman?

Hutchins. Your worship, she went, as I have said, to Goody Corey's yester-evening to have a little chat with her gossip, Olive, and Paul Bayley came in also, and some of them did talk strangely about this witchcraft, Olive and Goody Corey nodding and winking, and making light of it. And then when Ann said she must be home, Paul rose quickly and made as though he would go with her, but Goody Corey would not let him, and herself went with Ann. And she did practise her devilish arts upon my poor child all the way home, and when my poor child got on the door-stone she burst open the door, and came in as though all the witches were after her, and she hath not been herself since. She hath ever since been grievously tormented, being set upon now by Goody Corey,

and now by Olive, being choked and twisted about until I thought she would die, and so I fear she will, unless they be speedily put in chains. It seemeth flesh and blood cannot endure it. Mercy Lewis is just come in, and she saw Goody Corey and Olive upon her when she opened the door.

Hathorne. This evil work must be stopped at all hazards, and this monstrous brood of witches gotten out of the land.

Parris. Yea, verily, although we have to reach under the covenant for them. [*Screams.*

Hutchins. Oh, your worships, my poor child will have no peace until they be chained in prison.

Hathorne. They shall be chained in prison before the sun sets. I will at once go forth and issue warrants for the arrest of Martha Corey and her daughter.

[*More violent screams and loud voices overhead.*

Parris. Would it not be well, good Master Hathorne, for us to see the afflicted maid before we depart?

Hutchins. Oh, I pray you, sirs, come up stairs to my poor child's chamber and see yourselves in what grievous torment she lies. She hath often called for Minister Parris, saying they dared not so afflict her were he there.

Hathorne. It would perchance be as well. Lead the way, if you will, Widow Hutchins.

[*Exeunt. Screams continue.*

Enter Nancy Fox *and* Phœbe Morse *stealthily from other door.* Phœbe *carries her rag doll.*

Nancy. Massy sakes, hear them screeches!

Phœbe (*clinging to* Nancy). Oh, Nancy, won't they catch us too? I'm afraid!

Nancy. They can't touch us; we're witches too.

Phœbe. Massy sakes! I forgot we were witches.

Nancy. Hear that, will ye? Ain't she a-ketchin' it?

Phœbe. Nancy, do you suppose it's the pin I stuck in my doll makes Ann screech that way?

Nancy. Most likely 'tis. Stick in another, and see if she screeches louder.

Phœbe. No, I won't. I'll pull the pin out; 'twas this one in my doll's arm. (*Pulls out pin and flings it on the floor.*) I won't have Ann hurt so bad as that if Olive did give her the cape. Why don't she stop screeching now, Nancy? Oh, Nancy, somebody's coming! I hear somebody at the door. Crawl under the bed—quick! quick!

[Phœbe *gets down and begins to crawl under the bed.* Nancy *tries to imitate her, but cannot bend herself.*

Nancy. Oh, massy! I've got a crick in my back, and I can't double up. What shall I do? (*Tries to bend.*) I can't; no, I can't! 'Tis like a hot poker. Massy! what 'll I do?

Phœbe. You've got to, Nancy. Quick! the latch is lifting. Quick! quick! I'll push you. No; I'll pull you. Here!

[*Pulls* Nancy *down upon the floor, and rolls her under the bed; gets under herself just as the door is pushed open.*

Enter Giles Corey *in great excitement.*

Giles (*running across the room, and listening at the door leading to the chamber stairs*). Devil take them! why don't they put an end to it? Why do they let the poor lass be set upon this way? Screeching so you can hear her all over Salem Village! There! hear that, will ye? Out upon them! Widow Hutchins! Widow Hutchins! Can't you give her some physic? Sha'n't I come up there with my musket? Why don't they find out who is so tormenting her, and chain her up in prison? 'Tis some witch or other. Oh, I'd hang her; I'd tie the rope myself. Poor lass! poor lass!

[*The door is pushed open, and* Giles *starts back.*

Enter John Hathorne, Minister Parris, *and* Widow Hutchins.

Giles. Good-day, Widow Hutchins. Shall I go up there with my musket?

Parris. I trow there be too many of thy household up there now.

Giles. I'd lay about me till I hit some of 'em. I'll warrant I would. Oh, the poor lass! hear that!

Parris. She is a grievous case.

Giles. I heard the screeches out in the wood, and I ran in thinking I might do somewhat. I would Martha were here. I'll be bound she'd laugh and scoff at it no longer!

Hathorne. Laugh and scoff, say you?

Giles. That she doth. Martha acts as if the devil were in her about it. She doth nothing but laugh at and make light of the afflicted children, and saith there be no witches. She would not even believe 'twas aught out of the common when our ox and cat were took strangely. If she were herself a witch she could be no more stiff-necked.

Parris. Doth she go out after nightfall?

Giles. That she doth, in spite of all I can say. She hath no fear that an honest gospel woman should have in these times. She went out last night, and I was so angered that I charged her with galloping a broomstick home.

Hathorne. Did she deny it?

Giles. She laughed as she is wont to do. She even made a jest on't, when I could not when I would go to prayer, and the words staid beyond my wits. I would she could be here now, and hear this!

Parris. Perchance she doth.

Giles. I'll warrant she'd lose somewhat of her stiff-neckedness. Hear that! Can't ye chain up the witch that's tormenting the poor lass? Is't Goody Osborn?

Hathorne. The witch will be chained and in prison before nightfall. Come, Minister Parris, we can do no good by abiding longer here. Methinks we have sufficient testimony.

Parris. Verily the devil hath played into our hands. [*They turn to leave.*

Hutchins. Oh, your worships, ye will use good speed for the sake of my poor child.

Giles. Ay, be speedy about it. Put the baggage in prison as soon as may be, and load her down well with irons.

Hathorne. I will strive to obey your commands well, Goodman Corey. Good-day, Widow Hutchins; your daughter shall soon find relief.

Parris. Good-day, Widow Hutchins, and be of good cheer.

[*Exeunt* Hathorne *and* Parris, *while* Widow Hutchins *courtesies.*



"HEY, BLACK CAT! HEY, MY PRETTY BLACK CAT!"

Giles. Well, I must even be going too. I have my cattle to water. I but bolted in when I heard the poor lass screech, thinking I might do somewhat. But good Master Hathorne will see to it. Hear that! Do ye go up to her, widow, and mix her up a bowl of yarb tea, till they put the trollop in prison. I'm off to water my cattle, then devil take me if I don't give the sheriffs a hand if they need it. Goody Osborn's house is nigh mine. Good-day, widow. [*Exit* Giles.

Hutchins (*laughing*). Give the sheriffs a hand, will he? Perchance he will, but I doubt me if 'tis not a fisted one. He sets his life by Goody Corey, however he rate her. (*A scream from above of* "Mother! Mother!") Yes, Ann. I'm coming, I'm coming! [*Exit.*

Phœbe (*crawls out from under the bed*). Now, Nancy, we've got a chance to run. Come out, quick! Oh, if Uncle Corey had caught us here!

Nancy. I can't get out. Oh! oh! The rheumatiz stiffened me so I couldn't double up, and now it has stiffened me so I can't undouble. No, 'tis not rheumatiz, 'tis Goody Bishop has bewitched me. I can't get out.

Phœbe. You must, Nancy, or somebody 'll come and catch us. Here, I'll pull you out.

[*Tugs at* Nancy's *arms, and drags her out, groaning.*

Nancy. Here I am out, but I can't undouble. I'll have to go home on all-fours like a cat. Oh! oh!

Phœbe. Give me your hands and I'll pull you up. Think you 'tis witchcraft, Nancy?

Nancy. I know 'tis. 'Tis Goody Bishop in her fine silk hood afflicts me. Oh, massy!

Phœbe. There, you are up, Nancy.

Nancy. I ain't half undoubled.

Phœbe. You can walk so, can't you, Nancy? Oh, come, quick! I think I hear somebody on the stairs. (*Catches up her doll and seizes* Nancy's *hand.*) Quick! quick!

Nancy. I tell ye I can't go quick; I ain't undoubled enough. Devil take Goody Bishop!

[*Exit, hobbling and bent almost double,* Phœbe *urging her along.*

Curtain falls.

ACT III.

The Meeting-house in Salem Village. Enter People of Salem Village *and take seats. The* Afflicted Girls, *among whom are* Ann Hutchins *and* Mercy Lewis, *occupy the front seats.* Nancy Fox *and* Phœbe. *Enter the magistrates* John Hathorne *and* Jonathan Corwin, *with* Minister Parris, *escorted by the* Marshal, Aids, *and four* Constables. *They place themselves at a long table in front of the pulpit.*

Hathorne (*rising*). We are now prepared to enter upon the examination. We invoke the blessing of God upon our proceedings, and call upon the Marshal to produce the bodies of the accused.

[*Exeunt* Marshal *and* Constables. Afflicted Girls *twist about and groan. Great excitement among the people.*

Enter Marshal *and* Constables *leading* Martha *and* Olive Corey *in chains.* Giles *follows. The prisoners are placed facing the assembly, with the* Constables *holding their hands.* Giles *stands near. The* Afflicted Girls *make a great clamor.*

Ann. Oh, they are tormenting! They will be the death of me! I will not! I will not!

Giles. Hush your noise, will ye, Ann Hutchins!

Parris. Peace, Goodman Corey!

Hathorne. Martha Corey, you are now in the hands of authority. Tell me now why you hurt these persons.

Martha. I do not. I pray your worships give me leave to go to prayer.

Hathorne. We have not sent for you to go to prayer, but to confess that you are a witch.

Martha. I am no witch. I am a gospel woman. There is no such thing as a witch. Shall I confess that I am what doth not exist? It were not only a lie, but a fool's lie.

Mercy. There is a black man whispering in her ears.

Hathorne. What saith the black man to you, goodwife?

Martha. I pray your worships to ask the maid. Perchance, since she sees him, she can also hear what he saith better than I.

Hathorne. Why do you not tell how the devil comes in your shape and hurts these maids?

Martha. How can I tell how? I was never acquaint with the ways of the devil. I leave it to those wise maids who are so well acquaint to tell how. Perchance he hath whispered it in their ears.

Afflicted Girls. Oh, there is a yellow bird! There is a yellow bird perched on her head!

Hathorne. What say you to that, Goodwife Corey?

Martha. What can I say to such folly?

Hathorne. Constables, let go the hands of Martha Corey.

[*The* Constables *let go her hands, and immediately there is a great outcry from the* Afflicted Girls.

Afflicted Girls. She pinches us! Hold her hands! Hold her hands again! Oh! oh!

Ann. She is upon me again! She digs her fingers into my throat! Hold her hands! Hold her hands! She will be the death of me!

Giles. Devil take ye, ye lying trollop! 'Tis a pity somebody had not been the death of ye before this happened!

Hathorne. Constables, hold the hands of the accused.

[Constables *obey, and at once the afflicted are quiet.*

Hathorne. Goodwife Corey, what do you say to this?

Martha. I see with whom we have to do. May the Lord have mercy upon us!

Hathorne. What say you to the charges that your husband, Giles Corey, hath many a time brought against you in the presence of witnesses—that you hindered him when he would go to prayer, causing the words to go from him strangely; that you were out after nightfall, and did ride home on a broomstick; and that you scoffed at these maids and their affliction, as if you were a witch yourself?

Giles. I said not so! Martha, I said it not so!

Hathorne. What say you to your husband's charge that you did afflict his ox and cat,

causing his ox to fall in the yard, and the cat to be strangely sick?

Giles. Devil take the ox and the cat! I said not that she did afflict them.

Hathorne. Peace, Goodman Corey; you are now in court.

Martha. I say, if a gospel woman is to be hung as a witch for every stumbling ox and sick cat, 'tis setting a high value upon oxen and cats.

Giles. I would mine had all been knocked in the head, lass, and me too!

Hathorne. Peace! Ann Hutchins, what saw you when Goodwife Corey went home with you through the wood?

Ann. Hold fast her hands, I pray, or she will kill me. The trees were so full of yellow birds that it sounded as if a mighty wind passed over them, and the birds lit on Goody Corey's head. And black beasts ran alongside through the bushes, which did break and crackle, and they were at Goody Corey and me to go to the witch dance on the hill. And they said to bring Olive Corey and Paul Bayley. And Goody Corey told them how she and Olive would presently come, but not Paul, for he never would sign the book, not even though Olive trapped him by the arts they had taught her. And Goody Corey showed me the book then, and besought me to sign, and go with her to the dance. And when I would not, she and Olive also afflicted me so grievously that I thought I could not live, and have done so ever since.

Hathorne. What say you to this, Goodwife Corey?

Martha. I pray your worship believe not what she doth charge against my daughter.

Corwin. Mercy Lewis, do you say that you have seen both of the accused afflicting Ann Hutchins?

Mercy. Yes, your worship, many a time have I seen them pressing her to sign the book, and afflicting when she would not.

Corwin. How looked the book?

Mercy. 'Twas black, your worship, with blood-red clasps.

Corwin. Read you the names in it?

Mercy. I strove to, your worship, but I got not through the C's; there were too many of them.

Hathorne. Let the serving-woman, Nancy Fox, come hither.

[Nancy Fox *makes her way to the front.*

Hathorne. Nancy, I have heard that your mistress afflicts you.

Nancy. That she doth.

Hathorne. In what manner?

Nancy. She sendeth me to bed at first candle-light as though I were a babe; she maketh me to wear a woollen petticoat in winter-time, though I was not brought up to't; and she will never let me drink more than one mug of cider at a sitting, and I nigh eighty, and needing on't to warm my bones.

Corwin. Hath she ever afflicted you? Your replies be not to the point, woman.

Nancy. Your worship, she hath never had any respect for my understanding, and that hath greatly afflicted me.

Hathorne. Hath she ever shown you a book to sign?

Nancy. Verily she hath; and when I would not, hath afflicted me with sore pains in all my bones, so I cried out, on getting up, when I had set awhile.

Hathorne. Hath your mistress a familiar?

Nancy. Hey?

Hathorne. Have you ever seen any strange thing with her?

Nancy. She hath a yellow bird which sits on her cap when she churns.

Hathorne. What else have you seen with her?

Nancy. A thing like a cat, only it went on two legs. It clawed up the chimbly, and the soot fell down, and Goody Corey set me to sweeping on't up on the Lord's day.

Giles. Out upon ye, ye lying old jade!

Hathorne. Silence! Nancy, you may go to your place. Phœbe Morse, come hither.

[Phœbe Morse *approaches with her apron over her face, sobbing. She has her doll under her arm.*

Hathorne. Cease weeping, child. Tell me how your aunt Corey treats you. Hath she ever taught you otherwise than you have learned in your catechism?

Phœbe (*weeping*). I don't know. Oh, Aunt Corey, I didn't mean to! I took the pins out of my doll, I did. Don't whip me for it.

Hathorne. What doll? What mean you, child?

Phœbe. I don't know. I didn't stick them in so very deep, Aunt Corey! Don't let them hang me for it!

Hathorne. Did your aunt Corey teach you to stick pins into your doll to torment folk?

Phœbe (*sobbing convulsively*). I don't know! I don't know! Oh, Aunt Corey, don't let them hang me! Olive, you won't let them! Oh! oh!

Corwin. Methinks 'twere as well to make an end of this.

Hathorne. There seemeth to me important substance under this froth of tears. (*To* Phœbe.) Give me thy doll, child.

Phœbe (*clutching the doll*). Oh, my doll! my doll! Oh, Aunt Corey, don't let them have my doll!

Martha. Peace, dear child! Thou must not begrudge it. Their worships be in sore distress just now to play with dolls.

Parris. Give his worship the doll, child. Hast thou not been taught to respect them in authority?

[Phœbe *gives the doll to* Hathorne, *whimpering.* Hathorne, Corwin, *and* Parris *put their heads together over it.*

Hathorne (*holding up the doll*). There be verily many pins in this image. Goodwife Corey, what know you of this?

Martha. Your worship, such a weighty matter is beyond my poor knowledge.

Hathorne. Know you whence the child got this image?

Martha. Yes, your worship. I myself made it out of a piece of an old homespun blanket for the child to play with. I stuffed it with lamb's wool, and sewed some green ravellings on its head for hair. I made it a coat out of my copperas-colored petticoat, and colored its lips and cheeks with pokeberries.

Hathorne. Did you teach the child to stick in these pins wherewith to torment folk?

Martha. It availeth me naught to say no, your worship.

Mercy (*screams*). Oh, a sharp pain shoots

through me when I look at the image! 'Tis through my arms! Oh!

Hathorne (*examining the doll*). There is a pin in the arms.

Ann. I feel sharp pains, like pins, in my face; oh, 'tis dreadful!

Hathorne (*examining the doll*). There are pins in the face.

Phœbe (*sobbing*). No, no! Those are the pins I stuck in for Aunt Corey. Don't let them hang me, Aunt Corey.

Parris. That is sufficient. She has confessed.

Hathorne. Yes, methinks the child hath confessed whether she would or no. Goodwife Corey, Phœbe hath now plainly said that she did stick these pins in this image for you. What have you to say?

Martha (*courtesying*). Your worship, the matter is beyond my poor speech.

[Hathorne *tosses the doll on the table,* Phœbe *watching anxiously.*

Hathorne. Go to your place, child.

Phœbe. I want my doll.

Parris. Go to thy place as his worship bids thee, and think on the precepts in thy catechism. [Phœbe *returns sobbing.*

Afflicted Girls. Oh, Goody Corey turns her eyes upon us! Bid her turn her eyes away!

Ann. Oh, I see a black cat sitting on Goody Corey's shoulder, and his eyes are like coals. Now, now, he looks at me when Goody Corey does! Look away! look away! Oh, I am blind! I am blind! Sparks are coming into my eyes from Goody Corey's. Make her turn her eyes away, your worships; make her turn her eyes away!

Hathorne. Goody Corey, fix your eyes upon the floor, and look not at these poor children whom you so afflict.

Martha. May the Lord open the eyes of the magistrates and ministers, and give them sight to discover the guilty!

Parris. Why do you not confess that you are a witch?

Martha (*with sudden fervor*). I am no witch. There is no such thing as a witch. Oh, ye worshipful magistrates, ye ministers and good people of Salem Village, I pray ye hear me speak for a moment's space. Listen not to this testimony of distracted children, this raving of a poor lovesick, jealous maid, who should be treated softly, but not let to do this mischief. Ye, being in your fair wits and well acquaint with your own knowledge, must know, as I know, that there be no witches. Wherefore would God let Satan after such wise into a company of His elect? Hath He not guard over His own precinct? Can He not keep it from the power of the Adversary as well as we from the savages? Why keep ye the scouts out in the fields if the Lord God hath so forsaken us? Call in the scouts! If we believe in witches, we believe not only great wickedness, but great folly of the Lord God. Think ye in good faith that I verily stand here with a black cat on my shoulder and a yellow bird on my head? Why do ye not see them as well as these maids? I would that ye might if they be there. Black cat, yellow bird, if ye be upon my shoulder and my head, as these maids say, I command ye to appear to these magistrates! Otherwise, if I have signed the book, as these maids say, I swear unto ye that I will cross out my name, and will serve none but the God Almighty. Most worshipful magistrates, see ye the black cat? See ye any yellow bird? Why are ye not afflicted as well as these maids, when I turn my eyes upon ye? I pray you to consider that. I am no saint; I wot well that I have but poorly done the will of the Lord who made me, but I am a gospel woman, and keep to the faith according to my poor measure. Can I be a gospel woman and a witch too? I have never that I know of done aught of harm whether to man or beast. I have spared not myself nor minded mine own infirmities in tasks for them that belonged to me, nor for any neighbor that had need. I say not this to set myself up, but to prove to you that I can be no witch, and my daughter can be no witch. Have I not watched nights without number with the sick? Have I not washed and dressed new-born babes? Have I not helped to make the dead ready for burial, and sat by them until the cock crew? Have I ever held back when there was need of me? But I say not this to set myself up. Have I not been in the meeting-house every Lord's day? Have I ever staid away from the sacrament? Have I not gone in sober apparel, nor wasted my husband's substance? Have I not been diligent in my household, and spun and wove great store of linen? Are not my floors scoured, my brasses bright, and my cheese-room well filled? Look at me! Can I be a witch?

Ann. A black man hath been whispering in her ear, telling her what to say.

Hathorne. What say you to that, Goody?

Martha. I say if that be so, he told me not to his own advantage. I see with whom I have to do. I pray you give me leave to go to prayer.

Hathorne. You are not here to go to prayer. I much fear that your many prayers have been to your master, the devil. Constables, bring forward the body of the accused.

[Afflicted Girls *shriek.* Constables *lead* Olive *forward.* Martha *is led to one side.*

Martha. Be of good cheer, dear child.

Giles. Yes, be not afraid of them, lass; thy father is here.

Hathorne. Silence! Olive Corey, why do you so afflict these other maids?

Olive. I do not, your worship.

Ann. She is looking at me. Oh, bid her look away, or she will kill me!

Olive. Oh, Ann, I do not! What mean you, dear Ann?

Hathorne. I charge you, Olive Corey, keep your eyes upon the floor.

Giles. Look where you please, lass, and thy old father will uphold thee in it; and I only wish your blue eyes could shoot pins into the lying hussies.

Hathorne. Goodman, an ye disturb the peace again, ye shall be removed from court. Ann Hutchins, you have seen this maid hurt you?

Ann. Many a time she hath hurt me nigh to death.

Olive. Oh, Ann, I hurt thee?

Ann. There is a flock of yellow birds around her head.

[Olive *moves her head involuntarily, and looks up.*



"THERE IS A FLOCK OF YELLOW BIRDS AROUND HER HEAD."

Afflicted Girls. See her look at them!

Hathorne. What say you to that, Olive?

Olive. I did not see them.

Hathorne. Ann Hutchins, did you see this maid walking in the wood with a black man last week?

Ann. Yes, your worship.

Hathorne. How did he go?

Ann. In black clothes, and he had white hair.

Hathorne. How went the accused?

Ann. She went in her flowered petticoat, and the flowers stood out, and smelt like real ones; her kerchief shone like a cobweb in the grass in the morning, and gold sparks flew out of her hair. Goody Corey fixed her up so with her devilish arts to trap Paul Bayley.

Hathorne. What mean you?

Ann. To trap the black man, your worship. I knew not what I said, I was in such torment.

Hathorne. Olive Corey, did your mother ever so change your appearance by her arts?

Olive. My mother hath no arts, your worship.

Ann. Her cheeks were redder than was common, and her eyes shone like stars.

Hathorne. Olive, did your mother so change your looks?

Olive. No, your worship; I do not know what Ann may mean. I fear she be ill.

Hathorne. Mercy Lewis, did you see Olive Corey with the black man?

Mercy. Yes, your worship; and she called out to me to go with them to the dance, and I should have the black man for a partner; and when I would not she afflicted me, pulling my hair and pinching me.

Hathorne. How appeared she to you?

Mercy. She was dressed like a puppet, finer than I had ever seen her.

Hathorne. Olive, what did you wear when you walked with the black man?

Olive. Your worship, I walked with no black man.

Ann. There he is now, standing behind her, looking over her shoulder.

Hathorne. What say you to that, Olive?

Olive (*looking in terror over her shoulder*). I see no one. I pray you, let my father stand near me.

Parris. Nay; the black man is enough for you.

Giles (*forcing his way to his daughter*). Here I be, lass; and it will go hard if the hussies can see the black man and old Giles in one place. Where be the black man now, jades?

Hathorne (*angrily*). Marshal!

Corwin (*interposing*). Nay, good Master Hathorne, let Goodman Corey keep his standing. The maid looks near swooning, and albeit his manner be rude, yet his argument hath somewhat of force. In truth, he and the black man cannot occupy one place. Mercy Lewis, see you now this black man anywhere?

Mercy. Yes, your worship.

Corwin. Where?

Mercy. Whispering in your worship's ear.

Parris. May the Lord protect his magistrates from the wiles of Satan, and maintain them in safety for the weal of his afflicted people!

Hathorne. This be going too far. This be presumption! Who of you now see the black man whispering to the worshipful esquire Jonathan Corwin?

Mercy. He is gone now out of the meeting-house. 'Twas but for a moment I saw him.

Corwin. Speak up, children. Did any other of ye see the black man whispering to me?

Afflicted Girls. No! no! no!

Corwin. Mercy Lewis, you say of a truth you saw him?

Mercy. Your worship, it may have been Minister Parris's shadow falling across the platform.

Corwin. This is but levity, and hath naught to do with the trial.

Hathorne. We will proceed with the examination. Widow Eunice Hutchins, produce the cape.

[Widow Hutchins *comes forward, holding the cape by a corner.*

Hathorne. Put it over your daughter's shoulders.

Hutchins. Oh, your worships, I pray you not! It will kill her!

Ann. Oh, do not! do not! It will kill me! Oh, mother, do not! Oh, your worships! Oh, Minister Parris!

Parris. Why put the maid to this needless agony?

Corwin. Put the cape over her shoulders.

[Widow Hutchins *approaches* Ann *hesitatingly, and throws the cape over her shoulders.* Ann *sinks upon the floor, shrieking.*

Ann. Take it off! Take it off! It burns! It burns! Take it off! Have mercy! I shall die! I shall die!

Hathorne. Take off the cape; that is enough. Olive Corey, what say you to this? This is the cape you gave Ann Hutchins.

Olive. Oh, mother! mother!

Martha (*pushing forward*). Nay, I will speak again. Ye shall not keep me from it; ye shall not send me out of the meeting-house! (*The afflicted cry out.*) Peace, or I will afflict ye in earnest! I *will* speak! If I be a witch, as ye say, then ye have some reason to fear me, even ye most worshipful magistrates and ministers. It might happen to ye even to fall upon the floor in torment, and it would ill accord with your offices. Ye shall hear me. I speak no more for myself—ye may go hang me—I speak for my child. Ye shall not hang her, or judgment will come upon ye. Ye know there is no guile in her; it were monstrous to call her a witch. It were less blasphemy to call her an angel than a witch, and ye know it. Ye know it, all ye maids she hath played with and done her little kindnesses to, ye who would now go hang her. That cape—that cape, most worshipful magistrates, did the dear child earn with her own little hands, that she might give it to Ann, whom she loved so much. Knowing, as she did, that Ann was poor, and able to have but little bravery of apparel, it was often on her mind to give her somewhat of her own, albeit that was but scanty; and she hath toiled overtimes at her wheel all winter, and sold the yarn in Salem, and so gained a penny at a time wherewithal to buy that cape for Ann. And now will it hang her, the dear child?

Dear Ann, dost thou not remember how thou and my Olive have spent days together, and slept together many a night, and lain awake till dawn talking? Dost thou not remember how thou couldst go nowhere without Olive,



"FATHER! FATHER!"

nor she without thee, and how no little junketing were complete to the one were the other not there? Dost thou not remember how Olive wept when thy father died? Mercy Lewis, dost thou not remember how my Olive came over and helped thee in thy work that time thou wert ailing, and how she lent thee her shoes to walk to Salem?

Oh, dear children, oh, maids, who have been playmates and friends with my dear child, ye will not do her this harm! Do ye not know that she hath never harmed ye, and would die first? Think of the time when this sickness, that is nigh to madness, shall have passed over, and all is quiet again. Then will ye sit in the meeting-house of a Lord's day, and look over at the place where my poor child was wont to sit listening in her little Sabbath best, and ye will see her no more, but will say to yourselves that ye have murdered her. And then of a week-day ye will see her no more spinning at her wheel in the doorway, nor tending the flowers in her garden. She will come smiling in at your doors no more, nor walk the village street, and ye will always see where she is not, and know that ye have murdered her. Oh, poor children, ye are in truth young, and your minds, I doubt not, sore bewildered! If I have spoken harshly to ye, I pray ye heed it not, except as concerns me. I wot well that I am now done with this world, and I feel already the wind that bloweth over Gallows Hill in my face. But consider well ere ye do any harm to my dear child, else verily the day will come when ye will be more to be pitied than she. Oh, ye will not harm her! Ye will take back your accusation! Oh, worshipful magistrates, oh, Minister Parris, I pray you have mercy upon this child! I pray you mercy as you will need mercy!

[*Falls upon her knees.*

Hathorne. Rise, woman; it is not now mercy, but justice that has to be considered.

Parris. In straits like this there is no mercy in the divine will. Shall mercy be shown Satan?

Corwin. Mercy Lewis, is it in truth Olive Corey who afflicts you?

Mercy (*hesitating*). I am not so sure as I was.

Other Afflicted Girls. Nor I! nor I! nor I!

Mercy. Last time I was somewhat blinded and could not see her face. Methinks she was something taller than Olive.

Ann (*shrieks*). Oh, Olive is upon me! The sun shines on her face! I see her, she is choking me! Oh! oh!

Mercy (*to* Ann). Hush! If she be put away, you'll not get Paul Bayley; I'll tell you that for a certainty, Ann Hutchins.

Ann. Oh! oh! she is killing me!

Mercy. I see her naught; 'tis a taller person who is afflicting Ann. (*To* Ann.) Leave your outcries, or I will confess to the magistrates.

[Ann *becomes quiet.*

Corwin. Ann Hutchins, saw you in truth Olive Corey afflicting you?

Ann (*sullenly*). It might have been Goody Corey.

Corwin. Mercy Lewis, saw you of a certainty Olive Corey walking in the wood with a black man?

Mercy. It was the wane of the moon; I might have been mistaken. It might have been Goody Corey; their carriage is somewhat the same.

Corwin. Give me the cape, Widow Hutchins. (Widow Hutchins *hands him the cape; he puts it over his shoulders.*) Verily I perceive no great inconvenience from the cape, except it is an ill fit.

[*Takes it off and lays it on the table. The two magistrates and* Minister Parris *whisper together.*

Hathorne. Having now received the testimony of the afflicted and the witnesses, and duly weighted the same according to our judgment, being aided to a decision, as we believe, by the divine wisdom which we have invoked, we declare the damsel Olive Corey free and quit of the charges against her. And Martha Corey, the wife of Giles Corey, of Salem Village, we commit unto the jail in Salem until—

Giles. Send Martha to Salem jail! Out upon ye! Why, ye be gone clean mad, magistrates and ministers and all! Send Martha to jail! Why, she must home with me this night and get supper! How think ye I am going to live and keep my house? Load Martha down with chains in jail! Martha a witch! Then, by the Lord, she keeps His company overmuch for one of her trade, for she goes to prayer forty times a day. Martha a witch! Think ye Goodwife Martha Corey gallops a broomstick to the hill of a night, with her decent petticoats flapping? Who says so? I would I had my musket, and he'd not say so twice to Giles Corey. And let him say so twice as 'tis, and meet my fist, an he dares. I be an old man, but I could hold my own in my day, and there be some of me left yet. Who says so twice to old Giles Corey? Martha a witch! Verily she could not stop praying long enough to dance a jig through with the devil. Martha! Out upon ye, ye lying devil's tool of a parson, that seasons murder with prayer! Out upon ye, ye magistrates! your hands be redder than your fine trappings! Martha a witch! Ye yourselves be witches, and serving Satan, and he a-tickling in his sleeve at ye. Send Martha in chains to Salem jail, ye will, will ye? (*Forces his way to* Martha, *and throws his arm around her.*) Be not afraid, good lass, thy man will save thee. Thou shalt not go to jail! I say thou shalt not! I'll cut my way through a whole king's army ere thou shalt. I'll raise the devil myself ere thou shalt, and set him tooth and claw on the whole brood of them. I'll— (*One of the afflicted shrieks.* Giles *turns upon them.*) Why, devil take ye, ye lying hussies, ye have done this! Ye should be whipped through the town at the tail of a cart, every one of ye. Ye ill-favored little jades, puling because no man will have ye, and putting each other up to this d—— mischief for lack of something better. Out upon ye, ye little—

Mercy (*jumping up and screaming in agony.*) Oh, Giles Corey is upon me! He is afflicting me grievously! Oh, I will not! Chain him! chain him! chain him!

Ann. Oh, this is worse than the others! This is dreadful! He's strangling me! I— Oh—your—worships! Oh—help!—help!

[*Falls upon the floor.*

Afflicted Girls. Chain him! chain him!

Hathorne. Marshal, take Giles Corey into custody and chain him.

[Marshal *and* Constables *advance.*

Tableau—Curtain falls.

ACT IV.

The living-room in Giles Corey's *house.* Nancy Fox *and the child* Phœbe Morse *sit beside the hearth; each has her apron over her face, weeping.*

Phœbe (*sobbing*). I—want my Aunt—Corey and—my Uncle Corey. Why don't they come? Oh, deary me!

[Phœbe *jumps up and runs to the window.*

Nancy. See you anybody coming?

Phœbe. There is a dame in a black hood coming past the popple-trees. Oh, Nancy, come quick; see if it be Aunt Corey!

Nancy. Where be my spectacles—where be they? (*Runs about the room searching.*) Oh Lord, what's the use of living to be so old that you're scattered all over the house like a seed thistle! Having to hunt everywhere for your eyes and your wits whenever you want to use 'em, and having other folks a-meddling with 'em! Where be the spectacles? They be not in the cupboard; they be not on the dresser. Where be they? I trow this be witch-work. I know well enough what has become of my good horn spectacles. Goody Bishop hath witched them away, thinking they would suit well with her fine hood. I know well that I—

Phœbe (*sobbing aloud*). Oh, Nancy, it is not Aunt Corey. It is only Goodwife Nourse.

Nancy. May the black beast catch her! Be you sure?

Phœbe. Yes; she is passing our gate. Oh, Nancy, what shall we do? what shall we do?

Nancy. I would that I had my fingers in old man Hathorne's fine wig. I would yank it off for him, and fling it to the pigs. A-sending master and mistress to jail, and they no more witches than I be!

Phœbe. Oh, Nancy, be we witches? They have not sent us to jail.

Nancy. I know not what we be. My old head will not hold it all. It is time they came home. There is not a crumb of sweet-cake in the house, and the stopple is so tight in the cider-barrel that I cannot stir it a peg. [*Weeps.*

Phœbe. Nancy, did they send Aunt Corey and Uncle Corey to jail because I stuck the pins in my doll?

Nancy. I know not. I tell ye my old head spins round like a flax-wheel; when I put my finger on one spoke, 'tis another one. These things be too much for a poor old woman like me. It takes folks like their worships the magistrates and Minister Parris to deal with black men and witches, and keep their wits in no need of physic.

Phœbe. Oh, Nancy, I know what I will do! Oh, 'tis well I snatched my doll off the meeting-house table that day after the trial, and ran home with it under my apron! (*Runs to the settle, takes up the doll, which is lying there, and kisses it.*) Here is one kiss for Aunt Corey, here is another kiss for Aunt Corey, here is another, and another, and another. Here is one kiss for Uncle Corey, and here is another kiss for Uncle Corey, and here is another, and another, and another. There, Nancy! will not this do away with the pin pricks, and they be let out of jail?

Nancy. I know not. My old head bobs like a pumpkin in a pond. I would master and mistress were home. These be troublous times for an old woman. I would I could stir the stopple in the cider-barrel. Look again, and see if mistress be not coming up the road.

Phœbe. It is of no use. I have looked for a whole week, and she has not come in sight. I want my Aunt Corey! Nancy, have I not done away with the pin pricks? Tell me, will she be not let out of jail? Oh, there's Paul coming past the window! He's got home! Olive! Olive!

Enter Paul Bayley. Phœbe *runs to him.*

Phœbe. Oh, Paul, they've put Aunt Corey and Uncle Corey in Salem jail while you were gone! Can't you get them out, Paul, can't you?

Paul. Where is Olive?

Phœbe. She is in her chamber. She stays there all the time at prayer. Olive! Olive! Paul is come.

[*Calls at the foot of chamber stairs.*

Paul. Olive!

Olive *comes slowly down the stairs and enters.*

Paul (*seizing her in his arms*). Oh, my poor lass, what is this that hath come to thee?

Olive. This is what thou feared when we parted, Paul, and more.

Paul. I but heard of it as I came through Salem on my way hither. Oh, 'tis devilish work!

Olive. They let me loose, but father and mother are in Salem jail.

Paul. Poor lass!

Olive. Can you do naught to help them, Paul?

Paul. Olive, I will help them, if there be any justice or unclouded minds left in the colony.

Olive. Thou art in truth here, Paul; it is thy voice.

Paul. Whose voice should it be, dear heart?

Olive. I know not. For a week I have thought I heard so many voices. The air seemed full of voices a-calling me, but I heeded them not, Paul. I kept all the time at prayer and heeded them not.

Paul. Of course thou didst not. There were no voices to heed.

Olive. Sometimes I thought I heard birds twittering, and sometimes I thought there was something black at my elbow, and in the night-time faces at my window. Paul, was there aught there?

Paul. No, no; there was naught there. Birds and black beasts and faces! This be all folly, Olive!

Olive. They saw a black man by my side in the meeting-house—Ann saw him. She cried out that the cape I gave her put her to dreadful torment. Can I have been a witch unknowingly, and so done this great evil to my father and mother? Tell me, Paul.

Paul. Call up thy wits, Olive! I tell thee thou art no witch. There was no black man at thy side in the meeting-house. Black man! I would one would verily lay hands on that lying hussy. Thou art no witch.

[Phœbe *rushes to* Olive, *and clings to her, sobbing.*

Phœbe. You are not a witch, Olive. You are not. If Ann says so I will pinch her and scratch her. I will! yes, I will—I will scratch her till the blood runs. You are not a witch. I was the one that got them into jail. I stuck pins into my doll, but I have made up for it now. They'll be let out. Don't cry, Olive.

Nancy. Don't you fret yourself, Olive. I trow there's no witch-mark on you. It's Goody Bishop in her fine silk hood that's at the bottom on't. I know, I know. Perchance Paul could loose the stopple in the cider-barrel. I am needful of somewhat to warm my old bones. This witch-work makes them to creep with chills like long snakes.

Olive. They say my mother will soon be hanged, and I perchance a witch, and the cause of it. I cannot get over it. (*Moves away from them.*) If I be a witch, I shall hurt thee, as I perchance have hurt them. [*Weeps.*

Paul. Olive Corey, what is that?

Olive (*looking up*). What? What mean you, Paul? [Nancy *and* Phœbe *stare.*

Paul. There, over the cupboard. Is it—Yes, 'tis—cobwebs. I trow I never saw such a sight in Goodwife Corey's house before.

Olive. I will brush them down, Paul.

Paul (*looking at the floor*). And I doubt me much if the floor has been swept up this week past, and the hearth is all strewn with ashes. I trow Goodwife Corey would weep could she see her house thus.

Olive. I will get the broom, Paul.

Paul. I know well thou hast not spun this last week, that the cream is too far gone to be churned, and the cheeses have not been turned.

Nancy. 'Tis so, Paul; and there's no sweet-cake in the house, either.

Paul. Thou art no such housewife as thy mother, Olive Corey! One would say she had not taught thee. I trow she was a good housewife, and notable among the neighbors; but this will take from her reputation that she hath so brought thee up. I trow could she see this house 'twould give her a new ache in her heart among all the others.

Olive. I will mind the house, Paul.

Paul. Ay, mind the house, poor lass! Know you, Olive, that there is a rumor abroad in Salem that your father will refuse to plead, and will stand mute at his trial?

Olive. Wherefore will he do that?

Paul. I scarcely know why. Has he made a will, 'twill not be valid were he to plead at a criminal trial; there will be an attainder on it. They say that is one reason, and that he thinks thus to show his scorn of the whole devilish work, and of a trial that is no trial.

Olive. What is the penalty if he stand mute?

Paul. 'Tis a severe one; but he shall not stand mute.

Phœbe. Oh, Paul, get Aunt Corey out of jail! Can't you get Aunt Corey out of jail?

Nancy. Perchance you could pry up the hook of the jail door with the old knife. It will be dark to-night. There is no moon until three o'clock in the morning.

Olive. Paul, think you not that my father's sons-in-law might do somewhat? They are men of influence. Their wives are but my half-sisters, but they are his own daughters. I marvel they have not come to me since this trouble.

Paul. Olive, his sons-in-law have sent in their written testimony against him and your mother.

Olive. Paul, it cannot be so!

Paul. They have surely so testified. There is no help to be had from them. I have a plan.

Olive. All is useless, Paul. His sons-in-law, his own daughters' husbands, have turned against him! There is no help anywhere. My mother will soon be hanged. Minister Parris said so last night when he came. And he knelt yonder and prayed that I might no longer practise witchcraft. My father and mother are lost, and I have brought it upon them. Talk no more to me, Paul.

Paul. Then, perchance your mother be a witch, Olive Corey.

Olive. My mother is not a witch.

Paul. Doth not Minister Parris say so? And if he speak truth when he calls you a witch, why speaks he not truth of your mother also? I trow, if you be a witch, she is.

Olive. My mother is no witch, and I am no witch, Paul Bayley!

Paul. Mind you stick to that, poor lass! Now, I go to Boston to the Governor. There lies the only hope for thy parents.

Olive. Think you the Governor will listen? Oh, he must listen! Thou hast a masterful way with thee, Paul. When wilt thou start? Oh, if I had not thee!

Paul. I would I could make myself twenty-fold 'twixt thee and evil, sweet. I will get Goodman Nourse's horse and start to-night.

Olive. Then go, go! Do not wait!

Paul. I will not wait. Good-by, dear heart. Keep good courage, and put foolish fancies away from thee. [*Embraces her.*

Olive (*freeing herself*). This is no time for love-making, Paul. I will mind the house well and keep at prayer. Thou need'st not fear. Now, haste, haste! Do not wait.

Paul. I will be on the Boston path in a half-hour. Good-by, Olive. Please God, I'll bring thee back good news. [*Exit* Paul.

[Olive *stands in the door watching him depart.* Phœbe *steals up to her and throws her arms around her.* Olive *turns suddenly and embraces the child.*

Olive. Come, sweet; while Paul sets forth to the Governor, we will go to prayer. Nancy, come, we will go to prayer that the Governor may lend a gracious ear, and our feet be kept clear of the snares of Satan. Come, we will go to prayer; there is naught left for us but to go to prayer!

Tableau—Curtain falls.

ACT V.

Six weeks later. Giles Corey's *cell in Salem jail. It is early morning.* Giles, *heavily chained, is sleeping upon his bed. A noise is heard at the door.* Giles *stirs and raises himself.*

Giles. Yes, Martha, I'm coming! (*Noise continues.*) I'm coming, Martha! (*Stares around the cell.*) God help me, but I thought 'twas Martha calling me to supper, and 'tis a month since she died on Gallows Hill. I verily thought that I smelt the pork frying and the pancakes.

The door is opened and the Guard, *bringing a dish of porridge, enters; he sets it on the floor beside the bed, then examines* Giles's *chains.*

Giles. Make sure they be strong, else it will verily go hard with the hussies. They will screech louder yet, and be more like pincushions than ever. Art sure they be strong? 'Twere a pity such guileless and tender maids should suffer, and old Giles Corey's hands be rough. He hath hewn wood and handled the plough for nigh eighty years with them, and now these pretty maids say he hurts their soft flesh. In truth, they must be sore afflicted. Prithee are the chains well riveted? I thought last night one link seemed somewhat loose as though it might be forced, and old Giles Corey hath still some strength; and hath he witchcraft, as they say, it might well make him stronger. Be wary about the chains for the sake of those godly and tender maids.

[*Exit* Guard. Giles *takes the dish of porridge and eats.*

Giles (*making a wry face*). This be rare porridge; it be rare enough to charge the cook on't with witchcraft. It might well have been scorched in some hell-fire. I trow Martha would have flung it to the pigs. I verily thought 'twas Martha calling me to supper, and I smelt the good food cooking, and Martha hung a month since on Gallows Hill. Who's that at the door now?

Guard *opens the door and* Paul Bayley *enters.* Giles *takes another spoonful of porridge.*

Paul. Good-day, Goodman Corey.

Giles. Taste this porridge, will ye.

Paul (*tastes the porridge*). 'Tis burned.

Giles. It be rare food to keep up the soul of an old man who hath set himself to undergo what I have set myself to undergo. But it matters not. I trow old Giles Corey may well have eat all his life unknowingly to this end, and hath now somewhat of strength to fall back upon. He needs no dainty fare to make him strong to undergo what he hath set himself. How fares my daughter?

Paul. As well as she can fare, poor lass! I saw her last evening. She is now calmer in her mind, and she goeth about the house like her mother.

Giles. Her mother set great store by her. She would often strive in prayer that she should not make an idol of her before the Lord.

Paul. Goodman, it goes hard to tell you, but I had an audience yesterday again with Governor Phipps, an' 'twas in vain.

Giles (*laughing*). In vain, say ye 'twas in vain? Why, I looked to see the pardon sticking out of your waistcoat pocket! Why went ye again to Boston? Know ye not that this whole land is now a bedlam, and the Governors and the magistrates swell the ravings? Seek ye in bedlam for justice of madmen? It is not now pardon or justice that we have to think on, but death, and the best that can be made out on't. Know ye that my trial will be held this afternoon?

Paul. Yes, Goodman Corey.

Giles. Sit ye down on this stool. I have much I would say to ye.

[Paul *seats himself on a stool.* Giles *sits on his bed.*

Giles. Master Bayley, ye have been long a-courting my daughter. Do ye propose in good faith to take her to wife?

Paul. With the best faith that be in me.

Giles. Then I tell ye, man, take her speedily —take her within three weeks.

Paul. I would take her with all my heart, goodman, would she be willing.

Giles. She must needs be willing. Why, devil take it! be ye not smart enough to make her willing? It will all go for naught if she be not willing. Tell her her father bids her. She hath ever minded her father.

Paul. I will tell her so, goodman.

Giles. Tell her 'tis the last command her father gives her. If she say no, hear it yes. Do not ye give it up if ye have to drag her to 't. Why, she must not be left alone in the world. It be a hard world. Old Giles hath gone far in it, and found it ever a hard world. Verily it be not cleared any more than the woods of Massachusetts. It be hard enough for a man; a young maid must needs have somebody to hold aside the boughs for her. Wed her, if she will or no. I have somewhat to show ye, Master Bayley. (*Draws a document from his waistcoat.*) See ye this?

[Paul *takes the document and examines it.*

Giles. See ye what 'tis?

Paul. It is a deed whereby you convey all your property to me, so I be Olive's husband. Wherefore?

Giles. It be drawn up in good form. It be duly witnessed. You see that it be all in good form, Paul.

Paul. I see. But wherefore?

Giles. It will stand in law; there will be no getting loose from it. It be a good and trusty document. But—so be it that this afternoon I stand trial for witchcraft, and plead guilty or not guilty, this same good and trusty document will be worth less than the parchment 'tis writ on. 'Tis so with the law. There will be an attainder on't. My sons-in-law that testified to the undoing of Martha and me will have their share, and thou and Olive perchance have naught in this bedlam. I bear no ill will toward my sons-in-law and my daughters, who have been put up by them to deal falsely with Martha and me, but I would not that they have my goods. I bear no ill will; it becometh not a man so near death to bear ill will. But they shall not have my goods; I say they shall not. There shall be no attainder on this document. I will stand mute at my trial.

Paul. Goodman Corey, know you the penalty?

Giles. I trow I know it better than the catechism. 'Tis to be pressed beneath stone weights until I be dead.

Paul. I say you shall not do this thing. What think you I care for your goods? I'll have naught to do with them, nor will Olive. This is madness!

Giles. 'Tis not all for the goods. I would Olive had them, and not those foul traitors; but 'tis not all. Were there no goods and no attainder, I would still do this thing. Paul, they say that Martha spake fair words when they had her there on Gallows Hill.

Paul. She spake like a martyr at the door of heaven.

Giles. Did they let her speak long?

Paul. They cut her short, Minister Parris saying, "Let not this firebrand of hell burn longer."

Giles. Then they put the rope to her neck. Martha had a fair neck when she was a maid. Did she struggle much?

Paul. Not much.

Giles. Then they left her hanging there a space. It was a wet day, and the rain pelted on her. I remember it was a wet day. The rain pelted on her, and the wind blew, and she swung in it. I swear to thee, lass, I will make amends! I will suffer twenty pangs for thy one.

Paul. 'Tis not you who should make amends.

Giles. I tell ye I did Martha harm. When she chid my folly and the folly of others, I did bawl out at her, and say among folk things to her undoing, though I meant it not as they took it. Now I will make amends, and the King himself shall not stop me. Martha was a good wife. I know not how I shall make myself seemly for the court this afternoon. My coat has many stitches loose in it. She was a good wife. I will make amends to thee, lass; I swear I shall make amends to thee! I will come where thou art by a harder road than the one I made thee go.

Paul. It was not you, goodman. You overblame yourself. Those foul-mouthed jades did it, and those bloodthirsty magistrates.

Giles. I tell ye I did part on't. I was wroth with her that she made light of this witch-work over which I was so mightily wrought up, and I said words that they twisted to her undoing. Verily, words can be made to fit all fancies. 'Twere safer to be mute—as I'll be this afternoon.

Paul. Goodman Corey, you must not think of this thing. There is still some hope from the trial. They will not dare murder you too.

Giles. There be some things in this world folks may not bear, but there be no wickedness they'll stick at when they get started on the way to 't. 'Tis death in any case, and what would ye have me do? Stand before their mad worships and those screeching jades, and plead as though I were before folk of sound mind and understanding? Think ye I would so humble myself for naught?

Paul. But Olive! I tell you 'twill kill her! There may be a chance yet, and you should throw not away however small a one for Olive's sake. She can bear no more.

Giles. There is no chance, and if there were—I tell ye if I had a hundred daughters, and every one such a maid as she, and every one were to break her heart, I would do this thing I have set myself to do. There be that which is beyond human ties to force a man, there be that which is at the root of things.

Paul. We will have none of your goods, I tell you that, Giles Corey!

Giles. Goods. The goods be the least of it! Old Giles Corey be not a deep man. I trow he hath had a somewhat hard skull, but when a man draws in sight of death he hath a better grasp at his wits than he hath dreamed of. This be verily a mightier work than ye think. It shall be not only old Giles Corey that lies pressed to death under the stones, but the backbone of this great evil in the land shall be broke by the same weight. I tell ye it will be so. I have clearer understanding, now I be so near the end on't. They will dare no more after me. To-day shall I stand mute at my trial, but my dumbness shall drown out the clamor of my accusers. Old Giles Corey will have the best on't. 'Tis for this, and not for the goods, I will stand mute; for this, and to make amends to Martha.

Paul. Giles Corey, you shall not die this dreadful death. If death it must be, and it may yet not be, choose the easier one.

Giles. Think ye I cannot do it? (*Rises.*) Master Paul Bayley, you see before you Giles Corey. He be verily an old man, he be over eighty years old, but there be somewhat of the first of him left. He hath never had much power of speech; his words have been rough, and not given to pleasing. He hath been a rude man, an unlettered man, and a sinner. He hath brawled and blasphemed with the worst of them in his day. He hath given blow for blow, and I trow the other man's cheek smarted sorer than old Giles's. Now he be a man of the covenant, but he be still stiff with his old ways, and hath no nimbleness to shunt a blow. Old Giles Corey hath no fine wisdom to save his life, and no grace of tongue, but he hath power to die as he will, and no man hath greater.

Paul. Goodman Corey, I—

[Guard *opens the door.*

Guard. Here is your daughter to see you, Goodman Corey.

Giles. Tell her I will see her not. What brought her here? I know. Minister Parris hath sent her, thinking to tempt me from my plan. I will see her not.

Olive (*from without*). Father, you cannot send me away.

Giles. Why come you here? Go home and mind the house.

Olive. Father, I pray you not to send me away.

Paul. If you be hard with her, you will kill her.

Giles. Come in.

Enter Olive.

Olive. What is this you will do, father?

Giles. My duty, lass.

Olive. Father, you will not die this dreadful death?

Giles. That will I, lass.

Olive. Then I say to you, father, so will I also. The stones will press you down a few hours' space, and they will press me down so long as I may live. You will be soon dead and out of the pains, but you will leave your death with the living.

Giles. Then must the living bear it.

Olive. Father, you may yet be acquitted. Plead at your trial.

Giles. Work the bellows in the face of the north wind. Oh, lass, why came you here? 'Tis worse than the stones. Talk no more to me, good lass; womenkind should meddle not with men's plans. But promise me you will wed with Paul here within three weeks.

Olive. I will never wed.

Giles. Ye will not, hey? Ye will wed with Master Paul Bayley within three weeks. 'Tis the last command your father gives thee.

Olive. Think you I can wed when you—"

Giles. Ay, I do think so, lass, and so ye will.

Olive. Father, I will not. But if you plead I will, I promise you I will.

Giles. I will not, and you will. Lass, since you be here, I pray you set a stitch in this seam in my coat. I would look tidy at the trial, for thy mother's sake. Hast thou thy huswife with thee?

Olive. Yes, father.

[Olive *threads a needle, and standing beside her father, sets the stitch; weeps as she does so.*

Giles. Know you every tear adds weight to the stones, lass?

Olive. Then will I weep not. [*Mends.*

Giles. Be the child and the old woman well?

Olive. Yes, father.

Giles. Look out for them as you best can. And see to 't the little maid's linen chest is well filled, as your mother would have.

[Olive *breaks off the thread.*

Giles. Be the stitch set strong?

Olive. Yes, father.

Giles (*turning and folding her to his arms*). Oh, my good lass, the stones be naught, but this cometh hard, this cometh hard! Could they not have spared me this?

Olive. Father, listen to me, listen to me—

Giles. Lass, I must listen to naught but the voice of God. 'Tis that speaks, and bids me do this thing. Thou must come not betwixt thy father and his God.

Olive. Father! father!

Giles. Go, Olive, I can bear no more. Tell me thou wilt wed as I command you.

Olive. As thou wilt, father! father! but I will love no man as I love thee.

Giles. Go, lass. Give me a kiss. There, now go! I command thee to go! Paul, take her hence. I charge ye do by her when her father be dead and gone, as ye would were he at thy elbow. Take her hence. I would go to prayer. [*Exeunt* Paul *and* Olive.

Olive (*as the door closes*). Father! father!

Giles Corey *stands alone in cell.*

Curtain falls.

ACT VI.

Three weeks later. Lane near Salem overhung by blossoming apple-trees. Enter Hathorne, Corwin, *and* Parris.

Corwin. 'Tis better here, a little removed from the field where they are putting Giles Corey to death. I could bear the sight of it no longer.

Hathorne. You are fainthearted, good Master Corwin.

Corwin. Fainthearted or not, 'tis too much for me. I was brought not up in the shambles, nor bred butcher by trade.

Parris. Your worship, you should strive in prayer, lest you falter not in the strife against Satan.

Corwin. I know not that I have faltered in any strife against Satan.

Parris. Perchance 'tis but your worship's delicate frame of body causeth you to shrink from this stern duty.

Hathorne. This torment of Giles Corey's can last but a little space now. He hath still his chance to speak and avert his death, and he will do it erelong. They have increased the weights mightily. Fear not, good Master Corwin, Giles Corey will not die; erelong his old tongue will wag like a millwheel.

Corwin. I doubt much, good Master Hathorne, if Giles Corey speak. And if he does not speak, and so be put to death, as is decreed, I doubt much if the temper of the people will stand more. There are those who have sympathy with Giles Corey. I heard many murmurs in the streets of Salem this morning.

Hathorne. Let them murmur.

Parris. Ay, let them murmur, so long as we wield the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

Enter first Messenger.

Hathorne. Here comes a man from the field. How goes it now with Giles Corey?

Messenger. Your worship, Giles Corey has not spoken.

Parris. And he hath been under the weights since early light. Truly such obstinacy is marvellous. [*Exit* Messenger.

Hathorne. Satan gives a strength beyond human measure to his disciples.

Enter Olive *and* Paul Bayley, *appearing in the distance.* Olive *wears a white gown and white bonnet.*

Hathorne. Who is that maid coming in a bride bonnet?

Corwin. 'Tis Corey's daughter. I marvel that Paul lets her come hither. 'Tis no place for her, so near. Master Hathorne, let us withdraw a little way. I would not see her distress. I am somewhat shaken in nerve this morning.

[Corwin, Hathorne, *and* Parris *exeunt at other end of lane.*

Olive (*as she and* Paul *advance*). Who were those men, Paul?

Paul. The magistrates and Minister Parris, sweet.

Olive. Are they gone?

Paul. Yes, they are quite out of sight. Oh, why wouldst thou come here, dear heart?

Olive. Thou thinkest to cheat me, Paul; but thou canst not cheat me. Three fields away to the right have they dragged my father this morning. I knew it, I knew it, although you strove so hard to keep it from me. I'll be as near my father's death-bed on my wedding-day as I can.

Paul. I pray thee, sweetheart, come away with me. This will do no good.

Olive. Loyalty doth good to the heart that holds it, if to no other. Think you I'll forsake my father because 'tis my wedding-day, Paul? Oh, I trow not, I trow not, or I'd make thee no true wife.

Paul. It but puts thee to needless torment.

Olive. Torment! torment! Think of what he this moment bears! Oh, my father, my father! Paul Bayley, why have I wedded you this dreadful day?

Paul. Hush! Thy father wished it, sweetheart.

Olive. I swear to you I'll never love any other than my father. I love you not.

Paul. Thou needst not, poor lass!

Olive (*clinging to him*). Nay, I love thee, but I hate myself for it on this day.

Paul (*caressing her*). Poor lass! Poor lass!

Olive. Why wear I this bridal gear, and my father over yonder on his dreadful death-bed? Why could you not have gone your own way and let me gone mine all the rest of my life in black apparel, a-mourning for my father? That would have beseemed me. This needed not have been so; it needed never have been so.

Paul. Never? I tell thee, sweet, as well say to these apple blossoms that they need never be apples, and to that rose-bush against the wall that its buds need not be roses. In faith, we be far set in that course of nature, dear, with the apple blossoms and the rose-buds, where the beginning cannot be without the end. Our own motion be lost, and we be swept along with a current that is mightier than death, whether we would have it so or not.

Olive. I know not. I only know I would be faithful to my poor father. But 'twas his last wish that I should wed thee thus.

Paul. Yes, dear.

Olive. He said so that morning before his trial. Oh, Paul, I can see it now, the trial! I have been to the trial every day since. Shall I go every day of my life? Perchance thou may often come home and find thy wife gone to the trial, and no supper. I will go on my wedding-day; my father shall have no slights put upon him. I can see him stand there, mute. They cry out upon him and mock him and lay false charges upon him, and he stands mute. The judge declares the dreadful penalty, and he stands mute. Oh, my father, my poor father! I tell ye my father will not mind anything. The Governor and the justices may command him as they will, the afflicted may clamor and jibe as they will, and I may pray to him, but he will not mind, he will stand mute. I tell ye there be not power enough in the colony to make him speak. Ye know not my father. He will have the best of it.

Paul. Thou speakest like his daughter now. Keep thyself up to this, sweet. The daughter of a hero should have some brave stuff in her. Thy father does a greater deed than thou knowest. His dumbness will save the colonies from more than thou dreamest of. 'Twill put an end to this dreadful madness; he himself hath foretold it. [*A clamor is heard.*

Olive. Paul, Paul, what is that?

Paul. Naught but some boys shouting, sweet.

Olive. 'Twas not. Oh, my father, my father!

Paul. Olive, thou must not stay here.

Olive. I must stay. Who is coming?

[Paul *and* Olive *step aside.*

Enter second Messenger. Hathorne, Corwin, *and* Parris *advance to meet him.*

Hathorne. How goes it now with Giles Corey?

Messenger. Your worship, Giles Corey hath not spoken.

Hathorne. What! Have they not increased the weights?

Messenger. They have doubled the weights, your worship.

Parris. I trow Satan himself hath put his shoulder under the stones to take off the strain.

[*Exit* Messenger.

Hathorne. 'Tis a marvel the old tavern-brawler endures so long, but he'll soon speak now.

Corwin. Hush, good master, his daughter can hear.

Hathorne. Let her then withdraw if it please her not. I'll warrant he cannot bear much more; he will soon speak.

Parris. Yea, he cannot withstand the double weight unless his master help him.

[Corwin *speaks aside to* Paul *and motions him to take* Olive *away.* Paul *takes her by the arm. She shakes her head and will not go.*

Hathorne. I trow 'twill take other than an unlettered clown like Giles Corey to stand firm under this stress. He'll speak soon.

Parris. Yea, that he will. He can never hold out. He hath not the mind for it.

Hathorne. It takes a man of finer wit than he to undergo it. He will speak. Oh yes, fear ye not, he will speak.

Olive (*breaking away from* Paul). My father will *not* speak!

Hathorne. Girl!

Olive. My father will *not* speak. I tell ye there be not stones enough in the provinces to make him speak. Ye know not my father. My father will have the best of ye all.

Enter third Messenger, *running.*

Hathorne. How goes it now with Giles Corey?

Messenger. Giles Corey is dead, and he has not spoken.

Olive *clings to* Paul *as curtain falls.*

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

IN 188– the American Consul at Venice was occupying the second story of an old palace on the Grand Canal. It was the story which is called by Italians the *piano nobile*, or noble floor. Beneath this *piano nobile* there is a large low ground, or rather water, floor, whose stone pavement, only slightly above the level of the canal outside, is always damp and often wet. At the time of the Consul's residence this water-floor was held by another tenant, a dealer in antiquities, who had partitioned off a shallow space across its broad front for a show-room. As this dealer had the ground-floor, he possessed, of course, the principal entrance of the palace, with its broad marble steps descending into the rippling wavelets of the splendid azure street outside, and with the tall slender poles, irregularly placed in the water, which bore testimony to the aristocracy of the venerable pile they

guarded. One could say that these blue wands, ornamented with heraldic devices, were like the spears of knights; this is what Miss Senter said. Or one could notice their strong resemblance to barbers' poles; and this was what Peter Senter always mentioned.

Peter Senter was the American Consul, and his sister Barbara was the Consuless; for she kept house for her brother, who was a bachelor. And she not only kept house for him, but she assisted him in other ways, owing to her knowledge of Italian. The Consul, a man of fifty-seven, spoke only the language of his native place, Rochester, New York. That he could not understand the speech (gibberish, he called it) of the people with whom he was supposed to hold official relations did not disturb him; he thought it patriotic not to understand. There was a vice-consul, an Italian, who could attend to the business matters, and as for the rest, wasn't Barbara there, Barbara, who could chatter not only in Italian, but in French and German also, with true feminine glibness? (For Peter, in his heart, thought it unmasculine to have a polyglot tongue.) He knew how well his sister could speak, because he had paid her bills during the six years of her education abroad. These bills had been large; of course, therefore, the knowledge must be large as well.

Miss Senter was always chronically annoyed that she and her brother did not possess the state entrance. As the palace was at present divided, the tenants of the noble floor descended by an outside stairway to a large inner court, and from this court opened the second water-door. Their staircase was a graceful construction of white marble, and the court, with the blue sky above, one or two fretted balconies, and a sculptured marble well-curb in the centre, was highly picturesque. But this did not reconcile the American lady to the fact that their door was at the side of the palace; she thought that by right the gondola of the Consul should lie among the heraldic poles on the Grand Canal. But, in spite of right, nothing could be done; the antiquity-dealer held his premises on a long lease. Miss Senter, therefore, disliked the dealer.

Her dislike, however, had not prevented her from paying a visit to his establishment soon after she had taken possession of the high-ceilinged rooms above. For she was curious about the old palace, and wished to see every inch of it; if there had been cellars, she would have gone down to inspect them, and she was fully determined to walk "all over the roof." The dealer's name was Pelham; "Z. Pelham" was inscribed on his sign. How he came by this English title no one but himself could have told. He was supposed to be either a Pole or an Armenian, and he spoke many languages with equal fluency and incorrectness. He appeared to have feeble health, and he always wore large arctic overshoes; he was short and thin, and the most noticeable expression of his plain small face was resignation. Z. Pelham conducted the Consuless through the dusky space behind his show-room, a vast, low, open hall with massive squat columns and arches, and the skeletons of two old gondolas decaying in a corner. At the back he opened a small door, and pointed out a flight of stone steps going up steeply in a spiral, enclosed in a circular shaft like a round tower. "It leads to the attic floor; her Excellency wishes to mount?" he inquired, patiently. For, owing to the wares in which he dealt, he had had a large acquaintance with eccentric characters of all nations.

"Certainly," replied Miss Senter. "Carmela, you can stay below, if you like," she said to the servant who accompanied her.

But no; Carmela also wished to mount. Z. Pelham preceded them, therefore, carrying his small oil-lamp. They went slowly, for the steps were narrow, the spiral sharp. The attic, when they reached it, was a queer, ghostly place; but there was a skylight with a ladder, and the Consuless carried out her intention of traversing the roof, while Mr. Pelham waited calmly, seated on the open scuttle door. Carmela followed her mistress. She gave little cries of admiration; there never were such wonderful ladies anywhere as those of America, she declared. On the way down, the stairs were so much like a corkscrew that Miss Senter, feeling dizzy, was obliged to pause for a moment where there was a landing. "Isn't there a secret chamber?" she demanded of the dealer.

Z. Pelham shook his head. "I have not one found."

"Try again," said Miss Senter, laughing. "I'll make it worth your while, Mr. Pelham."

Z. Pelham surveyed the walls, as if to see where he could have one built. His eye passed over a crack, and raising his lamp, he showed it to the Consuless. "One time was there a door, opening into the rooms of her Excellency. But it opens not ever now. It is covered on inside."

"Oh, *that* isn't a secret chamber," answered Miss Senter; "we have doors that have been shut up at home. What I want is something mysterious—behind a picture, or a sliding panel."

Partly in return for this expedition to the roof, and partly because she had a liking for wood-carvings, Miss Senter purchased from Mr. Pelham shortly afterwards his best antique cabinet. It was eight feet high, and its whole surface was beautifully sculptured in odd designs, no two alike. Within were many ingenious receptacles, and, better than these, a concealed drawer. "You see I have my secret chamber, after all," said the Consuless, making a joke. And there was a best even to this better, for, after the cabinet had been placed in her own room, Miss Senter discovered within it a second hiding-place, even more perfectly concealed than the first. This was delightful, and she confided to its care all her loose money; she thought with disgust of the ugly green safe, built into the wall of Peter's Rochester house, where she was obliged to keep her gold and silver when at home. Not only was Miss Senter's own room in the old palace handsomely furnished, but all the others belonging to the apartment were rich in beautiful things. The Consuless had used her own taste, which was great, and her brother's fortune, which was greater, deferring to him only on one point, namely, warmth. In Peter's mind the temperature of his Rochester house remained a fixed standard, and his sister therefore provided in every room a place for a generous open fire, while in the great drawing-room, in addition to this fire, two large white Vienna stoves, like monuments, were set up, hidden behind screens. As this salon was eighty feet long and thirty feet high, it required all this if it was to be used—used by Peter at least—in December, January and February; for the Venetian winter, though short, is often sharp and raw.

On Christmas eve of their third year in Venice this drawing-room was lighted for a party. At one end, concealed by a curtain, stood a Christmas tree; for there were thirty children among their invited guests, who would number in all over fifty. After the tree had bestowed its fruit, the children were to have a dance, and an odd little projection like a very narrow balcony high on the wall was to be occupied by five musicians. These musicians would have been much more comfortable below. But Miss Senter was sure that this shelf was intended for musicians; her musicians therefore were to sit there, though their knees would be well squeezed between the wall and the balustrade. Fifteen minutes before the appointed hour, which was an early one on account of the children, the Consuless appeared. She found her brother standing before the fire, surveying the room, with his hands behind him.

"Doesn't it look pretty?" said the sister, with pride. For she had a great faith in all her pots and pans, carvings and tapestries. Any one, however, could have had faith in the chandeliers of Venetian glass, from which came the soft radiance of hundreds of wax candles, lighting up the ancient gilding of the ceiling.

"Well, Barly, you know that personally I don't care much for all these second-hand articles you have collected," replied Peter. "And you haven't got the room very warm, after all; only 60°. However, I can stand it if the supper is all right—plenty of it, and the hot things really hot; not lukewarm, you know."

"We can trust Giorgio. But I'll go and have a final word with him, if you like," answered Miss Senter, crossing the beautiful salon, her train sweeping over the floor behind her. The Consuless was no longer young (the days when Peter had paid those school bills were now far distant), and she had never been handsome. But she was tall and slender, with pretty hands and feet, a pleasant expression in her blue eyes, and soft brown hair, now heavily tinged with silver. Her brother's use of "Barly" was a grief to her. She had tried to lead him towards the habit of calling her Barbe, the French form of Barbara, if nickname he must have. But he pronounced this Bob, and that was worse than the other.

On her way towards the kitchen the Consuless came upon Carmela. Carmela was the servant who had the general oversight of everything excepting the cook-



"MADEMOISELLE NEED GIVE HERSELF NO UNEASINESS."

ing. For Giorgio, the cook, allowed no interference in his department; in the kitchen he must be Cæsar or nothing. Carmela was not the housekeeper, for Miss Senter herself was the housekeeper. But the American would have found her task twenty times, fifty times more difficult if she had not had this skilful little deputy to carry out all her orders. Carmela was said to be middle-aged. But

her short slender figure was so erect, her little face so alert, her movements were so brisk, and her small black eyes so bright, that she seemed full of youthful fire; in fact, if one saw only her back, she looked younger than Assunta and Beppa, who were Venetian girls of twenty. Carmela was always attired in the French fashion, with tight corsets, a plain black dress fitting like a glove round her little waist, and short enough to show the neat shoes on her small feet; over this black dress there was a jaunty white apron with pockets, and upon her beautifully braided shining dark hair was perched a small spotless muslin cap. The younger servants asserted that the slight pink tint on the tidy little woman's cheeks was artificial. However that may have been, Carmela, as she stood, was the personification of trimness and activity. Untiring and energetic, she was a wonderful worker; Miss Senter, who had been much in Italy, appreciated her good fortune in having secured for her Venetian housekeeping such a coadjutor as this. Carmela was scrupulously neat, and she was even more scrupulously honest, never abstracting so much as a pin; she economized for her mistress with her whole soul, and kept watch over every detail; she told the truth, she swept the corners, she dusted under everything; she worked conscientiously, in one way and another, all day long. Even Peter, who did not like foreign servants, liked Carmela; he said she was "so spry!"

"Is everything ready?" inquired Miss Senter as she met her deputy.

"Yes, signorina, everything," answered Carmela, briskly. She was looking her very best and tightest, all black and white, with black silk stockings showing above her little high-heeled shoes. As she spoke she put her hands in their black lace mitts in the pockets of her apron, and, middle-aged though she was said to be, she looked at that moment like a smart French soubrette of the stage.

"I am going to the kitchen to have a word with Giorgio," said the Consuless, passing on.

"If the signorina permits, I carry the train," answered Carmela, lifting the satin folds from the floor. Thus they went on together, mistress and maid, through various rooms and corridors, until finally the kitchen was reached. It was a large, lofty place, brilliantly lighted, for Giorgio was old and needed all the radiance that could be obtained to aid his failing sight. He was a small man with a melancholy countenance. But this melancholy was an accident of expression; in reality, old Giorgio was cheerful and amiable, with a good deal of mild wit. He was the most skilful cook in Venice. But his health had failed some years before, and he had now very little strength; the Consul, who liked good dinners, paid him high wages, and gave him a young assistant.

"Well, Giorgio, all promises well, I trust?" said Miss Senter as she entered, her steps somewhat impeded by the tightness with which Carmela held back her train. "The Consul is particular about having the hot things really hot, and constantly renewed, as it is such a cold night. The three men from Florian's will have charge of the ices and the other cold things, and will do all that is necessary in the supper-room. But for the hot dishes we depend upon you."

Giorgio, who was dressed entirely in white, bowed and waved his hand. "Mademoiselle need give herself no uneasiness," he said in French. For Giorgio had learned his art in Paris, and whenever Carmela was present he invariably answered his mistress in the language of that northern capital, even though her question had been couched in Italian; it was one of his ways—and he had but few—of standing up, as it were, against the indefatigable little deputy. For, clever though Carmela was, she had never been out of her native land, and could speak no tongue but her own.

"Are you feeling well, Giorgio?" continued Miss Senter. "I see that you look pale. I am afraid you have been doing too much. Where is Luigi?" (Luigi was the cook's assistant.)

"He has gone home; ten minutes ago. I let him go, as it is a festival. He is young, and we can be young but once. *Che vuole!* In addition, all was done."

"No," said Miss Senter, who was now speaking French also; "there is still much to do, and it was not wise to let Luigi go. You are certainly very tired, Giorgio."

"Let not mademoiselle think of it," said the old man, straightening himself a little.

"But I *shall* think of it," said Miss

Senter, kindly. "Carmela," she continued, speaking now in Italian, "go to my room and get my case of cordials."

Carmela divined that the cordial was for the cook. "And the signorina's train?" she said. "Surely I cannot leave it on this *dirty* floor! Will not the signorina return to the drawing-room to take her cordial? Eh—it is not for her? It is for Giorgio? A man? A *man* to be faint like a girl? Ha, ha! it makes me laugh!"

"Go and get it," repeated Miss Senter, taking the train over her own arm. She knew that Carmela did not like the cook. Jealousy was the one fault the hard-working little creature possessed. "She has tried to make me dismiss Giorgio more than once," she said to her brother, in confidence; "but I always pretend not to see the feeling that influences her. It is only Giorgio she is jealous of; she gets on perfectly well with Luigi, and with Assunta and Beppa, while for Ercole she can never do enough. She is devoted to Ercole!"

Giorgio had not taken up the slur cast upon his immaculate floor. All he said was, "Comme elle est méchante!" with a shrug.

"Where is Ercole?" said Miss Senter, while she waited.

"He is dressing," answered Giorgio. "He makes himself beautiful for the occasion."

Ercole was the chief gondolier, a tall athletic young man of thirty, handsome and clever. Miss Senter had chosen Ercole to assist her with the Christmas tree. The second gondolier, Andrea, was to be stationed at the end of the little quay or riva down below, outside of their own water-door; for here on the small canal were the steps used by arriving and departing gondolas, and here also floated the handsome gondola of the Consul, with its American flag. The two gondoliers also had picturesque costumes of white (woollen in winter, linen in summer), with blue collars, blue stockings, blue caps, and long fringed red sashes, the combination representing the American national colors. To-night Ercole, having to appear in the drawing-room, was making a longer stay than usual before his little mirror.

Carmela returned with the cordial-case. "Ah, yes, our cook *is* pale—pale as a young virgin!" she commented, as Miss Senter, unlocking the box, poured into one of the little glasses it contained a generous portion of a restorative whose every drop was costly.

Giorgio, taking off the white linen cap which covered his gray hair, made a bow, and then drank the draught with much appreciation. "It is true that I am pale," he remarked, slyly, in Italian. "I might, perhaps, try some rouge?"

And then the Consuless, to avert war, hastily bore her deputy away.

Half an hour later the guests had arrived; they included all the Americans in Venice, with a sprinkling of English, Italians, and Russians. The grown people assembled in the drawing-room. And presently they heard singing. Through the anterooms came the children, entering with measured step, two and two, led by three little boys in Oriental costumes. These three boys were singing as follows:

"We three Kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we've travelled from far,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star."

Here, from the high top branch of the Christmas tree which rose above the concealing curtain, blazed out a splendid star. And then all the procession took up the chorus, as they marched onward:

"Oh, star of wonder,
Star of might,
Star with royal
Beauty bright!"

Ercole, who was behind the curtain, now drew it aside, and there stood the tree, blazing with fairy-lamps and glittering ornaments, while beneath it was a mound composed entirely of toys. The children behaved well; they kept their ranks and repeated their carol, as they had been told to do, ranging themselves meanwhile in a half-circle before the tree.

"We three Kings of Orient are,"

chanted the three little Kings a second time, though their eyes were fixed upon a magnificent box of soldiers, with tents and flags and cannon. The carol finished, Miss Senter, with the aid of her gondolier, distributed the toys and bonbons, and the room was filled with happy glee. When Ercole had detached the last package of sweets from the sparkling branches he disappeared. His next duty was to conduct the musicians up to their cage.

Miss Senter had allowed an hour for

the inspection and trial of the toys before the dancing should begin. It was none too much, and the clamor was still great as this hour drew towards its close, so great that she herself was glad that the end was near. Looking up to see whether her musicians had assembled on their shelf, she perceived some one at the drawing-room door; it was Carmela, hiding herself modestly behind the portière, but at the same time unmistakably beckoning to her mistress as soon as she saw that she had caught her eye. Miss Senter went to the doorway.

"Will the signorina permit? A surprise of Ercole's," whispered Carmela, eagerly, standing on tiptoe to reach her mistress's ear. "He has dressed himself as a clown, and he *is* of a perfection! He has bells on his cap and his elbows, and if the signorina graciously allows, he will come in to amuse the children."

"A clown!" answered Miss Senter, hesitating. "I don't know; he ought to have told me."

"He has been dancing to show *me*. And oh! so beautifully, with bounds and leaps. He makes of himself also a statue," pursued Carmela.

"But I cannot have any buffoonery here, you know," said Miss Senter. "It would not do."

"Buffoonery! Surely the signorina knows that Ercole has the soul of a gentleman," whispered Carmela, reproachfully.

And it was true that Miss Senter had always thought that her chief gondolier possessed a great deal of natural refinement.

"Will the signorina step out for a moment and look at him?" pursued the deputy, her whisper now a little dejected. "If he is to be disappointed, poor fellow, may he at least have *that* pleasure?"

The idea of the gondolier's disappointment touched the amiable American. She turned her head and glanced into the drawing-room; all was going on gayly; no one had missed her. She slipped out under the portière, and followed Carmela to a room at the side. Here stood the gondolier. He wore the usual white dress and white mask of a clown, and, as the Consuless entered, he cut a splendid caper, ringing all his bells.

"I had no idea that you were such a skilful acrobat, Ercole," said his mistress.

Ercole turned a little somerset, gave a high jump, and came down in the attitude of the Mercury of John of Bologna.

"Why — you are really wonderful!" said Miss Senter, admiringly.

And now he was dancing with butterfly grace.

Miss Senter was won. "But if I let you come in, Ercole, I hope you will remember where you are?" she said, warningly. "Can you breathe quite at ease in that mask?"

The gondolier opened his grotesque painted lips a little to show that he could part them.

"Yes, I see. Now listen; in the drawing-room you must keep your eye on me, and if at any time you see me raise my hand — so — you must dance out of the room, Ercole. For the sign will mean that that is enough. But, dear me! there's one thing we haven't thought of; who is to see to the musicians upstairs, and to go back and forth, telling them what to play?"

"I can do that," said Carmela, who was now all smiles. "Does the signorina wish me to take them up? They are all ready. They are waiting in the wood-room."

The wood-room was a remote storeroom for fuel; it was detached from the rest of the apartment. "Why did you put them *there?*" inquired Miss Senter, astonished.

"They are musicians—yes; but who knows what else they may be? Thieves, perhaps!" said the deputy, shrewdly.

"Get them out immediately, and take them up to the gallery," said Miss Senter. "And tell them to play something lively as a beginning."

Carmela, quick as usual, was gone before the words were ended.

"Now, Ercole, wait until you hear the music. Then come in," said the Consuless.

She returned to the drawing-room, making a motion with her hands as she advanced, which indicated that her guests were to move a little more towards the walls on each side, leaving the centre of the room free. And then, as the music burst out above, Ercole came bounding in. His dress was ordinary: Miss Senter was vexed anew that he had not told her of his plan, for if he had, she could have provided a perfectly fresh costume. But no one noticed the costume; all eyes were fixed upon the gambols; for, keeping time to the music, he was advancing up the room, dancing, bounding, leaping, turn-



"A SMALL CHILD PERCHED ON EACH OF HIS SHOULDERS."

ing somersets, and every now and then striking an attitude with extraordinary skill. He was so light that his white linen feet made no sound, and so graceful that the fixed grin of his mask became annoying, clashing as it did with the beauty of his poses. This thought, however, came to the elders only; for to the children, fascinated, shouting with delight, the broad red smile was an important part.

"It's our gondolier," explained Miss Senter. "It's Ercole," she had whispered to her brother.

"You are always so fortunate in servants," said Lady Kay. "That little woman you have, Carmela, she is a miracle for an Italian."

Four times the clown made his pyrotechnic progress up and then down the long salon, never repeating the same pose, but always giving something new; then, after a final tremendous pigeon-wing, he let his white arms fall, and his white head droop on his breast, as if saying that he was taking a moment for repose.

"Yes, yes; give him time to breathe, children," cried Peter. "I'll tell you what," he added, to Sir William Kay; "I've never seen a better performance on any stage." And he slapped his leg in confirmation. The Consul was a man whose sole claim to beauty lay in the fact that he always looked extremely clean. He was meagre and small, with very short legs, but he was without consciousness of these deficiencies; in the presence of the Apollo Belvedere, for instance, it had never occurred to him to draw comparisons. Nature, however, will out in some way, and from childhood Peter Senter had had a profound admiration for feats of strength, vaulting, tumbling, and the like. "I'll tell you what," he repeated to Sir William; "I'll have the fellow exhibited; I'll start him at my own cost. Here all this time—two whole years—he has been our gondolier, Ercoly has, and nothing more; for I hadn't a suspicion that he had the least talent in this line. But, sir, he's a regular high-flier! And A Number One!"

Meanwhile the children were crowding closely round their clown, and peering up in order still to see his grin, which was now partly hidden, owing to his drooped head; the three Kings of Orient, especially, were very pressing in their attentions, pinching his legs to see if they were real.

"Come, children, this will be a good time for our second song," said Miss Senter, making a diversion. "Take hands, now, in a circle; yes—round the clown, if you wish. There—that's right." She signalled to the music to stop, and then, beginning, led the little singers herself:

"Though we're here on foreign shores,
We are all devotion
To our land of Stars and Stripes,
Far across the ocean.
Yankee doodle doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Buckwheat cakes are very good,
And so's molasses candy."

Singing this gayly to the well-known fifelike tune, round and round danced the children in a circle, holding each other's hands, the English and Italians generously joining with the little Americans in praise of the matutinal cakes which they had never seen; the Consuless had drilled her choir beforehand, and they sang merrily and well. The first four lines of this ditty had been composed by Peter himself for the occasion.

"I hear *you* haf written this vurra fine piece?" said a Russian princess, addressing him.

"Oh no," answered the Consul; "I only wrote the first four lines; the chorus is one of our national songs, you know."

"But those first four lines—their sentiment ees so fine, so speerited!"

"Well, they're *neat*," Peter admitted, modestly.

The clown, having recovered his breath, cut a caper. Instantly "Yankee Doodle" came to an end, and the children all stopped to watch him.

"Tell them to play a waltz," said Miss Senter to Carmela, who was in waiting at the door. The deputy must have flown up the little stairway leading to the gallery, for the waltz began in less than a minute. Then Ercole, selecting a pretty American child from among the group, began to dance with her in the most charming way, followed by all the little ones, two and two. Those who could waltz, did so; those who could not, held each other's hands and hopped about.

Supper followed. The hot things were smoking and delicious, and the supplies constantly renewed; old Giorgio was evidently on his mettle. It was the gondolier, still in his clown's dress, who brought

in these supplies and handed them to the waiters from Florian's.

"You need not do that, Ercole," said Miss Senter, in an undertone; "these men can go to the kitchen for them."

Ercole bowed: it would not have been respectful to reply with his grinning linen lips. But he continued to fill the same office.

"Perhaps Giorgio won't have Florian's people in the kitchen!" the Consuless reflected.

As soon as supper was over, the children clamored for their clown, and he came bounding in a second time, and, after several astonishing capers, selected a beautiful English child with long golden curls and led a galop, followed again by all the others, two and two. Peter, his mind still occupied with his project of taking the young Italian to America as a star performer, moved from point to point, in order to get different views of him. One of these stations was in the doorway, and here Carmela spoke to him in a low tone, and asked him to come to the outer hall. He did not understand her words; but he comprehended her gesture and followed her. She was talking angrily, almost spluttering, as she led the way. But her talk was lost on her master, who, however, opened his eyes when he saw four policemen standing at his outer door.

"What do you want here?" he said. "This is a private residence, and you are disturbing a Christmas party."

The chief officer told his tale. But Peter did not comprehend him.

"You should have gone to the Consulate," he went on. "The Consulate, you know—Riva Skevony. The vice-consul won't be there so late as this; but you'll find him early to-morrow morning, sure."

The policemen, however, remained where they were.

"There's no making them understand a word," said Peter to himself, in irritation. "Here, you go and call my sister," he said to Carmela, who, in her wrath over this intrusion, stood at a distance swallowing nothing in a series of gulps that made her throat twitch. "Let's see; sister, that's sorelly. Sorelly!" he repeated to Carmela. "Sorelly!"

The enraged little deputy understood. And she got Miss Senter out of the drawing-room without attracting notice. "The master wishes to see the signorina," she said, in a concentrated undertone. "I burn with indignation, for it is an insolent intrusion; it is an insult to his excellency, who no doubt is a prince in his own country. But they *would* not go, in spite of all I could say. Nor would they tell me their errand—brutes!" And with her skirts quivering, she led the way to the outer hall.

"Find out what these men want, Barly," said Peter when his sister appeared.

And then the chief officer again told his story.

"Mercy!" said Miss Senter, "how dreadful! Somebody was killed, Peter, about seven o'clock this evening, in a café near the Rialto, and they say they have just found a clew which appears to track the assassin to this very door! And they wish to search."

"What an absurd idea! With the whole place crowded and blazing with lights, as it is to-night, a mouse couldn't hide," said Peter. "Tell them so."

"They repeat that they must search," said Miss Senter. "But if you will exert your authority, Peter, make use of your official position, I am sure we need not submit to such a thing."

Peter, however, was helpless without his vice-consul; he had no clear idea as to what his powers were or were not; he had never informed himself.

Carmela, greatly excited, had drawn Miss Senter aside. "There was a sixth man with those musicians!" she whispered. "I saw him. He did not play, but he sat behind them. And he has only just gone. Five minutes ago."

Miss Senter repeated the information to the chief officer. The officer immediately detached two men to follow this important clew; he himself, with the third, would remain to go through the apartment, as a matter of form.

"As the rooms are all open and lighted," said Miss Senter in English to her brother, "it will only take a few minutes, if go they must, and no one need know anything about it. But whom shall we send with them? If we call Ercole, it will attract attention; and Florian's men, who were due at another place, have already gone. We could have Andrea come up. But no; Giorgio will do best of all. Call Giorgio to go with these men," she added in Italian to Carmela.

"Let *me* conduct them," answered the deputy.

"Yes, on the whole, she will be better than any one," said Miss Senter to Peter. "She is so angry at what she calls the insult to you, and so excited about the mysterious person who was with the musicians, that she will bully them and hurry them off to look for him in no time. They can begin with a peep into the drawing-room; I'll tell them to keep themselves hidden." She turned and explained her idea in Italian to the officer; they could glance into the drawing-room first, and then Carmela would take them through all the other rooms; the Consul, though he had the power of refusal, would permit this liberty in the cause of justice. Their search, however, would be unavailing; under the circumstances, it was impossible that any one should have taken refuge there, unless it was that one extra man who had been admitted with the musicians to the gallery. And he was already gone.

"Perhaps he only pretended to go?" suggested the officer. "With permission, I will lock this door." And he did so.

They went to the drawing-room, the policemen moving quietly, close to the wall. When the last anteroom was reached, the two men hid themselves behind the tapestries that draped the door, and making loop-holes among the folds, peeped into the ballroom. For it was at that moment a ballroom. The children had again taken up their whirling dance round Ercole, and the gondolier, who had now a small child perched on each of his shoulders, was singing with them in a clear tenor, having caught the syllables from having heard them shouted about fifty times:

"Yankee dooda dooda doo,
Yankee dooda dandee,
Barkeet cakar vera goo,
Arso molarsa candee."

Miss Senter had sent Peter back to his guests. She herself, standing between the tapestries as though she were looking on from the doorway, named to the hidden policeman, as well as she could amid the loud singing within, all the persons present, one by one. Finally her list came to a close. "And that is Mr. Barlow, the American who lives at the Danieli; and the one near the Christmas tree is Mr. Douglas, who has the Palazzo Dario. And the tall, large gentleman with silver hair is Sir William Kay. That is all, except the clown, who is our gondolier, and the five musicians up in the gallery; can you see them from here? If not, Carmela can take you up." And then she thought, with a sudden little shudder, that perhaps the officer's idea was not, after all, impossible; perhaps, indeed, that extra man had only pretended to go!

The policeman signified that this was enough as regarded the drawing-room; they withdrew softly, and waited outside the door.

"Now take them through all the other rooms, Carmela," whispered the Consuless. "Be as quiet about it as you can, so that no one need know. And when they have finally gone, come and stand for a moment between these curtains as a sign. If, by any chance, they *should* discover any one—"

"The signorina need not be frightened; I saw the man go myself! And he *could not* have re-entered without my knowledge. As for these beasts of policemen—" And Carmela's eyes flashed, while her set lips seemed to say, "Trust *me* to hustle them out!"

"Run up first and tell the musicians to play the music I sent them," said the Consuless. And then she rejoined her guests.

For the next dance was to be a Virginia reel, and some of the elders were to join the children; the two lines, when arranged, extended down half the length of the long room. It began with great spirit, the clown and the three Kings of Orient dancing at the end of the file.

"It is really Sir Roger de Coverley, an English dance," said Lady Kay to the Russian princess, who was looking on from the chair next her own. "But the Senters like to call it a Virginia reel, they are so patriotic. And we never contradict the Senters, you know," added the English lady, laughing; "we let them have their way."

"It seems to me a vurra good way," answered the princess, who was a plain-looking old woman with a charming smile. "I have nowhere seen so many reech toyees" (here she glanced at the costly playthings heaped on a table near by). "Nor haf I, in *Italy*, seen so many tings to eat. With so moche champagne."

"Yes, they always do that," answered

the baronet's wife. "They are very lavish. And very kind."

Miss Senter herself was dancing the reel. Once she thought there was a quaver in the music, and glancing up quickly towards the gallery, she perceived the heads of the policemen behind the players. The players, however, recovered themselves immediately, and upon looking up again a moment afterwards, she saw with relief that the sinister apparition had vanished. Ten minutes later the trim little figure of the deputy appeared between the tapestries of the doorway. Miss Senter, still dancing, nodded slightly, as a signal that she perceived her, and then Carmela, with an answering nod and one admiring look at Ercole, disappeared. After all, now that there had been a suspicion about that extra man, it *was* a comfort to have had the apartment searched; it would make the moment of going to bed easier, the American lady reflected.

It was now half past eleven. By midnight the last sleepy child had been carried down the marble stairway, the music ceased, and the musicians departed. The elders, glad that the noise was over, remained half an hour longer; then they took leave. Only Lady Kay and her husband were left; they had waited to take a closer look at Miss Senter's Christmas present to her brother, which was a large and beautifully executed copy of Tintoretto's "Bacchus and Ariadne," from the Anticollegio of the Doge's Palace. It had been placed temporarily on the wall behind the Christmas tree.

"How exquisite!" said Lady Kay, with a long sigh. "You are most fortunate, Mr. Senter."

"Oh yes. Though I don't quite know what they will think of it in Rochester, New York," answered Peter, chuckling.

Sir William and his wife intended to walk home. When it was cold they preferred to walk rather than to go to and fro in a gondola; and as they were old residents, they knew every turn of the intricate burrowing chinks in all the quarters that serve as footways. When they took leave at one o'clock, Peter and Miss Senter, with American friendliness, accompanied them to the outer door. Peter was about to open this door when it was swung back, and a figure reeled in—Ercole. He had taken off his clown's dress, and wore now his gondolier's costume; but this costume was in disorder, and his face was darkly red, a purple red.

"Why, Ercole, is it you? What is the matter?" said Miss Senter, as he staggered against the wall.

"Oh, her Excellency the Consuless, I have been *beaten!*"

"Beaten! Where have you been? I thought you were down at the landing with Andrea," said Miss Senter.

"The antiquity-dealer suffocates," muttered Ercole. "And Giorgio—dead!"

This "dead" (*morto*) even Peter understood. "Dead! What is he saying, Barly?"

"The man is saying, Mr. Senter, that an antiquity-dealer is suffocating, and that somebody he calls Giorgio is dead," translated the pink-cheeked, portly Lady Kay, in her sweet voice. "It's your gondolier, isn't it—the one who played the clown so nicely? What a pity! He has been drinking, I fear."

While she was saying this, Sir William was leading Ercole further away from the ladies.

"Yes, he is drunk," said Peter, looking at him. "Too bad! We must have help. Let's see; Andrea is down at the landing. I'll get him. And you call Giorgio, Barly."

Here Ercole, held by Sir William, gave a maddened cry and threw his head about violently.

"Oh, don't leave my husband alone with him, Mr. Senter," said Lady Kay, alarmed. "He's a very powerful young man, and his eyes are dreadful. To me he looks as if he were mad. Those somersaults have affected his head."

And the gondolier's eyes were indeed strangely bloodshot and wild. Miss Senter had hurried to the kitchen. But Giorgio was not there. She came back, and found Ercole struggling with the Englishman and her brother.

"Let me try," she said. "I am not afraid of him. Ercole," she continued, speaking gently in Italian, "go to your room now, and go to bed quietly; everything will be all right to-morrow."

Ercole writhed in Sir William's grasp. "The antiquity-dealer! And Giorgio—dead!"

"Where *is* Giorgio, Barly?" said Peter, angrily, as he helped Sir William in securing the gondolier. "And where are the other servants? Where's Carmela? Find them, and send one down to the landing for Andrea and the other for Giorgio. Quick!"

"Oh, Peter, I've been, and I couldn't find Giorgio or any one."

"Carmela was in your bedroom not long ago," said Lady Kay, watching the gondolier's contortions nervously; "she helped me put on my cloak."

Miss Senter ran to her bedroom, her train flying in the haste she made. But in a moment she was back again. "There is no one there. Oh, where *are* they all?"

Ercole, hearing her voice, peered at her with his crimsoned eyes, and then breaking loose suddenly, he came and caught hold of her arm. "The antiquity-room. *Will* she come?"

Peter and Sir William dragged him away by main force,

"The gentlemen, then. Will *they* come?" said the gondolier, hoarsely. And again freeing himself with two strokes of his powerful arms, he passed out (for the door was still half open), and began to descend the outside staircase.

"Oh, thank Heaven, he has gone! Oh, lock the door!" cried the two ladies together.

"We must follow him, Mr. Senter," said Sir William. "He is plainly mad from drink, and may do some harm."

"Yes; and down there Andrea can help us," answered Peter; and the two gentlemen hastened down the staircase. It was a very long flight with three turns. The court below was brilliantly lighted by many wall lamps.

"I *don't* like my husband's going down," said Lady Kay, in a tremor, as she stood on the landing outside. "If they are going to seize him, the more of us the better; don't you think so? For while they are holding him, you and I could run across and get that other man in from the riva."

But Miss Senter was not there. She had rushed back into the house, and was now calling with all her strength: "Giorgio! Carmela! Assunta! Beppa!" There was no answer, and seized with a fresh panic by the strangeness of this silence, she hastened out again and joined Lady Kay, who was already half-way down the stairs. The gondolier had not turned towards the water entrance; he had crossed the court in the opposite direction, and now he was passing through a broad low door which led into the hall on the ground-floor behind the show-room of Z. Pelham, throwing open as he did so both wings of this entrance, so that the light from the court entered in a broad beam across the stone pavement.

"My dear, *don't* go in!" "Oh, Peter, stop! stop!" cried the two ladies, as they breathlessly descended the last flight.

But Peter and Sir William had paid no attention. Quickly detaching two of the lamps from the wall, they had followed the madman.

"The other gondolier!" gasped Lady Kay.

And the two women ran swiftly to the water-door and threw it open, Miss Senter calling, in Italian, "Andrea! come *instantly!*"

The little riva along the small canal was also brightly lighted. But there was no one there. And opposite there was only a long blank wall.

"Oh, we must not leave them a moment longer!" said Lady Kay.

And again they rushed across the broad court, this time entering the dark water-story; for it was better to enter, dreadful though it was, than to remain outside, not knowing what might be happening within. Ercole meanwhile had made his way into Mr. Pelham's show-room, and here he had struck a match and lighted a candle. As he had left the door of the show-room open, those who were without could see him, and they stopped for a moment to watch what he would do next. It was now a group of four, for the ladies had joined the other two, Miss Senter whispering to her brother,

"Andrea isn't there."

The gondolier bent down, and began to drag something across the floor and out to the open space behind. "Here!" he said, turning his purple face towards their lamps. "I can no more." And he sat down suddenly on the pavement, and let his head and arms fall forward over his knees.

Peter and Sir William, giving their lamps to the ladies, were approaching cautiously, in order to secure him while he was quiet, when they saw, to their horror, two human legs and feet protruding from the object which he had dragged forth.

"Why, it's the second-hand dealer; it's Z. Pelham!" said Peter, in fresh excitement. "I know his arctics. Bring the lamp, Barly. Quick!"

The two ladies came nearer, keeping one eye upon Ercole. Peter and Sir William with some difficulty cut the

rope, and unwound two woollen coverlids and a sheet. Within, almost suffocated, with his hands tied behind him, was the dealer.

"I suppose *he* did this," whispered Lady Kay to Miss Senter, her pink face white, as she indicated the motionless gondolier.

Sir William lifted the dealer's head, while Peter loosened his collar.

"Now will Excellencies look for Giorgio?" muttered Ercole, without changing his position.

"He says now will you look for Giorgio," translated Lady Kay. "That he *tells* his crimes shows that he really *is* mad," she added, in a whisper.

"No; I think he has come to for the moment, and that's why he tells," said Peter, hastily rubbing Z. Pelham's chest. "Ask him where we shall look, Barly; ask while he's lucid."

"Where must we look for Giorgio, Ercole?" quavered Miss Senter, her Italian coming out with the oddest pronunciation.

"Back stairs," answered the gondolier.

"Back stairs, he says," translated Lady Kay.

"There are no back stairs," replied Peter.

"I'll put this coverlid under his back. That will make him breathe better," said the Englishman, his sympathies roused by the forlorn plight of the little dealer, whose carefully strapped arctic shoes gave ironical emphasis to his helplessness.

Meanwhile Miss Senter, saying "Yes, there *are* stairs," had run across the pavement with her lamp, found the door at the back of the hall, and opened it. Z. Pelham began to breathe more regularly, although he had not yet opened his eyes. Sir William drew him further away from the gondolier, and then he and Peter hastened across and looked up the spiral. "It goes to the attics," explained Miss Senter.

"You two stand here at the bottom with one lamp, and Sir William and I will go up with the other," said Peter. "Keep your eye on Ercole, Barly, and if he so much as *moves*, come right up and join us."

"Wait an instant," said the Englishman. "Stay here with Mr. Senter, Gertrude." Making a detour so as not to rouse the gondolier, he entered the antiquity-dealer's show-room and tried to open the outer door. But it was locked, and the key was not there. "No use," he said, coming hurriedly back; "I had hoped to get help from outside to watch him while we go up. Now remember, Gertrude, you and Miss Senter are to come up and join us *instantly* if he leaves his place." And then he and Peter ascended the winding steps, carrying one of the lamps. Round and round went the gleam of their light, and the two ladies at the bottom, standing with their skirts caught up ready to run, watched the still form of the gondolier in the distance, visible in the gleam of the candle burning in the show-room. It seemed an hour. But a full minute had not gone when Peter's voice above cried out:

"It's Giorgio! Good God! Killed! Bring up the other light."

And the two ladies rushed up together. There on the landing lay the poor old cook, his eyes closed, his face ghastly, his white jacket deeply stained with blood. Miss Senter, who was really attached to the old man, began to cry.

"He isn't quite dead," said Peter, who had been listening for the heart. "But we must get him out of this icy place. Then we'll tie up Ercoly—we can use that rope—and after he is secured, I can go for help. Here, you take his head and shoulders, Sir William; you are the strongest. And I'll take his body. Barly can take the feet."

"It will be difficult," said the Englishman. "These steep stairs—"

But Peter, when roused, was a veritable little lion. "Come on," he said; "we can do it."

"Please go down first and see if Ercole is still quiet," begged Miss Senter of Lady Kay. And the English woman, who now had both lamps, went down and came back in thirty seconds; she never knew how she did it. "He has not stirred," she said. And then old Giorgio was borne down, and out to the brilliantly lighted court beyond.

"Now," said Peter, whose face was bathed with great drops of perspiration, "we'll first secure him," and he indicated Ercole by pointing his thumb backward over his shoulder towards the water-story, "and then I'll go for a doctor and the police."

But as he spoke, coming out of the door upon his hands and knees, appeared Z. Pelham, who, as soon as he saw the

cook's prostrate body, called back hoarsely, in Italian, "Ercole, get my brandy flask."

"Oh, don't call him!" said Lady Kay, in terror, clapping a fold of her skirt tightly over the dealer's mouth and holding it there. "He is mad, quite mad!"

Mr. Pelham collapsed.

"Good heavens! Gertrude, don't suffocate the poor creature a second time," said Sir William, pulling his wife away.

Z. Pelham, released, raised his head. "Ercole has been bad beat, and that makes him not genteel," he explained. "Ercole, bring my brandy flask," he called again in Italian, and the effort he made to break through his hoarseness brought out the words in a sudden wild yell. "My voice a little deranged is," he added, apologetically, in English.

They could now hear the steps of the gondolier within, and the ladies moved to a distance as he appeared, walking unsteadily, the flask in his hand. "Not dead?" he said, trying to see Giorgio. But his eyes closed convulsively, and as soon as the dealer had taken the flask, down he went, or half fell, on the pavement as before, with his head thrown forward over his knees. Sir William placed himself promptly by his side, while Peter ran within to get the rope. Z. Pelham, uncorking the flask, poured a little brandy between Giorgio's pale lips. "You have all mistake," he said to Sir William as he did this. "Ercole was bad beat by a third partee who was done it all—me, and he, and this died cook; a third partee was done it all." And he chafed the cook's temples with brandy.

"A third party?" said Peter, who had returned with the rope. "Who?"

"I know not; they knocked me from behind. It was lightning to me, in *my* head also," answered Z. Pelham, going on with his chafing.

"Come here, Barly," said Peter, taking command. "Say what I tell you. Don't be afraid; Sir William and I will grab him if he stirs. Say, 'Ercoly, who hurt you?'"

"Ercole, who hurt you?" said Miss Senter, tremulously.

"*Non so. Un demonio,*" answered the gondolier, his head still on his knees.

"He says he doesn't know. A demon," said Lady Kay.

"Ask when it happened."

"It was after he had taken the presents from the tree," translated Lady Kay again. "He was struck, dragged down the back stairs, gagged, and left in the antiquity-room. He has only just now been able to free himself."

"How could he act the clown, then?" pursued Peter.

"He says he hasn't been a clown, or seen a clown. Oh, Peter, it was some one else, disguised! Who could it have been?" cried Miss Senter, running away as if to fly up the staircase, and then in her terror running back again.

The cook's eyes had now opened. "He says see what is stoled," said Mr. Pelham, administering more brandy. Mr. Pelham was seated, tailor fashion, on the pavement, his feet in their arctics under him.

"Giorgio knows something about it too," said Peter. "Ask him, Barly."

But Miss Senter was incapable of speaking; she had hidden her face on Lady Kay's shoulder, shuddering. The clown with whom she had talked, who had danced all the evening with the children, was an assassin! A strange and savage murderer!

"I'll do it," said the Englishman. And bending over Giorgio, he asked, in correct, stiff Italian, "Do you know who hurt you?"

"A tall dark man. I never saw him before," answered the cook, or rather his lips formed those words. "He stabbed me after he had struck down Ercole."

"Now he is again gone," soliloquized Z. Pelham, as Giorgio's eyes closed; "I have fear this time he is truly dead!" And he chafed the cook's temples anew.

"It's all clear now," said Peter, "and Ercoly isn't mad; only hurt in some way. So I'll go for help at once."

"Oh, Peter, you always get lost!" moaned his sister.

And it was true that the Consul almost invariably lost his way in the labyrinth of chinks behind the palace.

"I'll go," said the Englishman. "It's not very late" (he looked at his watch); "I shall be sure to find some one."

"You must let me go with you, my dear," urged Lady Kay.

In three minutes they were back with two men: "I've brought these two, and there's a doctor coming. And I sent word to the police," said the Englishman.

And following very soon came a half-

dressed youth, a young American doctor, who had been roused by somebody. The cook was borne up the stairway and into the salon, where the chandeliers were shedding their soft radiance calmly, and where all the fairy-lamps were still burning on the Christmas tree; for only twenty minutes had passed since the host and his guests had left the room. Behind the group of the two men from outside, who with Peter and the doctor were carrying Giorgio, came Sir William leading the gondolier, who seemed now entirely blind, while Z. Pelham followed, last of all, on his hands and knees.

"This old man has a deep cut—done with a knife; he has lost a good deal of blood; pretty bad case," said the doctor. "Your gondolier has been dreadfully beaten about the head; but it won't kill him; he is young and strong. This third man seems to be only sprained. Get me something for bandages and compresses, and bring cold water."

"Get towels, Barly," said the Consul.

"Oh, Peter, I'm afraid to go," said Miss Senter, faintly. "The man may still be hidden somewhere. And I know he has murdered Carmela and the other servants too!"

Peter ran to his own chamber, and came back with a pile of towels, a sheet from his bed, a large jug of water, and a scissors. "Now, doctor, you stay here and do what you can for all three," he said, as he hurried round the great drawing-room, locking all the doors but one. "And the ladies will stay here with you. The rest of us will search the whole apartment immediately. Lock this last door as soon as we're out, will you?"

"Oh, Peter, don't go!" cried his sister. "Let those two men do it. Or wait for the police."

"My dear, pray consider," said Lady Kay to her husband; "if any one *is* hidden, it is some desperate character—"

But the Englishman and Peter were already gone, and the ladies were left with the doctor, who, comprehending everything quickly, locked the last door, and then hurried back to the cook. Old Giorgio's mind was now wandering; he muttered incoherently, and seemed to be suffering greatly. The gondolier, his head enveloped in wet towels, was lying in a stupor on one of the sofas. Z. Pelham quietly tied up his own sprained ankles with a portion of the torn sheet, and then assisted with much intelligence in the making of the bandages which the doctor needed for Giorgio.

Sir William, Peter, and the two men from outside began with the kitchen; no one. The pantries and store-rooms; no one. The supper-room; no one. The bedrooms; no one. The anterooms and small drawing-room; no one. As the whole house was still brightly lighted, this did not take long. They now crossed to four rooms on the north side; no one. Then came a large store-room for linen. This was not lighted, so they took in a lamp; no one.

"There's a second door here," said Sir William, perceiving one of those masked flat portals common in Italy, which are painted or frescoed so exactly like the wall that they seem a part of it.

"It opens into a little recess only a foot deep," said Peter, going on with the lamp to a second store-room. "No one could possibly hide there. Now after we have finished on this side, there is only the wood-room left; that is off by itself in a wing."

The Englishman had accompanied his host. But having a strong bent towards thoroughness, he was not satisfied, and he quietly returned alone and opened that masked door. There, flattened against the wall, not clearly visible in the semi-darkness, was the outlines of a woman's figure. His exclamation brought back the others with the lamp. It was Carmela.

She stood perfectly still for an instant or two, so motionless, and with such bright eyes staring at them, that she looked like a wax figure. Then she sprang from her hiding-place and made a swift rush down the corridor towards the outer door. They caught her. She fought and struggled dreadfully, still without a sound. So frantic were her writhings that her apron and cap were torn away, and the braids of her hair fell down and finally fell off, leaving only, to Peter's astonishment, a few locks of thin white hair in their place. It took the four men to hold her, for she threw herself from side to side like a wild-cat; she even dragged the four as far as the anteroom nearest the drawing-room in her desperate efforts to reach that outer door. But here, as she felt herself at last overpowered, a terrible shriek burst from her, her face became distorted, her eyes rolled up, and froth appeared on her lips.

The shriek, an unmistakably feminine one, had brought the doctor and the two ladies from the drawing-room.

"A fit," exclaimed the doctor as soon as he saw the froth. "Here, get open that tight dress." He unbuttoned a few buttons of the black bodice, and tore off the rest. "Gracious! corsets like steel!" He took out his knife, and hastily cutting the cashmere across the shoulders, he got his hand in and severed the corset strings. "Now, ladies, just help me to get her out of this harness."

And with trembling fingers Lady Kay and Miss Senter gave their aid, and after a moment the whole edifice—for it was an edifice—sank to the floor. What was left was an old, old woman, small and withered, her feeble chest rising and falling in convulsions under her coarse chemise, and the rest of her little person scantily covered with a patched, poverty-stricken under-skirt.

"Oh, *poor* creature!" said Lady Kay, the tears filling her eyes as all the ribs of the meagre wasted body showed in the straining, spasmodic effort of the lungs to get breath.

"Bring something to cover her, Barly," said Peter.

And Miss Senter, forgetting her fears, ran to her room, and brought back the first thing she could find—a large white shawl.

"All right now; she's coming to," said the doctor.

The convulsions gradually ceased, and Carmela's eyes opened. She looked at them all in silence as she sat, muffled in the shawl, where they had placed her. Finally she spoke. "The Consul is too late," she said, with mock respect. "The Consuless also. Did they admire the dancing of the clown? A fine fellow that clown! You need not hold me," she added to the two men from outside, who were acting as guards. "I have nothing more to do. My son is safe, and that was all I cared for. They will never find him; he is far from here now. He is very clever, and he has, besides, to help him, all the money which the Consuless so kindly provided for him by keeping it in a secret drawer, whose 'secret' every Italian, not an idiot, knows. But the Consuless has always had a singular self-conceit. I had only to mention that extra man with the musicians —poor little Tonio the tailor it was—and she swallowed him down whole. I could have got away myself if I had cared to. But I waited, in order to keep back the alarm as long as possible; I waited. Oh yes, I helped all the ladies to put on their cloaks; I helped this English ladyship to put on hers last of all, as she knows. When their Excellencies went down to the water-story, I then tried to go; but I found that they could still see the staircase, so I came back. What matters it? They may do with me what they please. For myself I care not. My son is safe." On her old cheeks, under the falling white hair, were still the faint pink tinges of rouge, and from beneath the wretched petticoat came the two young-looking high-heeled shoes. She folded her thin hands on her lap, and refused to say more.

Assunta and Beppa were found in the wood-room, gagged and bound like the others, but not hurt. And in the morning the Consul's gondola was discovered floating out with the tide, and within it Andrea in the same helpless state. The man, who was an ex-convict, a burglar, suspected of worse crimes, after committing the murder at the café, had fled to the palace. Here he and his intrepid little mother had invented and carried out the whole scheme in the one hour which had followed the distribution of the presents from the tree, before the dancing began. Carmela had even left the house to obtain a clown's costume from a dealer in masquerade dresses who lived near by. And she had herself opened for her son's use the disused door which led to the spiral steps.

That son was never caught. His mother, who had worked for him indefatigably—worked so hard that her hands were worn almost to claws—who had supported him and supplied him, who had made herself young and active like a girl, though she was seventy-four, in order to be able to send him money—his mother, who had allowed herself nothing in the world but the few smart clothes necessary for her disguise, who was absolutely honest, but who had stolen for him three thousand francs from the secret drawer, and had stood by and aided him when he beat, stabbed, and gagged her fellow-servants—this mother was not arrested. She should have been, of course. But somehow, very strangely, she escaped from the palace before morning.

Old Giorgio was never able to work again. But as Peter pensioned him handsomely, he led an easy life, while Ercole became a magnate among gondoliers.

It was not until three years afterwards, in Rochester, New York, that Peter, surrounded by Z. Pelham's entire collection (which he had purchased, though thinking it hideous, at large prices), confessed to his sister that he had connived at Carmela's escape. "Somehow I couldn't stand it, Barly. That thin white hair and those poor old arms of hers, and that wretched, wasted, gasping little chest—in prison!"

SOME TYPES OF THE VIRGIN.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

FOR the purposes of piety, of culture, and of the love of beauty, it is proposed in the following pages to present to the contemplative reader a few supreme types of the Virgin, according to the ideals of certain painters of the fifteenth century. In the profusion of pictures which this theme has produced, the selection of half a dozen examples might at first sight seem to be a task of unsurmountable difficulty, and the choice itself necessarily arbitrary. In order at once to soften the possible severity of criticism, let it be stated that the scope of the present essay is limited. Its plan eliminates those more primitive paintings where material or plastic beauty is absent, though beauty of expression, of character, and of sentiment is often present with singular intensity. It eliminates also the work of imitators, and of those painters who were so far removed from the spirit of mediæval Christianity that the Virgin could no longer be to them a source of spontaneous inspiration. The types chosen were created at an epoch when the means of art were perfect, or approaching perfection. The painters who created them were essentially inventors of beauty. The pictures reproduced remain as landmarks in the history of human culture; and the very inadequate comments of the accompanying text are offered with all humility in the hope that they may be found suggestive of culture to sympathetic souls.

In art, as in all human creations, there is nothing absolutely isolated and without antecedents. Not that the idea of progress can be fitly introduced into the imaginative order, so far as the essential personality of the artist is concerned; otherwise the artists of each succeeding generation would be able to take advantage of the æsthetic experience of their predecessors, and so necessarily surpass them. We know, on the contrary, that the true artist depends upon himself, and is surety for himself alone; his own works are all that he can promise and bequeath to the future; he cannot teach others to become great; he cannot hand down the lessons of his own experience, unless it be in a few technical artifices, which are of small importance when we are considering the spiritual personality. In the study of the truly great artists we are not concerned with classification by order of superiority or of inferiority; we find ourselves in presence of inventors who are the great and rare geniuses, and of imitators who may often have a certain personality, power, and charm, but who do not introduce a thoroughly new note into art. The inventors are all great, but great in such different ways that the establishment of comparisons can generally result only in rhetorical exercises. In the art of painting, Fra Angelico, Lippo Lippi, Mantegna, Bellini, Perugino, Botticelli, Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Memlinc, suggest themselves as consummate types of revealers of new visions of nature, or, in other words, of inventors of beauty. But what good can come of an attempt to compare and classify these men? It suffices to know that they were inventors of beauty, and to ascertain the kind of beauty formulated by each one of them; and then, if such be our inclination, we may intensify our enjoyment of that beauty by studying and comprehending it in its relations to the history of human thought and noble pleasure. It is from this point of view especially that we may say, in speaking of the manifestations of art, that they are never absolutely without antecedents. The invention of beauty appears, on the contrary, to be an operation of singular and mysterious complexity, defying ultimate

analysis, but nevertheless permitting the notation of certain concomitant and conducive circumstances which the genius of the inventor resumes, dominates, and makes the foundation or starting-point of his own creations. Thus these creations, though entirely personal and unprecedented, are still connected intimately with the past; they are never sudden and without transition; from a lofty point of view the chain of art and of culture is one and without a break. As we scan the boundless realms of art, we discern a succession of tendencies and ideals culminating in typical works. An examination of these tendencies and ideals reveals the influence exercised on the arts by religious, political, social, and intellectual conditions. Furthermore, we trace the influence of nation upon nation and of race upon race, and threading our way through a maze of phenomena, we succeed in establishing a co-ordination of facts which forms what we call the philosophy of art. But the more earnest our research and the more penetrating our reflection, the more quickly do we accustom ourselves to the perpetual deception of dashing the last effort of our analysis against the blind wall of the inexplicable, whether we call it nature, genius, or beauty. At one time, as Dante says in his "Purgatory,"

> "Lo, Cimabue thought alone to tread
> The lists of painting; now doth Giotto gain
> The praise, and darkness on his glory shed."

Why is this so? Why was Cimabue glorious for a while, and then at another time reft of his glory? What enabled Giotto to shed darkness on the glory of Cimabue?

That the ideal of beauty varies with the aspirations of mankind in different ages of the world's history is a fact evident to the ordinarily reflective mind. We have only to think of the figures in which art has materialized the noblest personifications of human yearnings and human hopes, Buddha and Christ, Minerva and the Virgin.

The positive testimony of patristic literature, and more particularly of St. Augustine, tells us that the Christians had no veritable portrait of Christ, and that this absence of an authentic model left free course to the imagination of the artists, and gave place to infinite varieties. Thus the type of Christ, at whatever epoch and in whatever degree it was fixed by the early Christians, was purely ideal, and the sublimest expression of that ideal was not achieved until after fifteen centuries of essays, when Leonardo made that drawing for his "Last Supper" now in the Brera Gallery at Milan. In the same way the early Christians possessed no portrait of the Virgin. The type of the Mother of God seems, however, to have been subject to less variation than the type of Christ, at any rate, in the paintings of the catacombs, and in all probability it was originally conceived after the somewhat vague ideal of the Roman matron.

Now the essential attribute of the Virgin, as of the ideal Roman matron, was chastity, which, as St. Ambrose says, made the beauty of her body to be, as it were, the image of the beauty of her soul. To paint such an ideal was, we may presume, the ambition of the early Christian artists. The accidents of history, however, prevented the adequate realization of this ideal, and for many centuries separated Christian art from beauty. When at length Christianity triumphed, and comparatively calm and happy days followed the terrible times of persecution and martyrdom, the thread of artistic tradition had been lost; almost all the monuments of antique sculpture which we possess at the present day were buried beneath the ruins of the palaces and temples which they once adorned—ruins that were the work of the Emperors Theodosius and Honorius and of Gregory the Great, who, in their ardent hatred of paganism, destroyed everything that could preserve the souvenir of a religion which deified matter and worshipped beauty. Thus all trace of classical tradition gradually vanishes from Christian art; beauty disappears, and the figures lose all suggestion of the antique ideal; but at the same time the expressions become more precise, the spiritualistic and ascetic character of Christianity grows more marked, and the ensemble of many of the early works, so rough and barbarous in detail, is often of striking and impressive eloquence. Indeed, we may note this curious fact, that the most primitive works of Christian art, executed under the influence of souvenirs of antiquity, are artistically superior to those produced later, when the classical traditions and classical means had been forgotten, and when the



THE VIRGIN.—GIOVANNI BELLINI (LONDON).

artists were wholly absorbed in aspirations towards a new ideal of mysticism.

To follow the development of the type of the Virgin through early Latin art, and through the monuments of the emblematic and hieratic art of Byzantium, would lead us into archæological by-paths where the reader would have small pleasure in following us. Let it suffice to note that the earliest representations of the Virgin represent her without the infant Christ, and not as a mother, but as a young woman, beautiful according to the ideas of antiquity, standing with one hand on her bosom, and her head raised heavenwards. It was not until after the Council of Ephesus, held in 431, that she was represented as a mother. Towards the middle of the fourth century, when the types of Christian art began to be fixed with some precision, and with the approbation of the doctors and fathers, the Gentile or Greek element appears to have predominated; and as Greek ideas esteemed woman to be an inferior creature, the early painters avoided representing a woman as the mother of God. It required combined Jewish and Roman influences to impose the idea of the equality of woman and of man, which is the basis that Christianity gives to the family—an idea which the Jews readily received, being prepared thereto by the importance that they attributed to legitimate filiation, and which the Romans, with their admirable legal instinct, had foreseen as a social truth. This detail is of interest, inasmuch as if the Greek idea of the inferiority of woman had prevailed, the history of European art and the history of Christianity and society in Europe would have been other than it is. By the absence of that exquisite element of sympathy and consolation, the human maternity of the Virgin, civilization would have been deprived of one of its mightiest levers, and sentiment one of its most delicate chords.

How mysterious is the process of sentimental and æsthetic education which directed human admiration successively to the paintings of the catacombs; to the mosaics of Byzantium; to the grossly symbolic Virgins of Margaritone (1216–

1293); to the coldly hieratic Virgins of Cimabue (1240–1302); to the Madonnas of Giotto (1266–1336), no longer embarrassed by rigid tradition, not strikingly beautiful from the plastic point of view, but already living, inspired, impressive, and sympathetic; to the severely beautiful Madonnas of Mantegna (1431–1506); and to the sweetly or mysteriously human Madonnas of Lippo Lippi (1412–1469), Perugino (1446–1523), Leonardo (1452–1519), and Raphael (1483–1520)! Between Giotto and Leonardo how great the distance!

It would be fastidious to remind the reader in detail of the incidents which marked the period of the Renaissance in Italy, and of the stages by which the means of expressing the new thought of humanity were found successively in poetry, in sculpture, and in painting. But for the moment we are not concerned with the means. Our business is rather with ideas. For many centuries European humanity lived unfamiliar with plastic beauty; the conventional figures of Byzantine art were found adequate to the wants of the mediæval imagination during some eight hundred years; and then one day humanity demanded something different from the stiff and ugly figures of Cimabue, and even from the more natural figures of Giotto, so full of beauty of character, gesture, and attitude. In the beginning of the thirteenth century a Madonna painted by Cimabue, now in the Church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, was carried to its destination by a triumphal procession, with blowing of trumpets and amidst the acclamations of the people. At that time it was considered a miracle of art, although we find it hardly distinguishable from the hieratic and unbeautiful works of the preceding epoch. On the other hand, towards the end of the fifteenth century, we find Leonardo painting Madonnas with an ineffable smile and an indescribable expression of disdainful voluptuousness, types of plastic beauty and of fascinating expression which art has never since equalled. Meanwhile at Florence, in Umbria, and in northern Italy, Lippo Lippi, Botticelli, Perugino, Raphael, Mantegna, and Bellini, to mention only the names of the greatest inventors, had elaborated types of feminine beauty personified in the Madonna, each one peculiar to the artist who painted it, and each a perfect and eternal exemplar of human comeliness, comparable with the exemplars left by the ancient Greek sculptors, and yet entirely different. For one thing that strikes us immediately in the art of the Renaissance is the marked individuality of the works as compared with the abstract form and perfect completeness of the art of Greece, where Phidias, Scopas, and Praxiteles were, perhaps, not so much the inventors and chiefs of the schools which bear their names, but rather the most illustrious representatives of the ideas and tendencies which characterize those schools.

This individuality is characteristic of the modern spirit in art, as it is characteristic of that intellectual movement to which the general and vague name of Renaissance has been attached, and which is still working out its ends at the present day. It is by its intellectual qualities, by the elements of soul which it contains, by its mirrored image of the yearnings and aspirations of noble humanity, as well as by its incomparable materializations of plastic beauty, that the painting of the fifteenth century fascinates and consoles us still. In the type of the Virgin which the painters of that epoch created we have at once unsurpassed ideals of feminine beauty and expression, and in those ideals we can read the many formative influences which the soul of the age infused into the soul of the painter. Each great Madonna, we may say, represents a state of soul: the mystic and tender soul of the painters of Siena; the complex intellectuality of the soul of Botticelli; the seductive grace of the soul of Raphael, more intelligent than creative; the epicurean refinement of the soul of Leonardo, with its exquisite sense of beauty and its indefatigable observation of the mysteries of voluptuous expression; the classical metempsychosis of Mantegna, who seems to have resumed that tradition of primitive Christianity which identified the Virgin with the ideal Roman matron, if not with Minerva herself, who, of all the Greek goddesses that migrated in the train of the conquerors from Paulus Emilius down to Sylla, was found most sympathetic to the moral aspirations of the compatriots of Cicero.

What education of mind and eye accompanied and promoted the evolution of painting between the austere and ugly Virgins of Cimabue and the incompara-



THE VIRGIN.—LIPPO LIPPI (FLORENCE).

bly suave and beautiful Virgins of Bellini and Perugino? Every-day erudition will immediately suggest such influences as the rediscovery of antiquity, the revival of learning, the restoration to honor of an idealized paganism, and the dream of a possible reconciliation between paganism and Christianity. All these elements are to be taken into account, together with others more subtle and particular, nota-

bly the influence of the poets, both in point of sentiment and in point of material observation.

We have already called attention to the attitude of the early Christians towards the Virgin so long as the Greek ideas as to the inferiority of woman prevailed. Let us now bear in mind the ideas concerning woman which we find expressed in the Arthurian cycle, in the romances of Chivalry, and in that Provençal love poetry which owed its new spirit to Christianity, to Chivalry, to Crusading zeal, and to Arabic imagination. In the creation of this poetry, classical taste and erudition played no part; it sang, in the vulgar tongue, novel thoughts and modes of feeling which had sprung into being from the chaos that followed the wreck of Roman civilization; above all things, it celebrated love not as a mere physical emotion, after the manner of the amorists of Greece and Rome, but as an unselfish and ennobling enthusiasm full of reverence, a habit of joy, a state of soul which may be compared with the mania of love described by Plato in his "Phædrus" as a permanent ecstasy of the spirit where love led the way to heaven and raised a man above himself. Chivalrous Love, as we find it personified in Pierre Vidal's "Vision," so charmingly versified by J. A. Symonds, is a youthful knight in the bloom of beauty among the fields of May, riding a white horse, attended by Loyalty for a squire, and by Modesty and Mercy for handmaidens:

"A youth as fair as morning, tall,
But slender, with a smiling mouth,
And laughing eyes, and musical
Low voice that murmured like the South
What time the winds of April blow
On banks of moss where violets grow,
Attired in armor clean and white,
With flower-emblazoned robe, and wreath
Of roses on his helm so bright,
Bestrode a steed milk-white beneath
The saddle-bows embossed with blaze
Of jasper and of chrysoprase."

It is the love which Dante sings in the "Vita Nuova," in that noble phrase, "Love that withdraws my thoughts from all vile things"; for Dante, the master-singer of modern Europe, proceeds from the Provençal love poets. During a century and a half the singers of Toulouse, Aix, and Arles, and the language of Provence, gave vocal utterance to the spirit of the modern world and culture to the south of Europe, and when Arnaud de Marveil, Arnaud Daniel, Folquet, Pierre Vidal, and Sordello had ceased to sing, their mantle fell upon a more noble, intellectual, and profound race of poets, amongst whom were Piero delle Vigne, Guido Guinicelli, and Guido Cavalcanti, the forerunners of Dante and Petrarch. It is only by the study and appreciation of this early Italian poetry, which has been rendered accessible to English readers in the admirable translations of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and also by the study of Dante himself, that we can hope to acquire a fuller and more subtle appreciation of Italian painting of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with its wealth of allegory, its depth of meaning, and its grave sentimental suggestiveness.

For Dante, Italian, the "common speech," was a virgin soil, and as an eminent critic has remarked, "The restrictive conditions under which the poet in a formed language of literature (not to speak of a dead language) has to labor, did not oppress him. He was free to invent and to select, without avoidance of stereotyped phrase or submission to conventional canons of what the critics call pure taste." So, too, those painters who, like Dante's friend Giotto, abandoned the galvanized traditions, the dead language of Byzantine art, and sought to paint and express themselves nobly in the "common speech" of art inspired by nature and directed by the intellect, worked on a virgin soil, and during the fourteenth century they formulated in prodigious encyclopædic frescoes the knowledge, the hopes, and the fears of mediæval Europe, marking out the paths in which the thoughts and dreams of men were destined for centuries to linger. The beauty of these works, inspired by a mystic and ascetic Christianity, it is not our purpose to examine, for it is a beauty of expressive composition and of synthetic sentiment rather than a beauty of exquisite form and personal types.

The pursuit of absolute beauty begins with the Florentine naturalist painters of the fifteenth century, Masolino, Masaccio, and Lippo Lippi, and is continued by Botticelli, who especially personified that pagan admiration and that vague dream of a reconciliation between paganism and Christianity which emancipated the painting of the Renaissance from the exclusive service of ascetic Christianity,



THE VIRGIN.—SANDRO BOTTICELLI (FLORENCE).



THE VIRGIN.—ANDREA MANTEGNA (VERONA).

and restored mankind to the earthly paradise of the joy of beauty from which the monastic spirit had expelled it. To pretend that Lippo Lippi's Madonnas are impressed with divinity would be vain; they are living virgins; they are real mothers, with frankly individual features; virgins and mothers having the grace, the modesty, the vivacious timidity, the discreet joyfulness, of the women whom the painter admired and comprehended. These virgins he clad in fair garments; he adorned their heads with dainty kerchiefs and simple jewels; he placed them, enthroned or in adoration, in architecture of sunny marble or in landscapes full of roses, with gentle saints and bright cherubs to accompany them; and the impression that Lippo's Madonnas give is that of smiling and abundant joy, the joy of living, the joy which was characteristic of the ardent painter's poetic and expansive nature. The Madonnas of Lippo are charming images of chaste beauty, full of human kindness and human sympathy, essentially and wholly human.

Far different are the Madonnas of Botticelli, the student and the illustrator of Dante. Indeed, as we examine the various Madonnas by Botticelli in the galleries of London, Berlin, Paris, and Florence, we cannot fail to be struck by the ardor of emotion that seems to have animated the painter in his search of the perfect type of beauty realized in the "Crowning of the Virgin," of which the head is reproduced in our engraving. The construction of the head of the Virgin is essentially the same in all Botticelli's pictures, but the fleshly mask and the expression vary, and the final charm of each one remains an undecipherable puzzle. We feel that this Madonna is an intimate vision of the ideal woman who "imparadised" the painter's soul; so Dante speaks of Beatrice, the object of surpassing desire, as "quella che imparadisa la mia mente." We marvel at the mouth, at the eyes, at the eyelids, at the sweep of the brows, at the thick golden-threaded hair, at the splendor of the draped head over which angels hold a crown, at the beautiful color of the flesh, which suggests a souvenir of the "Vita Nuova":

> "She hath that paleness of the pearl that's fit
> In a fair woman, so much and not more;
> She is as high as Nature's skill can soar;
> Beauty is tried by her comparison."

To say anything in presence of great works of art seems impertinent, for their peculiar virtue is to fill us with silent admiration in which the soul communes with itself. So Boccaccio records in his will, when he bequeathed to the Lord of Padua a Madonna by Giotto, "the beauty of which the ignorant do not understand, but before which the masters of art remain mute with astonishment" (*in cujus pulchritudinem ignorantes non intelli-*

gunt, magistri autem artis stupent). It is a mistake characteristic of the literary malady to believe that thought and sentiment exist for the purpose of being expressed. Nevertheless, whether in the case of Botticelli or of the less subtle naturalist painters like Lippo Lippi, or like Ghirlandajo, who has materialized the incidents of the life of the Virgin in a series of admirable frescoes, one may be allowed to call attention to the singular intensity and minuteness of the imaginative vision of the painters of the fifteenth century, a minuteness which must not be confounded with mere painstaking realism, which is content with representation without selection. An illustration from the literary domain will help us, perhaps to understand the spirit of the noble, naturalist painters. Let us reflect for a moment how rare in classical writings are precise and vivid descriptions, how generally vague are the epithets of Homer and of Virgil, and how glad we are to find in the twelve books of the Odyssey the evocation of details of human in-



THE VIRGIN.—PIETRO PERUGINO (LOUVRE).

cident like the episode of Nausicaa or the return of Ulysses. Now let us turn to Provençal poetry, where Pierre Vidal describes his Master Love riding on a milk-white steed with the embroidered glove of Mercy on his casque, or to Italian poetry, with its abundance of detail, that contributes to the realization in the reader's mind of a precise vision. Let us remember, for instance, Dante's description in the "Vita Nuova" of his first meeting with Beatrice: "Her dress on that day was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her tender age. At that moment I say most truly that the spirit of life which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi.*" These words, which bear the indubitable stamp of truth, describe the impression produced upon a Florentine boy of nine by a girl of eight years of age. We may remember, too, all Dante's minute description of his emotions in presence of Beatrice, the beauty of Beatrice's smile, her gentle and pure looks, when she saluted him with so virtuous a bearing that he "seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness." Then, again, we may recall the vivid notation of the apparition of Love, "the lord of terrible aspect," who bears sighs and tears and comforting words to his servant Dante in his sleep, at one time "in the light habit of a traveller coarsely fashioned," and at another time in the figure of "a youth in very white raiment." Also the vision of the translation of Beatrice to Paradise, when Dante saw "the angels, like a rain of manna, in a long flight flying back heavenward, having a little cloud in front of them, after which they went and said 'Hosanna!'" Such passages might be multiplied from Dante and from other early Italian poets in illustration of the process of externalizing and making personal the imaginings of passion. As the poets worked, so worked the painters; and, among the greatest of them, what we call their naturalism or realism was more truly intensity of fervent imagination; an earnest determination to record and to make other people see exactly what they saw; a state of soul in which their ideal appeared to them with the lucidity and precision of detail that we remark in Dante's verse pictures.

The type of the Virgin elaborated by Mantegna suggests by its severe dignity the antique prototype of Minerva. Divided in his allegiance between pagan and Christian subjects, Mantegna treated both with the same sentiment of dramatic passion and the same heroic dignity of expression. The charm of his figures is comparable only to that of Hellenic art. The head of the Virgin reproduced in our engraving is of a grandeur of conception and a purity of execution such that it can take its place in the memory of cultured humanity side by side with the finest statues of antiquity. Like the Virgins of Mantegna, those of the great Venetian painter Giovanni Bellini do not bear any evident stamp of those complex poetic and religious influences which filled the souls of the Tuscan painters of whom we have just been speaking. His Madonnas are refined types of womanly beauty, rendered with peculiar tenderness and poetic charm, types of dreamy but glorious maternity, familiar yet supremely noble, thus contrasting with the Madonnas of the Florentines and of the Umbrians, in which the character of virginity is given the preference over that of maternity. Bellini's pupil and rival, Titian, painted his Madonnas in the same spirit, accentuating their maternity rather than their virginity, and creating a type of beauty most radiant, but less pure and less calmly noble than that of Bellini.

Returning now to central Italy and to Umbria, we come to the Virgins of Perugino, who was the inventor of a type of feminine beauty which he has impressed upon the mind of humanity by the repetition of it in very numerous works. Umbria was the home of those Sienese painters who refused to sacrifice their delicate and mystic ideal to the naturalist and somewhat pagan ideal which the Florentines owed to the study of antique forms and ideas and to the scientific progress of their art; it was a country of ardent and narrow piety, populated by fanatical and turbulent men, who provided the Pope with his most loyal condottieri and his stoutest soldiers; it was the province of St. Francis of Assisi and his happy faith. Educated in the local traditions of mystic piety, Perugino worked according to his



THE VIRGIN WITH THE GOLDFINCH — RAPHAEL (FLORENCE).

genius, and even outworked his genius, as we may read in his biography. Taking as his model an actual local type which still persists in the country, he painted women with round and grave faces, seriously closed lips, sombre eyes surmounted by purely pencilled brows, hair simply arranged without any of that fantastic splendor of coiffure which some of the great Florentines affected. Such are the immaterially beautiful Virgins and saints that people Perugino's pictures, seated or standing in fresh and limpid light that reminds one of the glad earth, and yet suggests the golden brightness of Paradise, modelled at once with strength and sweetness, and expressing by the mere dreamy languor of their eyes, by the tender melancholy of an inclined head, by the pathetic grace of silent lips, an indescribable *nuance* of pious resignation, as it were the nostalgic and patient expectation of flowers of Paradise blooming upon earth, pure, beautiful, tender, radiant, and yet not of this world.

But, it may be asked, how can this thing be? If Perugino copied an actual local type, how can the representation of that type give the impression of a being other than of this world? If we could answer this question, we should have solved the greatest mystery of artistic creation, namely, what is the vital principle of a work of art. No critical analysis can reach this secret, any more than chemical analysis can surprise the vital principle of works of animate nature. We can observe, examine, describe, and admire them, but we cannot ultimately explain. In painting his Virgins and saints, Perugino's soul and the soul of his country reflected themselves into the artistic representation; for the artist, like the poet, is not wholly his own master, but the servant of the Muses, if we may be allowed to employ the language of myth. In other words, we must admit an element of unconsciousness, of inspiration, of destiny in the great artist, an element which defies analysis, and which we vaguely call genius or soul. It is, thanks to the presence in Perugino's work of an abundance of these mysterious qualities of soul, that we find in them charms and beauties which, doubtless, he himself never perceived, while those who come after us will find new charms which are unsuspected by us. Thus the signification of great works of art is inexhaustible, and their suggestiveness lasting; there is an element of life in them which their creators cannot know.

The type of the Virgin created by Perugino is one and the same in all the varieties of air and attitude which the painter has imagined; it is a type which Perugino formulated and revealed to men; it is an invention of beauty. Raphael, on the other hand, whose genius was essentially intelligent and assimilative, can scarcely be said to have invented a new type, one of those besetting faces which root themselves in the memory with the forcefulness of individual reality, one of those vivid visions of femininity which, when once fixed upon canvas, continue to haunt the dreams of cultured humanity for centuries, if not forever. In his many Madonnas Raphael has depicted several types, some resembling those created by his master Perugino, others influenced by the models of the Tuscan school, and others again inspired by the surroundings of his glorious existence at Rome. Raphael's Madonnas, like the painter's genius, are constantly being transformed, according as age and circumstances modify his impressions. He is not a genius of power, but rather of grace and of sweetness; he fascinates by the completeness of his realization of an ideal, without marked profundity—an ideal of purely representative art, all the interest of which consists in the beauty of the group, the human charm of the figures, the precision of the expression, and the linear harmony of the composition. Such is the interest of the "Virgin with the Goldfinch," in the Tribuna at Florence, of which the head is reproduced in our engraving, one of the most exquisite of Raphael's Madonnas painted under Florentine influences. This Madonna is not a mother, but simply a happy and smiling virgin, the elder sister of the robust and joyous children who play around her knees, a maiden with limpid eyes and candid brow, on which the most subtle critic can find nothing to read but virginity and innocence. It is vain to accuse Raphael, as did certain of his contemporaries, of not having sufficient theological virtue, inasmuch as he painted Virgins that were too humanly adorable. Raphael conformed his painting to his ideas and his sentiments. He expressed his soul, just as Lippo Lippi, Botticelli,

Mantegna, Bellini, and Perugino expressed their souls, each one differently, and in a manner characteristic of his more or less complex personality; and as regards each one of them, the degree of our admiration and sympathy depends upon the temperament and culture of our own souls.

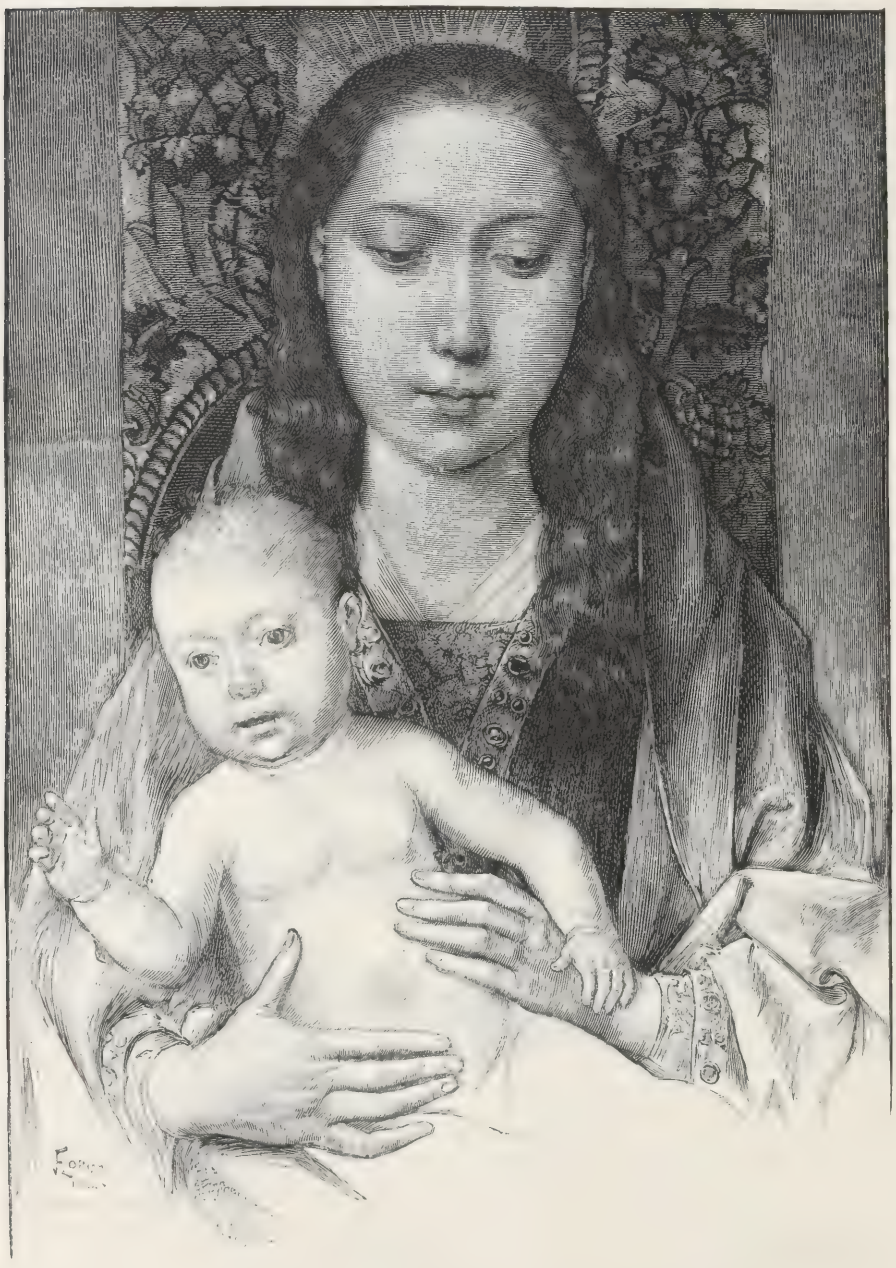
Of all the inventors of beauty which the Renaissance produced, the most subtle is Leonardo da Vinci. As the age of Pericles is summed up in Phidias and Plato, so the genius of the Renaissance is incarnated in Dante and Leonardo, who were at once the promoters and the representatives of a whole civilization. Leonardo was the man of prodigious genius who came at the time when painting was ready to receive its definitive formula, and who created that formula. Gifted with incomparable powers of observation and an exquisite sentiment of beauty, he accomplished miracles of execution that have never been surpassed, amongst which are his beautiful and profane Madonnas, with their unfathomable smile, their noble, tender, and slightly disdainful air—Madonnas that appeal to the highly cultured soul and to the epicurean intellect rather than to the mystic and religious soul that delights in that art which is always struggling to express thoughts beyond itself, thoughts of another world that none has seen. But Leonardo is no longer a cheerful objective painter, like many of his great Florentine predecessors; on the contrary, his work is full of spirituality, but of a sort of pagan spirituality that sets philosophy above Christianity, and stamps his productions with something mysterious and enigmatical, which made him seem to his contemporaries to be the possessor of some unholy and secret wisdom. The pictures and the drawings of Leonardo are of inexhaustible suggestiveness. They have provoked some of the most admirable pages of creative criticism ever written, so that it would be impertinent for us to attempt here to say again what has been already said by our masters. It will suffice that the reader who contemplates the smiling Virgin reproduced in our engraving remember that Leonardo was a painter of portraits superior to all; that he modelled faces more skilfully than any man before or since; that throughout his life he sought to render that mysterious revelation of a movement in the soul, the magic ripple of a smile; that his dominant passions were curiosity and the love of beauty. This latter passion he satisfied by the constant, attentive, and profound study of nature, not after the fashion of those realists who are content with representation, but with a patience, a delicacy, a comprehension, and a discrimination or selection that make his works eternal marvels.



THE VIRGIN.—LEONARDO DA VINCI (LONDON).

The last type of beauty which it comes within our plan to consider is that of the Flemish painter Hans Memlinc, whose Madonna in the National Gallery of London forms the subject of our illustration. Memlinc (1435–95 about) is the last of

those celebrated masters of the school of Bruges who created a national Flemish art, which grew up simultaneously with but quite independently of the art of Italy. He claims our attention because, of all the painters of the North, he alone created a type of feminine beauty that was unknown before him and disappeared with him. His Madonnas, clad in rich and jewelled brocades, are not merely portraits of the earthly princesses of his time; they are incarnations of that nobleness, purity, and charm which Memlinc loved. Full of that reverence for women which is characteristic of the Germanic mind, and which contributed, together with chivalry and Christianity, to form that new aspect of love already noticed in connection with Dante's "Vita Nuova," Memlinc made the Madonna an emblem, and in painting the beauty of her person he sought also to paint the beauty of the ideal feminine soul of northern Europe. She is a princess of pearllike purity of skin, with white hands and delicate fingers, and a visage that indicates absolute purity of heart. And as Memlinc lived in an age when allegory was currently read and the language of symbols was familiar to all, he has made every feature of his princess eloquent with edifying signification. The high forehead of the Virgin and the wide arching brows, "the spacious forehead which her locks enclose," are emblematic of her intellectual power; the long hair points to the fulness of her life; the slender figure and small mouth tell of her purity; the limpid eyes with their downcast lids symbolize her devoutness, and the bowed head her humility. And, as Guido Cavalcanti says in one of his sonnets,



THE VIRGIN.—HANS MEMLINC (LONDON).

> "Lady she seems of such high benison
> As makes all others graceless in her sight."

Thus we see that the Virgin gradually became, in addition to her purely religious or divine attributes, the supreme personification of the physical as well as of the moral beauty of the modern woman. The pictures of the Virgin fixed the type with

which feminine beauty was for centuries to conform, and gradually the Madonna came to be regarded as the actual dispenser of beauty itself. So the legend records that in one of the conversations which Anne of Brittany had with her patron St. Anne, the duchess asked a particular gift for the ladies of her province. The saint granted her the gift of chastity, and since that time no Breton woman has ever failed in her duties. The duchess then asked her patron to add the gift of beauty to that of chastity; but St. Anne became much embarrassed, and ended by confessing that beauty was not of her domain. The Queen of Heaven alone disposes of the unique and rare gift of beauty, excellent among all gifts. St. Anne, however, after reflection, was able to grant the Breton ladies, to whom she could not accord that gift which the Virgin had reserved for herself, the additional privilege of accomplishing by chastity alone what others accomplish by beauty.



NOURMADEE.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE POET MIRTZY MOHAMMED-ALI TO HIS FRIEND ABOU-HASSEM IN ALGEZIRAS.

O HASSEM, greeting! Peace be thine!
With thee and thine be all things well!
Give refuge to these words of mine.
The strange mischance which late befell
Thy servant must have reached thine ear;
Rumor has flung it far and wide,
With dark additions, as I hear.
When They-Say speaks, what ills betide!
So lend no credence, O my Friend,
To scandals, fattening as they fly.
Love signs and seals the roll I send:
Read thou the truth with lenient eye.

In Yússuf's garden at Tangier
This happened. In his cool kiosk
We sat partaking of his cheer—
Thou know'st that garden by the Mosque
Of Irma; stately palms are there,
And silver fish in marble tanks,
And scents of jasmine in the air—
We sat and feasted, with due thanks

To Allah, till the pipes were brought;
And no one spoke, for Pleasure laid
Her finger on the lips of Thought.
Then, on a sūdden, came a maid,
With tambourine, to dance for us—
Allah il' Allah! it was she,
The slave-girl from the Bosporus
That Yússuf purchased recently.

Long narrow eyes, as black as black!
And melting, like the stars in June;
Tresses of night drawn smoothly back
From eyebrows like the crescent moon.
She paused an instant with bowed head,
Then, at a motion of her wrist,
A veil of gossamer outspread
And wrapt her in a silver mist.
Her tunic was of Tiflis green
Shot through with many a starry speck;
The zone that claspt it might have been
A collar for a cygnet's neck.
None of the twenty charms she lacked
Demanded for perfection's grace;
Charm upon charm in her was packed
Like rose leaves in a costly vase.
Full in the lanterns' colored light
She seemed a thing of Paradise.
I knew not if I saw aright,
Or if my vision told me lies.
Those lanterns spread a cheating glare;
Such stains they threw from bough and vine
As if the slave-boys, here and there,
Had spilt a jar of brilliant wine.
And then the fountain's drowsy fall,
The burning aloes' heavy scent,
The night, the place, the hour—they all
Were full of subtle blandishment.

Much had I heard of Nourmadee—
The name of this fair slenderness—
Whom Yússuf kept with lock and key
Because her beauty wrought distress
In all men's hearts that gazed on it;
And much I marvelled why, this night,
Yússuf should have the little wit
To lift her veil for our delight.
For though the other guests were old—
Grave, worthy merchants, three from Fez
(These mostly dealt in dyes and gold),
Cloth merchants two, from Mekïnez—
Though they were old and gray and dry,
Forgetful of their youth's desires,
My case was different, for I
Still knew the touch of spring-time fires.
And straightway as I looked on her
I bit my lip, grew ill at ease,
And in my veins was that strange stir
Which clothes with bloom the almond-trees.



O Shape of blended fire and snow!
  Each clime to her some spell had lent—
The North her cold, the South her glow,
  Her languors all the Orient.
Her scarf was as the cloudy fleece
  The moon draws round its loveliness,
That so its beauty may increase
  The more in being seen the less.
And as she moved, and seemed to float—
  So floats a swan!—in sweet unrest,
A string of sequins at her throat
  Went clink and clink against her breast.
And what did some sly fairy do
  But set a mole, a golden dot,
Close to her lip—to pierce men through!
  How could I look and love her not?

Yet heavy was my heart as stone,
  For well I knew that love was vain;
To love the thing one may not own!—
  I saw how all my peace was slain.
Coffers of ingots Yússuf had,
  Houses on land, and ships at sea,
And I—alas! was I gone mad,
  To cast my eyes on Nourmadee!

I strove to thrust her from my mind;
  I bent my brows, and turned away,
And wished that Fate had struck me blind
  Ere I had come to know that day.
I fixed my thoughts on this and that;
  Assessed the worth of Yússuf's ring;
Counted the colors in the mat—
  And then a bird began to sing,
A bulbul hidden in a bough.
  From time to time it loosed a strain
Of moonlit magic that, somehow,
  Brought comfort to my troubled brain.

But when the girl once, creeping close,
  Half stooped, and looked me in the face,
My reason fled, and I arose
  And cried to Yússuf from my place:
"O Yússuf, give to me this girl!
  You are so rich and I so poor!
You would not miss one little pearl
  Like that from out your countless store!"
"'This girl'? What girl? No girl is here!"
  Cried Yússuf with his eyes agleam;
"Now, by the Prophet, it is clear
  Our friend has had a pleasant dream!"
(And then it seems that I awoke,
  And stared around, no little dazed
At finding naught of what I spoke:
  The guests sat silent and amazed.)

Then Yússuf—of all mortal men
  This Yússuf has a mocking tongue!—
Stood at my side, and spoke again:
  "O Mirtzy, I too once was young.
With mandolin or dulcimer
  I've waited many a midnight through,
Content to catch one glimpse of Her,
  And have my turban drenched with dew.
By Her I mean some slim Malay,
  Some Andalusian with her fan
(For I have travelled in my day),
  Or some swart beauty of Soudan.
No Barmecide was I to fare
  On fancy's shadowy wine and meat;
No phantom moulded out of air
  Had spells to lure me to her feet.
O Mirtzy, be it understood
  I blame you not. Your sin is slight!—
You fled the world of flesh and blood,
  And loved a vision of the night!
Sweeter than musk such visions be
  As come to poets when they sleep!
You dreamed you saw fair Nourmadee?
  Go to! it is a pearl I keep!"

By Allah, but his touch was true!
  And I was humbled to the dust
That I in those grave merchants' view
  Should seem a thing no man might trust.



"AS WHO SHOULD SAY, 'WE UNDERSTAND!'"

For he of creeping things is least
  Who, while he breaks of friendship's bread,
Betrays the giver of the feast.
  "Good friends, I'm not that man!" I said.
"O Yússuf, shut not Pardon's gate!
  The words I spake I nowise meant.
Who holds the threads of Time and Fate
  Sends dreams. I dreamt the dream he sent.
I am as one that from a trance
  Awakes confused, and reasons ill;
The world of men invites his glance,
  The world of shadows claims him still.
I see those lights among the leaves,
  Yourselves I see, sedate and wise,
And yet some finer sense perceives
  A presence that eludes the eyes.
Of what is gone there seems to stay
  Some subtlety, to mock my pains:
So, when a rose is borne away,
  The fragrance of the rose remains!"
Then Yússuf laughed, Abdallah leered,
  And Melik coughed behind his hand,
And lean Ben-Auda stroked his beard
  As who should say, "We understand!"

And though the fault was none of mine,
As I explained and made appear,
Since then I've not been asked to dine
In Yússuf's garden at Tangier.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

FAREWELL, O Hassem! Peace be thine!
With thee and thine be always Peace!
To Virtue let thy steps incline,
And may thy shadow not decrease!
Get wealth—wealth makes the dullard's jest
Seem witty where true wit falls flat;
Do good, for goodness still is best—
But then the Koran tells thee that.
Know Patience here, and later Bliss;
Grow wise, trust woman, doubt not man;
And when thou dinest out—mark this—
Beware of wines from Ispahan!



FAN'S MAMMY.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

THEY were taking some one to jail again, half the men and boys of the village, as usual, attending the sheriff. Tobe Wayne let the legs of his chair down and called his wife.

"Aw, Nancy!"

She came to the door of the unpainted two-storied house where they lived, and stood leaning on her broom under a bower of cucumber-vines, a heavy towel bound over her brows.

"What's wantin'?" she asked.

She was a thin woman, past thirty, with a Jewish cast of features, the nostrils long and oblique, an over-brilliant color in the hollow cheeks.

"Look a-yender," gestured Tobe, pointing to the village, which lay below them in a hollow of the hill-side. "Jedgin' by the whoopin' and hollerin', I wouldn't wonder ef they was runnin' in some of the Gilliland tribe. Somerset's too hot to hold any of the gang since they lynched them two fellers last week; may hev fetched 'em here fer safety."

Mrs. Wayne fortified her eyes from the sun as she stared down toward the jail, a little one-roomed structure built of two-inch planks laid surface to surface, its door spanned with bolts that were like drawn swords, its roof so low that the tassels of the September corn field beside it dabbled its shingles with gold.

"Jest makes a person sick," she said,

fretfully, "the way things go yere. I'd jest natchelly die in my tracks ef my sister Milly was to come visitin' me when they was shootin' and scrappin' 'bout them Gillilands. She'd jest bundle me right back to Missoura with her, so she would."

Suddenly she exclaimed: "It's a woman, Tobe! They're puttin' her in the calaboose right now! Can't you see her ha'r streamin' over her face, black ez a crow? Quit thet shufflin' your feet. I 'low I heerd her holler."

Her husband had started down the path, and she called after him, "Hurry on back, and tell me what's the matter."

As Wayne came upon the heels of the crowd, a little winded with his down-hill run, the sheriff was just withdrawing his key from the heavy padlock which hung against the rough door, red with rust, pulsing a little, like a heart newly torn from some living thing.

"What's goin' on?" panted Wayne, mopping his kindly, middle-aged face with a blue shirt sleeve.

The man addressed wadded together several long crinkled hairs of fine-cut.

"Got a lady in yender," he answered, adjusting his jaws. "Drunk 'n' diso'de'ly. Young-lookin' thing, but mean ez they make 'em, I reckon. Ben wand'rin' around kentry fer a week er so. Well, I got to git back to the mill; we're loadin' a car, and jest left everything. Kinduh pity fer the child, ain't it?"

"What child?" said Wayne, blankly.

"Hern. Little gyrl 'bout two year old. 'Cute ez a young pa'tridge. Head o' ha'r like a passel o' pine shavings. 'Y George! hyear thet woman scritch!"

The lady in the calaboose did not seem to be resigning herself to the situation with anything like passivity. There was a noise as of weak hands beating on the heavy walls, and through the small grated window under the eaves came the sharp sound of a woman's cries.

"My baby!" she wept. "Curse you! I don't ask you to leave *me* out. I hain't no place to go to ef you did. But my baby!—she can't git her breath in yere. She ain't well, I tell yeh! Her throat's sore. Take her out of this wet hole. Oh God, make 'em take her out—the brutes!"

"Pooty rough," said the man at Wayne's elbow, his tone cheerfully commiserating. "Hunh, Wayne?"

Wayne's face had flushed. "Why don't some o' you listen?" he demanded. "Thet place ain't fit fer a dog, much less a baby. Hyere you, Beasley!" He caught the sheriff's arm as that official was strutting by, swinging his keys, his lips pursed in an important whistle. "Onlock thet calaboose and give me the kid. I'll keep it tell the woman's free. Thirty days? All right. I'll take the kid home."

Beasley clapped him argumentatively on the shoulder. "See hyere," he said; "you're doing the talkin', Tobe, but your wife won't like no such—"

Wayne frowned. "'Tain't the youngster's fault."

"All right," conceded Beasley, with a lofty brow. "Mis' Wayne ain't half a woman ef she don't come down on you like a thousand of brick." He opened the door a little.

"Hyere you!—quit your foolishness! Hyere's Tobe Wayne 'll keep the young un fer you." The sobs ceased on a sudden.

"Who?" said a subdued, half-challenging voice within.

"Tobe Wayne—man keeps the livery-stable." There was a pause.

"Ast him to come in yere a minute. She's asleep. I'll give her to him myself ef he'll come yere."

"Step in, Wayne," said the sheriff, yielding to this. He cast the door wider, and the nearer throng caught a glimpse of a dark interior, a mattress in a corner of the floor, a crouching figure, and a lifted face, handsome and haggard, with sunken, reckless eyes. Wayne stepped forward, hesitating.

"Wait a second," breathed the woman, clutching at the little form on her breast. "It's awful hard to give her up. Fan! Fan!"

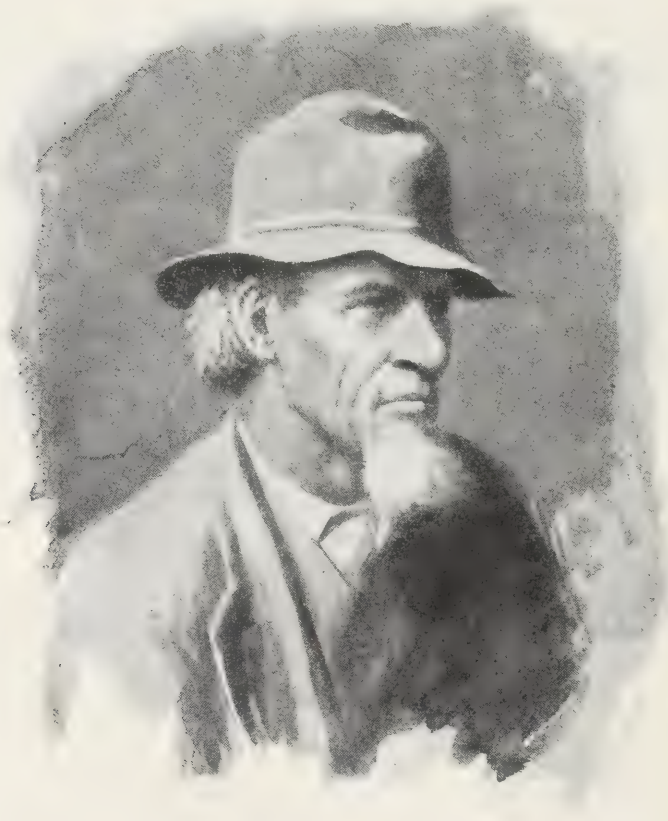
"Quit yer gapin'," commanded Beasley to the men and boys who were encroaching on the threshold. He slammed the door with an instinct which was half pity for the miserable scene inside, and half pride in his legal prerogative. "Look like y'all 'ain't nothin' better to do than— Say, look a-here, Robbins! Ef you got anything to say, you say it out loud, and quit yer mutterin'. You're a bigger man than me, but ef you was big ez thet knob yender I wouldn't take nothin' off yeh. That's all right, Jones! I ain't a-pickin' no quarrel. Ef you're his friend, you want to take him away. He's got too much aboard. Ef it wasn't fer his

family I'd run him in—" He drew up with a sudden remembrance of his prisoner. She was taking more time than needful to her farewell, and Beasley turned his attention rather abruptly to the door.

Wayne was just coming out. His face had a strange look. He was carrying a ragged little girl against his shoulder, and though she struggled and screamed, he appeared unaware of it, but kept glancing back across the downy gold of the baby head.

The woman had fallen face downward upon the striped mattress.

"Remember!" she muttered, turning a little with a compelling gesture; "remember what you promised."



THE SHERIFF.

Mrs. Wayne had finished sweeping, and was going round in a listless way, whacking dust from the sitting-room furniture with a turkey wing.

"God 'a' mercy!" she exclaimed, as her husband toiled up the garden path, carrying a burden which at once disclosed its nature by the bush of bright hair nestled on his neck and the torn little shoes hanging over his arm.

Wayne stopped on the door-step, his face working.

"Nancy," he said, "thet poor woman down yender, she ga' me this baby—to—to keep. We 'ain't never hed nare one of our own, Nance—" He broke off, appalled at his wife's face. "I felt sorry fer her!" he burst out, apologetically. "It was this way." He went over the tale, stammering. "I unly aimed to keep the baby tell her mammy got loose, but she—she told me to keep her, Nancy—she—"

"Let her down," said his wife, indicating the child. The little one rubbed her eyes, and stumbling forward, caught at Mrs. Wayne's skirts.

"Mammy!" she fretted, burying her small flushed face.

"I ain't your mammy," said Mrs. Wayne, stepping back. "You better take her in the house, Tobe—neighbors all spyin' around. I never looked to hev no beggar's young un loaded off on me like this. I don't know what I'll say when Milly comes. Ef I had ary child o' my own, dead er livin', I'd shet the door on this stray you've fetched in! I wouldn't take no sech slight off yeh, Tobe Wayne!" She began to sway a little, lifting her face and tugging at the neck-band of her gown. "But the Lord's hand is slack to me, and I can't say a word ef you-ns wants to keep this foundlin'! I'll do my best by her, but I'll hate the sight of her! I will!" She leaned, gasping, against the door.

"Unly, when my sister comes, I won't promise what she'll say. She'll never let her two babies mix with sech ez this! You can't blame her; she feels awful near to me—an unly sister."

Wayne looked a little indignant. "She don't go out of her way to show it, never writin'—"

His wife cut in angrily, her face aflame. "She wasn't never no hand to write! I got a letter from her a little better than a year ago, didn't I? She's got her house and her babies to 'tend to. And to think I never even saw her man! She married out in Missoura, and done well, but I hain't ever got resignated to it. She named it

in her letter thet she laid out to visit me right soon. Seems like I'll die onless I git to see her."

"When she comes," said Wayne, "I'll undertake to explain—"

"You'll hev it to do!" cried his wife.

She made no scruple at letting the community see her dissatisfaction in the child thus quartered upon her. Fan was a living reproach to her, and Wayne's growing fondness for the baby was a scourge in her side.

One day in October Fan was playing in the weedy garden, tramping the fallen beech leaves to dust, her hair flying over a knit blue scarf.

"Little feller's thrivin', ain't she?" called a neighbor woman, passing in the road. "She's picked up wonderful since you got her in hands, Mis' Wayne."

Mrs. Wayne glanced rigidly at the child, sternly suppressing a sense of pride in her prettiness.

"I do my best," she submitted, in a sacrificial tone.



"GOD 'A' MERCY!"

"Laws, we all feel fer yeh!" grunted the other woman, who was old, a limp black cotton gown hollowing to her leanness, her face so wrinkled it seemed as if overlaid with a corded brown mask. "Laws, yes, 'm! Gre't mercy Fan's mammy got out o' jail and left the kentry! She'd 'a' made you trouble, Mis' Wayne! Folks tell as money opened thet calaboose door. Well, men is the mischief! ye can't ever place 'em."

Mrs. Wayne looked a little whiter.

"No'm, you can*not*," she agreed. "Ef I'd a daughter, she'd never marry the best man goin'. I'd never of let my sister Milly marry, unly she went visitin' our kin out West and married without sayin' by y'r leave. She's happy ez they make 'em; her man's right trusty, and makes her a good livin'."

Mrs. Wing gave ear with the respectful tolerance of one who submits to the present under hope of future benefits. As the other paused, she dragged her sunbonnet over her wasted face.

"Reckon I better be trav'lin'," she announced, and then, with an air of remembrance, she wheeled about. "Oh, say! I like to forgot to ast you fer a little mite of snuff, to do me till night."

Mrs. Wayne took her melancholy eyes off the little Kentucky hamlet in the hollow below her, its piles of lumber looking like blocks of silver in the pale sun.

"I don't dip," she said. "Tobe he've a notion agin it, so I never took it up."

The old woman gave a mutter of disappointment, and then smiled maliciously, with the over-expressiveness of toothless lips.

"I wouldn't give up my comfert fer no male man livin'. You're too easy with Tobe. He 'ain't treated you white about thet child thar. He knows more about it than he lets on. Beasley 'lowed to my son-in-law ez thet woman in the calaboose hollered after Tobe somethin' about rememb'rin' her, and a promise he'd give her, and I don't know what all. I jest said ef 'twas my man I'd want to know it. Tobe Wayne needn't to set hisse'f—"

"Don't yeh pass a word agin him!" said Mrs. Wayne, speaking thickly. The crimson in her cheeks had faded, as if a new anguish at her heart had drunk it like wine.

"Ef *I* can bear with him—" She broke off suddenly and turned into the house. But the other's hint rankled in her like a poisoned thorn which corrupts the blood and taints the healthy tissues. Fan's beauty hurt her. Fan's sweet shrill voice stung her.

"I don't know what to do," she groaned. "I can't ask no one. I'll hev to wait till Milly comes." She began more than all to fear a lurking tenderness for Fan, which, nourished on suspicion, yet threatened to bloom in her breast like a bright consummate flower that drinks beauty from a briery stalk.

One morning as she came in from milking, her hands stiffened with the December chill, Fan ran before her, causing a little frothy milk to spill from the bucket. With a quick impulse of anger, Mrs. Wayne smote the little thing smartly across the cheek.

"Take thet!" She lifted her hand for a second blow, but something stayed her. Fan reeled back, her fingers grasping the air, and the fear in her blue eyes pierced the woman's soul.

"Fan!" she cried, snatching her up, "I didn't go to do it! Don't dror up thet way, honey! I ain't aimin' to smack you —pore little soul." Fan gave a smothered sound, as much a sob as a scared laugh.

"Mammy," she stammered, with a half-stifled remembrance. Mrs. Wayne held her close, and her childless heart lost its pain against the little soft form.

"I'll be your mammy, Fan," she was about to say. Her husband's step sounded outside, and she put the child down gently, but with the old feeling.

Wayne had a vaguely troubled air as he came in. He stood in the door, and glanced down in the valley, where the small green and yellow houses sat beneath the forked tops of the barren trees.

The river was very high. It looked like a stream of seething coffee, and he knew, from the swirling edges of the current and its convex middle, that it was still rising.

A boy was driving a white cow along the lower road, whistling as he went, and now and then blowing warmth into his red fists.

Dark clouds leaned over the cliffs beyond the Cumberland. It was well on toward nightfall, and to his right he saw the station agent running down the tracks with the red switch-light.

"It's time fer the local freight," he muttered. "Oh Lord, I hope she'll do ez she promised! I hope she'll go up the road on it!"

He came in and looked at Fan, who sat at meat, in a high chair of old fashion, its narrow back spotted with gilt grapes. She was eating a boiled egg with both hands, and her dimpled cheeks were streaked with yellow, but she looked very sweet to Wayne, in her checked gingham apron.

"You keep her mighty tidy," he said to his wife.

A gleam of motherly satisfaction leaped to Mrs. Wayne's eyes, and was blotted out in coldly drooping lids.

"I do my best," she sighed. "I ain't goin' to hev her feel thet she's differ'nt from other children. I mean she shall hev ez good a Christmas ez the next, so I do. I'm dressin' her a doll-baby right now. Its clothes all come off. I'm hevin' awful work keepin' it hid. She's all over the place, Fan is."

Wayne's face expressed content and a new enthusiasm.

"How'd it do to git up a Christmas tree?" he suggested. "Too much trouble?"

Mrs. Wayne brushed the fluttering curls out of Fan's eyes.

"I could fix one up right pretty with pop-corn and red peppers," she said. "Hev Jones got in them Noah's arks he laid off to git?"

Wayne seemed to remember something unpleasant.

"I never stopped in the store to-day," he said. "Look like I ben too fretted to think." He leaned forward. "Y' see—Fan's mammy—"



"LITTLE FELLER'S THRIVIN'."

His wife started, and her big eyes questioned him.

"She's hangin' round again, and—"

"You ben talkin' with her, Tobe?"

"Well, I—it's this way. She came beggin' to see Fan, and I—"

His wife was on her feet.

"You better tell her to take the child," she said, in a smothered sort of voice.

Wayne looked at her trembling lips, and appeared to nerve himself.

"Nancy," he faltered, "mebby—ef I could make out to—tell yeh—"

But the woman held out her hands with a piteous sort of appeal.

"No!" she panted, "no, Wayne, don't you tell me nothin'. Thar's things I couldn't—bear." She buried her cold fingers in Fan's curls. "Sometimes I almost hate her as it is!"

The next day had the damp chilliness common to midwinter in southern Kentucky. The valley road was so deep in wine-colored mud that the feet of wayfarers were "red wat shod," as if they had crossed a fresh battle-ground. Fan was running back and forth on the covered porch, and the sound of her little feet conveyed an intimate sense of cheer to Mrs. Wayne.

"Keep thet hood tied on you, Fan!" she called, as she sewed pink netting bags for Fan's Christmas tree. There was only a little bitterness in her pleasure as she wrought.

"I ain't goin' to take it out of *her*," she considered. "I won't hev them Wilkins young ones crowin' over Fan with their fine contrapshuns and bought candy." She sewed on, banishing from her mind the dark vision of Fan's parentage. Suddenly it came over her that for some time she had not heard Fan's steps on the rattling floor. Perhaps she was sitting down on the damp steps, taking cold. Mrs. Wayne got up and looked abroad, suddenly growing aghast with a great fear.

Fan was gone. There was no one in sight on the barren hill-side. A freight train was rounding the curve, moving so slowly that its brown cars seemed merely a portion of the clay bank, slinking listlessly along behind the engine. It grew lucidly plain to Mrs. Wayne that it would be useless to call. Fan was gone. The miserable mother had stolen her. She had claimed her own and borne it off to a heritage of shame and want. All the bitterness and remorse in Mrs. Wayne's soul strove together and shaped themselves into an obscure prayer.

"You never ga' me no child!" she said, setting her face hard against the sky. "I'd of died to feel a little head agin my



"'YOU BETTER TELL HER TO TAKE THE CHILD,' SHE SAID."

breast. I'd of worked and starved and prayed to raise it right. But you gave Fan to thet mean woman instead o' me. Oh, Fan! ef I hed you back I'd own up ez I love yeh, no differ whose you are."

The whole world seemed to evade her as she gazed at its familiar details. The mill stacks were black fingers pointing derisively up at the swollen clouds. Everything was changed and darkened. The earth was a bleak wild in which people loved only to lose, and men deceived, and wretched women wandered on and on in the gloom, blinded with hanging hair, dragging after them little children who sobbed for cold and hunger.

"She ain't used to it," said Mrs. Wayne that night as she leaned on her husband's shoulder and stared out into the darkness. "Oh, Tobe! there's her little bed, with the quilt I pieced fer Milly's babies, and the little night-gownd hangin' on the post."

Wayne's voice was rather husky. "Don't take on so," he advised, with gruff tenderness. "I got men scourin' the kentry. You—you—got to think a heap of Fan, didn't yeh?" He felt her tremble, and then draw away.

"Yes, Tobe—unly—"

The Christmas tree Wayne had cut lay in a corner of the cow-shed, distilling its balsamic smells above the fragrance of the hay which hung down from the loft in webs of greenish silver. Mrs. Wayne went out and looked at it.

"To-morrow's Christmas," she pondered, weeping. "And thar's her doll and the rest; but she ain't hyere no more. She's starved and froze. Oh, Fan! I can't hev it so—I can't!"

The stars stole out that night with glad faces, as if they knew it was the

time of joy on earth, as if they remembered what festival men were about to keep.

The men who had been "scourin' the bresh" for Fan came back empty-handed, and Mrs. Wayne shut her doors and gave over the last hope. But toward mid-



WATCHING.

night, as she lay in her bed, there came a great knocking at the door. Wayne started up, fumbling for his clothes.

"Go on to the door," stammered his wife; "mebby they— Oh, Tobe, quit a-foolin' with them clothes! Strike a light, can't yeh? *I'll* open to 'em myself—"

"We've got her," called one of the men outside. "Thar a woman jest got knocked off the trestle by number eight. She never knowed what strek her, I reckon—dead ez a nail. The baby 'ain't got a scratch. Hand her in, Jones." He laughed as Mrs. Wayne snatched Fan.

Wayne went out with the men.

Mrs. Wayne, wrapping Fan in a blanket, heard their voices as they slammed the gate.

"Pore thing!" said one; "she must 'a' flung the baby over before the train caught her."

Mrs. Wayne breathed hard. They were going down to see *her*—Fan's mammy, the unknown woman who had shadowed her life. She put Fan in bed, and watched the heavy eyes close restfully as the little limbs yielded to the warmth. Then she clad herself hastily and threw a cloak over her head, shutting the door.

It was very dark. The river, far below, steamed with mist which trailed upward in white shapes, like spirits of the

dead. The wind chopped round upon her with a shriek, and on down the hill she saw, through the haze, moving pinkish blurs, the lanterns of the men. Stumbling through the night she made her way behind them. The lights became motionless. The men were stopping below the trestle, and as she drew nearer she caught their voices.

"Must 'a' ben hidin' up in the boom-house," said one. "I 'low she was try-



"WE'VE GOT HER."

in' to git to Somerset when the train got her. Well, take a-hold here, Summers."

Mrs. Wayne pushed the men aside and came closer.

Wayne, standing on the tracks above, made a sharp exclamation: "Nancy! Keep her back, some of you!"

It was too late. The lanterns cast a bright glow on the dead face against the clay bank, striking a purple bloom from a loose lock across the white cheek.

Mrs. Wayne stood staring. And then, very slowly, as if her strength had failed, she fell on her knees beside the silent figure, and stretched both hands over the poor face, as if to hide it from the world.

"Milly!" she whispered—"Milly!"

The men hung back, full of sheepish conjecture.

Wayne lifted his wife. "I hoped you'd never know," he said. "She made me promise not to tell. She left her man a year back. The oldes' child is with his folks. She got reckless, and—" he broke off delicately.

"She was bringin' Fan to you when they put her in jail. But she couldn't bear to hev you know. She gave her to me, but the mother in her couldn't rest, and so she stole her back."

He drew his wife away. "Come, Nancy."

The woman hung on him, tearless. "My heart aches," she breathed. "My

Milly! Tobe, I never rightly knowed you till now. How good you are!"

The woman whose erring pilgrimage was run lay under her shawl. The lanterns painted the tracks as with red arrows plunged into the bosom of the night.

The trestle, standing to the left, was like the lean ribs of a starved animal, and the men's faces were grotesquely picked out in black and scarlet.

But, as in the days of Herod the King, a white star shook overhead in the quiet sky, and despite the pain and sin of the grief-worn earth, its pure ray foretold another Christmas morning.

LE RÉVEILLON: A CHRISTMAS TALE.*

BY FERDINAND FABRE.

ABOUT the year 1842 our family lived at Bédarieux, Rue de la Digne. With us, Thursday was invariably a fête-day. Only think of it! On these Thursdays neither my friend Gaffarot nor myself would attend the college; and then, too, Thursday was the day when Pascalette used to come to work at our house. Ah! this Pascalette, with her tall and supple figure, her pale little face somewhat long, but very regular in its features; and with her thick bands of hair, whose blackness was lighted up by a fine white ray which charmingly parted them. I certainly liked the little one; but it was Gaffarot, three years my senior, who besieged her, petted her, and devoured her with his eyes.

Pascalette, who was eighteen years old, was the pious daughter of Mathias Pascal, bell-ringer of St.-Alexandre. My aunt Angèle, impressed for years by her excellent bearing in church, her assiduity in the performance of all the offices, even of those novenas of Ste.-Philomène and of St. François Xavier which were not of obligation, had engaged her services regularly once a week.

My poor aunt! this all came from her bothering herself with more sewing than her fingers, a trifle stiffened by reason of threescore years, could manage to get through with unaided. Her reputation for sanctity had brought her into regular relations with nearly all the curates of the canton. Those pious souls, overflowing, under their breath, in a stream of chatter loud enough in the aggregate to deafen one, mingled here and there with many prayerful exclamations, had repeatedly groaned over the poverty of their sacristies, where the silken vestments were laughing, where the muslin surplices were showing numberless rents, where even the communion cloths (*corporaux*) were, from long usage, beginning to fall to pieces. It was not strange that my aunt, much moved, had promised to mend every rent, and to have everything put into good condition. One can easily guess, with twenty parishes all around us, how after that the packages must have rained at our *première*, Rue de la Digne.

My mother, who fairly adored her sister, was not altogether free from a certain weariness on such occasions. These arrivals were more abundant on Monday, which was market-day with us, than on any other day of the week. My mother never breathed a word; but my father, fuming at heart, would give voice to a groan from time to time, finally escaping for fear that he might not be able to hold his peace to the end. That dear and worthy man! his situation towards his sister-in-law, Angèle, was so delicate! Angèle had invested her whole fortune—some fifty thousand francs—in the enterprises of my father, who was the master-builder of the town; and my father, who would have been seriously inconvenienced to return fifty thousand francs, if my aunt Angèle had chosen to become offended, used every effort to avoid a rupture.

So much consideration, without exaggerating her vanity as a *dévote*, had certainly in time rendered the woman more exacting. In the house she governed people and things, and this simply, naïvely, "for our good," as she never tired of repeating to us.

To give one instance: After each meal, our last mouthful swallowed and my father safely gone, my aunt would marshal

* *Réveillon*—the name given to a repast which is eaten after the Midnight Mass on Christmas morning. *Faire réveillon*—to make réveillon—is the rule among the poorest classes in France.

us — my mother, myself, Pascalette, and Gaffarot, whenever he happened to be there on a Thursday—into her own chamber to return thanks. Oh, the surprise! Oh, the consolations of it! For there, on a small table decorated with a snow-white napkin, lay exposed, night and day, a magnificent reliquary of gilded wood, with a convex glass which, a little dimmed, would stare at us like a great blinking eye.

What an enormous place my aunt Angèle's reliquary occupied in my boyhood! Come, let us kneel before it for a moment.

This famous reliquary used to be held in great veneration, not only in our family, but also among the devotees, male and female, of our town. Who so attentive as these, particularly on Saturdays, when my father, absorbed in paying off his workmen, could not stay himself to repel the invasion! And who so faithful in coming to recite the rosary at our house! Perhaps it might chance that even M. Rudet de Portiragnes, *succursaliste** of St.-Louis, the most beloved and most respected priest of Bédarieux, would come climbing up our stairway!

All this made my aunt very proud; and it was not rare that, the beads having been once thrust back into the pockets of the faithful, she would lose her head, intoxicated with the pattering rain of the *Ave Marias*. Totally disregarding the presence of M. l'Abbé Rudet de Portiragnes — upon whom should naturally have fallen the honor of the discourse— my aunt would open her mouth to favor the *habitués* of the chamber, now transformed into an oratory, with a few words of edification.

It goes without saying that my mother, Pascalette, and myself were accounted among the faithful and most regular attendants in this tiny sanctuary of my aunt Angèle. Why should I not, too, make a clean breast of it? A hundred times, along with my inseparable friend Gaffarot—his real name being Rouquier de Cazilhac—have I served as acolyte, as sacristan, indeed, to this extraordinary officiant in petticoats; lighted for her the tapers around the shrine — their light throwing upon the slender little columns of its pedestal a blaze equal to that of a July sun beating down on our garden borderings in the fulness of their growth.

* Curate of a chapel of ease.

This aunt of mine, in spite of her age, had kept in her throat a delicate little voice, fresh and chirpy as that with which the tomtits twitter in the osier grounds along the Orb. She had never aspired higher than "*les louanges du Seigneur*" —the praises of the Lord—and by a special favor to her, the Lord had preserved this voice of hers fresh, pure, and without the slightest quaver. Ah! one must have heard with what magic her fine singing tongue, perfect in its tone, sure of its "la," as a musician might say, levelled all difficulties, made light of them, charmed them away!

The matter constantly touched upon in these instructions in a corner was the history of the marvellous reliquary, which —under the strain of a religious exaltation wherein, alas! human weakness found a certain foothold—my dear and well-beloved aunt used to call her "*ostensoir*"—in other words, her "monstrance." When, weighing each syllable, this indefatigable preacher in soft cambric would pronounce these words, "*Mon os-tensoir*," with a propulsion of voice both fervent and solemn, we, the hearers, were bound to succumb, drop to our knees, adore! Ah! if only in this supreme, almost divine moment she had felt the courage with which the priest celebrates at the altar, herself to raise the monstrance over our humiliated heads, and to pronounce something like a "*Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus!*" . . . . . but the courage! she did not have that!

But suppose we turn to the historical side of our matter. The precious reliquary, crowded with the bones of holy men and women enough to burst the glass which could scarcely keep them in, had been introduced into our town by Dom Caumette, Benedictine of the Abbey of Villemagne-sur-Mare, not far from Bédarieux. Ever since that horrible epoch of the Revolution—beginning with which my aunt had formed the habit of accumulating the *r's* in the word "*horrible*," over which she stammered while trembling— the treasure had passed through various fortunes. In 1807 it had belonged to Madame la Baronne Yolande de Serviès; in 1814, to the Marquis Justinien Buzard de Campillergnes; in 1819, to Madame la Comtesse Véronique de Cazilhac; and, finally, to the daughter of this last, Mademoiselle Marie-Anne de Cazilhac, who, through her marriage with a manufac-



"ALL THIS MADE MY AUNT VERY PROUD."

turer of Bédarieux, one Frédéric Rouquier, had brought it to him. From the latter's hand it had reached my aunt.

Save in the single case of the unhappy Frédéric Rouquier, dying in 1838, wifeless, ruined, insolvent, leaving five orphans in abject misery, Dom Caumette's reliquary, or rather my aunt's, had proved an inexhaustible fountain of mercies and benedictions for all to whom the privilege of possession had been graciously accorded. Madame la Baronne Yolande de Serviès had been deluged by this flood; the Marquis Justinien Buzard de Campillergnes had been deluged; and, finally, in her turn, Madame la Comtesse Véronique de Cazilhac had been deluged.

"Beyond all doubt," added my aunt one day, gaining boldness, "Mademoiselle Marie-Anne de Cazilhac had suffered misfortunes, in spite of the presence at her hearth of a perfect cohort of saints and saintesses. But who dares affirm that God, whose designs are impenetrable, did not make her expiate her *mésalliance*? When one is noble, one should wed with a noble. Heaven has thus willed it, so that Somebodies shall not be confounded with Nobodies. However, our prayers rising before my *ostensoir* have appeased an irritated God. Remember with what interest and affection the five orphans of Rouquier de Cazilhac inspire our whole town. Not a day passes without some charitable soul seeking out, in their nest in the Faubourg St.-Louis, the *Hirondelles* [Swallows], as Bédarieux calls the little girls of Marie-Anne, light and airy as so many birds. I need not speak of Philippe, my nephew's friend. You often meet him here, and I would have you know his appetite equals his good looks. Let us thank God for his gifts!"

There was no denying that my friend Philippe Rouquier de Cazilhac was gifted with superb health. Straight, firm, wiry, and well set on his four limbs, like a young horse before he feels the humiliation of the girth and the bit, he used to sweep before us outstripping the wind. Even now I blush when I remember the number of times it happened to me that I could not keep up with him, either in our wild races through the town, or in our expeditions into the suburbs—as far as Roc-Rouge, for instance, where old Mathias Pascal owned a vineyard glistening in "clairettes" and "verdails."

Our escapades took more frequently this direction, because we had always before us the chance of finding Pascalette filling her basket among the vines. For myself, I confess it freely, that Pascalette touched me less than the "clairettes" and the "verdails," on which I fed greedily. Things went differently, I might as well admit, when my friend was in question; for he, although greedy as a shark, and armed with teeth fit to grind the granite of Roc-Rouge, did not touch a single grape, having no other thought than to help Pascalette fill her basket. Now and then, across the thick purples, I could hear these two laughing; I could even sometimes see them lean towards one another, and peck at each other like two little birds sitting on the edge of their nest.

But how did my friend Philippe Rouquier de Cazilhac get his nickname of "Gaffarot"? This is well worth explaining.

Up to 1839, our chief Bédarieux industry was fed with wool either from the Spanish frontier or from that of Italy. Perpignan at one end, Monaco at the other, were vast depots from which our manufacturers came forth full-handed. About this time a veritable revolution broke out with us. It was no longer the sheep from the pastures of the Canigou or the Ventoux which provided us with fleeces, but the distant flocks of South America. I well remember those enormous bales from the Rio de la Plata, black, dusty, torn into shreds by the winds from everywhere, which blocked the entrances to the factories.

These same packages, greasy, matted, foreign as they were — although they could not be so easily managed as the softer bales from Spain or Italy — were not without a certain positive value of their own. It sometimes happened to Philippe and myself while wandering about the town — but more often while racing across the faubourg — to stop in front of the open dye-houses, and to peep into the singular cookery which was going on there with these arrivals from La Plata. In those days we happened to be somewhat under a cloud at the college, and, in order to kill time with ease, we interested ourselves pretty much in everything.

What sauces of a brownish color, sticky, and muddy with disgusting ooze, overflowed from those vats in boiling!

"LITTLE MARIE ALONE, BEING ONLY FOUR YEARS OLD, WAS NOT PERMITTED TO WORK."



"'TO THE BLACKBOARD!' M. DE PORTIRAGNES COMMANDED."

After having discharged through subterranean conduits their miry broth, the vats became filled with clear water; and with this limpid stream tumbling them over and over, the skins ended with becoming washed, cleansed, and purified. *Dieu!* what glistening wool, whiter than the snow on Mount Caroux! I once opened wide my eyes, dazzled, I can tell you, when, by the aid of a long-handled pitchfork, a dyer suddenly fished up, and slowly lest it should be damaged, a brand-new and perfect fleece.

Unfortunately, these skins, exhibiting a splendor and richness unknown to us, were not free from defects. In the pampas, on whose grasses they had pastured, scouring them quite as freely as Philippe and myself were in the habit of scampering from the Roc-Rouge to the Roc-de-Tentajo, the beasts of the Argentine Republic had tangled their fleeces in the thorns of thickets, from which they had not escaped without wounds and stains. Thorns were there of every kind; burdocks with a thousand hooked teeth; briers with a hundred claws; burrs, sometimes as thick as nuts, sometimes drawn out to almost microscopic fineness.

So it happened that the poor of Bédarieux were kept busy in extracting the "gaffarots"—this being the name given to all such trash as outraged these envoys from South America. It was a sight worth seeing, the rage with which the good people precipitated themselves on the cargo from the moment of its arrival. Only think of it! Certain women skilled in seizing the pests could earn as much as ten cents a day!

Thanks to the favor of the manufacturers of the town, old friends of his father, the skins flowed upon my friend Philippe and the old *bonne* Christine Duval. This "Christe"—to give her the name she was loved by—set the little Rouquier de Ca-

zilhac children, Marguerite, Claire, and Marthe, to extracting the "gaffarots." Little Marie alone, being only four years old, was not permitted to work. She used to watch her sisters working, while amusing herself with the toys which M. l'Abbé de Portiragnes, as skilled a joiner as he was a good priest, had fashioned with his own hands on his own lathe—the lathe of his ancestors, indeed, for he had brought it back with himself in the year 1817 of the "Emigration."

"Give me some gaffarots! let me have some gaffarots!" Philippe used to shout, with his stentorian and joyous voice, into the ears of the manufacturers when he met them on the street.

No words, as written, can possibly give an idea of the singular manner, always absolutely unforeseen, with which my friend would hurl into the air this very simple word "gaffarot." By modulation beyond all rules, not to speak of common-sense—even in music, it seems to me, there should be place for a little good sense—these three syllables, launched from his young Gargantuan throat, became a kind of chant of a finished extravagance.

"Gaf-fa-rot!" "Gaf-fa-rot!" he amused himself with crying, of evenings, as he brought down with mighty strokes of a long pole the bats which, most numerous at Bédarieux, and flying very low at dusk, mostly haunted the environs of St.-Alexandre, near the belfry where Pascalette lived with her father the bell-ringer.

By stress of hearing this unique word repeated, vociferated, howled into its ears, the town had finally inflicted it upon Philippe as a nickname. From that day the son of Marie-Anne de Cazilhac, sprung from one of the oldest families of the country, and from Frédéric Rouquier, clothed by the grace of Louis XVIII. with the title of "Comte de Cazilhac," was known everywhere only by this nickname of "Gaffarot."

But this Philippe de Rouquier de Cazilhac, whom M. l'Abbé Rudet de Portiragnes spoiled, whom my father did not like at all, and whom I idolized, had a noble litany of queer nicknames. If I happen to know how they came to fasten that of "Gaffarot" upon him, I certainly am equally aware why they surnamed him "Great Snatcher of Sausages, Chitterlings, and Puddings." In our country we hang our sausages, chitterlings, and puddings to the small beams jutting out from the ceiling; and, little as it suited Philippe, leaner, longer drawn out, than a reed, to raise himself on his toes, he would always snatch what best suited his sisters at home.

"It is for my brood of Swallows!" "It is for my nest of Swallows!" his voice would be heard ringing out as he made his escape.

Such rapes on the wing—he always went for them as straight to the mark as a martin chasing gnats for his brood—were not to everybody's taste. I must hasten to make it plain that the manufacturers themselves always manifested an extreme indulgence towards my friend's pranks. It was altogether another thing, however, with the shopkeepers, the artisans, and all the small-fry of bourgeois in process of development. While these jeered at Gaffarot, belabored him over the shoulders with their broomsticks, or summoned at the least provocation the commissary of police Rouvier, or Grünn the gendarme, *les Riches* — this word *Rich* with a capital letter, if you please—did not take over-kindly to the rogueries of the son of Frédéric Rouquier de Cazilhac, their old-time rival in the woollen trade.

Alas! so many follies could not but end ill!

On the ground-floor of an ancient house, at the entrance of the Rue du Vignal, there lived in those days a cobbler, Gaspard Tourlas by name. This man, shut up in a miserable shop, lived by mending the students' shoes. I never knew how Philippe came to fasten his grip on poor Gaspard. The fact is, he never allowed the poor man any peace. One day smashing in his window-panes, made of oiled paper, to ask the hour; the next, dumping into the gutter the shoes spread out on the sill of his little window; at other times, introducing himself into the shop under the pretext of some patching for the Swallows or for Christe, and tumbling everything in it topsy-turvy!

At last Gaspard's patience ran out. At the risk of losing the patronage of Christe, of the Swallows, perhaps even that of M. l'Abbé de Portiragnes, he carried his plaint before the Principal. M. le Principal—a very small man, with a little bald head rising from out of a very scraggy neck, with a face ornamented with great round gold-rimmed

spectacles—listened gravely to the good man's woes. And as it happened that complaints against Philippe had been raining down from the four corners of the town until he had become saturated with them, M. le Principal opened wide his mouth—which operation always produced upon me the effect of a rusty lock—to declare:

"Make yourself easy, Gaspard. Gaffarot, of whom I have grown weary, will soon hear news from me!"

And great Heaven! what news it was!

The bomb burst on the last Thursday in September, a few days before our return to the college, which had been fixed for October 1st. On that Thursday, as usual, Philippe and I were at Rue de la Digne. At that moment my friend was making himself very attentive to Pascalette, who was ironing a communion cloth. For my part, I was listening to my aunt Angèle, who, after having made a package of my text-books and copy-books, much neglected during the holidays, began to take me to task.

"Make a good resolution, at least," she told me, "to show better work this year than the last, for if. . . ."

Here our door opened, not without a certain clatter, and M. l'Abbé de Portiragnes burst upon us.

My aunt's phrase remained suspended.

"What is the matter, then, Monsieur le Curé?" she inquired, anxiously.

"The matter is, mademoiselle, that Monsieur le Principal Ponyadoux refuses to receive Philippe at the reopening."

"Philippe expelled from college!"

"Refusal is equivalent to an expulsion."

"What has he done?"

"The same old follies about the town, follies assuredly blameworthy, but which M. Félibien Ponyadoux has characterized as 'criminal'; although such qualification I myself find excessive. You know Gaspard Tourlas, of Rue du Vignal? The cobbler owned a magpie. Yesterday Philippe inadvertently knocked down the bird with a blow of his stick, believing, I am quite sure, that he was only beating down a bat. No doubt this was bad, very bad; but I cannot perceive in it a motive sufficient to disgrace a man publicly. I myself was not guiltless of certain little scrapes in my infancy and first youth; which did not prevent me, however, from serving, later on, as an officer in the Army of the Princes, of being attached, in 1821, to the *Maison rouge* of the King, and, as a crown, of becoming a good priest through God's infinite grace."

"Perhaps, Monsieur l'Abbé, if it would only please you to insist a little with M. le Principal—" clucked my aunt gently—devoutly would be the better word.

"No. Moreover, I could never learn to agree with M. Félibien Ponyadoux, imbued as he is with the deplorable revolutionary spirit of our day. Would you believe, mademoiselle, that after I had tried to make him understand that Philippe de Cazilhac, of noble blood, born for the career of arms, which calls for temper and courage, could not be compared with the sons of our factory people, timid souls caring only for gain, he answered me in these words, altogether incredible—'At college, all the pupils are equal'? Add to this, mademoiselle, that during our entire interview he never ceased calling Philippe—who is legitimately the Comte de Cazilhac—by his odious nickname of 'Gaffarot.' I felt myself outraged, and had it not been for my soutane, I would have cuffed this monsieur."

"Oh, Monsieur l'Abbé!" cries Philippe, stirred to his heartstrings by this outburst of the good priest of St.-Louis.

He leaps from his chair by the side of Pascalette, throws himself upon M. de Portiragnes' neck, embracing him with an effusion which quickly brought tears into the eyes of us all.

"Don't begin by borrowing trouble, at least, my dear boy," the Abbé said, a prey to profound emotions. "Bédarieux, which insists on judging thee by thy childish tricks, will soon learn from what family thou issuest, and of what thou art capable. Ah! M. de Félibien de Ponyadoux refuses thee his professors, does he? Let him keep them! During these holidays we have been busying ourselves together over mathematics, for which God—who wills that thou shalt follow the career of arms, the glorious career of thy race—appears to have so specially gifted thee. I myself, formerly, had a liking for figures, and even now I have not lost a taste for them. Come, Philippe, Bezout, whose pages we turned over yesterday, is waiting for us. . . . And, my son," he adds, turning round to me, and giving my ear a gentle and very friendly twitch, "why

dost thou not join us in our lessons? This would mean for thee so much gain over the enemy." . . .

He broke into himself here, and began looking at my aunt with eyes so attentive, so charged with things that lay hidden below the surface, that, touched to the soul, she could not keep from crying out,

"Then, Monsieur l'Abbé, you have news?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, I have; and good, very good news, too. You are already aware that Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris honors me with some marks of friendship. . . . Remind me, later on, to read you a letter which I received this morning. . . . For the moment content yourself with learning that our Martinet, and our dear Swallows of the Faubourg, will not be long kept from spreading their wings for flight towards better climates. . . . Chut! chut! chut!." . . .

We had scarcely reached the street when M. Rudet de Portiragnes, rubbing his hands briskly enough to bruise the skin, began repeating to us,

"Chut! my children, chut!"

While the Dean of St.-Alexandre, the respectable Abbé Michelin, was lodged in a spacious house, most healthy and with the best exposure, the good curate of St.-Louis lived in a mean tumble-down ruin, wholly turned from the east, immediately in the rear of the high buildings of the hospital.

In spite of his threescore years and ten, already well struck, M. Rudet de Portiragnes, tall, dry, meagre, had preserved undiminished both the suppleness and the vigor of his limbs. Here were Gaffarot and I still toiling on the second floor when the dear old priest, having already reached the third and opened the door of his workshop, was waiting for us!

What a veritable lumber-room was this workshop! There was the turning-lathe, with its flexible *margelle* of ash, its solid wheels, its wheels with spokes, its bands crossing and recrossing, all passing over a drum, hooked to the ceiling. Then a bench crowded with chisels, gouges. Then, on every side, strewn about on the floor, were billets of wood, some already bitten by the tool, others in the rough. Here and there—almost as they had looked on Roc-Rouge—were great branches still garnished with their green and shining leaves. These shrubs had the air of having pushed their roots through the gaps of this frightfully broken floor. In one corner four planks, badly piled up and in various stages of staining by time and dirt, leaned against the wall.

"To the blackboard!" M. de Portiragnes commanded.

Seating himself on a very high stool, he turned over the pages of a book already open on the bench, which, as it rested there, appeared to be living an altogether separate existence from the twenty material objects heaped around it.

"Are we ready, Philippe?"

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé," he answered, with a certain peevish weariness, which gave no indication that his heart was in the work.

"We were at fractions, were we not?"

"I . . . don't remember very well. . ."

"In truth, since thou wilt in a few days be free from thy holidays, and from this time our lessons will follow each other regularly, why should we not take up the arithmetic from the beginning? Now, notation and numeration interest thy friend much more than fractions, of which he is not likely to have heard."

"As you please, Monsieur l'Abbé."

In saying this, Philippe's fingers let go the bit of chalk which they were carelessly holding. The little piece in falling was shivered to atoms.

The professor considered his pupil for a moment.

"Ah, *çà!* say then, little one, thou art not much disposed to work to-day?"

"It is because. . . ."

"Complete thy thought."

"Yes, yes, Monsieur l'Abbé, you would have done well to box the ears of that Ponyadoux when he called me 'Gaffarot.'"

M. de Portiragnes pushed Bezout to one side, jumped from his lofty stool, and clasped Philippe's hands in both his own.

"My dear child," he said, "I am pleased with this generous transport of thy soul. It is altogether worthy of a gentleman. A gentleman ought not to tolerate the slightest imputation on his honor; for our honor is abused, it is wounded, when an attempt is made to turn it into ridicule. But regret nothing; I have longer arms than thou thinkest, and that Principal will receive his reward, as it is written in the Holy Scriptures: *Receperunt mercedem suam.*

And now, you two go and amuse yourselves! I have been forgetting that to-day is Thursday; and that anyway, we are still in the holidays. I am unwilling to rob you of your last eight days. Next week we shall resume our course—that is to say, if it shall be absolutely necessary."...

"Then, Monsieur l'Abbé, you have a hope that perhaps it will not be absolutely necessary...." Gaffarot burst out vehemently, his eyes dilating, his nostrils quivering; rearing up like a young colt at the first prick of the spur.

"Chut!"...

"Oh, Monsieur l'Abbé, you who so dearly love my sisters, and who love me so much, if you would tell me what there is in that letter of Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris!" he implored.

"Chut! chut!"...

"If you will only tell me what that letter contains, I promise to behave well in the town; I shall redouble my efforts to study arithmetic; and I shall enter *l'École militaire*, where you are so anxious for me to go."

M. de Portiragnes climbed back upon his stool, shut up Bezout, touched with his toe the lathe, and the drum at the ceiling began to rumble noisily.

"I am turning the dozen pieces of a little doll-house for the Swallows. I have no time to lose. I must have everything ready by Christmas, or, at the furthest, by New-Year's day. The Swallows must have their toys and their little presents."

Splinters of wood, too roughly detached, flew to the ceiling.

"This object which now thou seest without shape, my Philippe, is going to be a flagon. Christe will be very content with it!"

"In that letter, Monsieur l'Abbé," my friend insisted, dominated by his one idea, "is there anything about my uncle, Armand de Cazilhac?"

"Yes .... there is question of thy granduncle.... But, come, off with you both .... above all, *chut!*"

He abandoned his post, himself to open the door of the workshop, and forthwith shut it upon our heels.

Those poor little Swallows! Men so called them because they were brown and had black eyes; but, above all, because—being lodged under the very eaves of an old house in Faubourg St.-Louis, belonging to Antoine Gignac, sacristan of the parish—the real swallows in flying back to their nests would fan them with their wings. And then, to make the picture complete, the little girls themselves, at certain times, could be heard uttering sharp little cries, chirping and twittering enough to make folks in truth sometimes confound them with the birds.

You ought to have heard, among her sisters, Marguerite — "Guite," as they called her—Marguerite, rather tall, dainty, growing up as lithe as a young osier! It was not the solitary note of the swallows which she held in that fresh tuneful throat of hers, but a whole choir of nightingales. If Philippe felt transports which did not permit him to keep in his seat whenever Pascalette, commanded by my aunt, began the "*sub tuum* ...." before Dom Caumette's reliquary, I cannot say that I felt myself altogether at my ease when, by chance, I heard Marguerite's voice in the anthem—or even when she would speak to me.

Oh! this Marguerite Rouquier de Cazilhac, when I summon up her image after so many years!

Few days passed without some one of our house going to visit the Swallows. To-day, it was my mother; to-morrow, my aunt; the next day, our good Marion, who invariably carried on her arm a basket bursting with good things. I was one in all these expeditions, which most frequently took place after the letting out from school of the town boys; that is, towards half past four. My people used to take me up in passing the door of the college, and then we went on our way. What joy! what raptures! But all this joy, all these raptures, were doubled if, instead of my mother or Marion, it happened to be my aunt Angèle who led the party. For my mother used to kiss the Swallows tenderly, inquire after their welfare, and then bear me off with her to work. Old Marion would put her basket in Christe's hands, interest herself for a moment or so with the Swallows busy in picking out the gaffarots, and then—carry me back to work. With my aunt —how different!

My aunt Angèle, overburdened with practices of devotion, had, for years, associated Christe with her perpetual adorations, with her novenas, with her "*triduums*," and it was rare indeed that with

her we did not remain at least an hour at the Faubourg to pray.

"God must surely put His seal, Christe, on the happiness of these children. He cannot but do it," my good aunt used to say, after having lavished the most amiable caresses on the Swallows, who would be prettily holding out their arms, or rather their wings, from the very moment of her coming in.

And with these words my aunt would constrain Christe into a chamber near by, where the two at once fell on their knees.

It was my business to stay behind to watch over the little creatures, and to guard them; and you can imagine how this vigilance and the guardianship filled my heart. Marguerite used to amuse herself at times turning over the pages of my books, and archly reproaching me, now for a torn page in my Latin grammar, now for my "corrections" of translations —very badly kept, I admit, and all scribbled over.

One afternoon, what was my aunt's surprise—not to speak of my own—to find, on mounting to the Swallows, not one in the nest! Only Christe was there, busy in arranging the few skins from La Plata, and putting in a little order everywhere.

"Oh! Mademoiselle Angèle! Mademoiselle Angèle!" she screamed out on perceiving us.

"What has become of the little ones?" inquired my aunt, uneasily.

"Are they sick?" I tremblingly tried to inform myself.

"Quite the contrary," she replied, joyously, while offering us chairs.

"Philippe did not come to-day," I stammered, "and yet to-day is Thursday .... and Pascalette...."

"Philippe is at Monsieur l'Abbé's with his sisters. M. l'Abbé was here awhile ago, and insisted on carrying away the whole flock to show them the parsonage!"

"There must be something new, then," my aunt insisted, sharply.

"Mademoiselle, M. l'Abbé will tell you all. Meanwhile, mademoiselle, learn from my mouth that M. le Vicomte de Cazilhac finds himself a little ill, that the gout has brought him to a standstill, and that, at this blessed moment, he may have adopted all my children!"

"God has indeed blessed our prayers! May He be praised!"

"M. l'Abbé does not hide his pleasure either. 'At last,' he told me 'the Lord's arm has been stretched, and has beaten down the pride of the impious....'"

"Like the cedars of Libanus," interrupted my aunt, whose preachings before Dom Caumette's reliquary had somewhat familiarized her with the holy text.

Curiosity was burning into my soul.

"Christe, do you happen to know M. le Vicomte de Cazilhac?" I asked, with incredible audacity.

"If I know him!... Well, I know him better than did the King, who would not have made him Peer of France, and given him thirty-six places, if he had known, as I know, of what bad wood the man was made...."

She interrupted herself here to address my aunt.

"Besides, mademoiselle, M. l'Abbé must have told you about M. le Vicomte."

"Not a word, Christe, not a word. M. l'Abbé, who is a saint, always fears to forget himself in pronouncing some rash judgment.... In fact, he has always exhibited an extraordinary reserve."

"Well, since the children are not here to bother me, mademoiselle, I am going to give you some details on M. le Vicomte Armand de Cazilhac. The first time I ever set eyes on the man was in Edinburgh, in Scotland .... that was about 1801 or 1802. Hold! I was nursing at that time the mother of our Martinet and our little Swallows. He was a poor-looking man of about thirty years, lean, with eyes always roaming restlessly in his head, as if they were trying to see on twenty different sides at once. He didn't live with us. I suppose he found our way of living too poor; for, in spite of his thinness, the man had an appetite! One day there was a great discussion between the two brothers. The two spoke so loudly that, from our little apartment in that foreign country, I could hear them shout at one another like deaf people. My master, M. le Comte Michel, was all for going back to France only with the King! He, M. le Vicomte Armand, was for returning at once, and taking service under Bonaparte.... In brief, they parted by the ears."

"What a misfortune!" purred softly my aunt Angèle.

"I do not want to deny some credit to the man. On our return, he received us very well indeed at Paris, in his magnifi-

cent hôtel, Rue de Varenne. The same as to-day, he had no end of fat places, beginning with that of Senator. They used to tell me, for that matter, that that Bonaparte, from sheer good-nature, freely allowed those who knew how to become his friends, to put money into their pockets! . . . But here they quarrelled again."

"And why, Christe?"

"*Mon Dieu*, mademoiselle, the characters of those two men could not accord. If one of them wanted to shout *Gee!* straightway the other called *Ho!* You might have believed they acted that way on purpose. For instance, M. le Vicomte would have been glad that his brother, along with all the other *émigrés* who crowded the Tuileries, should go to see the King—often enough, in fact, to weary him. On his side, M. le Comte, who was proud, and who might believe—considering his services in Bretagne during the emigration—that they should reasonably occupy themselves about him, refused to budge a step. They threw hard stones at each other, these brothers. Finally we quit Paris. The very day of our departure—it was in the morning when we left—M. le Vicomte had been named Peer of France, and *nous autres*—the rest of us—nothing!"

"What ingratitude!" exclaimed my aunt.

"Think of the condition in which we found Cazilhac! The castle, a ruin; the domain, a fallow field; without taking into account that the people around about used to hold picnics on the property of M. le Comte. As to the chapel, those brigands of the Revolution had not left one stone upon another . . . . It was Madame la Comtesse and Marie-Anne who wept over all this! If there had only been silver in the purse! But we arrived down there drained of *écus*, as poor as Job on his dunghill. If only the soil, put once more into condition, should serve one day to feed us, that was our one hope!"

"It was then that, in this heap of stones, pierced everywhere like an old sieve, one fine evening — after having chased the hares on the *Escandorgue*—here comes up, with his game-bag bulging out, Frédéric Rouquier, a rich manufacturer of Bédarieux. Rouquier had no need of his dogs to find out a pretty girl at our house, and discovering M. le Comte's troubles, he loaned him sums, first to build him up, next to pull him down. This man, whose business moved according to his will, in making these advances—always advances—was possessed by one fixed idea . . . ."

"An idea which ruined the Cazilhacs," my aunt groaned.

"You may well say that, mademoiselle! In short, you know what came of it all. When M. le Comte found himself entangled in debt, just like a little bird caught in lime, he could see no way to refuse his daughter to the manufacturer of Bédarieux . . . . and he capable, perhaps, of sending him stamped paper! However, it must be acknowledged, with the true frankness of a good Christian woman, that this Rouquier was a splendid man, and that Marie-Anne, after three visits, began to pay him the greatest attention."

"The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak, my good Christe!"

"This marriage succeeded in breaking at once the relations which, from a distance, had existed between the two brothers. It was no use for M. le Comte Michel to take his precautions, and obtain from the King, whom he went to Paris expressly to see, that Frédéric Rouquier should be called, for the future, *Rouquier de Cazilhac*, and that he should one day inherit the title of 'Count.' On hearing this, Vicomte Armand, of bluer blood than the King, turned red like a turkey-cock, and, from that day, would not even hear our names mentioned. You can judge from this if the man was bad—he who was one of Bonaparte's parvenus!"

"Lord! Lord! at death's terrible hour, send him repentance!" my aunt sighed.

"Only consider this, mademoiselle, that in marrying Marie-Anne de Cazilhac, this manufacturer of Bédarieux had been nursing several schemes in his head, and particularly this one, to obtain, through the protection of the Peer of France, who was to be his uncle, the contracts of furnishing cloth for the armies. When one hasn't a drop of noble blood in one's veins, there is no great harm, is there, in wishing to remain what one is? There is always the proverb, 'Shoemaker, stick to thy last!' But guess what happened. M. Rouquier de Cazilhac and his wife—after having spent, through a whole winter in Paris, more money than they could afford to spend—thought the time had come to knock at the door of the Rue de Varenne. Our manufacturer, besides having had his ideas set back for months, had de-

layed, until the very last second, to open his heart about it to Marie-Anne, for fear of troubling Marie-Anne, who was amusing herself famously with the distractions of Paris, and who seemed to have wholly forgotten her uncle. The upshot was that, after knocking at M. le Vicomte's door, and being made to wait one whole hour in his saloon, here comes a valet to tell them that M. le Vicomte would receive with pleasure Mademoiselle Marie-Anne de Cazilhac; that he did not know M. Frédéric Rouquier, and that he would not see him."

"Is it possible?" my aunt asked, sadly.

"Is it possible?" I repeated all to myself.

"Our starlings, with beaks very long now, and with their wings broken by the blow which also cut short all hopes for the army contracts, ought to have reflected, and cut down their expenses. But do starlings ever reflect? Are they ever able to turn away from tidbits? M. Rouquier, either from sympathy with his wife, a dear giddy-pated little creature; or from pride towards M. le Comte and Madame la Comtesse, did not wish to begin saving. The end came at last. As the spending of crowns makes one unfit for work, one fine morning—with a family around him which increased every year, without care how they were to be fed—he found himself in Bédarieux, which he had filled with his noise, stripped, mademoiselle, with pockets as empty as those of a little Saint-John of a colporteur."

"Ah! the poor unhappy man!"

"Mademoiselle, when a man has a fortune, he must keep an eye on it, and not spend all his life on his knees before his wife, even though she is as pretty a woman as was my poor Marie-Anne, who was more beautiful than the most beautiful star in the sky. God does not want that! . . ."

With these last words, Christe's voice had grown faint. Tears, crowding gently on one another, had all at once cut short her clear and sprightly talk.

"Finally," she began again, "we were ruined, ruined, from top to bottom . . . ."

Here her emotion choked her, and she remained for a time speechless.

"Oh, my Christe!" my aunt stammered, her face bathed in tears.

Christe, still letting her eyes flow freely, recovered speech.

"First, M. le Comte died . . . . after him Madame la Comtesse . . . . next came Marie-Anne . . . . then M. Rouquier . . . ."

At this point steps echo on the stairs . . . perhaps it is Philippe coming up . . . the door opens . . . . it is M. l'Abbé Rudet de Portiragnes.

"What! in tears! in tears!" he exclaimed, joyously.

"Mademoiselle Angèle set me on the chapter of our troubles," murmured the old nurse of Marie-Anne de Cazilhac, "and you understand . . . ."

"But we are celebrating a fête-day, my good Christe; and we should rejoice in the Lord—*gaudiamus in Domino* . . . ."

"I do not see my children," she cried, breaking without scruple into the sacred text already begun.

"Don't bother yourself about them. The children—or call them your children, because Heaven, which has given you a big heart, has made them yours—have shown famous appetites. You ought to have seen how their little tongues, nimble as cats', licked up the grape marmalade."

"But where are they now?"

"At Mademoiselle Angèles's. Philippe having spoken of going to the Rue de la Digne, the four little ones hooked themselves on to him, and he was forced to take them along. If I had only known Mademoiselle Angèle was here . . . ."

"Pascalette is at the house to-day," my aunt kindly explained, "and you already know that she understands how to spoil children."

"Ah! yes, she understands that," I interrupted, timidly.

And, all at once, catching a longer breath, I made bold to add:

"Pascalette goes every Saturday to do her work at Giscardet the confectioner's, and she never leaves there without having her pockets well stuffed with bonbons for the Swallows."

"That may be all so, but *I* am going to see what has become of *my* Swallows," old Christe burst out.

She buckled on her sabots with one twist of her hand, and was off.

"Mademoiselle," M. de Portiragnes said, gravely, with one arm extended towards the door which had closed—"I declare to you, in verity, that the woman just now descending those stairs is a saint. Besides, from what you are going to learn, you will see that Heaven has heard her prayer to grant it."

"Quick, quick, Monsieur le Curé! Oh, speak quickly!"

My aunt's voice, stirred to its depths, bore in its tones both the fervor of a prayer and the tender interest of a good woman.

"Your admirable charity, mademoiselle, towards the children of the Comte Rouquier de Cazilhac, has certainly given you the right to know all; and you shall learn everything."

Here M. l'Abbé looked at me. I felt a horrible fear of being driven away, and so run the risk of hearing nothing. And as I did not wish to be separated from my aunt, I caught hold of one of her hands and pressed it, and clung to it with all my might.

M. de Portiragnes smiled on me, and then pointed to a chair:

"Sit down there, and be wise."

Seated with her hands crossed on her knees, assuming her habitual position during the sermon in our church of St.-Alexandre, my aunt Angèle waited. Seeing M. de Portiragnes standing erect, immobile, of a sudden oppressed by thoughts which printed on his forehead wrinkles deep like wounds, she said to him, gently,

"Then, Monsieur l'Abbé, to-day must be for you a fête-day."

"Yes, mademoiselle, M. le Vicomte Armand de Cazilhac, who during a long life has refused to know God, has repented. It is our duty to rejoice at this triumph of grace."

"No doubt, Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris. . . ."

"Assuredly it must have been Monseigneur Affre who gave the last blow of the axe to that cedar haughtier than the cedars of Libanus. But, ah! mademoiselle, your prayers and those of Christine, and those of all well-wishers to the children of Marie-Anne de Cazilhac, had already shaken the tree to its very roots . . ."

"And you have hopes?"

"Mademoiselle, in December, by reason of the snows which often hinder the march of the lazy mail-coach, especially in my rude country of Rouergne, it takes a letter not less than six days to make the trip from Paris to Bédarieux; and consequently I cannot tell you if anything new has happened at Rue de Varenne since last week. In any event, although I do not feel altogether without a certain solicitude, I comfort myself in repeating this phrase of his Grace: 'Expect no more letters. God is shaping the affairs of your orphans. If anything should reach me, of which you need to be apprised, I shall telegraph'. . . . I know very well that at this season the fogs might delay a telegram, but Talorde, the manufacturer, who has big dealings with Paris, received a telegram this morning. Therefore, 'no news, good news,' as they say."

"And to what decision, Monsieur le Curé, do you think M. le Vicomte has come concerning Philippe and his sisters?"

Up to this time M. de Portiragnes had remained standing, partly before my aunt, who seemed a bit confused, be it said, by his curiosity; partly before the fireplace, in which two brands smoked end to end; and partly, in truth, in front of me, who, still dreading expulsion, tried desperately in curling up to make myself as small as a grain of millet. Now he took a seat and installed himself. So much the better, I thought.

By this time I was trembling all over, and harassed by unspeakable dread: I might, perhaps, have ended by quitting the room without being in the least conscious of what I was doing.

"In order that everything may be made clear to you, mademoiselle, I am going to begin a little further back. I must claim your indulgence if I have to speak somewhat about myself. I doubt not that the intervention of a personage as high in rank in the Church as his Grace the Archbishop of Paris appears to you a very simple and natural thing. First, let me tell you how long I have known Monseigneur Affre, who is of Rouergais origin, like myself.

"In 1817, when I was an officer in the *Garde Royale*, two young Sulpiciens used to come, every now and then, to see me at the barracks at the Quai d'Orsay. Their names were Louis de Solier and Denis Affre. The merit which these little abbés already exhibited was destined, later on, to push them rapidly along the ecclesiastical career; the former is to-day Bishop of Mize Val; the latter, Archbishop of Paris. It was Solier, a distant cousin of mine, who brought to me his fellow-student Affre, born at St.-Roma-du-Tazor, in the Rouergne—not far from the domain which, before the Revolution, had belonged to my family. As my heart never knows how to do anything

by measure, I had formed a very ardent affection for those young men, and I returned their visits with usury. I did this so often and so well that one night I did not return to the barracks, but remained at St.-Sulpice. At the very moment of the opening of the door of the seminary to go away, a voice from above calling me rang in my ears. I shut the door, and rushed back to my friends."

"God was thinking of Bédarieux, where you were destined to do so much good," breathed my aunt Angèle.

"Naturally when, after the death of Count Rouquier de Cazilhac, I saw our five orphans stripped of everything, exposed perhaps some day to begging their bread, I had but one thought—to save them from that poverty which, with most men, is an end to all dignity and all virtue. I whisper this to you: mademoiselle, it is not without some show of reason that the wretch who is precipitated to the bottom of the hell here below accuses the justice of God.

"What was to be done, however, about our little brood of orphans shivering in their nest? I thought of my classmates of St.-Sulpice, and wrote to them at Paris, where their position, already elevated in the clergy, had created for them relations which might be put to account. For instance, I knew that an uncle of my cousin De Solier, the Baron Aristide de Solier—who, like Armand de Cazilhac, had come back into France under the Consulate—lived with him on terms of the closest friendship. Oh! if this Baron de Solier was marked out to be an instrument of deliverance! Urged by a certain hope, I wrote a letter to my cousin Louis. It was a very full letter, in which the unmerited misfortunes of our Martinet and of our Swallows were detailed at great length; and in which I ventured for the first time to claim our family ties, ending with these words: 'Take up the sling of David, and smite Goliath to your feet.'"

"How beautiful that is! God in Heaven! how beautiful that is!" my aunt could not keep from murmuring.

As I sat there, how my tongue burned to repeat, 'How beautiful that is!' I held in check, however, the tumult of my admiration; and, as I seemed to be forgotten by both, I continued to play dead man.

"M. de Solier, who is charity itself, entertains upon the subject of the Nobility—that other salt of the earth—certain ideas of mutual defence and protection, in which I share. So that not only did M. de Solier catch fire, but he communicated his flame to his friend Denis Affre, and—just as, in other days, he had brought my Rouergais compatriot to my caserne on the Quai d'Orsay—he leads him this day to my work in behalf of the children of Marie-Anne de Cazilhac . . . ."

"God is great! God is good! God is potent!"

"Yes, mademoiselle, God is indeed omnipotent; but the demon, that rebel of this earth's first days, rests always on his arms, and it has taken years to drag from his clutches Vicomte Armand de Cazilhac. At last, the gout aiding us, the sinner has amended. He has listened to the Archbishop, his shepherd, who will not accord him the favor of the last sacraments unless he fulfil his duty towards his niece's children, who are his own, yes, wholly his own . . . . And now it remains only for us, mademoiselle, to implore the Divine Mercy, that it shall deign to complete the work already begun."

He rose, and with his arms lifted towards heaven, he exclaimed, solemnly: "*Auxilium a Domino qui fecit cœlum et terram*—our help is in the name of the Lord, who hath made heaven and the earth."

My aunt and I were prostrate on the floor.

Henceforth, M. Rudet de Portiragnes ceased to keep watch over Philippe. He threw the reins on the boy's neck, and let him go his own road. In the good man's dazzled imagination, the Martinet of the Faubourg was surely going to become rich, very rich, and he hardly thought it worth the while to rob him of the last hours of liberty in his native air. Why bother him any longer about Bezout's Arithmetic, when to-morrow, with the little Swallows, his sisters, he might fly away to Paris? Either the Vicomte would die of this attack of the gout, or God, touched by his edifying inclinations, would prolong his days. In the one case, he could not help leaving an immense fortune to his natural heirs; in the other, he would certainly adopt them . . . . The good abbé takes to rubbing his hands together, and repeating twenty times a day:

"God is the source of every good! . . . God is the source of every good!"

Unfortunately, the curé of St.-Louis

had chosen the very worst of times to let the rapacious Martinet of the Faubourg leave his nest. With us, at this season, the last of December is signalized by a mighty and all-pervading holiday air. In our atmosphere, becoming all at once clearer, Christmas and the New-Year seem to be kissing each other. What joy everywhere! Striking the pointed flints of our streets, my aunt Angèle's metal-buckled galoshes, bearing her to the Advent exercises, gave out notes infinitely more musical than M. Félibien Ponyadoux's violin—that gentleman being at once the Principal of the College of Bédarieux and its professor of music.

But it was the shops, dull, sad, and shutter-closed half of the time, which took up new life. It would have done you good if you could have seen at Feriet's—next to St.-Alexandre—the sweet-smelling packages of licorice sticks, and the enormous carob beans spread out on those brand-new layers of straw. And there at Planis the pastryman's, what tarts could be found for the asking; what "oulettes"; what "pompons," running all over with cream, or with mince-meat, or with sugared marmalade! And one would have done wrong to miss peeping into Giscardet the confectioner's, Place du Marché. What sugar-plums there at Giscardet's, of a hundred colors; what crisp, round, and red almonds, scooped into plates decorated with gold bands as broad as your finger!...

Philippe and I amused ourselves in passing long moments in rapt contemplation of these accumulated sweetmeats, from which only a window separated us. Heavens! I would willingly have put my teeth into some of those dainties; and it was not rare, when I had succeeded in extracting two or four *sous*, here and there, sometimes from my mother, other times from my aunt—I took good care never to ask my father, always disposed, for full paternal answer, to let fly a box on the ear—to see me stalking fearlessly into Giscardet's. . . .

And I pray you at this point to remember that, ourselves excepted, about the whole Bédarieux world cordially detested Gaffarot.

One afternoon I thought myself warranted in buying two dozens of pralines as large as walnuts. We had seated ourselves on the parapet of the "Perspective," a little off from the walk, to divide the windfall. There were six shares in all to be parcelled out: the four Swallows, the Martinet, and myself. Four pralines to each one! I counted out twenty pralines to Philippe, and straightway I began cracking my own. But I could see all at once, with half an eye, that my friend was slipping his portion into that of his sisters.

"Thou art not fond of them, then?" I asked him.

"I am very fond of them, on the contrary," he answered; "but if *I* don't eat them, instead of four, each Swallow will have five."

This was very noble, but it was destined to turn out ill.

I do not know how it came about—whether it was that the Swallows had found my pralines toothsome, or whether the Martinet, having once put his beak into them, had shared in their taste—but from the time of that partition, my friend carried but one idea in his head: to renew the delights of his sisters and himself. From old time he had known the demoiselles Giscardet, three old maids, very devout, always dressed in black, and—I can see them still—faithful attendants at my aunt's chapel. Under the pretext of acquainting these ladies with the precise hour of the "Rosary" at Mademoiselle Angèle Ticard's—hour which, be it said, they already knew quite well—Gaffarot would, from time to time, insinuate himself into the confectionery, spread his little news, make a tour of the counter, and escape with his jaws puffed up with some bonbon caught on the wing. He practised these thefts mainly on Saturdays, Pascalette's day at the Giscardets'. In this way he killed two birds with one stone: one being to coo with Pascalette a minute; the other, to snatch a handful of pastilles, two or three "berlingots," fragments of Montelimort nougat—enough in the aggregate to enrage the three old maids, who were as miserly, despite their piety, as so many ants.

One day, however, the situation narrowly escaped becoming tragical. Pascalette was there, and Philippe—confused no doubt by the presence of the little one of the belfry—carried matters with too high a hand. This day, while cracking jokes with the demoiselles Giscardet, sad gossips under all their discreet little airs, he slipped into his pocket a cornucopia of sugar-plums, adorned with pink and white

favors. Let me say, in some excuse of my friend, that Giscardet was at the time unpacking a box which had just come from Montpellier, and that the sugar-plums, scattered loose about the counter, upon the two cases, even on the chairs, put temptation everywhere.

Now as ill luck would have it, precisely at this moment when Gaffarot was forgetting himself, Grünn the gendarme, Grünn the stoniest-hearted official in our Bédarieux brigade, happened to be in the confectionery, haggling over a cornucopia of sugar-plums which he intended, on Christmas eve, to empty into the wooden shoes of his little brats. Grünn witnessed the deed; and in a flash, from an old-time habit he had of catching hold of people on the least provocation, he had seized my friend by the collar. He had never liked Philippe, and, on account of his very pranks, he was just then engaged in keeping a strict watch over him. You can imagine the scandal! In a moment, everybody was in the air! As for the gendarme, rendered furious by the epithet "imbecile" which Philippe, in the scuffle, committed the grave error of throwing at his head, he would have ended by taking him to the belfry, otherwise known as the prison, if Pascalette had not shown herself what she was—a girl whose heart knew how to find a voice on occasion.

"It is I," she cried, "who made signs to M. Philippe de Cazilhac"—she always called him "de Cazilhac"—to take those *dragées* for his sisters."

"Thou!" squeaked together the three devout Giscardets, who, without any sign of protest, would have allowed Gaffarot to be carried to the belfry.

"Thou!"—echoed the confectioner, astounded.

"I have what I earned to-day to pay for my Christmas gift to the Swallows of the Faubourg. If my work to-day isn't enough, I have some savings at home."

"Thy day's work suffices, my child," Giscardet said to her—the man being a hundred times more tender-hearted than his sisters, although he was rarely met at church, either on Sundays or fête-days.

In order to soothe Grünn, whose appetite for game was by this time whetted, he allowed him a rebate on his purchase, and dismissed him with an enormous piece of nougat for himself.

That same night, after the ceremony of the Rosary, while I was putting out the tapers around Dom Caumette's reliquary, my aunt, all in a tremble, narrated to me the affront at the confectionery, which the demoiselles Giscardet had brought to her piping hot.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed my aunt, as she extended her arms towards her *ostensoir*—"*Mon Dieu!* when shall it please Thee to take pity on us, and to send us the happy deliverance for which we pray?"

Yes, this was bound to end ill.

At Bédarieux an old custom exacted that eight days before Christmas the bells of the two parishes of the town should be set to ringing lustily, beginning from nightfall. They were superb, these great bursts of sound, caught up and sent back from afar by the Roc-Rouge, the Roc-de-Tentajo next taking them up to roll them in echoes along the valley of the Orb. They had given to this resounding melody of the bells the pretty name of *nadal*—from "*dies natalis*, day of the Nativity," as had been explained to us by M. Rudet de Portiragnes, who, being very learned, would have liked to teach us everything.

It was the last evening of these festive peals. The weather being rather keen, the wooden shoes and galoshes of Bédariciens, hurrying along to gather provisions to celebrate worthily the festival, were clattering on the hardened earth of the streets. Philippe and I happened to be seated on the parapet of the "Perspective," extracting such joy as we might from a franc piece which had dropped into my purse from my mother's rather saving pocket.

"All the same, count and combine just as much as thou pleasest, thou and I are not going to have a famous *réveillon* with thy twenty *sous*," my friend was explaining.

He had scarcely spoken when a shadow—small, narrow, thin—which we had barely noticed coming and going under the plane-trees of the deserted promenade, bounded towards us.

"Gaffarot," said a voice which gave me a chill, "to pay thee for thy hundred tricks—above all, that last one of thine at the Giscardets'—thou wouldst deserve twenty cuffs rather than twenty *sous*."

"Suppose you try to give me one of those cuffs now; come, Monsieur le Principal," Philippe retorted, standing straight

as an "I" before M. Félibien Ponyadoux.

"If thou wast not a child!"

"If that child did not make you afraid!"

Exasperated by this bravado, M. Ponyadoux raised his hand; but he straightway let it fall inert, frightened perhaps by Gaffarot's attitude as, planted stiffly, he awaited the first blow. Whence did my friend get so much courage?

What happiness! M. le Principal, a sensible man in spite of his severity towards his pupils, took himself away. Philippe was about to follow him, with a wild desire to excite him still more, to provoke him. But Philippe loved me from his heart, and I succeeded in holding him back. Nevertheless, to my great regret, I could not prevent him—while our enemy was effacing himself behind the plane-trees, trying to gain the college with great strides—from pursuing him with that voice of his, half piercing, half comical, in which in the old days he would roar out "Gaffarot! Gaffarot!" Now he armed himself with a verse of an ancient romance in which M. Félibien Ponyadoux, with his violin at his shoulder, had the tender habit of accompanying Madame Ludargie Ponyadoux:

> "Love's joy lasts a moment;
> Love's grief lives a lifetime . . . ."

I scarcely remember how we found ourselves suddenly on the Place au Blé, in front of the stall of Cayol, pork-seller, butcher, dealer in eatables of all kinds, and from all lands . . . . Oh! those magnificent young turkeys from Lacansee . . . . those chickens from Caussignojauls, all too fat with grain . . . . Oh! those enormous pullets of Voulause, with their necks oat-stuffed, and coaxed down under one wing, altogether peaceful here, with their flesh blown out like a flower, awaiting the tooth of some rich man to let themselves be eaten—as if that could afford *them* any pleasure!

"Just look at that one!" Philippe, with one finger extended, whispered in my ear.

That same turkey, in fact, struck me as being an extraordinary bird. I shall maintain, however, that it did not in the least excite my appetite. Try to take it all in if you can! Placed slanting, so as to produce the best effect in the eyes of customers, this fowl exhibited everywhere—on the breast, down the back, along the inferior spaces which I do not even pretend to know how to call by their names—certain great round spots, at some places brown, at others as black as soot.

"But that beast is spoiled," I tell him.

"Stupid! *va!* those black spots are truffles. Hast thou never eaten truffles?"

"Never in all my life."

"Well, when I was little, I used to taste them, and often too . . . . my father loved them to adoration . . . . thou knowest not how good truffles are, and how their flavor improves a fowl . . . ."

At this moment Cayol pushes out his arm to draw the bird from the stall. We follow him and it with our eyes. See! there in the rear of the shop, alive with people filling their baskets for the *réveillon* of this night, Cayol is showing the turkey—our turkey!—to Madame Ludargie Ponyadoux; puts it under her nose; turns it over and over before her eyes, pressing a finger on each truffle to display it! Madame la Principale, being in height twin with her husband, but quite plump and very jovial, raises herself on tiptoe to see; hesitates; chatters; swells her cheeks in bargaining, just as if she is going to sing "Love's joy" . . . . in brief, pinches an arm of her *bonne* Ernestine Pagès—which signal is a command—and amuses herself meanwhile in testing a bunch of thrushes hanging from a nail near the counter.

"Queer, isn't it, when M. Ponyadoux gets to making ready for *réveillon?*" Philippe sneers in my ear.

"Yes, it is high time that, when M. Ponyadoux puts himself . . . ." I was saying, somehow won over, without too well knowing why, to my friend's indignation.

At this point Madame la Principale's servant, who had just come up to open her basket, which she had left in the doorway of the butcher's shop, so as not to disturb the people at the sides, softly pushes the turkey into it . . . . That worthy Ernestine! how often, when put on dry bread for a blurred translation out of all sense, or for a lesson badly recited, she had sweetly managed to pass something nice to eat into my hands! I am not at all sorry that she is going to enjoy a little feast after the Midnight Mass . . . . She leaves her basket and goes back to her mistress, still coveting the thrushes, catching hold of their beaks, blowing into the little feathers on their breasts, which rise under her breath . . . . and beginning once more to bargain.

Oh! what an event! what a frightful event! Philippe had planted his claw on the handle of the college basket; had, by sheer force of his anger, managed to lift it; had carried it away without being seen; and here we were flying across the Rue de Fer—he, with his wings stretched out like the awful martin that he was; I, at a less rapid rate, but swiftly enough, for all that, from fear of the gendarme Grünn, whom I had noticed among the purchasers at Cayol's.

A man stops me on the Place du Panol. I at once recognize Gaspard Tourlas, the cobbler of Rue du Vignal.

"See here; can that Gaffarot have been at his old tricks?—he is running like the wind," he asks me.

"Do not believe it, Gaspard; do not believe it. We are running so as not to miss the Midnight Mass with the Swallows. . . ."

Gaspard leaves me, and I scamper off towards Faubourg St.-Louis.

As I am crossing the vestibule, and preparing to climb the stairs, Philippe, hidden behind the heavy folds of the front door, seizes my arm.

"Wait a moment," he whispers; "Christe is up there with my sisters."

"Well, what harm is in that?" I ask.

"Thou hast forgotten . . . . with my basket?"

"Thou must return at once that basket to Cayol."

"Come! come with me!"

He holds me fast and forces me to follow him.

"Where art thou going?"

"To Gignacon's."

I know that Antoine Gignac—sacristan of the Parish of St.-Louis, and owner of the house where the Martinet and the Swallows are nesting—has a jackass known as "Gignacon," his own being a diminutive of his master's name. In our Civenol country the ass is the *bête amie*—friend-beast—of the hearth, and is generally known by the name of the family to whom it belongs. I allow myself to be led into a little stable in the rear of an alley. Gignacon, standing on his four hoofs, with his neck craned towards a bundle of fresh clover, turns himself around for a moment to look at us curiously. This is too much for Philippe, who, trying to keep from laughing, bursts into a roar.

"Clover for Gignacon, who does not move from his straw!" he cried. "Thou seest he is enjoying his *réveillon* too—the rascal. . . ."

With these words he takes to scattering about some vine cuttings piled up against the wall—cuttings from Antoine Gignac's vineyard at Roc-de-Tentajo—and makes an enormous hole in the heap, into which he buries Madame Ludargie Ponyadoux's basket.

"Now we can go up stairs," he exclaims, charmed with his scheme.

"I, for one, am not going up stairs."

"What art thou going to do, then?"

"Instead of taking me with her as she does every year to St.-Alexandre, my mother gave me leave to go to-night with Christe, with thy sisters and thyself, to the Midnight Mass at St.-Louis; but if thou dost not take back that turkey, I shall. . . ."

"And M. Ponyadoux will eat those truffles!". . .

"The truffles belong to M. Ponyadoux."

"But see here, didn't M. Ponyadoux a little while ago, on the Perspective, threaten me?—Yes or no?"

"Yes; but even if he had beaten thee, the turkey belongs to him, since he paid for it."

"That truffled turkey is my vengeance; and I am for revenge. . . . As for thee, thou canst do just as thou pleasest—go away or stay; it is all the same to me."

He gave a double turn to the stable lock, put the key into his pocket, suspecting evidently, from the temper I had shown, some attempt at rape on my part; and without troubling himself about me, scaled the stairs four steps at a time.

This desertion made me furious. Oh! weakness of a too tender heart!—after a moment I felt that I was crying. I am not so sure that my waistcoat did not receive some of the drops. And Philippe, whom I had loved so much, and he had loved me so little!

My legs weakened under me; and, instead of going away, as I had proclaimed, not without a certain pride—having, as I confess, foolishly thought the sacrifice easy for my soul, though it had been made captive on every side—I ended by seating myself on the first step of the stairway. There, with the back resting against the wooden baluster, I listened to the bells from St.-Alexandre and St.-Louis, answering unto each other in the dry and frosty air of the night, and filling

the town and the Faubourg with their joyous peals!

After a little while I began thinking how the Swallows, the four Swallows, were going to attend the Midnight Mass, and how happy I would have been if I could have gone there with them, especially with Marguerite, so pretty, so fresh—Marguerite, lovelier than Ste.-Philomène in her shrine above the altar of her privileged chapel.

A sob here cut short my voice, for, without in the least suspecting it, I had really been talking aloud. How could it be otherwise? For Philippe, it was Pascalette of the belfry; but for me it was Marguerite of the Faubourg. . . .

But they are talking up there. . . . Heavens! they are coming down. . . . I find myself as by a miracle delivered from my fears, and I run to throw myself in front of the Swallows. On the first landing, here, I find myself face to face with Philippe, who is carrying Marinette in his arms.

"My sisters want to hear the Noëls," he tells me, and although it is hardly eleven o'clock, yet we are starting for the Midnight Mass. . . . "Art thou coming? See here! big cry-baby!"

"Yes, yes, I am coming."

At the door we are joined by Guite, who has run down the stairs more nimbly than Clairette and Marthon. She wears a gay little air of her own, which becomes her charmingly, and in the darkness her eyes shine more brightly than any two stars in the sky. Christe arrives with Clairette and Marthon clinging to her skirts. I dare take Marguerite by the arm, which I boldly draw under my own. We throw ourselves into the streets. . . . Bless me! with what teeth the air bites into our faces! It must have been snowing up there on Canoux Peak.

Who would have believed that Gaffarot—that "scoundrel," that "thief," as I have heard him called a hundred times, principally by M. Félibien Ponyadoux—who could have imagined that such a Gaffarot would not once let Marinette put her little feet down on the ground, and that he kept her closely pressed to his breast as far as St.-Louis! He loved all his sisters, but it was the youngest whom he always called *Sœurette*—and with such tenderness in the voice—who seemed to nestle nearest to his heart. Christe having once told him that Marinette was the living picture of his dead mother, I am inclined to believe that, in loving darling Marinette, it was his dead mother whom he was really loving.

How refined, and at the same time smiling, was the attitude of those adorable Swallows of the Faubourg as they sat in the church, where the light seemed to float from the walls and the arched roof; where Noëls, those joyous carols sung both in patois and in French, rose, came down again, and passed out with the sweep of a stormy wind as far as the hollows of the Valley of the Orb! Here and there, Guite, Clairette, and even little Marthon, lent their delicate notes to the hurricane; and I can swear to you, these notes were real bird-whistlings, which I had not the slightest trouble to follow amid the crazy tremblings of the old men and women, the squeakings of the young girls, and the jerks which burst from the throats of the young men, like so many gunshots.

Through this tempestuous concert the fluted voice of Marguerite de Cazilhac passed without stain; and, I maintain it, this voice, preserving itself in the tumult which it was crossing, purer, lighter, and daintier than an arrow with all its plumes spread out—I found no trouble in detecting it, following it, in—how shall I express what I mean?—making my soul drunken within me.

Here M. le Curé Rudet de Portiragnes, who is officiating, comes out from the sacristy and stands before the High Altar. The carols cease immediately. *La Messe de Minuit* is beginning.

"Christe, do you commune?" Philippe asked in a low tone.

"Yes," she murmured.

He pointed to Marinette asleep on a chair, where he had placed her between himself and me.

"Don't trouble yourself about Marinette," he said; "I am going to put her to bed. I shall hear another mass during the day."

"Go, my Philippe, go; I shall join you after Communion."

As my friend was raising his *Sœurette*, I whispered in his ear,

"If thou wouldst give me the stable key, I would go out too, and take the Ponyadoux basket back to Cayol's."

His only answer was a punch with the elbow, hard enough to throw me back

into my seat. . . . I shall certainly be black and blue in my right side to-morrow.

When, at the "Elevation," we had to prostrate ourselves, Marguerite knelt next to me, but neither Claire nor Marthe moved. Marthe was sleeping soundly, and Claire's eyes were fluttering. It was high time for M. de Portiragnes to reach the Communion. He opened the hostia and turned to his assistants. Christe, with her two hands crossed, her head bent down, beating her breast under her kerchief with rude blows of "mea culpa," went towards the crowded table. It was certainly a very wicked thing which I did at this moment. I ought to have been praying there, kneeling under the uplifted hand of the celebrant as it blessed that army of communicants. Oh yes, to pray and kneel! Instead, I was chattering with Guite, who was nothing loath to join me in a game of tongue.

"Thou seest," she told me, "we are going to have our *réveillon* as soon as we get home."

"*Réveillon!* . . . *réveillon* with what?"

"First, thy aunt Angèle has brought us an apple pie; and then, M. l'Abbé has sent us all sorts of bonbons, and pretty little *sabots* which he made himself to amuse us."

"How nice that is!"

"Yes. M. l'Abbé has made, on his lathe, a whole doll-house, with furniture, for my sisters . . . ."

"And hasn't he made anything for thee?"

"He has promised me something, but I don't know what it will be."

"But . . . . I have twenty *sous* . . . . and if thou needst them to buy anything—"

Wasn't I proud to be able to make this offer!

"Come, my children," whispered old Christe to us, whom we had not heard when she came back, and who had had time to recite an "Act of Thanksgiving."

I tell you, on reaching the Quai de l'Orb, I was put into a famous fright. Turning the corner of the street, the windows of the Swallows appeared so brightly illuminated that I began asking myself whether Philippe had not set fire to the house. Who knows? perhaps he had gone back to Gignacon to get the basket . . . . and putting a candle too near the sprigs. . . . Poor fellow! suppose, after all, he had returned the basket to M. le Principal, I thought.

"Quick! quick!" cried Christe, hastening the steps of Claire and Marthe, who were two little sleepy-heads.

Then she added:

"Your brother, always anxious about you, has lighted up M. l'Abbé's chips . . . . Cheer up! you shall soon be warming yourselves, little ones, and eating cakes."

If you believe me, M. l'Abbé's chips *were* burning brightly. There, at the back of the hearth, between two great andirons, was something else besides burning coals scattered on every side.

"The spit!" Christe exclaimed, stupefied.

"There it is!" answered Gaffarot, laughing.

"My child, where didst thou get that turkey?"

"Don't bother yourself about that detail, Christe," he answered, with a calmness that was positively frightful.

"But my dear boy . . . ."

"We have a truffled turkey—that's the main thing."

"Truffles!" piped Guite, holding out her little beak.

"Yes, *mignonne*, truffles, as in our father's day. Thou hast not forgotten the truffles?". . . .

"Have I?"

"And thou wilt eat them with pleasure?"

"Oh yes!" she answered, with a smacking of the tongue, the red tip of which came out to caress her lips.

"See here, Philippe, I *must* know—" began again the old servant, a prey to painful suspicions.

She placed herself stolidly before the fireplace, as though resolved not to permit the bird to be taken from the spit before knowing whence it had come. But, with an incomparable grace which cut my heart in two, Guite, a lover of truffles, which she had tasted in her infancy, threw herself on the old *bonne's* neck, crying,

"Oh, little mother, good little mother, do let us make *réveillon*."

"So much more reason to believe," I break in, "if my aunt has given us an apple pie, that my mother, while we were at St.-Louis, may easily have left here a truffled turkey."

"Dost thou think so?" Christe asked, much comforted at the thought.

"*Pardi!* if he thinks so!". . . shouted that awful Gaffarot.

What I had been saying there was truly rascally. But what was there to do in such an extremity as that in which I found myself? Marguerite de Cazilhac—my Guite—did so long for truffles!

The table is spread in a turn of the hand. With the exception of Marie and Marthe, who are dozing in a corner, everybody is seated. Christe, blessing with her whole heart my mother, who had provided this exceptional *réveillon* for her Swallows and her Martinet, places on the table the turkey, crisp and yellow like gold; and Philippe seizes his knife. At the first plunge, the truffles, as large as nuts, tumble into the dish . . . .

"Oh! oh!" Guite chirrups.

"Oh! oh!" Clairon chimes in.

"Oh!" . . .

I hear voices outside . . . . on the stairs . . . . and my second oh! refuses to come out.

"Aren't truffles splendid?" Swallow Marguerite twitters, while her little beak works unceasingly.

I smile at her, but I cannot for my life imagine why my knees are feverishly knocking against each other under the table, and why my feet will not keep still. . . . Is this remorse? Or is it fear? . . . .

Vlan! here our door bursts open under a violent push. Grünn and Cayol throw themselves on Philippe, whom they jerk to his feet rudely.

"Here is my truffled turkey!" the butcher howls, as he puts his hand on the table.

"To prison!" the gendarme growls, ferociously.

While we are all crying out, the poor old *bonne* shrieks in a voice more piercing even than that of the Swallows, all of them awake now and terrified; than my own voice, choked by the consciousness of my crime. For if I had only denounced that wretched Gaffarot, Christe would have at once carried the turkey, all roasted as it was, to M. Ponyadoux, and obtained his pardon. Even while we are lamenting, Grünn and Cayol are dragging Philippe down the stairs.

Faith! I am pretty well disenchanted with Marguerite de Cazilhac, and after that odious lie of mine, too, about my mother's possible gift, which I could not help telling Christe! . . . . I slip to the door, which had remained open, creep to the landing, lose myself in the darkness, and vanish.

Two lamp-reflectors, red and smoky, blink from the parapets of the bridge. Their light is not enough to dissipate the thick shadows . . . . My head is a brazier, from which I feel light cinders drop upon my burning cheeks. No matter, I follow at a distance; I keep on following . . . . At intervals I can catch sight of my unhappy friend between his two executioners, and also at intervals I can hear his voice. Once I distinctly hear these words shouted out at the top of his lungs:

"It was only a joke, that; it was only a joke."

What is to be done? At times I feel a desperate inclination to throw myself on Grünn and Cayol . . . . But this boldness of my heart, loving both Philippe and Marguerite dearly, does not survive this thought: "If I stir, if I only show myself, they may seize me as an accomplice in the theft of the truffled turkey, and put me also in prison. . . ." And I stop outright, filled with a sudden terror! . . . . I escape from the snuffy reflectors, and wish that, instead of this light snow, snow was falling "in whole sackfuls," as we say at home.

On leaving the bridge, I catch sight of the group turning to the right along Rue de Rempart. I at once throw myself to the left, toward the Planol, to gain, by the lower streets, the entrance to the belfry. If I can only get there before Philippe is locked up, I may succeed in preventing the outrage. Mathias Pascal, bell-ringer and jailer, certainly loved his bottle too much; but, in spite of his drunken habits, in spite, too, of his terrible occupation of shutting up and keeping under lock and key all the thieves of Bédarieux and its environs, the old man had preserved a character mild, peaceful, and very humane. . . . Oh! if only Pascalette would be there! . . .

I race; I gallop. . . .

I don't know how it happens that I have this courage, but I surely have the devil's own courage. I dash up the winding stairs of the belfry, and rush into Pascal's in a gale capable of carrying everything before itself.

"Well, what is it?" growls the jailer, who is sitting at the table with a half-full demijohn of white wine before him, and a mat overflowing with roasted chestnuts.

His eyes, more flaming than the reflectors of the bridge, look at me in a way to pierce through and through me, and—I am ashamed to acknowledge it—here I stand before him as great a coward as before.

"Come, boy, what dost thou want with me, anyway?" he thunders out, rising from his chair with an effort.

"My aunt Angèle has need of Pascalette," I burst out, not knowing what I am saying.

"Pascalette?.... She is at church; and see here, as for thyself, rascal, leave me to empty my glass in peace."

I leave him to empty his glass. Oh yes, I leave him, and find myself in the street.

If I had staid a second longer with the old curmudgeon, I would not, while going down the belfry stairs, have touched elbows with my friend Philippe, with that horrible Cayol, with that abominable Grünn. They grazed me in passing, and then shut themselves up behind the black hole of the door. I feel, at this moment, so bitter a despair that I have to clap my two hands on my mouth to keep from screaming out. Then, all out of breath and urged by the sting of a pinching grief, I enter St.-Alexandre—crammed, stuffed like an egg—and work my way to Pascalette's chair, which is in St.-Joseph's Chapel. So much the worse if my mother or my aunt, seated in this chapel, happen to see me! Pascalette is there, I see. She is singing a hymn.



"HERE IS MY TRUFFLED TURKEY!"

"Come, come, right off," I tell her.

"How pale thou art!" she whispers.

I cannot speak. . . . I seize one of her hands. She follows me.

"What has happened, then?" she asks, as we are stepping into Rue St.-Alexandre.

With my arm raised, I show her, above the lighted window of the sacristy, above the windows of her father's room, also lighted, a third window, from which can be perceived a vague light crossed by iron bars.

"The prison?" she questions, panting.

"Philippe, thy Philippe, is there."

"*Grand Dieu!*"

Under the fine hail, for now it is hailing instead of snowing, I tearfully tell her—I am weeping with both my eyes more plentifully than a watering-pot through all its holes—the adventure of M. le Principal Félibien Ponyadoux's truffled turkey.

"*Grand Dieu!*" she keeps on repeating always—"*Grand Dieu!*"

"Look! there are Grünn and Cayol just going away; they have locked him up."

The gendarme and butcher withdraw, rubbing their hands. Doubtless the rascals are satisfied with their pretty work!

"I am not going to leave M. Philippe de Cazilhac up there," she exclaims, with her arms uplifted, in her turn, towards the prison window, now darkened, and losing itself in the wall of the belfry.

"I see well enough, my good Pascalette, that thou canst not leave Philippe de Cazilhac up there."

"He will get out," she declares with a resolute gesture.

I mount the stairs behind her; suddenly we find ourselves before Mathias Pascal, in the act of gulping down a bumper of clear white wine.

"Is the Mass over?" the bell-ringer mumbles.

"They are only at the second Mass," answers Pascalette, who, without the least confusion and with her usual ease, is opening a chest, from which she draws a glass and a bottle, which she puts into my hand.

"Stop! what art thou doing there?" the jailer demands, making an effort to clear his eyes, which have become singularly small and lachrymose.

"I know what is going on here, and I am going to take a mouthful of nut-water to M. Philippe de Cazilhac, to give him courage. He must have been badly frightened."

"But. . . ."

"You remember, I hope, the time his father made you foreman in his thread factory?"

"That M. Rouquier was a good man. . . As for Gaffarot . . . . he isn't worth the four shoes of a dog!" . . .

"Did Grünn tell you whether he was going to let him go soon?"

"To-morrow morning, after M. l'Abbé de Portiragnes has paid Cayol."

Pascalette, every bit as calm as when she is sewing at our house, takes a pewter lamp from the mantel, lights it at her father's lamp; and then—from the table where it had been left a little while ago—picks up a big key, armed with three great teeth, very bright and much worn by constant use.

"Thou knowest how to open the door?" comes in a thick voice from the jailer, who, vainly trying to get up, tumbles back into his chair, as full as a goat.

Pascalette vouchsafes not a word. With the lamp in her hand she goes out. I follow her, sufficiently embarrassed, I confess, with my own load; for it would be very easy for me to break something on these little corkscrew stairs.

What strength, after all, lies in this daughter of the bell-ringer of St.-Alexandre! She has scarcely turned the enormous key in the lock when the prison door yields. We catch sight of Philippe. He is tranquilly seated in a corner, on a wooden bench, his right hand resting on his right knee, his head raised.

"Is Grünn there?" he calls out.

"Grünn has gone to bed," the little one replies, as she deposits her lamp on a stool.

At this he jumps up, squeezes Pascalette in his arms—and not with dead arms either, I warrant you—presses her, kisses her once more, when suddenly . . . . *he is no longer there!* . . .

Ah! Martinet of the brood! Off with thee, Martinet of the brood! . . .

What a cunning gypsy is this Pascalette of Mathias Pascal! And when one remembers that she was simply a little seamstress, and by the day, not the most skilful either in Bédarieux, I assure you, those kisses of Philippe snatched in a rush, his precipitate flight—all this happening in the twinkling of an eye, too—ought to have stunned her, as certainly it had stupefied me. Not a bit of it!

The oil as it comes out from the press is not calmer at the bottom of the jar than was my aunt's pretty seamstress after my friend's disappearance. She took up again the pewter lamp with fingers which did not in the least tremble, while mine were involuntarily beating the *générale* on my waistband, closed the door slowly, and once more we descended the stairs.

The jailer, with his two arms opened out on the table, his head fallen on the board, was snoring with full nostrils like a trombone.



"'IS GRÜNN THERE?' HE CALLS OUT."

"I am going to see Christe, to cheer her a little," his daughter told him.

"Christe?" hiccoughed the drunkard, half-opening his bleared eyes.

"Yes, she must be having trouble enough with her Swallows, I suppose." . . .

We were not five minutes in going from the belfry of St.-Alexandre to Antoine Gignac's, but I had a profound conviction that Pascalette was much more bent on seeing Philippe than on cheering Christe, with her Swallows. I was not without a little worry of my own. While stretching my legs along the streets, I kept on asking myself whether my friend, whom Grünn might try to seize again at his house, had really gone home. What road had he taken in making his escape? Might he not be hidden in some corner of the town? Or might he not have saved himself by crossing the country towards the Roc-Rouge or the Roc-Tentajo?

We go in. Oh, happiness! Philippe is there. He has a very peaceful air; he holds Marinette in his arms, just as when he carried her to the Midnight Mass; and from time to time he kisses her baby forehead. Marinette is sleeping; and so is Marthe under the mantel-piece, where the cinders have all died out, or nearly so. Guite and Clairette are busily engaged in putting away in a cupboard the remains of the *réveillon*, which had no sooner commenced than it had ended. Now and then the poor little ones would draw out their handkerchiefs from the pockets of their taffeta aprons—a gift from my aunt Angèle—to wipe the tears from their eyes. Pascalette seizes the plates and dishes from their hands and herself arranges them in their places, with a homelike air which it did one's heart good to see. That truffled turkey, which, scarce perched, had taken to flight! I cannot refrain from directing towards it, wherever it may be, a look of anger, of hatred.

"Oh, thou turkey!" I apostrophize it vehemently—"thou turkey of Cayol and of M. Ponyadoux! thou infamous bird!"

"And where is Christe?" Pascalette at last finds time to ask.

"That gendarme had no sooner taken my brother away than she flew to St.-Louis to tell the story to M. l'Abbé," Marguerite, half-crying, explains.

But at this very moment I hear steps on the stairs. Ah! here she is. . . .

Christe, coming in, at the sight of Philippe, raises a loud cry.

"My child! my child!" she sobs.

She embraces again and again my friend, who does not cease to repeat to her:

"Don't be anxious, Christe . . . . it is all right . . . . it is nothing." . . .

As for me, I am not altogether pleased to hear Philippe speaking in so easy a fashion; for, after all, to steal from a butcher a basket which don't belong to you, that *is* something, I should say. . . .

"I was not able to talk with M. l'Abbé," Christe mumbled. "M. l'Abbé is obliged to be with the choir until after the third Mass, which will not end for seven or eight hours. . . . But Antoine Gignac, the sacristan, took down everything from my mouth, and informed M. l'Abbé while serving the second Mass. . . . M. l'Abbé sent me word not to trouble ourselves . . . . that he would settle our affairs this morning with Cayol and with Grünn. . . ."

Even while mumbling these phrases, each instant interrupted by want of breath, the good old servant had caught hold of Marie, and was undressing her. This one having been put into her warm and soft little hole, Marthe and Claire—worn out by so long and stormy a vigil, and asking for nothing better—gained, at a gesture from Christe, their own nests. Marguerite alone protested against the order, and obtained the favor of not leaving her brother until M. de Portirignes's arrival, which event would not be for some hours yet, as the clock's finger scarcely pointed to four. Because I had smiled two or three times at Guite, and Guite had politely returned my smiles, did it come into my head that Marguerite de Cazilhac refused to go to bed on my account? No; at Bédarieux we have not gone so far as that!

However, this Pascalette of the belfry keeps an eye over everything. She understands that we cannot get through with this interminable night without being warm, and straightway kindles the fire. Philippe had not burned up all the sticks and chips of M. l'Abbé de Portiragnes; so she heaps up two armfuls at the back of the chimney, and sets them blazing. Old Christe, a prey to tragic thoughts—as I also; and as Marguerite, without doubt—let Pascalette work without a word of protest. We range ourselves around the old woman—Philippe and Pascalette to her right; Guite and I to her left. What

peace! If the dry boughs had not crackled just a little, it might be imagined that everything was dead in the house. At times little indistinct noises—one might believe them to be long whistlings—reached us from the chamber in which Marie, Marthe, and Claire are sleeping; perhaps the three Swallows are dreaming of their brother in prison, and are sighing. Ah! if M. de Portiragnes comes, we shall surely hear him in this silence.

But just now, when the fire has cheered us up a bit, we take to chattering, Philippe rather briskly with Pascalette, I more quietly with Guite. Christe, who has left us to listen for deliverance, continues to keep a padlock on her lips, from which not a sound is allowed to filter. She does not withdraw her ear, which is now glued to the door, or rather to the baluster of the stairway. All this time I am getting off, and not without effort, an occasional word to Guite, half-envying the ease with which Gaffarot is rambling on with Pascalette. I find myself wondering, "Suppose if, instead of M. l'Abbé de Portiragnes, it turns out to be Grünn whom we shall see coming in!"

Good! after having prattled away for some time with much difficulty on my side, I at last find a subject. I begin narrating to Guite the "History of Thomas Armély," a shepherd of Bézènes, near Bédarieux, whom they guillotined the other day at Montpellier for having assassinated a man in his village. I am at that point where Armély is leaving his prison for the scaffold. I am holding Marguerite under the horror of the situation, for she is trembling all over, when I chance to see the window-panes brightening little by little.

The day was breaking. It was high time, because, as I remember, I was having much ado to keep Thomas Armély's head rolling on that scaffold; and I would have certainly fallen sound asleep if Marguerite, interested by the horrible story, had not repeatedly nudged me, calling out, "And what after that?" One time even, as my words hesitated to crawl out, this curious Swallow, to waken me, pinched me hard enough to draw the blood.

With one movement Guite and I rush to the window, from which we pull back the curtain eagerly. How lovely is our Valley of the Orb! Laces of hoar-frost everywhere on the trees down there—in M. Fabregat's garden, and on the banks of the river, which seems to be shivering. Look, Guite, at that immense carriage on the bridge, drawn by four horses; it is as large and high as a house. Surely the like of it has never been seen at Bédarieux. . . .

Come! a door creaks. Who knows but what it may be M. l'Abbé? We turn around; it is Philippe, who has just opened one of the doors of the cupboard, and, without the least scruple, has seized a wing of the turkey, and is devouring it with an appetite truly wolfish.

"I was very hungry, my Christe," he says, by way of excusing himself. "Thou knowest well, my Christe, that such a night as this must leave a cave in a man," he adds, laughing.

"Eat, eat, my children; eat all of you!" the old servant, as good as a saint in heaven, insists.

While busying herself spreading the cloth, she keeps on calling out, cheerily:

"Never mind; never mind; we shall pay Cayol for that truffled turkey of his."

Christe, who refuses to seat herself, would not touch a morsel. So, without her, we sat down, and, I tell you, among us all there was not a single bad tooth. Gaffarot swallowed ravenously meat and truffles all together. As for Guite, it was chiefly the truffles which she fancied; she picked out the daintiest with her fork, and swallowed them delicately with soft little chirpings.

Pascalette maintained what seemed an excessive reserve, if one remembers that she was the daughter of old Mathias Pascal of the belfry. For myself, I was finding much trouble in getting away with the back of the bird, the whole of which Christe had generously distributed to me. The truth is, I could not for the life of me relieve myself of subtle apprehensions, of a certain inexplicable sadness, and I felt my stomach strangely rebellious. I do not know why, but as the daylight was making itself broader and clearer over Bédarieux, I would gladly have turned my back on Antoine Gignac's hovel to creep into our home, where Grünn had never set foot! I kept on thinking, hugging the thought all to myself, egotistically,

"It is a good thing, anyway, to have an Aunt Angèle, and to keep honest, very honest, under her direction!" . . .

Heavens! they are brawling on the stairs!.... But that is not M. de Portiragnes's deep voice; one might rather take it to be Cayol's squeaking notes. Christe starts up; she runs towards the door to double-lock it. She does not get there in time.... Grünn enters, escorted by that horrible butcher.

"Ah! thou rogue of a Gaffarot, so thou didst slip out of our hands like an eel," the gendarme, who, perhaps, has been enjoying his *réveillon* in the bosom of his family, calls out banteringly. "Come, quick, to thy prison! And don't count on Pascalette this time to save thee!"

"Pascalette didn't save me; it was I myself who escaped," Philippe retorts.

"The Commissionnaire will judge thy affair.... For the present, pick thyself up and follow me."

"Monsieur Grünn! Monsieur Grünn!" pleads Christe, who has fallen on her knees at the gendarme's feet, and is raising her clasped hands to him.

"Let me alone! If you had watched over your children...."

"Monsieur Grünn! Monsieur Grünn!" Guite repeats, her eyes flowing like brooks.

Pascalette has an idea: she turns to Cayol.

"Come, now, you know well enough that you will be paid for the turkey...."

"I am not so very sure of that!" the butcher stammers.

"Neither M. le Curé of Saint-Louis nor Mademoiselle Angèle Ticard will suffer you to lose one *sou*.... In any event, I have saved up thirty-five francs, and...."

"Oh! in that case...." Cayol interrupts, beaming.

"Nothing of the kind," the gendarme growls from under his bristling red mustache.

"But if Pascalette pays me the price of my bird, which is fifteen francs...."

"There has been a crime, and every crime demands punishment.... *En route*, Gaffarot."

"My name is not 'Gaffarot,' and I shall not budge from here so long as you call me out of my name," my friend boldly replies.

"Thou thinkest, then, young thief that thou art, that I shall put on mittens before laying my clutches on thee?" the gendarme sneers, by this time rendered furious.

He advances to seize Philippe, who, with a sudden movement, jumps to the other side of the table, catches up the great knife which had just served to carve the turkey, and raising it to the full stretch of his arm, his eyes blazing, and pale as death:

"If you touch me, I will kill you!"

"Help! help!" we all cry out with Christe, who has thrown herself on Philippe to disarm him.

"I am coming!" we hear a voice answering on the stairs, the full, rich voice of M. de Portiragnes.

"It is the *bon Dieu!*" the old servant mutters as, exhausted, she falls into a chair, while still holding Philippe by both arms.

M. l'Abbé enters. Behind him marches a personage, dressed in a *lévite*—a long brown coat—and wearing a very broad-brimmed hat, with a little queue frisking under its wide wings. We are all eying this grand and solemn personage, and not one of us—and, for that matter, neither Grünn nor Cayol—hazards a word.

But while we are standing there dumb through surprise, M. l'Abbé has not lost a minute. Already informed by Antoine Gignac of the adventures of the night, he has at once guessed that something terrible has been passing here; and he takes the knife away from Philippe's hands, who yields it, and, as though ashamed of having been discovered on old Christe's knees, has quickly put himself on his feet.

Nobody seeming anxious to speak, this Pascalette of the belfry—the longest head and also the best-poised tongue in the house—tells the whole story from the beginning to the end.

"But, come, this is only a boyish jest!" M. l'Abbé decides.

The personage with the long coat takes one step toward the butcher.

"At what do you value your turkey?" he asks him.

"Fifteen francs."

"Here are twenty francs for you, and off with you!"

He drops a gold *louis* into his hand. As a *louis d'or* was a novelty in Bédarieux in 1842, Cayol, without more ado, slips away.

The personage next addressed himself to Grünn:

"I am happy to believe, gendarme, that it is not your intention to take root in M. le Comte Philippe de Cazilhac's house."

Only just now he was calling M. le Comte Philippe de Cazilhac "Gaffarot"! .... Although filled with astonishment, Grünn, wishing to do honor to the military discipline of the Bédarieux brigade, roars out with his gruffest air:

"Look you, man of the gray *queue*, I have the right to call for your papers, and unless you are very anxious that I should not take you to the belfry with young Gaffarot there, I advise you to tell me who you are."

"With all my heart, good gendarme. I am M. Alibert Ducardannoy, the intendant of M. le Vicomte Armand de Cazilhac, peer of France."

"You are?"

"M. le Vicomte has commissioned me to find his grandnephew and grandnieces here in Bédarieux. Now, if you feel yourself tempted by the cordon of the brigadier of the *gendarmerie*, you have only to retire."

"Ah! monsieur, *merci!* thanks! If you will be so good as to recommend me to M. le Vicomte de Cazilhac, peer of France.... I have seven children .... of whom six are girls!"...

"Get you gone!"

Grünn inclines himself obsequiously, and vanishes.

The excitement may be easily guessed. It was wonderful. The whole town was on its feet. The Bédariciens were swarming, pressing, pushing, fighting to get in front of the Hôtel du Nord, at Bénézech's, where M. Alibert Ducardannoy had just descended, accompanied by two persons, a man and a woman — servants beyond question—by a postilion, and a guide. A mighty carriage it was, with two compartments of six cushions each, a very lofty seat, and a canvas covering which resembled the roof of a house.

"In true verity, never have I seen such a carriage on our roads," one simpleton remarks.

"Nor I," a second chimes in.

"It is the mail-coach, friends," cries old Gaspard Tourlas, whose feet are touching the wheels of the vehicle.

"Ah, blockhead!" somebody proclaims with an air of incredulity. "The *poste* passes by Ladène; it does not pass by Bédarieux."

"When one is a peer of France like M. le Vicomte Armand de Cazilhac, one can have it pass wherever one pleases."

"M. le Vicomte de Cazilhac!" questions little M. Ponyadoux, who is lost in the crowd, with his nose in the air, and making full use of his glasses.

The college cobbler draws M. le Principal aside into a corner in Bénézech's coach-house.

"Well?" M. Félibien Ponyadoux asks.

"Well, Gaffarot and his sisters are going to Paris. Their granduncle, who is rich like the sea, and who, besides, is a peer of France, has adopted them. This is what gendarme Grünn has just told me; he knows it all."

"What happens is very fortunate, for we all love those charming Swallows of the Faubourg. As for Philippe de Cazilhac, he is a little giddy-headed, and I had even thought it proper to discipline him at home for a while, but I would have taken him back at Easter.... As you make his shoes, I authorize you to repeat this to M. l'Abbé de Portiragnes. I may some day have need of M. le Vicomte de Cazilhac's protection."...

"Oh! Monsieur le Principal, I am so afraid I shall lose M. l'Abbé de Portiragnes's custom.... Cayol must have told Madame la Principale that it was I who denounced Gaffarot to Grünn.... I met him at the Panol, running at full speed .... with a basket."...

"You are certainly an ass, Gaspard, and I scarcely know what keeps me also from withdrawing my custom, as well as that of the college, from you."

It was ten o'clock in the forenoon when a large chest had been carried up to the third floor of sacristan Gignac's barracks, and—in presence of the Swallows, the Martinet, Christe, M. l'Abbé de Portiragnes, my aunt Angèle, my mother, Pascalette, and myself — Thérèse, M. le Vicomte's housekeeper, and Joseph had proceeded to unpack. They brought out all manner of furs, and woollen wraps, to preserve M. le Comte Philippe and his sisters from the cold during the journey from Bédarieux to Paris. Amazement made all eyes as round as saucers, especially those of the little girls, when Thérèse wished to try on the rich costumes, bought a little by guess, since she had no other measure than the children's ages.

"Are they not pretty?" Christe exclaimed. And then, turning towards M. de Portiragnes, "Monsieur l'Abbé, may God bless you for...."



"THE NEXT MORNING THE MIGHTY CARRIAGE WAS STANDING BEFORE THE DOOR OF THE SWALLOWS AND OF THE MARTINET."

"Chut! Christine, chut!" interrupted the good priest, who was very fond of this particular word.

"Come, come!" M. Ducardannoy interrupted; "we must not forget that we leave to-morrow on the stroke of nine. M. le Vicomte wishes to have his nephew and nieces with him on New-Year's day, and with all the snow which covers the Rouergne and the Auvergne, we shall have no time to lose."

Not a voice was raised in protest against this brusque rape. The children, mightily pleased with the gewgaws which they were seeing for the first time, laughed gleefully; and Philippe, gay with the gayety of his beloved sisters, laughed also. Some sadness, however, made itself felt among us. My aunt Angèle's features and those of my mother appeared troubled, and at times Pascalette, engaged with Thérèse in prinking the Swallows, would bend her head to hide her tears. As for poor old Christe, she was busy looking off to the right, to the left, and into space; she had the air of one having been suddenly startled out of sleep, and who yet lives in the world of her dreams.

"Are we ready?" M. Rudet de Portiragnes asks, as he glances at the clock.

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé," Thérèse answers him, as she fastens a last pin in the rather loose corsage of Marguerite de Cazilhac—my adorable Guite—lovely as an angel.

"Let us go to vespers; in a moment we shall hear the last bell. In admiring what God has just done for the Cazilhac family, my people will learn to love and serve Him better."

We go out all together, but silence reigns among us—always the fruit of a sadness mingled with happiness.

The next morning, at the hour fixed the day before, the mighty carriage was standing before the door of the Swallows and of the Martinet. The quay was taken by storm, and the postilion had some trouble to keep at a distance the curious, who were taking their chances of being crushed under the horses' hoofs. Wonderful to tell! Bédarieux, which yesterday would have suffered the orphans of the Faubourg to perish with hunger and cold, to-day, touched to the heart in one instant, is heaping up luncheons for "the dear children of the good Christe"! As soon as the little ones, helped by Thérèse and Joseph, had clambered into their compartments, it was a struggle who would first hand them up some dainties

in fruit or in pastry. Even the three demoiselles Giscardet, formerly so niggardly with their bonbons, are having their hands full of sugar-plums, which they let escape from their curved fingers, a shower of sweetness, as they tumble them into the Swallows' laps.

And all those baskets filled with fruit! Cayol is here with a sausage a yard long, wrapped up in silver-paper. Philippe, merry to the end, seizes the object and hurls it straight at the head of the old cobbler Gaspard Tourlas, who, planted well in front, is laughing with open mouth.

But the postilion is now gathering in his reins, and the horses are impatiently pawing the ground.

"*Allons!* let us start!" M. Alibert Ducardannoy speaks with authority.

What embraces, and with what tears! But, to be frank to truthfulness, Pascalette's tears, when Philippe clasped her in his arms, troubled me more deeply than those of my aunt or my mother; than those of M. l'Abbé de Portiragnes; or than even my own, for that matter. Poor and pretty Pascalette! She tore my soul. I am not sure whether, at the moment when her friend released her, she would not have fallen to the ground if I had not caught her.

"Come! come!" M. Alibert Ducardannoy repeats, hurrying Christe, who could not decide to leave my aunt Angèle.

With each one now seated in place, the carriage begins to move. Philippe, who had not forgotten to embrace me warmly, thrusts his head out of the door of his compartment, and leaves with the Bédariciens, screaming "*Bon voyage! bon voyage!*" a superb vision of thumb to nose—a vision worthy of his best days!

The coach, dashing around the angle of the quay, disappears from all eyes.

CRAZY WIFE'S SHIP.

BY H. C. BUNNER.

"I CAN'T see for the rain. Who—that there going up the hill? Why, I thought you knew most everybody on the island by this time! I'd have thought you'd known *her*, anyway. Why, that's old Mis' Bint—the aunt of all that tribe of Bints that live just near Calais. No, Mr. Woglom, that isn't the least bit what I was looking for. That isn't pa'm leaf—anyway, not what we used to call pa'm leaf. Why, now, it's strange you don't know Mis' Bint—and you so well acquainted around here too. Why, you had ought to write her up in some of your papers—hadn't he, Mr. Woglom? It's quite some of a story, if only anybody knew how to fix it up the right way, sost it would go in the newspapers. Why, I should have thought you'd have remarked her mourning!"

I could not help remarking her mourning now, at all events. I watched her struggling up the bleak island hillside, passing in and out of sight among the scraggly pines; and such a grimly fantastic figure, so swathed and swaddled and hung about and decked on with crape and stiff old-fashioned black stuffs, I had never before seen. Her veil projected on each side of her head as though her big old-fashioned bonnet were rigged out with stun-sail booms. The wind buffeted her; the rain drenched her in angry little spats, first to starboard and then to port, but she tacked steadily on up the hill, with all her voluminous garments flapping bravely, as stiff and black as sheet-iron. I was watching her through the one clear pane in the window of Mr. Woglom's general store. Tarpaulins, rubber boots, sou'-westers, fishing-tackle, scap-nets, school-books, suspenders, overalls, garden tools, horse medicine, mosquito-netting, lanterns, and other general-store stock, including the accursed lottery ticket, which is for sale in Maine everywhere where anything is sold, filled up the rest of the window. I was waiting for the squall to blow over. Miss Cynthiana Lovejoy, who accommodated me with board and lodging during my stay on the island, had happened in and was casually examining the new invoice of calicoes from New York, in search, Mr. Woglom confidentially told me, of a pattern which she had wanted for at least a generation, and which had been two generations out of the market.

"Now what year was it, do you remember, Mr. Woglom, when Obed Bint's ship was lost in that gale when the big whale come ashore? No, I don't mean

Isaac Bint; I mean Obed Bint, Isaac's son—the young man—that is, he wouldn't be so dreadful young to-day if he'd lived—most fifty now, I should think. Mr. Woglom, that ain't any more pa'm leaf than I'm pa'm leaf.

"Sixty-seven? Well, now, I wouldn't have thought it was so far back as sixty-seven. Land's sake, how time does go! Yes, that's something like the pattern, but 'tisn't just *it*. Only I can't draw at all, I could draw that pattern for you just as clear as day. Well, now, it doesn't seem so long. But I guess you're right, Mr. Woglom. That was just the year that I bought the first piece of magenta poplin I ever saw, off your father. My, I thought I was made! Father, he used to call it my whale dress, because he paid for it out of the money he made off that whale. It came ashore right on his beach.

"That was a real bad storm, Mr. Woglom, if you recollect. Let me see—there was Obed Bint's boat, and Plum Davis's boat, and the two Daw brothers, their boat, and that man who lived on Three Acre Island, what was his name, now?—oh, yes, Wilkinson—well, there was his boat, too; not a one of them came back. Every one of those boats was lost in that gale. At least, not a one of them ever came in. Awful, wa'n't it?

"Well, now, what I was going to tell you about Mis' Bint that was so queer was just this, and I thought you might make sort of a story of it, if you could only fix it up some way sost it would read well. It was this way. Obed, he married just before he made his first trip on his own boat—married a girl he met at Eastport the year he went over there to go to a dancing-school they had there—'twa'n't much of a concern, I guess, but it was the best they was. She was a real nice little thing, and pretty too, and clever to everybody. She made friends with lots of people. I remember it was real gay on the island that year; there was two or three other young married couples too.

"Well, as I was telling you, that big whale—my! he was a monstrous big thing!—that whale came up on our beach the same gale Obed Bint's boat was lost in. And of course we had to attend to the whale right off, and cut him up before he'd spoil, and—I don't know—but it took quite some time, and in consequence we didn't get over to see Mis' Bint as much as we had ought to; 'twa'n't that we didn't want to; but there was the whale, don't you see?

"Dear me, Mr. Woglom, I can remember that magenta dress just the same as if it was yesterday! I remember how I bought it off your father on this very counter. I remember just what he says when he sold it to me. Says he, 'You'll look just like that piny bed up to Widow Pierson's when you get that on,' says he. Why, it wa'n't no more like the color of pinies than nothing at all. Your father hadn't what folks call an eye for color, Mr. Woglom.

"Now, what *was* I saying? Oh yes! I know! I had that magenta dress on the first day that I ever looked across the cove from my father's house to the meadow lot under the light-house, and saw Mis' Bint and Obed's wife setting there looking out to sea as if they's expecting something. My great-grandmother, my father's grandmother, that is, she was alive then, and she was a real queer old lady. She'd sit in an old splint-bottom chair by the chimney all day long and never say a word—only set bolt-upright and smoke an old corn-cob pipe just like a man. I don't know what made me speak to her when I saw Mis' Bint and Obed's wife settin' there under the light-house, but I did, somehow. Says I, 'Granny, there's Mis' Bint and Obed's wife under the light-house looking out to sea. What do you think they're looking for?' says I.

"'Crazy wife's ship,' says she, short, just like that, and she didn't say another thing that day. That was a way she had; she didn't often say anything, but when she did say something she was real curious.

"I don't know whether it was an old-fashioned saying or something she made up herself, but it gave me a real sort of a turn. And that afternoon I went over to Mis' Bint's, that is, my mother and I did. They lived quite a piece away on the other side of the cove, but our two families had always been first-rate friends, and my father had taught Obed Bint all he knew about navigation. Well, you may imagine it took us all aback when old Mis' Bint met us at the gate, and we saw right away that she wa'n't going to let us in. That was the first time I ever saw or heard of neighbors quarrelling on the island—I've seen enough since, but I was only a young slip of a girl then, and

it did seem perfectly dreadful to me. Mis' Bint she talked—oh, she talked quite violently, and reproached us for not coming sooner, and as much as said she wanted to have done with us for good and all. My mother—she was a very proud woman—she never answered her back at all, but she just took me by the hand and told me to come along, and we started for home. I didn't dare say anything; I was most too frightened to speak. And mother she didn't say a word, but just walked right on leading me by the hand as if I was a baby.

"Going back we met old Mr. Starbuck, the one who used to live in the red house down by the Point. He was about the only near neighbor the Bints had—between 'em I guess they owned pretty much all that end of the island.

"'Hello!' says he, when he saw my mother. 'Been to call on me?'

"'What do you mean, Mr. Starbuck?' says my mother, for she didn't know what to make of his asking such a question.

"'Why,' he says, 'I supposed you'd been to my house. I understand folks ain't admitted anywheres else in this neighborhood.'

"We didn't understand him just then, but we did when we got down to the village and heard the talk that was going on. You never heard anything so queer in all your life. It was a real nine-days' wonder, as the saying is. It seemed that old Mis' Bint had picked a quarrel with everybody on the island, on one pretext or another, so that there wa'n't one that she hadn't, so to speak, shut her doors on. Dreadful queer behavior! With one it was one thing and with another it was something different, but it all came to pretty much the same in the end—she wa'n't on speaking terms with hardly a soul in the place, and there she was, living up on the Point with not a neighbor to go near her, mewed up all alone there with Melindy—that was Obed's wife's name. Everybody was sorry for the poor little clever creature, for Mis' Bint wa'n't a cheerful woman the best of times, and when she *was* vexed, *my!* she was vexed.

"But then, of course, we couldn't do anything, she kept Melindy so close—wouldn't let her stir anywheres without her, and it got so at last that she wouldn't hardly let her go out at all.

"Of course we all made out that the loss of her son had turned her mind, and people was all the more sorry for Melindy on that account. She pined away dreadfully too; lost all her good looks, and got real peaked.

"For one thing, her mother-in-law would never let her wear mourning, nor Mis' Bint wouldn't wear a stitch of black herself. That's what made folks say she was crazy first off; for though there's lots of people here who won't wear mourning clothes on principle, old Mis' Bint come from Calais, and she was a Bint by birth, too, before she married Isaac Bint; and all those Bints, the whole stock of them, were just *sot* on dressing all out in black, every cousin that died. She was real particular about her dress, Mis' Bint was. I think folks was generally more particular in those days. I know there ain't any patterns nowadays like that old pa'm-leaf pattern; not so nice, that is, to my taste.

"Of course Mis' Bint didn't drop out like that without being considerable missed. Melindy was kind of new to the town, but her mother-in-law was a good deal looked up to. She was a great housekeeper for one thing, and when there was anything going on—I mean sociably—weddings and funerals, for instance, people always use to a sort of depend on Mis' Bint. And then she was a master-hand at nursing sick folks and taking care of young children, and altogether people missed her—quite some. Mr. Woglom, if you can't show me those dress goods yourself, don't bother to put that boy of yours at it, for you just might as well not. I don't believe he knows gingham from goose-grease.

"Let me see, I guess it must have been two-three years, maybe four, that I found out the rights of the matter, and just accidentally, as you might say. The light-house I was telling you about was away at the far end of the Point, and nobody hardly ever went there, except, of course, the man who kept the light, and he was a Portugee or something—some kind of a foreigner anyway, and didn't talk much English. But ever since she began to act so queer, old Mis' Bint had made a regular practice of going down there and setting with her daughter-in-law—oh, my! for hours at a time, and every day, too, in all sorts of weather. I don't believe anybody knew about it, though, except our folks, for you could see them where they sat from our kitchen

window, but not from much of any place else. And as for my mother, from the day old Mis' Bint spoke sharp to her to the day of her death, she never mentioned the name of Bint, and you may believe I wouldn't have dared to mention it to *her*. The way it happened was this, and it was kind of funny. I had a little green parrot about *that* long. A sailor uncle of mine brought it to me from Java, somewheres in the tropics—my uncle Hiram, one of my mother's folks; he died young, and I guess there ain't anybody remembers him now, without it's me, and I don't believe I'd ever think of him if it wa'n't for that parrot. It was a cute little thing, and I set a heap by it, though it couldn't talk, and it was dreadful mis*chief*vous. It died, in the end, of swallowing a needle-book. Well, as I was saying, that bird got loose one awful bleak day in November, and ran right along the shore of the cove, and made straight to Bint's place, and me after it, you'd better believe, running just as hard as I could tear. And you wouldn't have thought a little thing could get over such a lot of ground so amazing fast. It was clean over in Mis' Bint's cow-pasture before I caught it, and then I started for home real frightened, for I didn't know what my mother would say to me if she ever knew I'd been anywheres on land belonging to the Bints. She was dreadful strict sometimes, my mother was.

"Well, just by good luck, nobody saw me, and I come back by the short-cut across the Point under the light-house. And would you believe it, just as I got under that sand bank there with the swallows' nests in it—you can see 'em from here—that dratted parrot got away from me again; and I was so tuckered out what with the running and the fright and the disappointment and all that—it sounds kinder foolish now, don't it?—I just laid right down there on the sand and cried as if I was going to cry my eyes out.

"And while I was lying there and crying fit to break my heart, the first thing I knew I heard people's voices talking on the bank above me. I couldn't see them, and at first I thought it was some of our folks come after me, and I was worse scared than ever, and just laid quiet, not knowing what *to* do. Then I recognized Mis' Bint's voice and Melindy's, though, as I say, I hadn't spoken a word to either of them in three-four years, but you may fancy it sent a real cold chill down my back when I heard old Mis' Bint say, in a perfectly peaceful, ca'm, natural way, just as I am talking to you now:

"'No, dearie; Obed can't get in on that wind. He'll most likely lay to on t'other side of South Island, and come up with the tide in the morning.'

"'But he'll come in the morning sure, won't he, ma?' says Melindy; and it gave me an awful funny creepy feeling to hear her, for she talked a sort of innocent, something like a little child.

"'Oh yes,' says old Mis' Bint. 'Obed will come in the morning sure. You'd better be thinking of getting a good breakfast for him.'

"'Yes,' says Melindy; 'picked-up codfish. Obed always was great for picked-up codfish.'

"Well, if I was scared before, I was scared worse than ever now. Why, it was just the unnaturalest thing that you ever could form a notion of, setting there and hearing those two women talking about getting breakfast for a man who had been lying four years at the bottom of the sea. It 'most made my blood run cold; but of course I didn't dare to stir, and I just *had* to set there and listen while they laid out the breakfast they was going to get ready for him—picked-up codfish and mock mince-pie and I don't know what all. And then they talked about how soon he'd be rested enough to feel like taking a journey up the river to Bucksport to pay a visit to his uncle John. My! his uncle John 'd been dead two years.

"I don't know what it was I did at last that attracted their attention. I guess I must have coughed or something, because Mis' Bint she called out suddenly, 'What's that?' and looked over the sand bank and saw me. I wasn't so scared then but what I got straight up and started to run. But Mis' Bint she just came down and caught me by the arm, and walked me quite a ways down the beach before she said a word. Then she talked right close to my ear sost I could hear her, but Melindy couldn't.

"'You think I'm a lunatic,' she says.

"'Yes, ma'am,' I says. I didn't know what to say, but I was a real truthful child.

"'Well, I ain't,' says Mis' Bint. 'I'm as sane as you are. But *she's* an idiot,

and she's been so ever since the night of the big gale; and I've kep' up the delusion in her mind that Obed's coming home,' says she. 'I've encouraged her in it, because if I didn't she wouldn't live a week.'

"Then she looked at me real hard for a minute, and then she said:

"'That's why I don't want folks around. You're John Lovejoy's daughter, ain't you?' says she.

"'Yes, ma'am,' says I.

"'Well,' says she, 'you've seen the affliction the Lord's visited upon me. Now what you going to do? Tell folks?'

"Then I spunked up. I guess she knew I would. 'Mis' Bint,' says I, 'I guess our folks 'ain't meddled with your affairs very lately, and I don't think,' says I, 'that we're going to begin now,' I told her. And with that I walked away. I was real mad.

"And do you know, it was the funniest thing. I hadn't gone more than a hundred yards when what should I see but that parrot a-hopping along in front of me, heading for home across the sand. He was dreadful little, but I could see him a long ways off; he was such a bright green against the beach, and the day was kinder gray too, sost he showed up quite some. It was a green something like that pattern, Mr. Woglom, but with more yellow into it.

"And I never did say one word about it for the longest time. But maybe three-four years after that Melindy fell kind of sick, and they had to send for a doctor, and then somehow it all came out. But it didn't do any harm, I guess, for Melindy wa'n't sick long. She died that January, and the first boat that got through the ice to the mainland that spring old Mis' Bint went over on it to Eastport, and when she come back she had the greatest lot of mourning clothes that I guess most any woman ever had. She's taken some of it off since then, and they don't wear skirts so full now, so you don't notice it so much, but still she wears considerable—enough to notice, I should think. But they do say she's a great deal more sociable now—though, my! I don't know. *I* 'ain't spoken to her since.

"No, Mr. Woglom," concluded Miss Cynthiana, as she felt the edge of the last piece of calico between her thumb and her forefinger, "you needn't trouble yourself to show me anything more. I don't believe you've got the real pa'm leaf anyway. Though I was in hopes you might have had it, you've talked so much of getting it for me so many times. Does Mis' Bint buy her mourning of you now, or does she still go to Eastport for it? But wa'n't it curious, my finding that parrot again that way?"

Between the legs of a pendent pair of wading-boots I peered out of the dripping window, looking at the crest of the storm-swept hill, and caught a last glimpse of the gaunt black figure tacking against the wind, funereal and lonely.

THE MYSTERY.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

SINCE thine I am, O Love, my love art thou,
Though naught am I, save what thou art in me.
Yet how possessed of all can nothing be
(For Love is all, as all who love may know)?
Or how shall Life (for life from love doth grow)
Find joy in Death, which holds my life in fee?
To shadow how may substance wedded be,
And with its fulness that stark void endow?
Nay, but if Love be all, and life be love,
Then shadow, death, and I alike are naught.
Because Love loves, I am: and Light creates
Shadow, which vouches substance: in me move
All I am not—even as the splendor brought
On ether's void shows Phœbus at our gates.

DO SEEK THEIR MEAT FROM GOD.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

ONE side of the ravine was in darkness. The darkness was rich and soft, suggesting thick foliage. Along the crest of the slope tree-tops came into view —great pines and hemlocks of the ancient unviolated forest—revealed against the orange disk of a full moon just rising. The low rays slanting through the moveless tops lit strangely the upper portion of the opposite steep—the western wall of the ravine, barren, unlike its fellow, bossed with great rocky projections, and harsh with stunted junipers. Out of the sluggish dark that lay along the ravine, as in a trough, rose the brawl of a swollen, obstructed stream.

Out of a shadowy hollow behind a long white rock, on the lower edge of that part of the steep which lay in the moonlight, came softly a great panther. In common daylight his coat would have shown a warm fulvous hue, but in the elvish decolorizing rays of that half-hidden moon he seemed to wear a sort of spectral gray. He lifted his smooth round head to gaze on the increasing flame, which presently he greeted with a shrill cry. That terrible cry, at once plaintive and menacing, with an undertone like the fierce protestations of a saw beneath the file, was a summons to his mate, declaring that the hour had come when they should seek their prey. From the lair behind the rock, where the cubs were being suckled by their dam, came no immediate answer. Only a pair of crows, that had their nest in a giant fir-tree across the gulf, woke up and croaked harshly their indignation. These three summers past they had built in the same spot, and had been nightly awakened to vent the same rasping complaints.

The panther walked restlessly up and down, half a score of paces each way, along the edge of the shadow, keeping his wide-open green eyes upon the rising light. His short, muscular tail twitched impatiently, but he made no sound. Soon the breadth of confused brightness had spread itself further down the steep, disclosing the foot of the white rock, and the bones and antlers of a deer which had been dragged thither and devoured.

By this time the cubs had made their meal, and their dam was ready for such enterprise as must be accomplished ere her own hunger, now grown savage, could hope to be assuaged. She glided supplely forth into the glimmer, raised her head, and screamed at the moon in a voice as terrible as her mate's. Again the crows stirred, croaking harshly; and the two beasts, noiselessly mounting the steep, stole into the shadows of the forest that clothed the high plateau.

The panthers were fierce with hunger. These two days past their hunting had been wellnigh fruitless. What scant prey they had slain had for the most part been devoured by the female; for had she not those small blind cubs at home to nourish, who soon must suffer at any lack of hers? The settlements of late had been making great inroads on the world of ancient forest, driving before them the deer and smaller game. Hence the sharp hunger of the panther parents, and hence it came that on this night they hunted together. They purposed to steal upon the settlements in their sleep, and take tribute of the enemies' flocks.

Through the dark of the thick woods, here and there pierced by the moonlight, they moved swiftly and silently. Now and again a dry twig would snap beneath the discreet and padded footfalls. Now and again, as they rustled some low tree, a pewee or a nuthatch would give a startled chirp. For an hour the noiseless journeying continued, and ever and anon the two gray sinuous shapes would come for a moment into the view of the now well-risen moon. Suddenly there fell upon their ears, far off and faint, but clearly defined against the vast stillness of the Northern forest, a sound which made those stealthy hunters pause and lift their heads. It was the voice of a child crying—crying long and loud, hopelessly, as if there were no one by to comfort it. The panthers turned aside from their former course and glided toward the sound. They were not yet come to the outskirts of the settlement, but they knew of a solitary cabin lying in the thick of the woods a mile and more from the nearest neighbor. Thither they bent their way, fired with fierce hope. Soon would they break their bitter fast.

Up to noon of the previous day the

lonely cabin had been occupied. Then its owner, a shiftless fellow, who spent his days for the most part at the corner tavern, three miles distant, had suddenly grown disgusted with a land wherein one must work to live, and had betaken himself with his seven-year-old boy to seek some more indolent clime. During the long lonely days when his father was away at the tavern the little boy had been wont to visit the house of the next neighbor, to play with a child of some five summers, who had no other playmate. The next neighbor was a prosperous pioneer, being master of a substantial frame house in the midst of a large and well-tilled clearing. At times, though rarely, because it was forbidden, the younger child would make his way by a rough wood road to visit this poor little disreputable playmate. At length it had appeared that the five-year-old was learning unsavory language from the elder boy, who rarely had an opportunity of hearing speech more desirable. To the bitter grief of both children, the companionship had at length been stopped by unalterable decree of the master of the frame house.

Hence it had come to pass that the little boy was unaware of his comrade's departure. Yielding at last to an eager longing for that comrade, he had stolen away late in the afternoon, traversed with endless misgivings the lonely stretch of wood road, and reached the cabin only to find it empty. The door, on its leathern hinges, swung idly open. The one room had been stripped of its few poor furnishings. After looking in the rickety shed, whence darted two wild and hawklike chickens, the child had seated himself on the hacked threshold, and sobbed passionately with a grief that he did not fully comprehend. Then seeing the shadows lengthen across the tiny clearing, he had grown afraid to start for home. As the dusk gathered, he had crept trembling into the cabin, whose door would not stay shut. When it grew quite dark he crouched in the inmost corner of the room, desperate with fear and loneliness, and lifted up his voice piteously. From time to time his lamentations would be choked by sobs, or he would grow breathless, and in the terrifying silence would listen hard to hear if any one or any thing were coming. Then again would the shrill childish wailings arise, startling the unexpectant night, and piercing the forest depths even to the ears of those great beasts which had set forth to seek their meat from God.

The lonely cabin stood some distance, perhaps a quarter of a mile, back from the highway connecting the settlements. Along this main road a man was plodding wearily. All day he had been walking, and now as he neared home his steps began to quicken with anticipation of rest. Over his shoulder projected a double-barrelled fowling-piece, from which was slung a bundle of such necessities as he had purchased in town that morning. It was the prosperous settler, the master of the frame house. His mare being with foal, he had chosen to make the tedious journey on foot.

The settler passed the mouth of the wood road leading to the cabin. He had gone perhaps a furlong beyond when his ears were startled by the sound of a child crying in the woods. He stopped, lowered his burden to the road, and stood straining ears and eyes in the direction of the sound. It was just at this time that the two panthers also stopped, and lifted their heads to listen. Their ears were keener than those of the man, and the sound had reached them at a greater distance.

Presently the settler realized whence the cries were coming. He called to mind the cabin; but he did not know the cabin's owner had departed. He cherished a hearty contempt for the drunken squatter; and on the drunken squatter's child he looked with small favor, especially as a playmate for his own boy. Nevertheless, he hesitated before resuming his journey.

"Poor little devil!" he muttered, half in wrath. "I reckon his precious father's drunk down at 'the Corners,' and him crying for loneliness!" Then he reshouldered his burden and strode on doggedly.

But louder, shriller, more hopeless and more appealing, arose the childish voice, and the settler paused again, irresolute, and with deepening indignation. In his fancy he saw the steaming supper his wife would have awaiting him. He loathed the thought of retracing his steps, and then stumbling a quarter of a mile through the stumps and bog of the wood road. He was foot-sore as well as hungry, and he cursed the vagabond squatter with serious emphasis; but in that wailing was a terror that would not let him go on. He thought of his own little one

left in such a position, and straightway his heart melted. He turned, dropped his bundle behind some bushes, grasped his gun, and made speed back for the cabin.

"Who knows," he said to himself, "but that drunken idiot has left his youngster without a bite to eat in the whole miserable shanty? Or maybe he's locked out, and the poor little beggar's half scared to death. *Sounds* as if he was scared;" and at this thought the settler quickened his pace.

As the hungry panthers drew near the cabin, and the cries of the lonely child grew clearer, they hastened their steps, and their eyes opened to a wider circle, flaming with a greener fire. It would be thoughtless superstition to say the beasts were cruel. They were simply keen with hunger, and alive with the eager passion of the chase. They were not ferocious with any anticipation of battle, for they knew the voice was the voice of a child, and something in the voice told them the child was solitary. Theirs was no hideous or unnatural rage, as it is the custom to describe it. They were but seeking with the strength, the cunning, the deadly swiftness given them to that end, the food convenient for them. On their success in accomplishing that for which nature had so exquisitely designed them depended not only their own, but the lives of their blind and helpless young, now whimpering in the cave on the slope of the moonlit ravine. They crept through a wet alder thicket, bounded lightly over the ragged brush fence, and paused to reconnoitre on the edge of the clearing in the full glare of the moon. At the same moment the settler emerged from the darkness of the wood road on the opposite side of the clearing. He saw the two great beasts, heads down and snouts thrust forward, gliding toward the open cabin door.

For a few moments the child had been silent. Now his voice rose again in pitiful appeal, a very ecstasy of loneliness and terror. There was a note in the cry that shook the settler's soul. He had a vision of his own boy, at home with his mother, safe-guarded from even the thought of peril. And here was this little one left to the wild beasts! "Thank God! Thank God I came!" murmured the settler, as he dropped on one knee to take a surer aim. There was a loud report (not like the sharp crack of a rifle), and the female panther, shot through the loins, fell in a heap, snarling furiously and striking with her fore paws.

The male walked around her in fierce and anxious amazement. Presently, as the smoke lifted, he discerned the settler kneeling for a second shot. With a high screech of fury, the lithe brute sprang upon his enemy, taking a bullet full in his chest without seeming to know he was hit. Ere the man could slip in another cartridge the beast was upon him, bearing him to the ground and fixing keen fangs in his shoulder. Without a word, the man set his strong fingers desperately into the brute's throat, wrenched himself partly free, and was struggling to rise, when the panther's body collapsed upon him all at once, a dead weight which he easily flung aside. The bullet had done its work just in time.

Quivering from the swift and dreadful contest, bleeding profusely from his mangled shoulder, the settler stepped up to the cabin door and peered in. He heard sobs in the darkness.

"Don't be scared, sonny," he said, in a reassuring voice. "I'm going to take you home along with me. Poor little lad, *I'll* look after you if folks that ought to don't."

Out of the dark corner came a shout of delight, in a voice which made the settler's heart stand still. "*Daddy*, daddy," it said, "I *knew* you'd come. I was so frightened when it got dark!" And a little figure launched itself into the settler's arms, and clung to him trembling. The man sat down on the threshold and strained the child to his breast. He remembered how near he had been to disregarding the far-off cries, and great beads of sweat broke out upon his forehead as he thought.

Not many weeks afterwards the settler was following the fresh trail of a bear which had killed his sheep. The trail led him at last along the slope of a deep ravine, from whose bottom came the brawl of a swollen and obstructed stream. In the ravine he found a shallow cave behind a great white rock. The cave was plainly a wild beast's lair, and he entered circumspectly. There were bones scattered about, and on some dry herbage in the deepest corner of the den he found the dead bodies, now rapidly decaying, of two small panther cubs.

"AS THE SMOKE LIFTED HE DISCOVERED THE SETTLER KNEELING FOR A SECOND SHOT."



LORD BATEMAN: A BALLAD.

WITH

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



LORD BATEMAN HE WAS A NOBLE LORD,
A NOBLE LORD OF HIGH DEGREE,
HE SHIPPED HIMSELF ON BOARD A SHIP,
SOME FOREIGN COUNTRY HE WOULD GO SEE.

HE SAILED EAST, AND HE SAILED WEST,
UNTIL HE CAME TO PROUD TURKEY,
WHERE HE WAS TAKEN AND PUT TO PRISON,
UNTIL HIS LIFE WAS ALMOST WEARY.



COMMENT.

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

ONE of the heads which rise out of my witches' caldron, as I look back at the people I have known, is that of George Cruikshank, very like a king's head in *Macbeth*—grim, characteristic, with a half-simple, half-adventurous expression, and the strangest whiskers and mustachios—"those wonderful whiskers," my father calls them. Unlike the shapes that usually rise out of the caldrons of witches, this is a full-length figure which comes before me, with military legs and straps. When Mr. Cruikshank came into the room he used to appear to us suddenly, as if he had just leaped off a charger. I have also a confused recollection of once driving to his house, which was surrounded by shade trees. Inside, it was all crowded with books and curtains and furniture, and still further darkened by the shadow of some impending trouble, which my father, as was his way, was trying to ward off.

I am afraid that in Mr. Cruikshank's

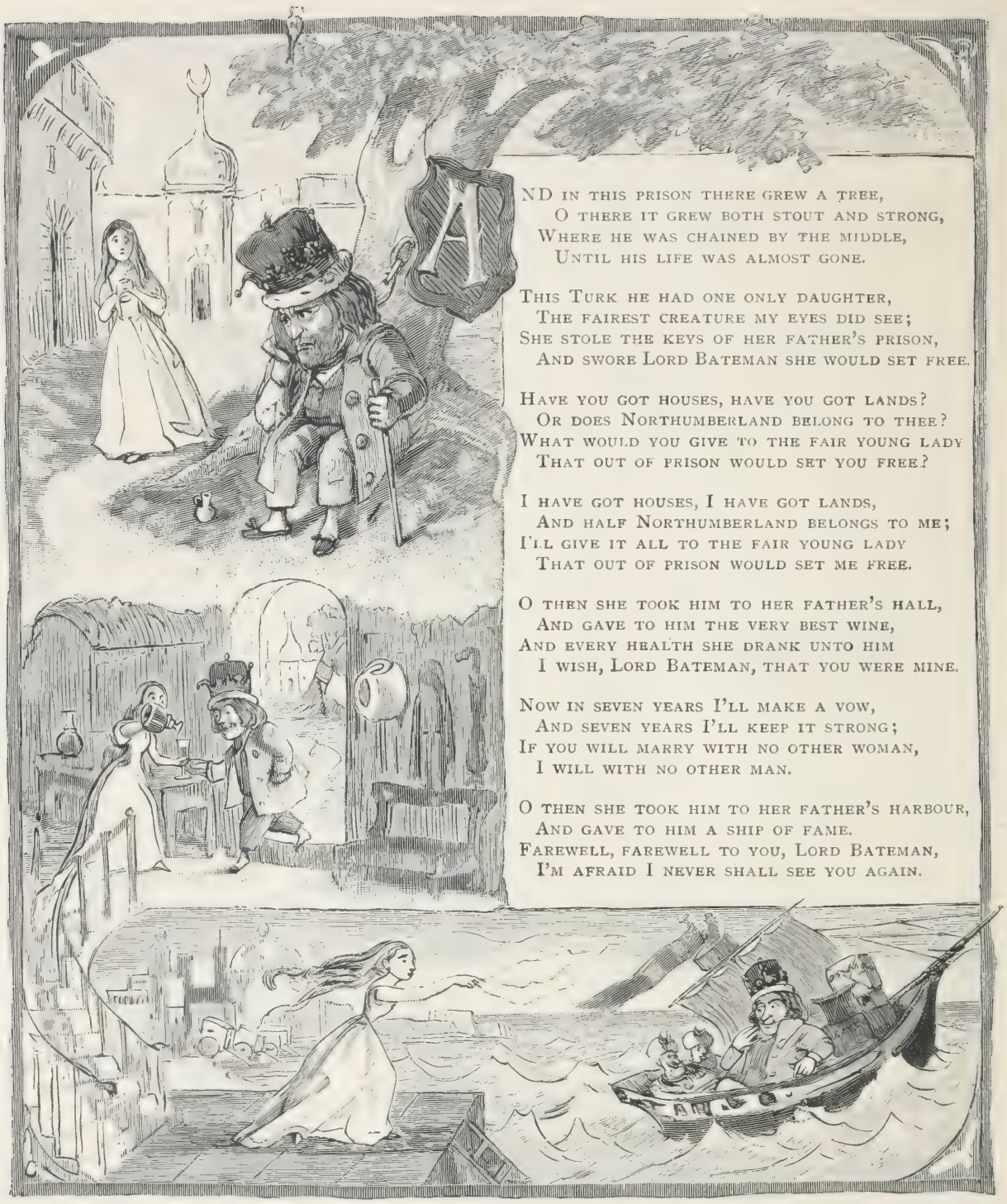
life there were many catastrophes, which not all his delightful powers over the spirits and fairies of the world of fancy were sufficient to avert. Who does not know his realm of fays and pucks, and the weird sprites of the bottle, and the burglars and goblins and bold desperadoes out of Ainsworth and *Oliver Twist?* But, best of all, I think, among the playfellows he conjured into our nursery we loved Lord Bateman. From our earliest childhood we lived in his adventurous company. The noble lord, pointing his toes and brandishing his cane, the proud young Porter, and Sophia, as depicted by the artist, were our daily companions. Nor can I remember the time when Lord Bateman was *not;* but I never knew that my father had also made pictures to the familiar ballad, nor was it until the other day, when Mrs. Leslie Stephen sent them to me, that I ever saw the sketches. This lady happened to be nursing her children through some infantine illness, and in their nursery stood a table which had also stood in my own sister's nursery before, and which had been dragged forward to suit the convenience of the little invalids. By some accident the table went over with a crash, and an unsuspected drawer fell out, all stuffed full of papers and odds and ends. Among them were these present pictures, which had emerged into the daylight after over a quarter of a century of seclusion. The little table had once been in my father's bedroom, and the drawings must have been put away there by himself years and years before, and remained undiscovered until Mrs. Leslie Stephen came upon them, wondering at the odd chance that conveyed them straight to her from her old friend's hands. She sent them on to me, and I in turn recognized the familiar figures.

Here was Sophia, with added details, waving her broidered and coroneted handkerchief. Here was Lord Bateman in his travelling coronet and costume, with piles of luggage. Here was the proud young Porter, with some faint likeness to Gruffanuff in the "Rose and the Ring," or to the Jeames of early days. Here was the wedding ceremony. His lordship's sudden squint seemed but a proper retribution for his very equivocal conduct. The colors were so bright, so merry, and so fresh, and the drawings so easy and delicate, that they most certainly must have belonged to the time when my father was still in all the enjoyment of life and good spirits. I showed the pictures to Mr. Osgood, the representative of Messrs. Harper over here, and I asked him if they could not be reproduced in the pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, where the history of the brave Boudin had already been so faithfully rendered. He was kindly interested in my wishes, and made the necessary arrangements with Messrs. Harper to carry them out. So much for the little history of how the drawings now given came into our possession.

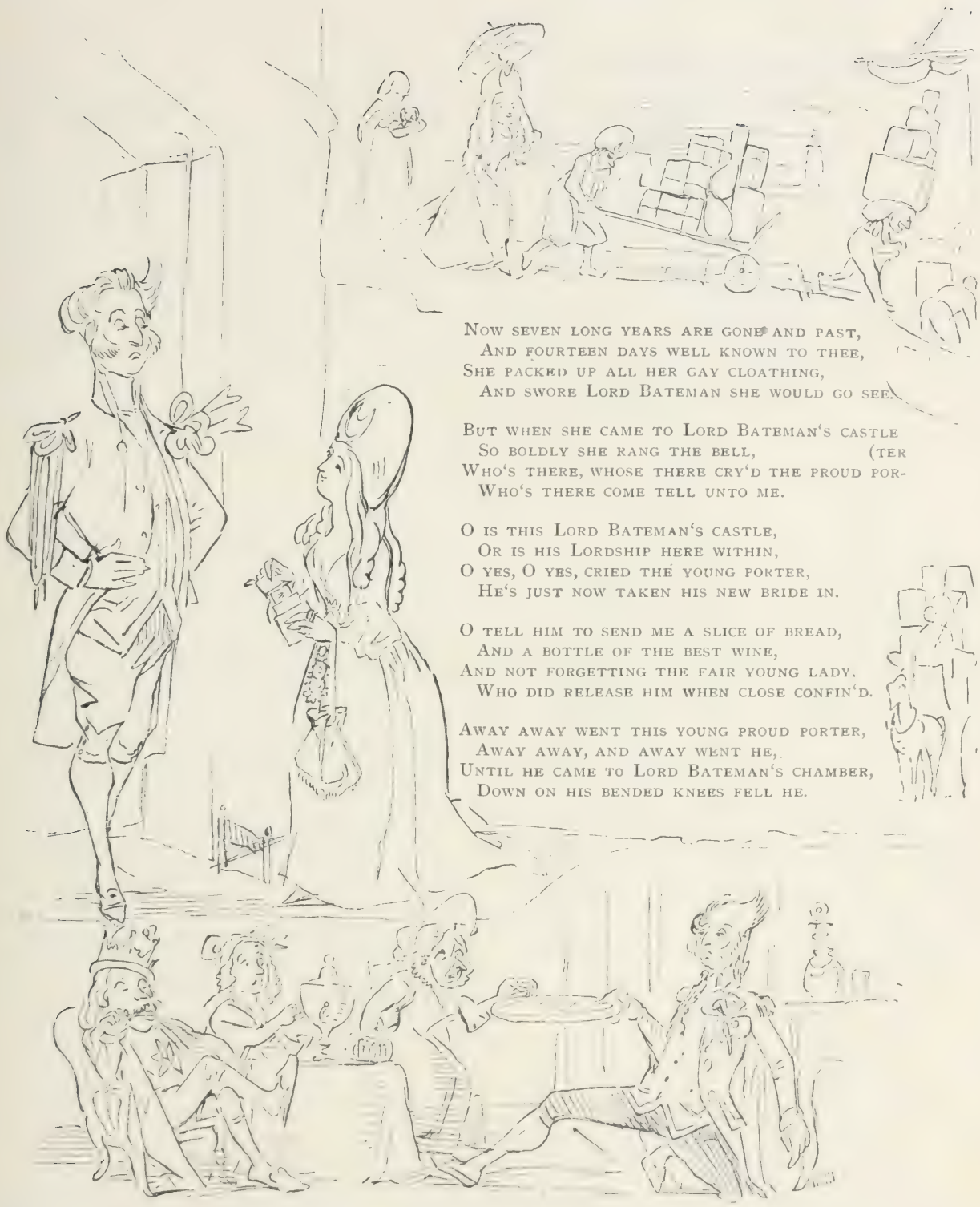
The small mystification concerning the ballad itself is curious as showing how completely the trace of a man's work can be lost in a comparatively short space of time, with people still alive to remember the facts.

There are certain riddles in literature which turn up from time to time, from the authorship of "Junius" to that of the "Tin Trumpet," and one of these concerns the modern version of the loving ballad of "Lord Bateman" and the delightful notes which are appended to George Cruikshank's illustrations. These have been variously ascribed to Mr. Dickens, to my father, and to George Cruikshank himself. My own impression (for which I have absolutely no foundation) is that the notes *sound* like Mr. Dickens's voice, and the ballad like my own father's. The original ballad is a very old one, very much longer and cruder than in Cruikshank's version, and is to be found, so I am told, in the British Museum, printed upon long narrow slips, such as used to be the fashion when ballads were hawked about the streets with the last dying speeches and confessions and other cheerful ephemera which took the place of the sensational newspaper headings of to-day.

Mr. Charles Johnson, who knows more than anybody almost about my father's early writings, writing to the *Athenæum* for January 21, 1888, says: "The literary part of the work has been ascribed to each of the two greatest novelists of our time, William Makepeace Thackeray and Charles Dickens. It seems strange that there should be any doubt as to which of these two great writers took part in Cruikshank's version of the ballad, but so it is; various stories are told, and may be thus summarized: Mr. Hamilton says



'that Cruikshank first sang the ballad at a dinner of the Antiquarian Society, at which both Dickens and Thackeray were present. Thackeray said, "I should like to print that ballad with illustrations." But Cruikshank objected, saying "he was going to illustrate it himself."' Mr. Hamilton further says that Dickens furnished humorous notes to Cruikshank's version. ....Cruikshank himself gives evidence, having said that Dickens wrote 'the notes.' On this testimony, which should be conclusive, one can only remark that Cruikshank's memory was entirely at fault in many more important matters; that Mr. Sala entirely rejects Cruikshank's version, and says 'that Thackeray in all probability revised and settled the words of the ballad, and made them fit for publication.' .... Indeed, so far as is known," Mr. Johnson says, "Dickens and Cruikshank never worked together after the completion of *Oliver Twist* in 1838; on the other hand, in 1839, when this little volume appeared, Thackeray was working with Cruikshank. The



letter-press of Cruikshank's comic almanacs for '39 and '40 had been written entirely by Thackeray." Then he goes on: "My strongest argument comes last. There lies before me as I write a scrap-book containing, partly in Thackeray's own writing and partly roughly printed on common paper, the famous history of Lord Bateman, profusely illustrated by Thackeray himself. The ballad is the same, verse for verse, as Cruikshank's version, but the lines in Thackeray's copy seldom rhyme. The principal variations in the Cruikshank version are such as result from a change of the spelling to suit the supposed character of the singer, and the editor's attempts at making the second and fourth lines in each verse rhyme; one of the rhymes, indeed, *Northumberlee*, suggests a device of the author of 'Little Billee.'"*

* "When up he jumps. There's land, I see;
There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee."





What news what news, my proud young porter
What news hast thou brought unto me.
There is the fairest of all young creatures,
That e'er my two eyes did see.

She has got rings on every finger,
And round one of them she has got three,
And as much gay cloathing round her middle
As would buy all Northumberlee.

She bids you send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady,
Who did release you when close confin'd.

Lord Bateman he then in a passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three,
Saying I will give all my father's riches,
That if Sophia has crossed the sea.

Then up spoke the young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free,
You'll not forget my only daughter,
That if Sophia has crossed the sea.

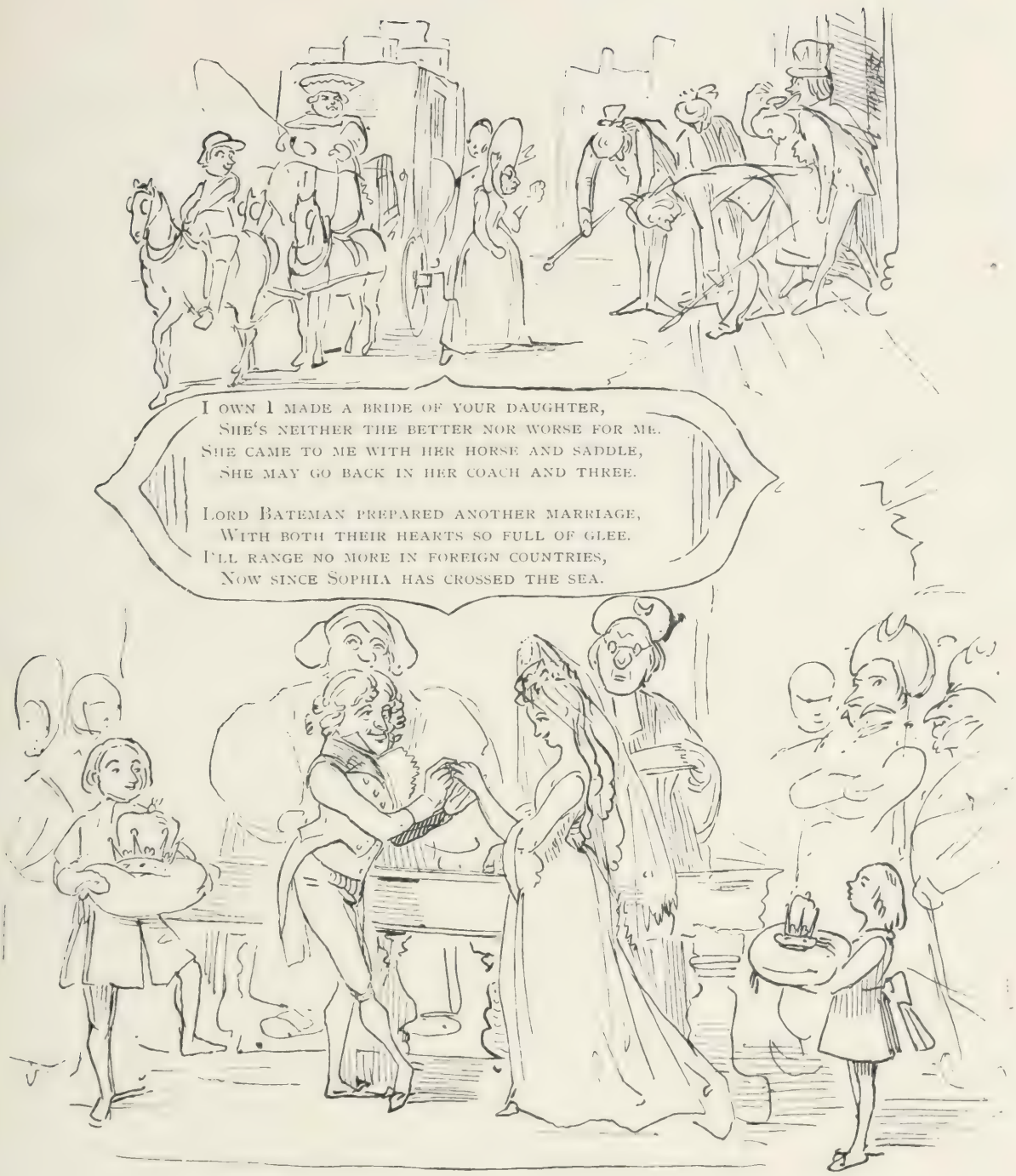




Elsewhere Mr. Johnson justly notices the great resemblance in the idea and scheme of "Lord Bateman" to the notes appended to my father's early poem of "Timbuctoo."

I also wrote to Mr. Lionel Cust, of the British Museum, asking him if he could discover anything for me. His answer contains a curious corroboration of Mr. Johnson's views.

"A lucky chance" (so he says) "brought here this afternoon Mr. Trueman, who was a great friend of Cruikshank's, and who possesses the finest collection of his works. I took the opportunity of propounding to him the question of 'Lord Bateman.' He says that it has at different times been ascribed to Dickens, Thackeray, and Cruikshank himself, or that Thackeray wrote the poem and Dickens



the notes. Mr. Trueman is convinced from his own observation that the whole thing was written by Thackeray for Cruikshank, with whom he was on terms of great friendship at the time. Moreover, in the years '39 and '40 the two were working together for the very publisher who published 'Lord Bateman,' which makes it more probable, as Dickens had no connection with that publisher.... Mr. Trueman also instanced the curious story of the ballad of 'The Three Sailors of Bristol City,' to illustrate your father's practice of inventing ballads off-hand and neglecting them altogether afterwards." One dear old friend tantalizingly tells me that Cruikshank once told him all about it, but *what* he told him he cannot recall. Another old friend, Miss Georgina Hogarth, to whom I also applied, knowing that she was more likely than anybody to be able to help me, says that her *impression* is that Charles Dickens wrote the notes to help Mr. Cruikshank, although she has no certain recollection on the matter. So the little secret remains mysterious and self-contained, but, happily, here are the pictures for us all to enjoy.

A CAMEO AND A PASTEL.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

I.—THE CAMEO.

ROME, A.U.C. 722.

THE dining-room had been built apart from the house. It stood in the garden amid box-trees cut into threatening shapes of wild beasts, and beside a cypress clipped to suggest a dark green serpent coiling itself tightly about the brown trunk of the tree. With its white marble walls it crowned the brow of the hill that here sloped away to the bank of the placid brook below. It was open only to the north, but the westering sun shone through its windows, and left the long shadows of the tall poplars athwart the tessellated pavement. The twelfth hour of the day was near, and still the banquet was prolonged.

Upon the three wooden couches which formed three sides of a square in the centre of the room there reclined nine Romans—for the giver of the feast had borne in mind the saying of Varro that those invited should never be more in number than the Muses nor less than the Graces. Like his guests, the host had removed his shoes and his toga. He wore a light short-sleeved tunic, with the two broad perpendicular stripes of purple which denoted a knight. His face was dignified and kindly. His manner suggested that he was entertaining men of distinguished ability, but perhaps of inferior rank. He was crowned with a chaplet of dark ivy, not unbecoming to his closely cropped head.

The guests wore wreaths of roses upon their oiled locks, most of them, although one, whose white tunic bore the single dark stripe of a Senator, had preferred the crown of ivy leaves. The couches whereon they reclined were of wood thickly incrusted with ivory, and made easier by many cushions covered with light silks. The guests leaned on their left elbows, and ate with their right hands only. At the end of the course silent servants brought water in silver bowls and proffered linen napkins that the fingers might be washed, while another attendant wiped the low wooden table with a thick cloth.

In the open space before the table and the couches other slaves were casting down saffron-dyed sawdust, that it might absorb the blood which lay in little pools upon the pale pavement. There the gladiators had been fighting but a moment before, to entertain the guests at the banquet; and having given strong proofs of their skill and of their courage, they had been dismissed, and were now behind the house, out of sight, one trying to stanch his wounds, the other stiff in death and carried by his comrades.

"This is a brave feast, Gaius Cilnius," said the guest who lay above the host on the couch at the right. "I have not had such good entertainment since that triumph of Cæsar when the Amazons contended with the lionesses."

"The Numidian did not fight ill," the host admitted.

"I never saw a more skilful stroke than that with which he got under the guard of the Gaul," returned the guest on the right, a full-blooded, thick-necked man, with a face hardened by exposure.

"He had as much strength as skill," added one of those who were reclining on the couch on the left. "I saw his sword come out at the back of the Gaul."

"A clean thrust, by Jove!" the first speaker rejoined; "and he gave it under disadvantage also, for the Gaul had already cut off two of the fingers of his right hand."

"Then it was a feat indeed!" said a young man on the couch with the Senator; "a feat worthy of commemoration in verse. And we have three poets here now. Which of you will immortalize the gladiator?"

"Publius Vergilius there," the ivy-crowned Senator remarked, "is ever at work on his epic. He carries it always on his mind, for he has scarce said a word to us to-night, from the egg to the apples."

The grave-visaged man whom he addressed smiled tolerantly, and turning to the guest at his side, he said, "Such a subject suits rather the satire than the epic—eh, Quintus Horatius?"

"There are those who would write an epic in twenty-four books on the life and adventures and death of a mouse," responded the guest thus invoked. "This afternoon at the bath, while I was anxious for my game of ball, there came a

fellow who forced me to hear a long poem he had written yesterday while standing on one foot!"

"It is not enough to find a good subject," said the third poet, who was a young man with a faded expression; "we must also make sure of a publisher whose scribes will not betray us by their carelessness. My last elegy was sent forth with a thousand errors that the dullest slave should not have been allowed to make."

"I know nothing of scribes, Sextus Aurelius," the thick-necked man declared; "I like the sword and the spear more than the style. But it is indisputable that we have no such slaves as we used to have in the old days. The knaves are careless now and insolent. If I were a poet, and they mangled my verses, I would have the blundering rascals sent to frigid Mœsia; they would not make the same mistake twice."

"There are punishments nearer at hand," said the Senator, "and swifter. When the cook of Vedius Pollio three times failed to stew the lampreys to his master's taste, the fellow was thrown into the fish-pond, and I doubt not that the lampreys found him to their taste."

"There is no need thus to punish your tricliniarch, Gaius Cilnius," declared the poet with the serious face, as he helped himself from the new dish the attendant then presented. "For here is a feast ordered to perfection. The slave is worthy of his master,—is he not, Quintus Horatius?"

"By Bacchus," replied the poet thus addressed, "he understands his art as well as a Greek rhetorician understands the art of speech. He persuades us although we have no appetite. But the credit for his labors is due to the friend who chose him."

"And the fellow is not to be praised for this beaker of glass, red as the ruby and as cunningly carved," the third poet interposed; "nor for this silver cup," he added, taking the vessel from the hand of an attendant, who filled it to the brim with Falernian. "Is this the very goblet in which Cleopatra dissolved her pearl, when she drank to the health of Antony?"

The host smiled, and responded: "You have hit the mark with a chance arrow, Sextus Aurelius. That is indeed the goblet of Cleopatra. It was sent to me from Alexandria by the friend who bought me also the beakers of red glass."

The chief course of the dinner was now attained, and the slaves removed the tables from the room. The guests washed their hands again. Then there was silence for a little space, out of respect to the gods, while the salted meal was offered on the family altar, and while the libations of wine were poured solemnly upon the hearth to the sound of stately music.

When this ceremony had been duly performed, the second tables were brought in, with cakes of many kinds and all manner of fruits, while fresh snow was packed about the vessels containing the wine.

While the guests were enjoying the lighter dishes with which the banquet came to an end, a livelier strain of music swelled forth, as though some new entertainment was about to be presented.

"That is a Gaditanian air, if I mistake not," said the poet who had been addressed as Sextus Aurelius.

"Have you a dancer to show us?" asked the thick-necked man, with a certain suggestion of eagerness in his voice.

"Two," the host responded.

"Trust Gaius Cilnius to give us good measure," interjected one of the other poets.

"There are two Gaditanian girls, twin sisters, of whom report speaks favorably," the Senator remarked. "It is rumored that they have a perfect mastery of the strange dances of their own country. Even Cæsar commended them when they danced before him. Are these they?"

"They are the same," answered the host, modestly; "two Gaditanian slave girls. I have never seen them, but I thought it might interest you to compare their art with that of the dancers we have beheld so often in Rome."

"Nothing so helps digestion as to end a dinner with a dance," said Quintus Horatius, with a smile of humorous anticipation.

As the guests settled back on the couches to behold the sport at their ease, the host gave a signal, and the music swelled out again, with strange, broken rhythms.

Suddenly there sprang into the open space before the men two dark-eyed girls, one from each side of the broad portal. They met in the centre of the space, and grasped each other by the right hand and swung around, and then, as the music

abruptly stopped, they stood still before the spectators, poised, each on one foot, in a graceful and captivating attitude. They were beautiful girls, both of them, scarce sixteen, lithe, slender, sinewy, with bronzed skins and thick dark hair. Their flowing garments, almost transparent, clung to their persons, falling in sweeping folds, but never reaching the saffron-dyed sawdust that covered the pale pavement.

Then, as the music struck up again, they began to dance, swaying in time, retreating one from the other, advancing with provocation, keeping step faultlessly to the tune, and bending their bodies in unison with the enervating rhythm. A heightened color came into the cheek of the thick-necked guest, and the eyes of the Senator took on a deeper glow.

Decorous at first, the sisters gained freedom as the dance went on, and with the quickening music they added fervor to their pantomime. So potent was the charm of their motions that not a word was spoken, while the dance rose to its climax with gestures as significant as they were graceful. After a while the music slackened, and the dance became more languorous, as though the girls were caught up in a dream. Then, with a sharp return of the former rapidity, the dancers flashed across the floor again and were gone.

The Senator sank back on the couch, while the poets and the other guests applauded. Then, while the servant whose duty it was threw perfumes over the few embers on the hearth, the diners made ready for the symposium by casting dice to discover who should be king of the feast.

When the dancers withdrew, night was about to fall. From the hut of a slave hidden in the hollow of the hill before the opening at the end of the dining-room a thin spiral of blue smoke curled softly upward in the darkening twilight, made visible by a final shaft of the expiring sunset.

II.—THE PASTEL.

NEW YORK, A.D. 1892.

Against the wall at the further end of the studio hung a huge sheet, broad enough to have been taken from the great bed of Ware. It was bleached by the hard glare of the lime-light directed from the gallery at the back of the painter's workshop over the doorway leading to his smaller studio, where the supper was already set out. Almost touching the pendent drapery, but a little to the left, were four chairs for the musicians who were to accompany the Spanish woman. For the gyrations of the dancer a hollow semicircle of floor space had been left in front of the sheet, and bent rows of folding-chairs filled the rest of the long room. The carved coffers had been pushed back against the side walls under the worn tapestries and the tarnished embroidery of old altar-cloths. Vessels of brass, of copper, of baked clay, of delft, of twisted glass, stood on the larger cabinets. A panoply of arms, wherein could be seen a creese, a yataghan, an old flint-lock musket, a Springfield rifle, a bowie-knife, and two Arapaho arrows, was set on the wall over against a portrait of the owner of the studio, in Japanese costume, lovingly painted by a former pupil. There were other pictures here and there out of the way; and thrust in a corner on an easel, carefully hidden by a shabby velvet robe, was the unfinished portrait of one of the ladies who were giving the entertainment. Pendent from the ceiling by a cord was a stuffed sea-gull with outstretched wings, swaying softly to and fro as the floor trembled under the footsteps of the arriving guests.

It was nearly midnight, and for half an hour or more the guests had been gathering, greeting one another, and settling down in little groups, until now the studio was beginning to be crowded, and the late-comers found it hard to place themselves. Some of those first to arrive had come leisurely from betarded dinners, and some of those last to arrive had come hurriedly from the opera, hastening away before the tenor had sung his death-song. They were all well dressed, and they all seemed gay and eager for amusement, with an air as of people out in expectation of an unconventional entertainment. They were fairly representative of the well-to-do dwellers in a great city. Among them were many men and women of fashion, some of them having no other claim to distinction than the accident of their social position, and some of them leaders of society not only, but also in philanthropy and in citizenship. There were men of letters, two or three essayists, three or four novelists, and a poet or two. There were artists, some of them friends of the painter in

whose studio the dance was to take place. There was a clever young actor, with his pretty young wife. There were half a dozen statesmen—two of them high in the councils of the nation—who had come on from Washington specially to be present at the affair. There were pretty women a plenty, with diamonds agleam on their bosoms and in their hair. There was the thin young lady who had aroused public opinion against the dirty streets of the city; there was the young married woman who took time from society to do her duty as head of a school for the training of nurses; there was the plump widow who wrote clever articles on music and the drama; and there was the beautiful dark woman who had just been forced to seek a divorce from a brutal nobleman unable to appreciate her. There were young women and old who thought they had done their whole duty by the world when they looked charming and smiled at the compliments paid to them.

Above the chatter of many tongues could be heard the clear voice of one of the men from Washington, who had once been an attaché in Madrid. "Why is she so late, this Andalusian caperer?"

"She doesn't finish at the theatre till nearly eleven," said the handsome woman to whom he had spoken; "but she promised to dance as little as she could this evening and to take no encores, so as to save herself fresh for us."

A novelist who had just arrived from Italy leaned over and asked the young lady by his side: "It's a new act, isn't it, this having a dancer come here at midnight to give a private performance?"

"She's done it two or three times for us this winter," the young lady answered. "You know the theatre where she appears is so common that we can't go there; and so, you see, if she didn't come to a studio now and then, why, nobody would see her."

Then there was a sudden parting of the little group of men gathered about one of the hostesses near the door. Four musicians entered and took the seats reserved for them. They were swarthy and dark-eyed; one of them was a fine-looking fellow with a shrewd smile hovering about his sensual mouth. He was the leader, and played the guitar; his companions had, one a mandolin, and two of them violins. With the appearance of the musicians there was an instant stir all over the studio, and people settled into their places and made room for one another, and turned their attention to the coming entertainment. The young men who had been standing inside the reserved semicircle, bending over and chatting with the ladies on the front row, now squatted on the floor and sat cross-legged.

The hush of expectancy was broken as the dancer entered, walking with a free and feline tread. Amid loud applause, clapping of hands, and tapping of fan sticks, she took the seat that had been set for her in the centre of the open space, close to the sheet, against which her black shadow was cut out boldly by the lime-light that now brightened. She sat still for a few seconds, until the musicians struck up a wailing and riotous rhythm. She threw back her scarf and arose from her chair. The music swelled languorously and louder, and then she began to dance, coming forward a little, until by chance her shadow was under the shadow of the bird with outstretched wings.

She was a daringly handsome woman, of superb health, of intense vitality, of unfailing grace, of undeniable charm—due not only to the dark deep eyes, made darker and deeper by kohl lines below and above, and not only to the full red lips and the dazzling white teeth they revealed when they parted; not only to the flash of the glance even, nor to the sudden delight of the smile; but rather to some intangible, invisible, indisputable potency of sex which lent irresistible fascination to irregular features. In repose the face was heavy and sad; but a smile transfigured it almost beyond recognition. It was a Spanish face, no doubt, but with more than a hint of the gypsy or of the Moor. The neck and arms, more decorously covered than those of most of the ladies who were looking on, were browned, and the thick fingers of both hands were encased with a dozen diamond rings. Her dress, which fell a little below the knee, was of yellow satin, decked with an abundance of black lace. She wore a rose in the heavy braids of her midnight hair.

Her dance was like her beauty, irregular and irresistible. It was Spanish in essence, perhaps gypsy at times, with haunting memories of the Orient. It began with a Moorish swaying of the body and a bold swing of the hips, preceding a few simple steps to the right and to the

left, a few bending turns, now one way and now the other, taken with easy flexibility, in strict time to the lilt of the tune the musicians kept playing. Often the suppleness of the torso was as important as the swiftness of the feet. It was a strange and startling performance, and its fascination was as strange as the dancer herself. As a dance it was voluptuous, and yet decent; full of suggestion to some, and yet devoid of offence to all who were ignorant as to the symbolic possibilities of primitive pantomime. As it went on, the ladies watched it with eager enjoyment, following every movement of arm, of body, and of foot. The men leaned forward with a tenser interest, with a gaze that never relaxed, and sometimes with a tightened breathing. At any unexpected twist of the dancer's body or unusually artful feat there were incipient cheers and loud cries of "Ollè!"

At last the music died away and the dancing ceased. She bowed again and again as the plaudits rang out, accepting them with a hesitancy that seemed almost shy. Then she sat down, breathless and hot. Two or three of the men who had been sitting on the floor on the front line of spectators got on their feet and went forward with compliments, which she received with purely professional gratitude. She accepted congratulations on her skill with a heartiness which was perhaps perfunctory. In repose the expression of her countenance was almost sombre, until it was illuminated by her swift smile.

The guests who had seen her before compared this performance with those preceding. One young man informed a young girl that she did not dance as freely as she used. "You see, some fellow told her she had heart-disease, so she spares herself now. I always sing out 'Ollè!' as loud as I can, and as often too, to try and get her excited a little and to keep her up to her work."

"I think some of the married women might go up and talk to her," said the young lady; "she looks so timid I feel almost as if I ought to get presented to her, so as to encourage her a little."

Side by side at the rear of the studio, standing clear of the last row of chairs, were a poet and a novelist.

"Do you suppose she really cares for the applause and the compliments," asked the novelist, "or is that brilliant smile of hers part of the performance?"

"I don't know," the poet responded. "She seems to take to it kindly. Do you see how she turns again and again to that mandolin-player at her right, and how he looks at her with a calm air of proprietorship?"

"Oh yes," the novelist returned; "they say he's her husband—but then they will say anything."

Then the music started again, a low, throbbing, pathetic air this time, and as some of the audience recognized it, there was an outbreak of applause. The Spaniard arose and put on a black felt hat, which she pulled down over her eyebrows, and she reached down and picked up a long cane or pilgrim's staff. The dancer was now to appear as a singer. The song was simple and dramatic; and the singing was varied by much pantomime, by an attempt to express its emotion histrionically, by an obvious dramatic effort. The end of every stanza brought an odd little chorus, to the notes of which the performer walked in time with an indescribable swagger, irredeemably common, but never vulgar in the lower sense of the word. At the end of the final stanza the music was prolonged, and the walk around became a dance, like the first and yet unlike it, not the same and yet a variation of the same theme. It had more freedom than its predecessor and a wilder abandon, as if the gypsy or the Moor was overpowering the Spaniard. As it went on there were frequent clappings of hands and shouts of "Ollè," as though the spectators also were waking up.

The young man who had been talking to the young lady found himself by the side of the visitor from Washington who had once been an attaché at Madrid.

"I suppose you have seen better than this in Spain?" he asked, doubtfully.

"I have seen much the same thing," was the answer. "Nothing more graceful; nothing more fascinating."

"Ah, but you just wait till after supper," cried the young man, enthusiastically.

The poet overheard this, and moved away. He delighted in the light and the color of the thing, in its movement and rhythm, in the aroma of luxury, in the unconventionality of the entertainment; but his conscience smote him.

"Do you see the shadow of that bird," asked the novelist, "descending on the dancer like a spirit of purity? And if you will look over here at the right of

the drapery, you can catch sight of the death-mask of Shakespeare looking on at these revels with sightless eyes as if he enjoyed them."

"I feel like a barbarian of the lower empire," the poet responded. "I shall be ready soon for the gladiators, and I don't doubt I should hesitate whether to turn my thumb down or not."

The music ceased suddenly, and the dancer, after bowing once and again, dropped into her chair, visibly panting. Two ladies went forward together to express their pleasure at her performance. The young man who accompanied them borrowed one of their fans, and sinking on his knees by the side of the dancer, he began to fan her.

HOW LIN McLEAN WENT EAST.

BY OWEN WISTER.

I.

IF you set out to herd into one place some of every sort of mankind that is found on the Shoshone Indian Reservation, you will gather a very various flock indeed. A sun-dance accomplishes this handsomely; but I think the only other event that will do it is a visit from the bishop. The bishop is in the sincere estimation of all people not only a good man, but a man. This somehow counts for more in Wyoming, and they respect him and come to look at him. Hence it happened that one Sunday morning in late July he stood in the church at the agency and held the Episcopal morning service for some brightly glittering army officers and their families; some white soldiers and some black; some bread-winners, including the agency doctor, the post trader, the government scout, and three gamblers who lacked other occupation; the waiter-girl from the hotel, and the stage-driver, who was there because she was; a couple of festooned chiefs in beautiful blankets; a little bench of squatting rag-bag Indian children, perfectly quiet, but otherwise just as wicked as white infants are, which seems astonishing when you consider what is being done at Washington to make them good; also some Eastern visitors at the post; and Sabina Stone, the commanding officer's new hired girl, and with her, Lin McLean, a cow-puncher.

To Mr. McLean the service had so far passed swiftly and unnoted. He had recently come down Wind River from the round-up, and had his pay. When a cowboy has his pay, there are many people who take an interest in him. The three gamblers had done this, but they did not know Mr. McLean could play cards, and he was even now fat with their money. He was a complete specimen of his lively and peculiar class. Cow-punchers are not a race, as are the crackers of Georgia, or the farmers of New England, or the Tennessee mountaineers, but a haphazard pack of young men and boys. They are town-bred and country-bred, and shuffled together in the game of adventure from Cape Cod to Los Angeles. They are often widely unlike in speech and education as well as appearance, but they have in common, besides a certain vocabulary, that utter irresponsibility which comes from taking destiny on a jocular basis, and not having a wife. They gallop over the face of the empty earth for a little while, and those whom rheumatism or gunpowder does not overtake, are blotted out by the course of empire, leaving no trace behind. A few wise ones return to their birthplaces, marry, and remain forever homesick for the desert sage-brush and the alkali they once cursed so heartily. A few, wise but less so, take a squaw to wife and supinely draw her rations from the government, while she cuts the wood, digs the irrigation ditches, and bears them half-breeds with regularity.

It has been said that Lin McLean had not paid attention to the service this Sunday morning because he was sitting next to Miss Sabina Stone. The little melodeon in the corner, played by one of the ladies at the post, had finished accompanying a slim chorus in the hymn, and now it tapered off into those few closing chords so dear to organists, while the bishop paused before his address, resting his keen eyes quietly on the people. He was dressed in a plain suit of black with a narrow black tie. This was because the Union Pacific Railroad, while it had delivered him correctly at Rawlins, had de-

spatched his surplice towards Denver, where there is another bishop who has surplices of his own.

"And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." The bishop told the story of that surpassing parable, and then proceeded to draw from it a discourse fitted to the drifting destinies in whose presence he found himself for one solitary morning.

Lin McLean was set on a new course of thought by the history of the youth who took his journey into a far country. He had followed every word of the narrative, and it seemed to him that this was liker things in the world than what they usually gave you out of the Bible. The bishop noticed the cow-puncher's brown face and eyes wide open, and felt he had secured one good listener. But Lin was no longer listening at all. At the verse about the elder brother hearing sounds of music and dancing, he had wondered whether they still had the dances at Phœnix Hall, in Swampscott, Massachusetts; and his thoughts filled with memories of winter and summer, of blue salt water, and of Thanksgiving day. Swampscott was where they had lived before breaking up their home and going to board in Boston. It was very hot in church, for the sun had been during the last thirty-three days blazing down against the plain. The two Indian chiefs went to sleep. But Lin sat in the same alert position till the sermon ended, though he had not heard a word of it since the parable. After that, officers, Indians, and all the people dispersed through the bald dry heat to their dwellings. The cow-puncher rode beside Sabina in silence.

"What are you studying over, McLean?" inquired Sabina, a trifle sharply. She was a pretty girl.

"Oh, nothin'," replied her admirer.

"I guess I'll be late for settin' the Colonel's table. Good-by," said Sabina, quickly, and swished her whip across the pony, who scampered away with her along the straight road across the plain to the post.

Lin caught up with her at once, and made his peace.

"Only," protested Sabina, "I ain't used to gentlemen taking me out and—well, same as if I was a collie-dog. Maybe it's Wind River politeness."

But she went riding with him up Trout Creek in the cool of the afternoon. Out of the Indian tepees, scattered wide among the flat levels of sage-brush, smoke rose thin and gentle, and vanished. They splashed across the many little running channels which lead water through that thirsty soil, and though the clean blue range of mountains came no nearer, behind them the post, with its white flat buildings and green trees, dwindled to a toy village.

"My! but it's far to everywheres here," exclaimed Sabina, "and it's little you're sayin' for yourself to-day, Mr. McLean. I'll have to do the talking. What's that thing now, where them rocks are?"

"That's Little Wind River Cañon," said the young man. "Feel like goin' there, Miss Stone?"

"Why, yes. It looks real nice and shady like, don't it? Let's."

So Miss Stone turned her pony in that direction.

"When do your folks eat supper?" inquired Lin.

"Half past six. Oh, we've lots of time! Come on."

"How many miles per hour do you figure that cayuse of yourn can travel?" Lin asked.

"What are you a-talking about, anyway? You're that strange to-day," said the lady.

"Only if we try fer to make that cañon, I guess you'll be late agin fer settin' the Colonel's table," Lin remarked, fixing her with a suave smile. "That is, if yer horse ain't good fer twenty miles an hour. Mine ain't, I know. But I'll do my best to stay with yu'."

"You're the teasingest man—" said Miss Stone, pouting. "I might have knowed it was ever so much further nor it looked."

"Well, I ain't sayin' I don't want to go, if yu' was desirous of campin' out to-night."

"Mr. McLean! Indeed and I'd do no such thing!" and Sabina giggled.

A sage-hen rose under their horses' feet, and hurtled away heavily over the next rise of ground, taking a final wide sail out of sight.

"Somethin' like them partridges used to," said Lin, thinking aloud, and certain woods between Lynn and Salem rose before his memory.

"Partridges?" inquired Sabina, at a loss.

Then a new idea occurred to him, all complete in a moment. "I wonder if you'll be settin' the Colonel's table when I come back?" he said. "I'm goin' East to-morrow. East to Boston."

Miss Stone was astonished, and inquired if he had not intended to go for a visit to Lander, only sixteen miles away. This had been his intention, he said, but circumstances had changed his plans. These circumstances he did not reveal, but frowned mysteriously when he alluded to them; and she, being new in the country, was impressed, and supposed they existed and were of importance. They came home quickly, she a little sorry she was to lose him.

"I hope nothing 'ain't happened to your folks?" she said.

"I 'ain't got folks," replied Lin, "barrin' a brother. I guess he's takin' good care of himself."

"Don't you correspond?"

"Well, I guess we would if there was anything to say. There 'ain't ben."

Sabina thought they must have quarrelled.

"No," said Lin. "I just thought I'd have a look at this Western country. Frank, he thought dry-goods was good enough fer him. And so we're both satisfied, I expect. And that's eight years now. Whoop ya!" he suddenly sang out, and fired his six-shooter at a jack-rabbit, who strung himself out flat and flew over the earth.

Both dismounted at the parade-ground gate, and he kissed her when she was not looking, upon which she very properly slapped him, and he took the horses to the stable. He sat down to tea at the hotel, and found the meal consisted of black potatoes, gray tea, and a guttering dish of fat pork. But his appetite was good, and also he remarked to himself that inside the first hour he was in Boston he would have steamed Duxbury clams.

The next morning the other passengers entered the stage with resignation, knowing the thirty-six hours of evil that lay before them. Lin climbed up beside the driver.

"Don't get full, Lin," said the clerk, putting the mail-sacks in at the store.

"My plans ain't settled that far yet," replied Mr. McLean.

"Leave it out of them," said the voice of the bishop, laughing, inside the stage.

It was a cool fine air. Gazing over the huge plain down in which lies Fort Wash-a-kie, Lin heard the faint notes of the trumpet on the parade-ground, and took a good-by look at all things. He watched the American flag grow small, saw the circle of steam rising away down by the hot springs, looked at the bad lands beyond, red and lavender tinted, and chemical in their unhealthy baldness. Across that spreading distance Indians trotted at wide spaces, generally two large bucks on one small pony, or a squaw and pappoose, a huddling stack of particolored rags. Presiding over the whole, rose the mountains to the west, serene, lifting into the clearest light. Then once again came the now tiny music of the trumpet.

"When do yu' figure on comin' back?" inquired the driver.

"Oh, I'll just look around back there for a spell," said Lin. "About a month, I guess."

He had seven hundred dollars. At Lander the horses are changed; and during this operation Lin's friends gathered and said, where was any sense in going to Boston, when you could have a good time where you were? But Lin remained sitting safe on the stage and said no, no. Towards evening, at the bottom of a little dry gulch some eight feet deep, the horses decided it was a suitable place to stay. It was the bishop who persuaded them to change their minds. He told the driver to give up beating, and unharness. Then they were led up the bank, quivering, and a broken trace was spliced with rope. Then the stage was forced on to the level ground, the bishop proving a strong man, familiar with the gear of vehicles. The next afternoon the stage put its passengers down on the railroad platform at Rawlins. The bishop was going West to Green River. His surplice had passed him on the up stage during the night. When the reverend gentleman heard this, he was silent for a very short moment, and then laughed vigorously in the baggage-room.

"I can understand how you swear sometimes," he said to Lin McLean; "but I can't, you see. Not even at this."

The cow-puncher was checking his own trunk.

"Good-by and good luck to you," continued the bishop, giving his hand to Lin. "And look here—don't you think you might leave that 'getting full' out of your plans?"

Lin gave a slightly shamefaced grin. "I don't guess I can, sir," he said. "I'm givin' yu' straight goods, yu' see," he added.

"That's right. But you look like a man who could stop when he'd had enough. Try that. You're man enough —and come and see me whenever we're in the same place."

He went to Green River; and there were several hours for Lin to wait. He walked up and down the platform till the stars came out and the bright lights of the town shone in the saloon windows. Over across the way piano music sounded through one of the many open doors.

"Wonder if the professor's there yet?" said Lin, and he went across the railroad tracks. The bartender nodded to him as he passed through into the back room. In that place were many tables, and the flat clicking and rattle of ivory counters sounded pleasantly through the music. Lin did not join the stud-poker game. He stood over a table at which sat a dealer and a player, very silent, opposite one another, and whereon were painted sundry cards, numerals, and the colors red and black in squares. Also the legend "Jacks pay" was clearly painted. The player placed chips upon whichever insignia of fortune he chose, and the dealer slid cards (quite fairly) from the top of a pack that lay held within a skeleton case made with some clamped bands of tin. Sometimes the player's pile of chips rose high, and sometimes his sumptuous pillar of gold pieces was lessened by one. It was very interesting and pretty to see. Lin had much better have joined the game of stud-poker. Presently the eye of the dealer met the eye of the player. After that slight incident the player's chip pile began to rise, and rose steadily, till the dealer made admiring comments on such a run of luck. Then the player stopped, cashed in, and said good-night, having nearly doubled the number of his gold pieces.

"Five dollars' worth," said Lin, sitting down in the vacant seat. The chips were counted out to him. He played with unimportant shiftings of fortune until a short while before his train was due, and then, singularly enough, he discovered he was one hundred and fifty dollars behind the game.

"I guess I'll leave the flyer go without me," said Lin, buying five dollars' worth more of ivory counters. So that train, miscalled "the flyer," came and went, removing eastward from Rawlins Mr. McLean's trunk, which he had checked for Omaha.

During the hours that followed, his voice grew dogged, and his remarks briefer, as he continually purchased more chips from the now surprised and sympathetic dealer. This man had human feelings. He was not like his kinsman who presides at Monte Carlo, with a voice of polished stone. But while sympathy, perhaps, is a pleasant thing, no amount of it seems to change the luck. It was really wonderful how steadily Lin lost—just as steadily as his predecessor had won after that meeting of eyes early in the evening.

When Lin was three hundred dollars out, his voice began to clear of its huskiness, and a slight humor revived and sparkled in his eye. When his seven hundred dollars had gone to safer hands, and he had nothing left at all but some silver fractions of a dollar, his robust cheerfulness was all back again. He walked out and stood among the railroad tracks with his hands in his pockets, and laughed at himself in the dark. Then his fingers came on the trunk check, and he laughed loudly. His baggage by this time must be getting near Laramie. Tomorrow it would be dumped down at Omaha. This reminded him of his ticket for that place.

"I'm goin' East all right," he soliloquized, kicking the rail. "Not yet though, I ain't a-goin'. Nor I won't go to Wash-a-kie neither, you bet, to have 'em laff. And over yonder's Boston." He pointed, stretching his arm full length. Had he seen another man going on in this fashion alone in the dark among side-tracked freight cars, he would have pitied the poor fool. "And I guess Boston 'll have to get along without me fer a spell, too," continued Lin. "I ain't a-goin' to show up plumb broke like the feller did after eatin' with the hogs the bishop told about. No, sir; you bet! His father was a jim dandy, that hog chap's. Hustled around and set him up when he come back home. Frank, he'd say to me, 'How do you do, brother?' and he'd be wearin' a good suit of clothes, and— No, sir; you bet!"

Lin watched the great head-light of a freight train bearing slowly down into Rawlins from the wilderness. Rawlins



"UPON WHICH SHE VERY PROPERLY SLAPPED HIM."

is the end of a division, consequently many things took place when this train reached the coal-shute. One locomotive moved to a well-earned repose, and another backed to tackle a night's work. Also there were bumpings, jigglings of lanterns, and further bumps.

"Hello, Lin!" A face was poked out of the window of the caboose.

"Hello!" responded Mr. McLean, perceiving above his head Honey Wiggin, a good friend of his whom he had thought to be dead. They had not met for three years, when Honey had worked for the Bar-Circle-Zee. Each was pleased to see the other, but carefully concealed it. The cow-puncher considers reticence a proper thing for a man. But from the mere

undertone in their voices you could have known it was good friends who were speaking.

"Where 're yer bound?" said Honey.

"East," said Lin.

"Better jump in here, then. We're goin' west over the O. R. and N."

"Guess I will," said Lin.

So it was not very long before the distance between Mr. McLean and Boston, instead of being 2238 miles, became 2239, and steadily increased.

II.

These two sat for a while, making few observations and far between, as their way is between whom flows a current of old-time understanding. Mutual whiskey and silence can express much friendship, and eloquently.

"What are you doin' at present?" Lin inquired.

"Prospectin'."

Now prospecting means hunting gold, and is the fourth and greatest of the learned professions, tending directly whither indirectly tend the other three. Once it was practised by Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, Roger Bacon, and other profound scholars. These men made much use of chemicals, and things that smell bad, and thought the crucible pretty nearly indispensable. To-day, the broader doctrine of railroad stocks prevails. But the brokers still occasionally use things that smell bad, and gold is made without being earned just as readily as ever the alchemists made it. The Rocky Mountain method of prospecting is by means of the gold-pan or the quartz-crusher. It contains hopes and fears, and is full of interest.

So Lin McLean listened to the talk of his friend Honey Wiggin as the caboose trundled through the night. He saw himself in a vision of the near future enter a bank and thump down a bag of gold-dust. Then he saw the new clean money the man would hand him in exchange; bills with round zeroes half covered by being folded over, and heavy, satisfactory gold pieces. And then he saw the blue water that twinkles beneath Boston. Through the open windows of the caboose great dull red cinders rattled in, and the whistles of distant Union Pacific locomotives sounded over the open plains ominous and long, like ships at sea. As the train moved into Green River in the sunlight, a gleam of dismay shot over Lin's face, and he ducked his head out of sight of the window, but immediately raised it again. Then he leaned out, waving his arm with a certain defiant vigor. But the bishop on the platform failed to notice this performance, though it was done for his sole benefit. Nor would Lin explain to the inquisitive Wiggin what the matter was. Therefore, very naturally, Honey drew a conclusion for himself, looked quickly out of the window, and being disappointed in what he expected to see, remarked sulkily, "Do yu' figure I care what sort of a lookin' girl is stuck on yu' in Green River?"

And upon this, young Lin laughed so loudly that his friend told him he had never seen a man get so foolish in three years.

By-and-by they were in Idaho, and said good-by to the train hands in the caboose, and came to Little Camas and so among the mountains near Feather Creek. Here the berries were of several sorts, and growing riper each day; and the bears in the timber above knew this, and came down punctually with the season, making variety in the otherwise even life of the prospectors. It was now August, and Lin sat on a wet hill making mud pies for sixty days. But the philosopher's stone was not in the wash at that placer, nor did Lin gather gold-dust sufficient to cover the nail of his thumb. Then they heard of an excitement at Obo, Nevada, and hurrying to Obo, they made some more mud pies.

Now and then, eating their fat bacon at noon, Honey would say, "Lin, wher're yu' goin'?"

And Lin always replied, "East." This became a signal for drinks.

Is not Nevada a beautiful name? The imagination rises at it, and snowy peaks with depths of purple below them, and streams gleaming down through the steep pines, all crowd into the mind's eye. But the preposterous truth is that no place in this world contains more square miles of the abomination of desolation. The deposits from long-vanished waters have lacquered the face of Nevada with ugliness. Not even will the sage-brush come to help the wastes of vast sand and small stones. Miles on miles of paltry ignoble ridges and flats reach eternally on, and it is poor consolation, while making mud pies, to know you are in the bottom of an

ancient inland sea, and may study fan-deltas and successive lake benches all day long, if you choose. The sun beats down as on a roof of zinc, fierce and dull. A clump of bad lands would be an oasis. Rising a little, rolling, then falling a little, the mean, pitiful landscape varies never a whit, but stretches on from nowhere to nowhere with persistence unflagging.

There is much gold in Nevada, but Lin and Honey did not find it. Prospecting of the sort they did, besides proving unfruitful, is not comfortable. Now and again, losing patience, Lin would leave his work and stalk about and gaze down at the scattered men who perpetually stooped or knelt in the water. Passing each busy prospector, Lin would read on every broad upturned pair of overalls the same label, "Levi Strauss, No. 2," with a picture of two lusty horses hitched to one of these garments, and vainly struggling to split them asunder. Lin remembered he was wearing a label just like that too, and when he considered all things he laughed to himself. Then, having stretched the ache out of his long legs, he would return to his ditch. As autumn wore on his feet grew cold in the mushy gravel they were sunk in. He beat off the sand that had stiffened on his boots, and hated Obo, Nevada. But he held himself ready to say "East" whenever he saw Honey coming along with a bottle. The cold weather put an end to this adventure. The ditches froze and filled with snow, through which the sordid gravel heaps showed in a dreary fashion; so the two friends drifted southward.

Near the small new town of Mesa, Arizona, they sat down again in the dirt. It was milder here, and when the sun shone, never quite froze. But this part of Arizona is scarcely more grateful to the eye than Nevada. Also, Lin and Honey found no gold at all. Then in January, even though the sun shone, it quite froze one day.

"What'll we do?" Honey inquired.



THE BISHOP.

"Have to hustle for a job; a good payin' job," responded the hopeful cowpuncher. And he and Honey went to town.

Lin found a job in twenty-five minutes, becoming assistant of the apothecary in Mesa. Established at the drug store, he made up the simpler prescriptions. He had studied practical pharmacy in Boston between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, and besides this qualification, the apothecary had seen him when he first came into Mesa and liked him. Lin made no mistakes that he or any one ever knew of; and, as the mild weather began, he materially increased the apothecary's business by persuading him to send East

for a soda-water fountain. The ladies of the town clustered around this entertaining novelty, and while sipping vanilla and lemon bought knickknacks. And the gentlemen of the town discovered that whiskey with soda and strawberry syrup was delicious, and produced just as competent effects. A group of them were generally standing in the shop and shaking dice to decide who should pay for the next, while Lin administered to each glass the necessary ingredients. Thus money began to come to him a little more steadily than had been its wont, and he divided with the penniless Honey.

But Honey found fortune quickly too. Through excellent card-playing he won a pinto from a small Mexican horse-thief, who came into town from the south, and who cried bitterly when he delivered up his pet pony to the new owner. The new owner, being a man of the world and agile on his feet, was only slightly stabbed that evening as he walked to the dance-hall at the edge of the town. The Mexican was buried on the next day but one.

The pony stood thirteen two, and was as long as a steamboat. He had white eyelashes, pink nostrils, and one eye was bright blue. If you spoke pleasantly to him, he rose instantly on his hind legs and tried to beat your face. He did not look as if he could run, and that was what made him so valuable. Honey travelled through the country with him; and every gentleman who saw the pinto and heard Honey became anxious to get up a race. Lin always sent money for Wiggin to place, and he soon opened a bank account; while Honey, besides his racing-bridle, bought a silver-inlaid one, a pair of forty-dollar spurs, and a beautiful saddle richly stamped. Every day (when in Mesa) Honey would step into the drug store and inquire, "Lin, where 're yu' goin'?"

But Lin never answered any more. He merely came to the soda-water fountain with the whiskey. The passing of days brought a choked season of fine sand and hard blazing sky. Heat rose up from the ground and hung heavily over man and beast. Many insects sat out in the sun rattling with joy; the little tearing river grew clear from the swollen mud, and shrank to a succession of standing pools; and the fat, squatting cactus bloomed everywhere into butter-colored flowers big as tulips in the sand. There were artesian wells in Mesa, and the water did not taste very good; but if you drank from the standing pools where the river had been, you repaired to the drug store almost immediately. A troop of wandering players came dotting along the railroad, and reaching Mesa, played a brass band up and down the street, and announced the powerful drama of *East Lynne*. Then Mr. McLean thought of the Lynn marshes that lie between there and Chelsea, and of the sea that must look so cool. He forgot them while following the painful fortunes of the Lady Henrietta; but going to bed in the back part of the drug store, he remembered how he used to beat everybody swimming in the salt water.

"I'm goin'," he said. Then he got up, and striking the light, he inspected his bank account. "I'm sure goin'," he repeated, blowing the light out, "and I can buy the fatted calf myself, you bet!" for he had often thought of the bishop's story. "You bet!" he remarked once more, in a muffled voice, and was asleep in a minute. The apothecary was sorry to have him go, and Honey was deeply grieved.

"I'd pull out with yer," he said, "only I can do business round Yuma and westward with the pinto."

For three farewell days Lin and Honey roved together in all sorts of places where they were welcome, and once more Lin rode a horse and was in his native element. Then he travelled to El Paso, and so through Denver to Omaha, where he was told that his trunk had been sold for some months. Besides a suit of clothes for town wear, it had contained a buffalo coat for his brother—something scarce to see in these days.

"Frank 'll have to get along without it," he observed, philosophically, and took the next East-bound train.

If you journey in a Pullman from Mesa to Omaha without a waistcoat, and with a silk handkerchief knotted over the collar of your flannel shirt instead of a tie, wearing, besides tall, high-heeled boots, a soft gray hat with a splendid brim, a few people will notice you, but not the majority. New Mexico and Colorado are used to these things. As Iowa with its immense rolling grain encompasses you, people will stare a little more, for you're getting near the East, where

they're still provincial. But when at Chicago you seat yourself in the North Shore Limited in an atmosphere of good gloves and patent leather, your appearance will have become wellnigh audible in the civilized silence. There were ladies in that velvet Wagner car for Boston who looked at Lin for thirty miles at a stretch; and by the time Albany was reached the next day, one or two of them thought he was the most attractive-looking man they had ever seen. Whereas, beyond his tallness, and eyes that seemed the property of a not highly conscientious wild animal, there was nothing remarkable about him except stage effect. The conductor had been annoyed to have such a passenger; but Lin troubled no one, and was extremely silent. People who tried to chat with him in the smoking compartment gave up after getting a couple of quiet monosyllables. At Springfield he sent a telegram to his brother at the great dry-goods establishment of Shimmins and Bibbs. The train began its homestretch after Worcester, and whirled and swung through new stations with old names. They flashed on Lin's eyes as he sat with his hat off and his forehead against the window, looking: Wellesley. Then, not long after, Riverside. That was the Charles River, and Lin could not remember whether the picnic woods were above the bridge or below. West Newton; Newtonville; Newton. "Faneuil's next," he said aloud in the car, as the long-forgotten, every-day fact shot into his recollection. The traveller in the seat in front said, "Beg pardon?" but turning, wondered at the all-unconscious Lin, with his forehead against the glass. Soon they were running in the darkness between high walls, but the cow-puncher never moved, though nothing could be seen. When the porter announced "Boston," he started up, and followed like a sheep in the general exodus. Down on the platform, he moved along with the slow crowd till some one touched him, and wheeling round, he seized both his brother's hands, and swore a good oath.



LIN McLEAN.

There they stood—the long brown fellow with the silk handkerchief knotted over his flannel shirt, greeting tremendously the spruce civilian, who had a

rope-colored mustache and bore a faint-hearted resemblance to him. The story was plain on its face to the passers-by; and one of the ladies who had come in the car with Lin turned twice, and smiled gently to herself.

But Frank McLean's heart did not warm. He felt that what he had been afraid of was true; and he saw he was being made conspicuous. He saw men and women stare in the station, and he saw them staring as he and his Western brother went through the streets. Lin strode along, sniffing the air of Boston, looking at all things, and making it a stretch for his sleek companion to keep step with him. Frank thought of the refined friends he should have to introduce his brother to; for he had risen with his salary, and now belonged to a small club where the paying-tellers of banks played cards every night, and the head clerk at the Parker House was president. Perhaps he should not have to reveal the cow-puncher to these shining ones. Perhaps the cow-puncher would not stay very long. Of course he was glad to see him again, and he would take him to dine at some obscure place this first evening. But this was not Lin's plan. Frank must dine with him, at the Parker House. Frank demurred, saying it was he that should be host.

"And," he added, "they charge up high for wines at Parker's." Then for the twentieth time he shifted a sidelong eye over his brother's clothes.

"You're goin' to take your grub with me," said Lin. "That's all right, I guess. And there ain't any 'no' about it, you bet! Things is not the same like as if father was livin'—(his voice softened)—and here to see me come home. Now I'm good for several dinners with wines charged up high, I expect, nor it ain't nobody in this world, barrin' just Lin McLean, that I've any need to ask fer anything. 'Mr. McLean,' says I to Lin, 'can yer spare me some cash?' 'Why, to be sure, you bet!' and we'll start off with steamed Duxbury clams." The cow-puncher slapped his pocket, where the coin made a muffled chinking. Then he said, gruffly, "I suppose Swampscott's there yet?"

"Yes," said Frank. "It's a dead little town, is Swampscott."

"I guess I'll take a look at the old house to-morrow," Lin pursued.

"Oh, that's been pulled down since eighty— I forget the year they improved that block."

Lin regarded in silence his brother, who was speaking so jauntily of the first and last home they had ever had.

"Eighty-two's when it was," continued Frank. "So you can save the trouble of travelling away down to Swampscott."

"I guess I'll go to the graveyard, anyway," said the cow-puncher in his offish voice, and looking fixedly in front of him.

They came into Washington Street, and again the elder McLean uneasily surveyed the younger's appearance.

But the momentary chill had melted from the heart of the genial Lin. "After to-morrow," said he, laying a hand on his brother's shoulder, "yu' can start any lead yu' please, and I guess I can stay with yu' pretty close, Frank."

Frank said nothing. He saw one of the members of his club on the other side of the way, and the member saw him, and Frank caught diverted amazement on the member's face. Lin's hand weighed on his shoulder, and the stress became too great. "Lin," said he, "while you're running with our crowd, you don't want to wear that style of hat, you know."

It may be that such words can in some way be spoken at such a time, but not in the way that these were said. The frozen fact was irrevocably revealed in the tone of Frank's voice.

The cow-puncher stopped dead short, and his hand slid off his brother's shoulder. "You've made it plain," he said evenly, slanting his steady eyes down into Frank's. "You've explained yourself mighty well. Run along with your crowd, and I'll not bother yu' more with comin' round and causin' yu' to feel ashamed. It's a heap better to understand these things at once, and save making a fool of yourself any longer'n yu' need to. I guess there ain't no more to be said, only one thing. If yu' see me around on the street, don't yu' try any talk, fer I'd be liable to close yer jaw up, and maybe yu'd have more of a job explainin' that to yer crowd than you've had makin' me see what kind of a man I've got fer a brother."

Frank found himself standing alone before any reply to these sentences had occurred to him. He walked slowly to his

club, where a friend joked him on his glumness.

Lin made a sore failure at amusing himself that night, and in the bright hot morning he got into the train for Swampscott. At the graveyard he saw a woman lay a bunch of flowers on a mound, and after kneeling, pass out weeping to herself. The thought came to him that nobody did that for the grave where he aimlessly loitered. All day he hung about the little town, looking at the houses and the water where he used to swim, loath to go away, yet only growing duller as the hours passed.

"Yu' don't belong any more, Lin," he said at length, and found his way back to Boston.



"YOU'VE EXPLAINED YOURSELF MIGHTY WELL."

The next morning, determined to see the sights, he was in New York, and drifted about to all places, night and day, till his money was mostly gone, and nothing to show for it but a somewhat pleasure-beaten face, and a deep hatred of the crowded, scrambling East. So he suddenly bought a ticket for Rawlins, Wyoming, and escaped from the city that seemed to numb his good-humor.

When, after three days, the Missouri lay behind him and his holiday, he stretched his legs and took heart to see out of the window the signs of approaching desolation. And when, on the fourth day, civilization was utterly emptied out of the world, he saw a bunch of cattle, and galloping among them his spurred and booted kindred—and his manner took on that alertness a horse shows on turning into the home road. As the stage took him towards Wash-a-kie, old friends turned up every fifty miles or so, shambling out of a cabin or a stable, and saying, in casual tones, "Hello, Lin, where 're yu' been at?"

At Lander there got into the stage another old acquaintance—the Bishop of Wyoming. He knew Lin at once, and held out his hand, and his greeting was hearty.

"It took a week for my surplice to catch up with me," he said, laughing. Then, in a little while, "How was the East?"

"First rate," said Lin, not looking at him. He was shy of the conversation's taking a moral turn. But the bishop had no intention of reverting—at any rate

just now—to their last talk at Rawlins, and the advice he had then given.

"I trust your friends were all well?" he said.

"I guess they was healthy enough," said Lin.

"I suppose you found Boston much changed? It's a beautiful city."

"Good enough town for them that likes it, I expect," Lin replied.

The bishop was forming a notion of what the matter must be, but he had no notion whatever of what now revealed itself.

"Mr. Bishop," the cow-puncher said, "how was that about that fellow you told about that's in the Bible somewheres?—feller's come home to his folks, and they—well there was his father saw him comin'—" He stopped, embarrassed.

Then the bishop remembered the wide-open eyes, and how he had noticed them in the church at the Agency intently watching him. And, just now, what were best to say he did not know. He looked at the young man gravely.

"Have yu' got a Bible?" pursued Lin. "For, excuse me, but I'd like yu' to read that onced."

So the bishop read, and Lin listened. And all the while this good clergyman was perplexed how to speak—or if indeed to speak at this time at all—to the heart of the man beside him for whom the parable had gone so sorely wrong. When the reading was done, Lin had not taken his eyes from the bishop's face.

"How long has that there been wrote?" he asked.

He was told about how long.

"Mr. Bishop," said Lin, "I 'ain't got good knowledge of the Bible, and I never figured it to be a book much on to facts. And I tell you I'm more plumb beat about it's having that elder brother, and him being angry, down in black and white two thousand years ago, than—than if I'd seen a man turn water into wine, fer I'd have knowed that ain't so. But the elder brother is facts—dead sure facts. And they knowed about that, and put it down just the same as life two thousand years ago!"

"Well," said the bishop, wisely ignoring the challenge as to miracles, "I am a good twenty years older than you, and all that time I've been finding more facts in the Bible every day I lived."

Lin meditated. "I guess that could be," he said. "Yes; after that yu've been a-readin', and what I know fer myself that I didn't know till lately, I guess that could be."

Then the bishop talked with exceeding care, nor did he ask uncomfortable things, or moralize visibly. Thus he came to hear how it had fared with Lin his friend, and Lin forgot altogether about its being a parson he was delivering the fulness of his heart to. "And come to think," he concluded, "it weren't home I had went to back East, layin' round them big cities where a man can't help but feel strange all the week. No, sir! yu' can blow in a thousand dollars like I did in New York, and it 'll not give yu' any more home feelin' than what cattle has, put in a stock-yard. Nor it wouldn't have in Boston neither. Now this country here (he waved his hand toward the endless sage-brush), seein' it onced more, I know where my home is, and I wouldn't live nowheres else. Only I ain't got no father watching fer me to come up Wind River."

The cow-puncher stated this merely as a fact, and without any note of self-pity. But the bishop's face grew very tender, and he looked away from Lin. Knowing his man—for had he not seen many of this kind in his desert diocese?—he forbore to make any text from that last sentence the cow-puncher had spoken. Lin talked cheerfully on about what he should now do. The round-up must be somewhere near Du Noir Creek. He would join it, and by-and-by take up some land and have a ranch of his own. As they got out at Fort Wash-a-kie, the bishop handed him a small book, in which he had turned several leaves down, carefully avoiding any page that related of miracles.

"You need not read it through, you know," he said, smiling; "just read where I have marked, and see if you don't find some more facts. Good-by—and always come and see me."

The next morning he watched Lin riding slowly out of the post towards Wind River, leading a single pack-horse. By-and-by the little moving dot went over the bridge. And as the bishop walked back into the parade-ground, thinking over the possibilities in that untrained manly soul, he shook his head sorrowfully.

PASTELS IN PROSE.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

IN THE MARSH-LAND.

FAR over in the east is the marsh-land. Naught passes through it but the wind—the wind bent on strange ends—or a bird winged and swift, like a soul; but there are no souls in the marsh-land.

No foot of man sounds the deep pools; no boat cleaves the thick grasses. The pools gleam red; the grass is coarse and thick as the hair of a goat; it is flung here and there in shaggy fleeces tinged with red, as if from slaughter. Over in the east the sun stands low; his red rays color the mist like wine. The flags threaten in the wind like spears, but no heroes wield them.

There is no man in the marsh-land, in whose deep pools could be found death, whose thick grasses could moor a boat forever. It is a lonely place, and only my thought is there, striving to possess it all with wide vision.

Over the marsh-land stray odors from border flowers, but there is no sense to harbor them. Over the marsh-land the sound-waves float, but there is no tongue to awaken them to speech and no ear to receive them. In the marsh-land is God, without the souls in which alone He shines unto His own vision; in the marsh-land is God, a light without His own darkness.

The marsh-land is a lonely place; there is no man there. Only my thought is there, holding what it can encompass of God.

CAMILLA'S SNUFF-BOX.

HERE is Camilla's snuff-box.

There were shouts in the street, and the torches flared. Camilla was borne along in her sedan-chair to the rout. Her delicate yellow face, as full of fine lines as a Chinese ivory carving, was seen through the window. She wore a velvet turban, and her head nodded ever as if in a wind.

The bearers shouted; the torches flared; red flames flickered in rosy smoke. Camilla was borne along to the rout in her sedan-chair.

Camilla opened her snuff-box; her slender fingers, pointed like ivory bodkins, stirred up the pungent snuff; her nostrils were as fine and fleshless as old ivory.

Camilla's time of love was past; she went to the rout with only painted roses in her cheeks, and she took a pinch of snuff.

The bearers shouted; the night was full of dark winds, which bent the red flames of the torches.

Camilla's snuff-box was of fine silver-work, and her name was on the lid. Her lover had given it to her; but her lover was long since dead, and the memory of his kisses no longer made her heart sweet.

Camilla was old, and her time of love was past. She took a pinch of snuff from her silver snuff-box, as she went to the rout in her sedan-chair, with her palsied head nodding like a Chinese toy in a cabinet.

The bearers shouted; but their shouts have long since died away. The night was full of dark winds; but the winds went down. Long ago the torches burnt out. Long ago Camilla went no more to routs, her head ceased nodding, and her funeral procession went out of sight, in a black file, down the city street. Long ago Camilla's grave was forgotten, and there was no love left for her on the earth. But here is her snuff-box.

SHADOWS.

THE black dog runs across the meadow, with his shadow at his side as fleet as he. Let him speed as he may, he cannot outspeed his shadow. There is light in the world.

It is spring. The grass is young, and the west wind blows. The banks of the brook are yellow with cowslips. The grasses all lean east when the west wind blows, and their shadows overlie them. Now the cowslips darken under a shadow. There is light in the world.

The apple-trees cast their blossoms in their dark circles of shadow. The birds fly singing overhead, and their silent shadows glide beneath them over the meadow. There is light in the world.

Half the farm-house roof glistens in the morning sun, and half is purple with

shadow. The shadow of the chimney smoke floats like a cloud over the meadow. There is light in the world.

Anne stands in the doorway. Her yellow hair and her blue gown gleam true in clear light, but she thinks of her lover, and shadows follow her thoughts. "Oh, my lover has gone on a journey! Should he lose his way! Should thieves waylay him to harm him! Should his feet falter! Should evil befall him, my lover!"

Anne stands in the doorway. Her yellow hair and her blue gown gleam true in clear light, but her thoughts cast shadows. There is love in her heart.

DEATH.

THERE is a little garden full of white flowers before this house, before this little house, which is sunken in a green hillock to the lintel of its door. The white flowers are full of honey; yellow butterflies and bees suck at them. The unseen wind comes rushing like a presence and a power which the heart feels only. The white flowers press together before it in a soft tumult, and shake out fragrance like censers; but the bees and the butterflies cling to them blowing. The crickets chirp in the green roof of the house unceasingly, like clocks which have told off the past, and will tell off the future.

I pray you, friend, who dwells in this little house sunken in the green hillock, with the white flower-garden before the door?

A dead man.

Passes he ever out of his little dwelling and down the path between his white flower-bushes?

He never passes out.

There is no chimney in that grassy roof. How fares he when the white flowers are gone and the white storm drives?

He feels it not.

Had he happiness?

His heart broke for it.

Does his heart pain him in there?

He has forgot.

Comes ever anybody here to visit him?

His widow comes in her black veil, and weeps here, and sometimes his old mother, wavering out in the sun like a black shadow.

And he knows it not?

He knows it not.

He knows not of his little prison-house in the green hillock, of his white flower-garden, of the winter storm, of his broken heart, and his beloved who yet bear the pain of it, and send out their thoughts to watch with him in the wintry nights?

He knows it not.

Only the living know?

Only the living.

Then, then the tombs be not for the dead, but the living! I would, I would, I would that I were dead, that I might be free from the tomb, and sorrow, and death!

Editor's Study.

I.



TO the northward of Hispaniola lies the island of Bimini. It may not be one of the spice islands, but it grows the best ginger to be found in the world. In it is a fair city, and beside the city a lofty mountain, at the foot of which is a noble spring called the *Fons Juventutis*. This fountain has a sweet savor, as of all manner of spicery, and every hour of the day the water changes its savor and its smell. Whoever drinks of this well will be healed of whatever malady he has, and will seem always young. It is not reported that women and men who drink of this fountain will be always young, but that they will seem so, and probably to themselves, which simply means, in our modern accuracy of language, that they will feel young. This island has never been found. Many voyages have been made in search of it in ships and in the imagination, and Liars have said they have landed on it and drunk of the water, but they never could guide any one else thither. In the credulous centuries when these voyages were made, other islands were discovered, and a continent much more important than Bimini; but these



discoveries were a disappointment, because they were not what the adventurers wanted. They did not understand that they had found a new land in which the world should renew its youth and begin a new career. In time the quest was given up, and men regarded it as one of the delusions which came to an end in the sixteenth century. In our day no one has tried to reach Bimini except Heine. Our scientific period has a proper contempt for all such superstitions. We now know that the *Fons Juventutis* is in every man, and that if actual juvenility cannot be renewed, the advance of age can be arrested and the waste of tissues be prevented, and an uncalculated length of earthly existence be secured, by the injection of some sort of fluid into the system. The right fluid has not yet been



discovered by science, but millions of people thought that it had the other day, and now confidently expect it. This credulity has a scientific basis, and has no relation to the old absurd belief in Bimini. We thank goodness that we do not live in a credulous age.

II.

The world would be in a poor case indeed if it had not always before it some ideal or millennial condition, some panacea, some transmutation of base metals into gold, some philosopher's stone, some fountain of youth, some process of turning charcoal into diamonds, some scheme for eliminating evil. But it is worth mentioning that in the historical evolution we have always got better things than we sought or imagined, developments on a much grander scale. History is strewn with the wreck of popular delusions, but always in place of them have come realizations more astonishing than the wildest fancies of the dreamers. Florida was a disappointment as a Bimini, so were the land of the Ohio, the land of the Mississippi, the Dorado of the Pacific coast. But as the illusions, pushed always westward, vanished in the light of common day, lo! a continent gradually emerged, with millions of people animated by conquering ambition of progress in freedom; an industrial continent, covered with a net-work of steel, heated by steam, and lighted by electricity. What a spectacle of youth on a grand scale is this! Christopher Columbus had not the slightest conception of what he was doing when he touched the button. But we are not satisfied. Quite as far from being so as ever. The popular imagination runs a hard race with any possible natural development. Being in possession of so much, we now expect to travel in the air, to read news in the sending mind before it is sent, to create force without cost, to be transported without time, and to make everybody equal in fortune and happiness to everybody else by act of Congress. Such confidence have we in the power of a "resolution" of the people and by the people that it seems feasible to make women into men, oblivious of the more important and imperative task that will then arise of making men into women. Some of these expectations are only Biminis of the present, but when they have vanished there will be a social and industrial world quite beyond our present conceptions, no doubt. In the article of woman, for instance, she may not become

the being that the convention expects, but there may appear a Woman of whom all the Aspasias and Helens were only the faintest types. And although no progress will take the conceit out of men, there may appear a Man so amenable to ordinary reason that he will give up the notion that he can lift himself up by his boot-straps, or make one grain of wheat two by calling it two.

III.



ONE of the Biminis that have always been looked for is an American Literature. There was an impression that there must be such a thing somewhere on a continent that has everything else. We gave the world tobacco and the potato, perhaps the most important contributions to the content and the fatness of the world made by any new country, and it was a noble ambition to give it new styles of art and literature also. There seems to have been an impression that a literature was something indigenous or ready-made, like any other purely native product, not needing any special period of cultivation or development, and that a nation would be in a mortifying position without one, even before it staked out its cities or built any roads. Captain John Smith, if he had ever settled here and spread himself over the continent, as he was capable of doing, might have taken the contract to furnish one, and we may be sure that he would have left us nothing to desire in that direction. But the vein of romance he opened was not followed up. Other prospectings were made. Holes, so to speak, were dug in New England, and in the middle South, and along the frontier, and such leads were found that again and again the certainty arose that at last the real American ore had been discovered. Meantime a certain process called civilization went on, and certain ideas of breadth entered into our conceptions, and ideas also of the historical development of the expression of thought in the world, and with these a comprehension of what America really is, and the difficulty of putting the contents of a bushel measure into a pint cup. So, while we have been expecting the American Literature to come out from some locality, neat and clean, like a nugget, or, to change the figure, to bloom any day like a century-plant, in one striking, fragrant expression of American life, behold something else has been preparing and maturing, larger and more promising than our early anticipations. In history, in biography, in science, in the essay, in the novel and story, there are coming forth a hundred expressions of the hundred aspects of American life; and they are also sung by the poets in notes as varied as the migrating birds. The birds perhaps have the best of it thus far, but the bird is limited to a small range of performances while he shifts his singing-boughs through the climates of the continent, whereas the poet, though a little inclined to mistake aspiration for inspiration, and vagueness of longing for subtlety, is experimenting in a most hopeful manner. And all these writers, while perhaps not consciously American or consciously seeking to do more than their best in their several ways, are animated by the free spirit of inquiry and expression that belongs to an independent nation, and so our literature is coming to have a stamp of its own that is unlike any other national stamp. And it will



have this stamp more authentically and be clearer and stronger as we drop the self-consciousness of the necessity of being American.

IV.

In these holidays the reader is impressed by the quantity of Christmas literature. A good deal of it is merely decorative, and brought out annually like the well-used hangings, wreaths, and evergreen mottoes. It is taken down after New-Year's and stored away for next season's use. The amount of it is amazing. It was fresh once and significant, until the newspapers year after year were padded with it, and it began to have the familiar aspect of ball decorations and church trimmings. Somehow literature does not bear repetition like variegated lanterns and flags and flowery wreaths. As a matter of experience, though the maiden may not tire of the hanging mistletoe and its sweetly feared chances, she loses her interest in the same fable about it thrust under her eyes year after year. The ecclesiastical revival of mediævalism was both pious and picturesque, and the descriptions of Christmas and New-Year's games and ceremonies it brought with it were eagerly read a dozen or twenty times, but they finally palled on the reader. There was a limit to the excitement of hauling in the Yule-log—a piece of timber not recognized in the West—and burning one side of it, and carting it away for the next year. As a rule, there is nothing that republicans like better to read about than castles and moats and mediæval merrymakings, and boars' heads on trenchers, and waits singing under balconies on snowy mornings. There was a fine flavor about all this that seemed to enliven a provincial Christmas to a high point of jollity. But to have these descriptions, with profuse illustrations, laid upon one's breakfast table every Christmas morning, even when varied with a little modern slang, has become wearisome even to those most disposed towards a mediæval life. To be sure, the interest was a little revived when the scribes began to trace the origins of so many of the Christmas festivities to pagan sources, to show that the green, laden, and lighted tree did not come out of Jordan, but from the ante-Christian German forests, and many of the diverting mummeries and processions from the Roman Saturnalia. There was no harm in this. It showed the power of the beloved holiday to adapt all that was sweet and picturesque to its own uses. But, all the same, the dullest reader has at last got it into his head, together with the customs of Christmas-time of every nation under heaven, and he begins to think that the kind editor who annually reproduces the old properties might take something for granted. The mass of this decorative reading has become enormous, and also ineffective, so that the wish is expressed that the lumber might be cleared away and a fresh start made. If the entire contents of the Christmas numbers of various journals and periodicals in one year could be gathered into volumes and indexed, and deposited in public libraries to stay, there would be experienced a public relief, and



the material would be just as safe as it is now, subject as it is to typographical errors in its constant reproduction, and be available to students. Christmas has now got such an impetus in the world that it would probably go on all the more

blithely after it had cast off this gradually accumulated burden.

But there is another class of Christmas literature which could not be so disposed of, the future of which it is not so easy to predict. It is that which relates the day to humanity at large, and not seldom strikes the false note of sentimentality. Perhaps the spirit of the day cannot be diffused in a callous world without that exaggeration of pathos which goes beyond unmanufactured sentiment. The world is not always touched to finest issues by the finest conceptions, and something is to be said for the writer who makes you cry, and pulls a dollar for the poor out of your stingy pocket, even though his methods will not bear the scrutiny of the critic; and when you read his tale over again after you have lost your dollar (which you are benefited by giving), you discover that the story was somewhat pinchbeck. There is no doubt that the pathetic Christmas story, whatever its literary faults, has played an important part in encouraging charity and softening the feelings of the world toward the poor and the unfortunate in the holiday season. The cases of misery and last-crust despair; of the most angelic small children crushed by parental vice and cruelty; of sinful old curmudgeons whose weak eyes exuded spirituous liquor; of rasping, unforgiving, martinet step-mothers; of belated husbands accustomed to come home staggering, for whom a light was always kept burning in the window; of long-alienated brothers; of misers who lived in garrets, with bags of dollars hidden under the dirty coverlets of beds on the floor; of hard-hearted rich uncles who never tipped anybody, and even swore at their frightened little nieces; of virtuous families who sat tearful and uncomplaining by a fireless hearth (or in America by an empty cook-stove) on Christmas eve, with no food in the house and no prospect of any—with all these and hundreds of similar cases the sympathizing public is familiar. They are all real and true. But the strange part of it is, in the stories, that always between curfew and dawn of this favored day something almost miraculous happens. Sometimes it is the arrival of a hamper of provisions and a check (there is usually nothing mean about the author of the story, who may never have drawn a real check in his life), and an offer of employment to the head of the house; or the sweet children who are in tears because they have no clothes to wear to Sunday-school melt the hearts of their cruel parents; or the old curmudgeon begins to drink water; or the step-mother, on a Christmas impulse, clasps the children to her heart as her very own; or the belated husband comes earlier than usual, uproariously jolly, but perfectly sober, having stopped on his way at the Home Endeavor and bought a heaping basket of good things, with toys for the children, and a dress pattern for the wife, who is almost broken-hearted for joy; or the rich uncle, having despatched gifts to all his near kin, goes to bed and sleeps as he has not slept for years; or the bell rings, and a letter is brought in by the postman, who slaps his frosted fingers before he can open his pouch—a letter with a large remittance from a renegade brother who was lost years before in a shipwreck on Samoa; or the miser, touched by the visit of a little girl soliciting money for orphans, gives her two gold pieces, and then puts on his best clothes, which have been long folded in a chest, and goes out to a restaurant and orders the best dinner of—well, the dinner is described; or the alienated brothers meet, are all broken up by the Chrismas spirit, shake hands, embrace (if not in America), drink a bottle of old wine together, and call each other Bob and Sam, which they have not done since they were little boys together on the old hill farm. Always in these stories, not later than the midnight stroke of twelve usually, the opportune angel appears, tears of joy begin to flow, misery flies away, and hatred melts into love. Or the abounding spirit takes another form of manifestation—that of jollity, of exuberant self-satisfaction,



of whimsical marionnette behavior, in which humble misery is turned into a source of merriment, the candles are stuck into bottles, the negus is drunk out of a tin dipper, the fiddle is played for jigs, and in the light of the universal spirit poverty and unloveliness vanish as if they had been only shadows.



These are beautiful stories, even with their impossible characters and improbable conversions. Is there any harm in them? Do they not aid in diffusing the feeling of brotherhood, of a common humanity? Do they not stimulate charity, and arouse the interest of the prosperous in the condition of the unfortunate? Doubtless, for it is a queer world, and needs to have its sluices of pity opened by a spade. But why not write the story of the day after Christmas, and the day after that, and see what becomes of our characters and our situations when the miraculous interpositions are over, and affairs have settled into the old ruts? Or suppose there were story reports of misery and poverty not relieved, of alienations not ended, of hard hearts that did not soften? Would these be any the less true? Is it any good, in the long-run, to represent the Christmas spirit as a little maudlin?

And suppose again that this optimistic and jovial literature has had an excellent effect in emphasizing Christmas, and in melting the world for twenty-four hours in the year into compassion, has it not become a trifle stale, and lost its moving power, just as the preposterous goodness of infants in the Sunday-school books has become a source of mirth to the unsympathizing? The most emotional preacher may "play upon the harp of a thousand strings" once too many times. Looking at this subject on its literary instead of its ethical side, and seeing the vast volume of this sort of writing, does not the thought come that for its own sake there is also a necessity for truth in literature? The invented story, the work of pure imagination, is governed by the same law of verity as the report of an actual occurrence. It must not give a false view of life. The writer himself becomes demoralized, and wanders off into ways of sentimentality, and falls into sloughs of pathos, if his intellectual veracity loses its nerve. As soon as it is perceived that he is manufacturing pathos, that his sympathy is maudlin, and his situations and his characters theatrical, his power over the reader is gone. And the pessimist who thinks it his duty to represent only the worst in life goes as much astray in this matter as the optimist who excludes from his picture everything but the best. The test of the truth of this is that the great mass of Christian literature is no longer believed; it has lost its hold upon the minds of the majority of readers, whose sympathies are no longer stirred to good deeds by the tales, and who only smile when they come to the Christmas tag on the end of the story. This is partly because the vein once so popular, when it was fresh, has been so long worked that the effect now is only monotony; even the children who have so long been delighted to see the bears come out of the woods and eat up the wicked children, would now like a change, and either see the bears eat up some good children, or the children eat up the bears; and partly because a generation enlightened on social problems demands a more robust treatment of the subject. Perhaps a more vigorous, a less sentimental holiday fiction would make more active and purposeful the sweet spirit of the day in good-will and charity.

V.

It is the tendency of all humanitarianism to run to excess, to degenerate into want of moral fibre, to lose its virtue in a nerveless sentimentality. One is reminded of a sacred picture by an artist of the impressionist school which a witty woman of Hartford was obliged to characterize as a Unitarian Madonna! But it is to be noted that while the merely humanitarian literature of Christmas grows flabby, the Good Tidings side of it, the angelic message, preserves its clear and inspiring note. That can still be said and sung, and touch hearts and open purses. It is still the proclamation of an unselfish brotherhood. The Star in the Heavens does not grow dim.

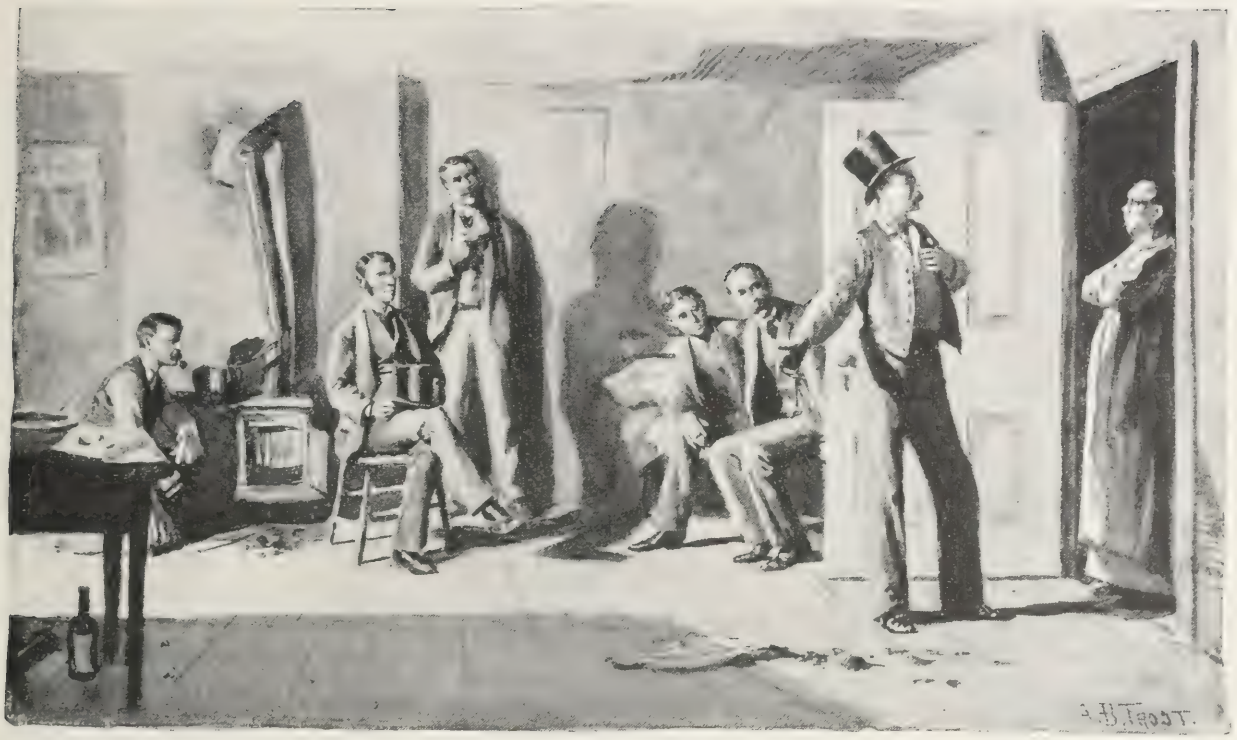


THE DANCING MAN OF THE PERIOD.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

"Been dancin' at all?"

"Dancin'? Not I! Catch me dancin' in a house where there ain't a smokin'-room! I'm off, directly!"

Editor's Drawer.



CHARLIE WHITTLER'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

I MET them just after I came to town to practise law. They were engaged in what they termed "journalism." Philologically the name was appropriate, for they lived literally from day to day. They could have secured positions which would have maintained them —at least Henry could, for he was a man of parts, and has made his mark since in another profession — but what did they want with positions? They were "journalists," and were bound to be famous or die. I suppose that together they made sixty dollars a month— some months—and spent a hundred, or as much more as they could.

"When we make ten dollars we live on it," said Henry.

"When we make fifty dollars we give a ball," said Charlie.

But they were rich—two of the richest men I ever knew. Certainly Charlie was. He already owned one of the great newspapers, which he was going to make eclipse the Thunderer. He only had not got possession of it yet. They lived in a brownstone palace; the little back third-story room at Mrs. McDuffy's was only temporary quarters which they occupied for convenience. It was there that they invited me the day before Christmas, "to open the festivities with eggnog and a little supper."

"Don't ring or knock; just walk right up to the third floor," said Charlie. "We have our apartments in the third story for the light and air. Nothing like pure air for pure reasoning, and clear light for clearness of expression."

He went off talking about "the beauties of nature" to be studied from his windows, by which he must have meant the sky, and the English sparrows which built in the eaves. He must have detected me looking at his unusually shabby appearance, his old patent-leather pumps, once the pride of his college days, now worn into holes, his threadbare coat, and his faded hat; for he said, suddenly,

"My dear boy, I will give you a hint in domestic economy: always wear your shabbiest clothes the day before a ball; they will make your others look new next day."

When I arrived, the following evening, I disobeyed Charlie's injunction. I did not ring, for a good reason. The bell had long since disappeared, carried off, Charlie declared later, by Henry in a wild attempt to rival Samson one Saturday night when Mrs. McDuffy had locked the door on him.

"I was trying to arouse Mrs. McDuffy," said Henry.

"You aroused her," said Charlie. "If it had not been for my presence of mind, she would have turned us out into the street."

"If it had not been for your presence of body, I would have turned her out," said Henry.

Charlie shook his head mournfully.

"You have no idea what a time I have keeping the peace," he said. "I have told Mrs. McDuffy lies enough on his account to take a thousand years of purgatory."

"And enough on your own account to take two thousand," said Henry.

But I am anticipating. This was told me after I got up to the apartments. When I arrived at the house, not liking the look of the dark passage and narrow stairs shown by the little smoky lamp, I knocked—knocked not

once, but twenty times, without the slightest result. The twenty-first time, however, was a thunderer. It created a stir somewhere below, for from the basement I heard a voice which told that Mrs. McDuffy was "aroused."

"An' who is that thryin' to break the door down now?" she shouted as she climbed the stairs. I prepared for the worst; but it was worse even than I expected. She was a stout and grizzled Irish woman, whose absent eye was said to have been lost in a conflict with the lamented McDuffy, who had, however, come off from the mêlée worse than his spouse, as he had disappeared and had never been heard from again, a fact which gave Henry's designation of him as "the departed" a peculiarly appropriate significance.

"An' is it breakin' the door down intoirly ye're afther?" she asked as she advanced, war in her voice and in her garments. She was evidently just out of the kitchen, as I discovered with more senses than that which noted the yellow cake dough on her brawny arms. My civil answer mollified her somewhat; but on my asking if my friends lived there, she burst out again: "Live here, is it? Yis, an' that they do, an' Bridget McDuffy is the wan as knas it, too! An' lives on the fat of the lan', they do; an' gits it out of may, they do, too; may a poor widdow, or as good as wan, an' not a tin-cint pace o' their money has I sane for three months; an' they pramisin' to pay me every wake, an' a-drinkin' an' a-guzzlin' themselves upstairs as full as St. Pathrick's well, an' borryin' all o' me best glasses an' spoons, an' niver the manners to say wanst to may, 'Mrs. McDuffy, will ye walk in an' wet ye' whistle?'"

This and much more, till I reached the third floor, where I announced myself by falling up three steps. I found Charlie in his shirt sleeves, and with the seat of his breeches rather out, but with a shiny new beaver on the back of his head, presiding over a large bowl of egg-nog made in the wash-basin, whilst Henry was preparing something over a not very large fire. One or two other fellows were already assembled, and, in default of chairs, were lying on the bed, and were being entertained by reminiscences of Mrs. McDuffy, evidently called forth by the sound of her voice below.

"So Cerberus caught you?" said Henry as I entered. "By Jove! when I heard you tumble, I thought she was flinging you down the steps."

"Why, Henry!" said Charlie, reproachfully. Then to us. "She really has a beautiful temper. She is a little ruffled this evening, owing to the way Henry approached her on a small domestic matter." He stirred in the whiskey.

"Approached her!" said Henry. "If you had bought the things instead of buying that beaver to put on your empty head, I should not have had to go to her. What do you fellows think of my giving him the money to get up the ball, and his spending it all in a beaver hat and silk handkerchiefs!"

Charlie protested that a beaver hat and silk handkerchiefs were the first necessity for a gentleman who was going to give a supper to an Irish lord on Christmas eve. "Besides, didn't I get the eggs and whiskey?" he asked.

"Yes; but where's the supper?" asked Henry.

"I bet you this hat against your best pair of breeches I get it yet," said Charlie.

"Done," said Henry. "I will wear that hat to church to-morrow."

"I told her we were going to have an Irish lord to sup with us," said Charlie, "and I would have got everything all right if Henry had not spoilt it. Lord McCarthy, of Castle McCarthy, County Kerry, Ireland—wasn't that the name I gave?" He addressed Henry. "Mrs. McDuffy came from County Kerry; but rather young. Some years ago, I may observe."

"Well, you had better go and get some coal from her; for this fire is going out, I may observe," said Henry, straightening up.

"Where are the slats?" asked Charlie. "Aren't there still four left?"

"Yes; but there are no more slats to spare. The bed feels like a gridiron now."

"Better men than you have died on a gridiron," said Charlie. "What a sybarite you are!" He stirred in more whiskey. "Why not sleep on the floor? That is the natural place to sleep, anyhow."

"No, I'll be hanged if I do," said Henry.

"And I suppose we could not spare another chair?" He gazed over at Henry doubtfully; but Henry shook his head positively.

"Why, then you must go down stairs and get it," he said, cheerfully.

"Down stairs! Where? We haven't any coal down-stairs."

"We have not! Why, of course we have! Do you suppose we are going to let an old Irish woman sleep with her coal-cellar literally bulging with coal whilst we have no fire?—entertaining a real live Irish lord too!"

"Suppose we borrow some from Pestler," suggested Henry. Pestler was the little apothecary next door.

But Charlie was shocked. "Borrow of a demned petty tradesman, and the night before Christmas, too!" he exclaimed. "Where is your pride? Besides, I borrowed some from him last week. Go down and get some coal."

But Henry was obdurate. He told him to go and get it himself; which Charlie proceeded to do.

"What are you going to bring it up in?" asked Henry.

"Why, this," said Charlie, stripping the pillow-case from the only pillow left with that article on it. He disappeared down the stairs, and a little later we heard a smash as of a door breaking, and a minute afterwards we heard him coming hastily back up the steps, evidently with a burden on his back. Suddenly there was another sound: the voice of Mrs. McDuffy broke on the air.

"An' where is he? the thievin', burglin' villain! Let me get at him. I'll fix him. Break-

in' down me house an' robbin' me under me very eyes!" She came stamping up the stairs. Charlie quickened his steps, but she was evidently gaining on him. Suddenly there was the most tremendous crash. The pillow-case parted in the middle, and the whole load rolled down the steps, nearly carrying Mrs. McDuffy with it. Charlie bounded into the room with a single lump in his hand, and with the upper half of the slip, which he had saved.

"Don't lock the door, Henry; Mrs. McDuffy will be up directly to call on us," he said, his face glowing with excitement. Mrs. McDuffy was indeed already there. The next instant she nearly knocked the door from its hinges. She evidently believed it locked. Charlie flung it wide open, and stood full in it.

"Why, is that you, Mrs. McDuffy?" he asked, in a tone of pleased surprise, holding out his yet grimy hand.

"Yis, and yis, and yis, it is Mrs. McDuffy, and if ye don't kna' her, I mane to make ye kna' her," panted the enraged landlady, her fists clinched and her arms akimbo. She paused for breath. It was Charlie's opportunity.

"Know you! Why, of course I know you, Mrs. McDuffy," said he, in the blandest of tones. "I have got a drop of the Irish in me meself" (which was true if he was talking about whiskey). "Me mither was Irish, ye kna'" (dropping into the brogue). "Her farther was a Doherty, from County Kerry, and I never forgets the pretty Irish face wanst I says it. I was thinkin' of coomin' down to ask ye if ye would not faiver us by coomin' up an' joinin' us. Sure I was just sayin' to me friend here, if ye want to say the prettiest Irish woman this side of the say, it's down-stairs she is, says I, an' maybe we kin' git her to come up, says I. An' I'll joust stale down, says I, an' break into her coal-box, says I, an' fling a pace or two down the steps, says I, an' that will fetch her up, says I, to say what the divil is the mather av it, says I, and ye kin say how pretty she is yourself, says I."

Mrs. McDuffy took down her arms, and told him to git away wid his Irish blarney—"not that wanst she had not had her looks as well as the best of them before so much throuble came upon her."

"Throuble, is it? An' throuble indade you have had, Mrs. McDuffy," said Charlie; "but it hasn't touched yer looks. Sure it's your own darther folks takes you for any time. Why, my friend here was just sayin' to me: 'Who is that likely Irish leddy that let me in the door down-stairs? An' is she a girl or is she married?' says he. 'An' if she's married, is she a widow?' says he. And I says to him: 'If she was a widow, do ye think she'd be so long,' says I, 'an' me in the house too?' says I. But coom in. I'd like to inthroduce ye to me friend Lord McCarthy, av Castle McCarthy, County Kerry, Ireland. Ye knows all about the McCarthys, I knows, Mrs. McDuffy. You was a Doherty; and 'Toim was,' says my mither to me wanst—'toim was, Charlie, me boy, when the Dohertys could muster five hundred shilaleys in Kerry."

This was too much for Mrs. McDuffy. She came in smiling and blushing; and an hour later, at a table which she had spread with her own hands, and loaded from her own kitchen, her health was proposed by Henry, and was drunk vociferously by all; and Charlie, dressed in his new beaver hat and Henry's best breeches, responded in the best Irish speech I ever heard. THOMAS NELSON PAGE.



AFTER THE DINNER.—DRAWN BY W. H. HYDE.

"I tell you, Jay, Christmas isn't what it used to be. I can't get out of it now for less than $250."
"Right you are, my boy. Absence used to make the heart grow fonder, but it's presents does the business now."

CHRISTMAS AT ZENITH CITY.

EXTENSIVE preparations for the appropriate observation of the glad holiday-time had been in progress for several days, and when upon Christmas eve the beauty and chivalry of Zenith City assembled in the Methodist Church, it was to face a long and entertaining programme.

The invocation by the Rev. Mr. Harps was followed by a song by the glee club. Other numbers consisted of recitations by the children, an accordion solo by Jack Howcome, a song, familiarly known as "One-eyed Riley," by Judge Begad, an excellent imitation of the howling of a pack of coyotes, by Dr. Slade, a ghost-dance by Alkali Ike, a reading by Miss Lillie Begad, a song, "The Man who Slept with his Boots On," by Curly Corkright, and a realistic portrayal of his skill in getting the drop on a fellow-man, by Hank Bitters, formerly of Texas.

A unique and unannounced number on the programme was an address by a total stranger, who desired to establish in our midst a new order which he called a "Coterie of Content." He was clad in an eye-sore—a robe of bed-ticking which flowed down his person like a cataract—large lambent hands trimmed with fingers, and a mouth which, strictly speaking, resembled the place whence an every-day mouth had dropped out.

At the request of himself he mounted the rostrum, and began his address, interspersing his remarks with appropriate gestures which he extracted from the pockets of his robe, and waved in the air from time to time with an almost electrical effect.

Briefly, he entertained an elaboration of the venerable theory that man, no matter what he himself may think about it, really wants but little here below, nor wants that little long. The less a man has the less he wants, contended the stranger, and the less he wants the less he really needs; and so on to a considerable length. Where he would have debouched eventually I do not know, for presently Alkali Ike arose and demanded in the name of the Reform Committee that the speaker turn off his breath instead of blowing it out.

"This yere theory," said Isaac, in the course of his remarks, "is pizonous, for, if persisted in to the bitter end, it would find this yere intelligent community wearin' tails, and runnin' wild with the cattle. We are assembled yere to celebrate Christmas eve, and not to listen to the voice of a ghost of the late lamented Grange Party. The speaker will oblige the community by giving an exhibition of a gentleman trying to beat the mile record walkin.'"

The stranger promptly thrust himself into outer darkness, and the distribution of presents followed, under the auspices of Judge Begad, who impersonated Santa Claus.

Many of the presents were costly and appropriate. The Rev. Mr. Harps received a magnificent silver-plated pearl-handled revolver and fourteen pairs of slippers and moccasins from his congregation. Mrs. Hank Bitters presented her husband with a buckskin bag containing eight hundred assorted collar-buttons. The gift of Miss Ducky Bircher, the alto of the glee club, to Mr. Huggins, the tenor, was a lovely corn-popper tastefully decorated with blue ribbon. The gentleman took the hint, and proposed upon the following evening. The city marshal received a quart bottle of Jockey Club. Deacon Trask was presented with a useful and unique gift in the form of a long-handled contribution-box, with a derringer mounted on it in such a manner that it could be discharged by a slight pressure of the collector's finger. The whole was the joint invention of Alkali Ike and Hank Bitters, who in days agone had had considerable experience along various Arizona stage lines. There were other gifts the nature of which I do not now recall.

I received my present last of all. There was a hush of expectancy as, in response to the invitation of Judge Begad, I stepped upon the rostrum to pluck my gift from the tree with my own hands. During the evening I had earnestly regarded a large gunny-bag which depended from a sturdy limb nearly at the back of the tree, with its bottom resting on the floor, and which some one had whispered contained my present. The bag was about six feet long and seemed to be well filled, and in my innocence I peopled its interior with a new suit of store clothes, an overcoat and hat, and perhaps a trunk to keep them in on week-days, telling myself that at last my sturdy editorial warfare for the good of the town had won appreciation.

With happy heart and beaming smile I advanced and pulled the end of the bow-knot which bound the bag to the bough. The bag took a step or two and turned around, and the other side where it had been held together by basting-thread popped open, and Mrs. McKorkendale, a plain woman who had already buried seven husbands, stepped out and embraced me with a cooing gurgle.

The audience shouted with glee. The Rev. Mr. Harps raised his hands as if in benediction. And I— Well, I went away as gracefully as I could *viâ* the back window, leaving my coat in the arms of the lady. I recalled how Mrs. McKorkendale had previously shot one gentleman distressingly in the leg, and broken the back of another, both of whom had scorned her love, and in the gray of the Christmas morn I rode swiftly away in the direction of Lake Titicaca, and was not heard of for three weeks.

At the end of that time I returned to find Mrs. McKorkendale engaged to a new-comer, and my newspaper, under the reign of the foreman, energetically advocating the cause of the Greenback party, with which I had long been at war.

TOM P. MORGAN.



A WISE YOUNG WOMAN.

ESTELLE. "I am going shopping for Christmas presents to-morrow. Don't you want to go too?"
MABEL. "No. I can't say I do. Fact is, I've made all my purchases. Did it before the holiday rush began."
ESTELLE. "When did you go?"
MABEL. "About the middle of last January."

A GUESSING MATCH.

"WHEW! Did you ever see such gorgeousness! Alice has certainly outdone herself this time," soliloquized Jack Ford as he opened the parcel and carefully drew from its tissue-paper wrappings the elaborately embroidered Christmas gift.

"I don't go much on fancy-work, but this is 'a hummer' and no mistake," continued Jack, as he held the silken trifle at arm's-length and examined it critically. "Dear little girl; she made that herself, too; every bit of it. Isn't she a darling! There's more work on that than on one of my balance sheets. It's a beautiful thing; but—" and Jack's jaw dropped three inches. "What the deuce is it, anyway? H-u-m; that won't do. I must find out before I write and thank her for it. It would never do to have her think that I didn't recognize what it was intended for at once. Oh, mother! Oh, girls! Come in here a moment; I want to show you something!" he called loudly.

Mrs. Ford was the first to enter the room in response to her son's call for assistance, but the other members of the family quickly followed her, and formed a group around the table where the present was displayed in all its rainbow splendor.

"What do you think of that?" asked Jack, proudly.

"It's very pretty. That stuff must have cost—I—don't—know—how—much a yard. It's one of the most exquisite mouchoir-cases I ever saw," said Mrs. Ford, admiringly.

"A mouchoir-case? Isn't it a little too large for that?" inquired he, dubiously.

"Of course it is. It's to hold your slippers," cried Lily, the eldest sister, in a tone of entire conviction.

Jack frowned. Such a use seemed like desecration.

"No, it isn't. I guess it's to put neckties in," hazarded another expert.

"Yes; or gloves, or writing-paper, or—or photographs," suggested the Baby, who was always bound to have her say.

"Oh, well; but *which?*" cried Jack in despair.

"Oh, never mind; it's perfectly sweet, anyway. What difference does it make?" responded the feminine chorus.

"But I want to know what it's for!"

"Ask Alice."

"I'd like to see myself. Do you mean to say you can't tell me?"

"N-o," admitted the girls. "We *have* told you what we think it is."

"Oh, I could *guess*, myself!" cried Jack, scornfully. "Perhaps it's to hold pipes or cigars. Maybe it's a dress-shirt shield. How would it do for souvenir spoons or hair-brushes? Might be for collars and cuffs, eh? Couldn't use it for a chair cushion or a sofa pillow, could I? Must be a dictionary cover, or a wall-pocket, don't you think? Sure it isn't a match-safe in disguise? Oh, you girls don't seem to have a reasonable idea among you! Never mind; run along now. Go and talk about who's engaged and who isn't. I'll figure this out myself. Hang it all! what good are sisters to a fellow anyway?"

HARRY ROMAINE.

A NEW SCHEME.

"I REPRESENT the Ne Plus Ultra Christmas Present Insurance Company," said the brisk young agent as he stepped into Mr. Gazzam's office and attracted that gentleman's attention.

"What on earth is that?" asked Gazzam. "I never heard of such a thing before."

"I suppose not, sir, for the company is one of very recent organization. It comes, however, to fill a long-felt want."

"What is its object? Does a policy in your company guarantee its holder a Christmas present?"

"No, sir; that is not it. I'll explain. You have, no doubt, received Christmas presents from your wife."

"Yes."

"Your wife has credit at the various stores in the city, and consequently the presents she buys are likely to be charged, instead of paid for at the time of purchase."

"Well?"

"It frequently happens that a husband, under these circumstances, has to pay for his own present when the quarterly bills come in. Of course he doesn't always have to do so, and it is this uncertainty which makes a policy in our company valuable. We will engage, sir, to pay for the presents your wife buys for you, if she neglects to do so. With a policy issued by us in your pocket, you can enjoy anything your wife gives you on Christmas, serene in the thought that in any event you will not have to pay for it. Shall I quote you premiums?"

"Not now. I'll think over it. Call again."

WM. H. SIVITER.

CHRISTMAS AT THE PETERS FARM.

HERE'S merry Christmas come again, 'nd all my children's home:
Sam's in from New York city, 'nd Corneel's come down from Rome;
Amanda and her young uns, and my darter Susan's boys,
Arrived last night at ten o'clock with trunks 'nd bags, 'nd noise
Enough to last the hull year through, 'nd plenty more to spare.
But what's the odds? Noise ain't the worst of ills we have to bear.

I had a gift for every one this mornin' on the tree,
'Nd what I gave 'em was the sort as used to come to me
Long years ago, when pa an' ma was managin' the place.
But, Lord! they didn't please the kids—that's judgin' by their face.
I'd apples an' hard cider till you couldn't hardly rest,
And all the presents that I gave was of the very best.

I got 'em at the village store for fifty cents in cash,
'Nd fifteen pecks o' winter wheat, a keg o' sour mash,
Two loads o' hay, some butter, and a promise of some eggs—
The cost was pretty heavy for a man with shaky legs.
But as I thought it over, why, I didn't really mind,
As long as they'd be happy 'nd be pleased with what they'd find;

Which I don't think my grandsons was, because their city ways
Has played old hob with Christmas as 'twas had in my young days.
Amanda's boy, Ulysses, when he got his worsted mitts,
Looked madder than a hatter in his very maddest fits;
'Nd when my grandchild Bobbie got a handsome rubber ball
That whistled when you squeezed it, he began to kick and squall.

Same way with Sam's small family, includin' of his wife—
I never seen a woman so upsot in all my life
When what I had for her came out—jest why, I do not know,
For my wife used to beam when I gave *her* a calico.
In fact, in twenty presents that I bought and gave away,
Not one of 'em seemed pleasin', an' it sort of spoiled my day.

'Nd what is worse, they've brought me down some fancy sort of jugs—
They called 'em Royal Woostershire—the handles looked like bugs;
'Nd slathered on the sides of 'em two great green dragons sit.
Sam brought a watch-chain made o' gold that doesn't seem to fit
The old man's waistcoat—sort o' makes me look too kind of loud,
'Nd altogether the result don't seem to make me proud.

I sort of can't help thinkin' that the things they've brought to me
Are worth three times as much as mine for them upon the tree,
'Nd when I see 'em actin' like as though they wasn't glad
To get the things I got 'em—why, it makes me mighty sad;
It makes me pine for Christmas with its true old-fashioned ring,
When gifts was incidental, 'nd the season was the thing.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Miss Van A. "Is this a pantomime, Mr. Hawkins?"
Mr. Hawkins. "Why no. It's a comic opera."
Miss Van A. "Thanks. I didn't know. The orchestra is making such a noise I haven't heard a word spoken on the stage."

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

I HAVE no purse of gold, my dear,
With which to buy you dainty things;
The purse is empty, and the gold
Has flown away as if on wings;
So, sweetest wife in all the world,
Tho' you possess the greater part,
I'll give to you on Christmas day
Another fraction of my heart. K. D. W.

IT CALLS FOR SYMPATHY.

MR. TADDLES. "What was in that package which was stolen from you on your way home?"

MRS. TADDLES. "If I must tell, it was a box of cigars I had bought for your Christmas gift. Are you sorry?"

MR. TADDLES. "Yes, dear, very sorry — for the thief."

FOR THE REHABILITATION OF CHRISTMAS.

"CHRISTMAS," said my old friend the Major to me one night at the Club—"Christmas is not what it used to be. It is being spoiled by the lavishness of those who interchange presents where formerly they interchanged remembrances. And the hardest part of it is that the children have become infected by the extravagant spirit of the age."

"That is quite true," I replied, with a sigh. "My small son shed a pailful of tears last Christmas morning because Santa Claus, in whom he still fondly believes, had left him a four-dollar train of cars, for which he must himself furnish the motive power, instead of a forty-dollar outfit, including a nickel-plated engine, eight cars with real brakes, fifty feet of track, and provision for real steam."

"That's it exactly," returned the Major, shaking his head sadly; "and my little girl, who was glad enough two years ago to get a small wax doll that could shut its eyes and say 'papa' if it was slapped on the back, was very much upset last Christmas because the lace on a second doll was not point, and her conversation not phonographically extensive. As I say, it's bad enough that this beautiful season should be ruined for us babies of maturer years, but that the sweetness of it for the real babies should be diluted by the gall of unfulfilled expectation is a crying shame which must be remedied."

"Well, *must* is a strong word, Major," said I. "What do you propose to do—give in to the expectations of the little ones, and buy them solid silver rattles and gold tea sets for their dollies?"

"Not a bit of it. The children will lapse back into their old-time enjoyment of Christmas if it only brings them a candied apple, if we old folks will only reform ourselves," said the Major, wisely. "When a small boy sees his father made the recipient of a handsome solid silver smoking-set, he naturally expects to find something proportionally magnificent for himself; and it is this building high of the juvenile expectancy that I shall nip in the bud by declining myself to receive any such gifts hereafter."

"Then you mean to limit your reforms to your own household?" I queried.

"I may have to," returned the Major. "But if I can help myself I shall not be so utterly selfish as to do anything of the sort. I intend to form myself into the nucleus of a club, to join which I shall invite you and such other friends as may think well of its object, which is to restore to the Christmas season its old-time and highly delectable simplicity. It shall be against the rules of the club for any member to give to or to receive from any but his own wife a present of a value exceeding ten dollars, nor shall members of the club give each other presents at all, except according to a method to be prescribed by me."

"Which is?"

"This. Once a year we shall meet, and such members as may desire to give presents to others shall signify their desire, stating what it is they expect to give and the cost thereof. Then the governors of the club shall be constituted into a sort of clearing-house association, and the value of each man's receipts in gifts shall be placed to his credit, the value of his gifts given shall be placed to his debit, and a balance struck. If there is a balance in his favor, he is expected to make that balance over to the club as a sort of fine for his parsimony; if he has evinced a desire to give more than he receives, we grant him the satisfaction of doing so. He can pay the excess into the club treasury, just as he would have to pay for any other privilege; if he comes out even, he pays nothing."

"But what becomes of the money so accumulated?" I asked.

"When the committee makes its report, and the money is collected," the Major explained, "the rules shall provide that twenty-five per cent. of the total shall be expended in presents for each member of the club, each present to be exactly the same, and its cost to be regulated by the appropriation."

"And the other seventy-five per cent.?"

"Ah, there is the great point in my scheme," said the Major, with a beaming smile, "and I think it will add largely to the success of the undertaking."

Here he paused, apparently to give emphasis to his point, and then he whispered:

"I should devote that to a big club dinner, with plum-pudding, roasted pig, mince-pie, and every other Christmas dish known to culinary science. Are you with me?"

And I, after a few moments of deep thought, in which I carefully weighed all the pros and cons of this tempting scheme, reaching the comforting conclusion that by "being with" the Major I could save ninety per cent. of my annual Yule-tide expenditure, reached out, and grasping the Major's hand firmly in mine, replied, "Major, I am!"



[See "The Unexpected Guests."]

"WELL, YOU HOARY-HEADED IMPOSTOR, WHAT WOULD YOURS BE?"

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVI. JANUARY, 1893. No. DXII.

THE OLD WAY TO DIXIE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IT was quite by accident that I heard, while in St. Louis, that I could go all the way down the Mississippi to New Orleans in one of a fleet of packets that differ in no material way from



those which figure in a score of *ante bellum* novels like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and which illuminate our Northern notions of life in the South when its planters basked in the glory of their feudal importance.

I could see the mighty river during a journey as long as that from New York to Liverpool; could watch the old-fashioned methods of the Simon Pure negro roustabouts at work with the freight; could gossip and swap stories with the same sort of pilots about whom I had read so much; could see many a slumbering Southern town unmodernized by railroads; could float past plantations, and look out upon old-time planters' mansions; and could actually see hard winter at St. Louis merge into soft and beauteous spring at Vicksburg, and become summer with a bound at New Orleans.

More wonderful than all besides, I could cast my lines off from the general world of to-day to float back into a past era, there to loaf away a week of utter rest, undisturbed by a telegraph or telephone, a hotel elevator or a clanging cable-car, surrounded by comfort, fed from a good and generous kitchen, and at liberty to forget the rush and bustle of that raging monster which the French call the *fin de siècle*.

"And how many do it?" I asked.

"Very few indeed," was the reply; "not as many on the best boat in a season as used to take passage for a single trip. The boats are not advertised; the world has forgotten that they are still running."

The only company that maintains these boats is the old Anchor Line, and there are no departures for New Orleans except on Wednesdays; but this was Saturday, the sailing day for Natchez, only 272 miles from the end of the route, and therefore serving well for so bold an experiment. I packed up at the Southern Hotel, and was on board the *City of Providence*, Captain George Carvell, master, an hour before five o'clock, the advertised sailing hour. The strange, the absolutely charming disregard for nineteenth-century bustle was apparent in the answer to the very first question I asked.

"Does she start sharp at five o'clock?"

"No, not sharp; a little dull, I expect."

The *City of Providence* lay with her landing-planks hoisted up ahead of her like the claws of a giant lobster. She was warped to a wharf-boat that was heaped with barrels, boxes, and bags, and

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ROUSTABOUTS.

alive with negroes. At a rough guess I should say there were 125 of these black laborers, in every variety of rags, like the beggars who "come to town" in the old nursery rhyme. Already they interested me. Now they would jog along rolling barrels aboard with little spiked sticks, next they appeared each with a bundle of brooms on his shoulder, and in another two minutes the long, zigzagging, shambling line was metamorphosed into a wriggling sinuosity formed of soap-boxes, or an unsteady line of flour-bags, each with ragged legs beneath it, or a procession of baskets or of bundles of laths. As each one picked up an article of freight, an overseer told him its destination. The negro repeated this, and kept on repeating it, in a singsong tone, as he shambled along, until one of the mates on the boat heard him and told him where to put it down, the study of the mate being to distribute the cargo evenly, and to see that all packages sent to any given landing were kept together. It seemed to me that all the foremen and mates were selected for their conscientious intention to keep their hands in their trousers pockets under all circumstances, for their harsh and grating voices, and for their ability to say a great deal and not have a word of it understood by your humble servant, the writer.

The roustabouts looked all of one hue from their shoes to the tops of their heads. Their coffee-colored necks and faces matched their reddish-brown clothes, that had been grimed with the dust of everything known to man; which dust also covered their shoes and bare feet, and made both appear the same. When a huddle went off the boat empty-handed they looked like so many big rats. They loaded the *Providence's* lower deck inside and out; they loaded her upper deck where the chairs for the passengers had seemed to be supreme; and then they loaded the roof over that deck and the side spaces until her sides were sunk low down near the river's surface, and she bristled at every point with boxes, bales, agricultural implements, brooms, carriages, bags, and, as the captain remarked, "Heaven only knows what she 'ain't got aboard her." The mates roared, the negroes talked all the time, or sung to rest their mouths, the boat kept settling in the water, and the mountains of freight swelled at every point. It was well said that twenty ordinary freight trains on a railroad would not carry as much freight as was stowed aboard of her, and I did not doubt the man who remarked to me that when such a boat, so laden, discharged her cargo loosely at one place, it often made a pile bigger than the boat itself.

The *City of Providence* was one of a long line of Mississippi boats edging the broad, clean, sloping levee that fronts busy St. Louis. She was by far the largest and handsomest of the packets; but all are of one type, and that is worth describing. They are, so far as I remember, all painted white, and are very broad and low. Each carries two tall black funnels, capped with a bulging ornamental top, and carrying on rods swung between the funnels the trade-mark of the company cut out of sheet-iron—an anchor or an initial letter, a fox or a swan, or whatever. There are three or four stories to these boats: first the open main-deck for freight and for the boilers and engines; then the walled-in saloon-deck, with a row of windows and doors cut alternately close beside one another, and with profuse ornamentation by means of jig-saw work wherever it can be put; and, last of all, the "Texas," or officers' quarters, and the "bureau," or negro passengers' cabin, forming the third story. Most of the large boats have the big square pilot-house on top of the "Texas," but others carry it as part of the third story in front of the "Texas." The pilot-house is always made to look graceful by means of an upper fringe of jig-saw ornament, and usually carries a deer's head or pair of antlers in front of it. We would call it enormous; a great square room with space in it for a stove, chairs, the wheel, the pilots, and, in more than one boat that I saw, a sofa or cushion laid over the roof of the gangway from below. The sides and back of the house are made principally of sliding window-sashes. The front of the house, through which the pilots see their course, is closable by means of a door hinged into sections, and capable of being partially or fully opened as the state of the weather permits. The wheel of one of these great packets is very large, and yet light. It is made as if an ordinary Eastern or Northern wheel had been put in place and then its spokes had grown two feet beyond its rim, and had had another rim and handles added. There are many sharp bends in the river, and I afterward often saw the pilots using both hands and one foot to spin the big circle, until the rudder was "hard over" on whichever side they wanted it.



THE "TEXAS."



ROUSTABOUTS GETTING UNDER WAY.

These Mississippi packets of the first and second class are very large boats, and roominess is the most striking characteristic of every part of them. They look light, frail, and inflammable, and so they are. The upright posts that rise from the deck of such a boat to support the saloon-deck are mere little sticks, and everything above them, except the funnels, is equally slender and thin. These boats are not like ours at any point of their make-up. They would seem to a man from the coast not to be the handiwork of ship-builders; indeed, there has been no apparent effort to imitate the massive beams, the peculiar "knees," the freely distributed "bright-work" of polished brass, the neat, solid joiner-work, or the thousand and one tricks of construction and ornament which distinguish the work of our coast boat-builders. These river boats—and I include all the packets that come upon the Mississippi from its tributaries—are more like the work of carpenters and house-builders. It is as if their model had been slowly developed from that of a barge to that of a house-boat, or barge with a roof over it; then as if a house for passengers had been built on top of the first roof, and the "Texas" and "bureau" had followed on the second roof. Pictures of the packets scarcely show how unlike our boats these are, the difference being in the methods of workmanship. Each story is built merely of sheathing, and in the best boats the doors and fanlights are hung on without frames around them; all loose and thin, as if they never encountered cold weather or bad storms. All the boats that I saw are as nearly alike in all respects as if one man had built them. I was told that the great packets cost only $70,000 to $100,000, so that the mere engine in a first-class Atlantic coast river or sound boat is seen to be of more value than one of these huge packets, and a prime reason for the difference in construction suggests itself. But these great, comfortable vessels serve their purpose where ours could not be used at all, and are altogether so useful and appropriate, as well as picturesque and attractive to an Eastern man, that there is not room in my mind for aught than praise of them.

It was after six o'clock when the long-shore hands were drawn up in line on the wharf-boat and our own crew of forty roustabouts came aboard. To one of these I went and asked how many men were in the long brown line on shore.

"Dam if I know, boss," said the semi-barbarian, with all the politeness he knew, which was none at all, of word or manner. It occurred to me afterwards that since everybody swears at these roustabouts, an occasional oath in return is scarcely the interest on the profanity each one lays up every year.

In a few moments the great island of joiner-work and freight crawled away from the levee and out upon the yellow, rain-pelted river, with long-drawn gasps,

as if she were a monster that had been asleep and was slowly and regretfully waking up. How often every one who has read either the records or the romances of our South and West has heard of the noise that a packet sends through the woods and over the swamps to strike terror to the soul of a runaway darky who has never heard the sound, or to apprise waiting passengers afar off that their boat is on its way! It is nothing like the puff! puff! of the ordinary steam motor; it is a deep, hollow, long-drawn, regular breathing—lazy to the last degree, like the grunt of a sleeping pig that is dreaming. It is made by two engines alternately, and as it travels up the long pipes and is shot out upon the air it seems not to come from the chest of a demon, but from the very heels of some cold-blooded, half-torpid, prehistoric loafer of the alligator kind. To the river passenger in his bed courting sleep it is a sound more soothing than the patter of rain on a farm-house roof.



THE SALOON OF A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT.

I had been in my state-room, and found it the largest one that I had ever seen on a steamboat. It had a double bed in it, and there was room for another. There was a chair and a marble-topped washstand, a carpet, and there were curtains on the glazed door and the long window that formed the top of the outer wall. The supper-bell rang, and I stepped into the saloon, which was a great chamber, all cream-white, touched with gold. The white ribs of the white ceiling were close together over the whole saloon's length of 250 feet, and each rib was upheld by most ornate supports, also white, but hung with gilded pendants. Colored fanlights let in the light by day, and under them other fanlights served to share the brilliant illumination in the saloon with the state-rooms on either side. At the forward end of the saloon were tables spread and set for the male passengers. At the other end sat the captain and the married ladies and girls, and such men as came with them. The chairs were all white, like the walls, the table-cloths, and the aprons of the negro servants, who stood like bronze statues awaiting the orders of the passengers. The supper proved to be well cooked and nicely served. As the fare to New Orleans was about the same as the price of a steerage ticket to Europe, it was pleasant to know that the

meals, which were included in the bargain, were going to be as admirable as everything else.

After supper I was asked to go up into the pilot-house, then in charge of Louis Moan and James Parker, both veterans on the river, both good story-tellers, and as kindly and pleasant a pair as ever lightened a journey at a wheel or in a cabin. That night, when a dark pall hung all around the boat, with only here and there a yellow glimmer showing the presence of a house or government light ashore, these were spectral men at a shadowy wheel. In time it was possible to see that the house was half as big as a railroad car, that Captain Carvell was in a chair smoking a pipe, that the gray sheet far below was the river, and that there was an indefinable something near by on one side which the pilots had agreed to regard as the left-hand shore. They said "right" and "left," and spoke of the smoke-stacks as "chimneys." But over and through and around the scene came the periodic gasp—shoo-whoo—from the great smoke-stacks, as gusts of wind on a bleak shore would sound if they blew at regular intervals.



SALOON ORNAMENT.

Back in the blaze of light in the cabin I saw that the women had left their tables, and were gathered around a stove at their end of the room, precisely as the men had done at theirs. The groups were 200 feet apart, and showed no more interest in one another than if they had been on separate boats. I observed that at the right hand of the circle of smoking men was the neatly kept bar in a sort of alcove bridged across by a counter. Matching it, on the other side of the boat, was the office of Mr. O. W. Moore, the clerk.



SALOON ORNAMENT.

To Mr. Moore I offered to pay my fare, but he said there was no hurry, he guessed my money would keep. To the bartender I said that if he had made the effervescent draught which I drank before supper I desired to compliment him. "Thank you, sir," said he; "you are very kind." How pleasant was the discovery that I made on my first visit to the South, that in that part of our Union no matter how humble a white man is he is instinctively polite! Not that I call a bartender on a Mississippi boat a humble personage; he merely recalled the general fact to my mind.

The boat stopped at a landing, and it was as if it had died. There was no sound of running about or of yelling; there was simply deathlike stillness. There was a desk and a student-lamp in the great cabin, and, alas for the unities! on the desk lay a pad of telegraph blanks—"the mark of the beast." But they evidently were only a bit of accidental drift from wide-awake St. Louis, and not intended for the passengers, because the clerk came out of his office, swept them into a drawer, and invited me to join him in a game of tiddledywinks. He added to the calm pleasures of the game by telling of a Kentucky girl eleven feet high, who stood at one end of a very wide table and shot the disks into the cup from both sides of the table without changing her position. I judged from his remarks that she was simply a tall girl who played well at tiddledywinks. No man likes to be beaten at his own game, the tools for

which he carries about with him. Even princes of the blood royal show annoyance when it happens.

I slept like a child all night, and mentioned the fact at the breakfast table, where the men all spoke to one another and the clerk addressed each of us by name as if we were in a boarding-house. Every one smiled when I said that the boat's noise did not disturb me.

"Why, we tied up to a tree all night," said the clerk, "and did not move a yard until an hour ago."

At this breakfast we had a very African-looking dish that somehow suggested the voudoo. It appeared like a dish of exaggerated canary seed boiled in tan-bark.

"Dat dere," said my waiter, "is sumping you doan' git in no hotels. It's jambullade. Dey done make it ob rice, tomatoes, and brekfus' bacon or ham; but ef dey put in oysters place ob de ham, it's de fines' in de lan'."

I had not been long enough in the atmosphere of Mississippi travel to avoid worrying about the loss of a whole night while we were tied up to the shore. There had been a fog, I was told, and to proceed would have been dangerous. Yet I was bound for New Orleans for Mardi-gras, and had only time to make it, according to the boat's schedule. But I had not fathomed a tithe of the mysteries of this river travel.



THE PILOT.

"It's too bad we're so late," I said to Mr. Todd, the steward.

"We ain't late," said he.

"I thought we laid up overnight," I said.

"So we did," said he. "But that ain't goin' to make any difference; we don't run so close to time as all that."

"Don't get excited," said Captain Carvell. "You are going to have the best trip you ever made in your life. And if we keep a-layin' up nights, all you've got to do is to step ashore at Cairo or Memphis or Natchez and take the cars into New Orleans quicker'n a wink. You can stay with us till the last minute before you've got to be in New Orleans, and then the cars 'll take you there all right. I only wish it was April 'stead of February. Then you leave a right cold climate in the North, and you get along and see flowers all a-blooming and roses a-blushing. Why, sir, I've been making this run thirty-nine years, and I enjoy it yet."

"Come up in the pilot-house," said Mr. Moan. "Bring your pipe and tobacco and your slippers, and leave 'em up there, so's to make yourself at home. You're going to live with us nigh on to a week, you know, and you ought to be friendly."

It was by this tone, caught from each officer to whom I spoke, that I, all too slowly, imbibed the calm and restful spirit of the voyage. Nothing made any difference, or gave cause to borrow trouble —not even hitching up to the river-bank, now and then, for a night or two.

We had been at Chester for nearly an hour. The clerk went ashore, visiting, and disappeared up the main street. We were to take on 500 barrels of flour, and for a long while these had been jolting and creaking and spurting out little white wisps of powder as the black crew rolled them aboard. The pilot remarked, as he looked down at the scene, that when we came to leave we would not really get away, because we must drop down to a mill half a mile down stream, and then to a warehouse farther along, and then, "if there are any other stops near by, some one will run down with a flag, or a white handkerchief, and call us."

I alone was impatient—the only curse on the happy condition. In the middle of a lifetime of catching trains and riding watch in hand I found that I did not know how to behave or how to school myself for a natural, restful situation such as this. I felt that I belonged in the world, and that this was not it. This was dreamland—an Occidental Arabia. True, we were moved by steam, we lifted the landing-stages by steam, and swung red farm wagons to the hurricane-deck and blew whistles, all by steam; but it was steam hypnotized and put to sleep. Could I not hear it snore through the smoke-stacks whenever the engineer disturbed it? As we swung away from Chester, Mr. Moan pointed across the river and said:

"That's Claraville over there. It's a tidy place. Been that way since I was a boy. It don't grow, but it holds its own."

I harbored the hope that I would appreciate that remark, and the spirit which engendered it, in five days or so of life on the lazy boat. Even then I could see that it was something to "hold one's own." It was an effort, and perhaps a strain. It is more than we men and women are able to do for any length of time.

We pushed high up a stony bank at a new place. Again the clerk went ashore, and this time the captain followed him. Another wabbling stream of flour-barrels issued from a warehouse and rolled into the boat. I think I began to feel less forced resignation and more at ease. I was drifting into harmony with my surroundings. It was still a little strange that the voices on shore were all using English words. Spanish or Arabic would have consorted better with the hour. As a happy makeshift a negro came out and sat on a barrel and played a jews-harp. He was ragged and slovenly, and was the only black man not at work; but perhaps a man cannot work steadily and do justice to a jews-harp at the same time. He turned his genius upon a lively tune, and the serpentlike stream of barrels began to flow faster under the negroes' hands, as if it were a current of molasses and the music had warmed it. The church bells—for it was Sunday—broke upon the air at a distance; at just the right distance, so that they sounded soft and religious. The sun was out. Only one other thing was needed—tobacco.

When I went to get my pipe, the youngest of the ladies in the saloon was at the piano, and "A Starry Night for a Ramble" was trickling from her fingers' ends. I dropped into a chair to listen, and to think how prone the Southern folk are to insist upon a recognition of caste in every relation of life. First, the captain at the head of all, then the ladies and their male escorts—these were the aristocrats of the boat. The lonely male passengers were the middle class, graciously permitted to sleep on the saloon-deck. Finally, the negro passengers and the petty officers were sent up above, to quarters far from the rest. But the young lady saw me sitting there, and the music stopped. She left the piano stool with a flirt of her skirt; not a violent motion of the whole back of her dress, as if she was really "put out" by my intrusion, but just a faint little snap at the very tail of the eloquent garment. How many languages women have! They have one of the tongue, like ours; one of the silent, mobile lips, as when school-girls talk without being heard; one of the eyes; one of their spirits, that rise into vivacity for those they love or seek to please, and

that sink into moodiness or languor near those they don't care for; and finally, this of the skirts.

But that was only a faint whip of the very tail of the skirt, down by the hem. It hinted to me that we were to become acquainted soon. There was plenty of time; I would not hurry it.

I went to my great comfortable room and experimented with the locked door which was opposite the entrance. It opened, and led out upon the outer deck, past all the other state-room doors. That was exquisite. It was like part of a typical Southern home, with the parlor opening out on a veranda over a river. I was reminded of the first true Southern house I ever stopped at, in the Blue Ridge Mountains. There were two long arms in front of the main building, and the rooms in these arms had a door and a window at each end. I was enraptured with my good fortune until night came, when I discovered that neither window sported a catch and neither door had a lock. I might as well, I might better, have been put to bed in the fields. All the stories of murder I had heard during the day—and they were plenty—came back, and sat on the edge of the bed with me. I complained in the morning, and the proprietor laughed, and said there was not a lock on a door in the county. They murdered there, but they did not rob. That was a consolation.

The Mississippi proved not so unlike a Northern river as might have been expected. The Hudson is as wide in some places, and I have seen parts of Lake Ontario with just such shores. Fields of grain ran to the edge of the bluff, and here and there were houses and patches of trees. The Illinois side was a long reach of wooded bluff. The water itself was mud. As Senator Ingalls is quoted as saying, it was "too thick for a beverage and too thin for food." Everywhere the yellow water, running the same way as the boat, seemed to outstrip our vessel. Everywhere it was dotted with logs, twigs, and little floating islands of the wreckage of the cottonwood thickets of Dakota and Montana, perhaps of the forests at the feet of the Rocky Mountains. That was the main peculiarity of the river—the presence of thousands of tons of débris floating behind, beside, and ahead of the steamboat. Here and there we saw a "government light," a little lantern on a clean white frame-work, suggesting an immaculate chicken-coop. Men who live in near-by houses get ten or fifteen dollars a month—the lights being of two grades—for lighting them every night and putting them out every morning. Mr. Moan told of a negro down below where we were who gets fifteen dollars a month for keeping a difficult light, and who, on being asked how he was getting along, replied that it was money enough for the keep of his wife and himself. "I's fixed for life, boss," he said, "if de gover'ment done hold out."



"I'S FIXED FOR LIFE, BOSS, IF DE GOVER'MENT DONE HOLD OUT."

I noted with keen pleasure that neither Pilot Moan nor Pilot Parker blew the whistle as the boat was backed off the mud at a landing. In New York they would surely whistle and shriek "good-by." In France they would blow all the time. The Mississippi plan is better. There they



A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN.

whistle only when approaching a landing, "to notify the labor."

For miles and miles we floated out in the channel and were alone in the world—we and the distant blue hills, the thin bare forests, and the softly speeding stream. Not a house or a fence or a ploughed acre was in sight. What a country ours is! How much room it offers to future peoples! They are not hurrying—they who have so much more at stake than we on that boat. Why, then, needed we to hurry? When a house or a village hove in sight, it was not always wooden, as in the West. Often the warehouses, the mills, and even the manor-houses were of stone or brick. Some of these places were inaccessible to so big a boat as the *Providence*, but from its decks could be seen little waggle-tailed stern-wheelers puffing and splashing up to them for freight.

At one stop which we did make, Captain Carvell ordered a barge pushed out of the way—"so's we sha'n't make a bunglesome landing," he said. The nearest great landing-stage, a long gang-plank hung by the middle from a sort of derrick, and capable of connecting the boat with a hill or a flat surface, was let down on the bank. The unavoidable flour-barrels came head foremost along a wooden slide this time, and a darky on the boat sang an incessant line, "Somebody told me so," as a warning to the men below that another and another barrel was coming. They are fond of chanting at their work, and they give vent to whatever comes into their heads, and then repeat it thousands of times, perhaps. It is not always a pretty sentence, but every such refrain serves to time their movements. "O Lord God! you know you done wrong," I have heard a negro say with each bag that was handed to him to lift upon a pile. "Been a slave all yo' days; you 'ain't got a penny saved," was another refrain; and still another, chanted incessantly, was: "Who's been here since I's been gone? Big buck nigger with a derby on." They are all "niggers" once you enter the Southern country. Every one calls them so, and they do not often vary the custom among themselves.

These roustabouts are nothing like as forward as the lowest of their race that we see in the North. Presumably they are about what the "field hands" of slavery times were. They are dull-eyed, shambling men, dressed like perambulating rag-bags, with rags at the sleeves, up and down the trousers, at the hems of their coats, and the rims of their caps and hats. A man who makes six changes

of his working attire every year by contract with a tailor would be surprised at how long these men keep their clothes. Some wear coats and vests and no shirts; some wear overcoats and shirts and no vests; some have only shirts and trousers—shirts that have lost their buttons, perhaps, and flare wide open to the trousers band, showing a black trunk like oiled ebony. They earn a dollar a day, but have not learned to save it. They are very dissipated, and are given to carrying knives, which the mates take away from the most unruly ones. The scars on many of their bodies show to what use these knives are too often put. "Who's dat talkin' 'bout cuttin' out some one's heart?" I heard one say as he slouched along in the roustabout line. "Ef dar's goin' to be any cuttin', I want to do some." Though they chant at their work, I seldom saw them laugh or heard them sing a song, or knew one of them to dance during the voyage. The work is hard, and they are kept at it, urged constantly by the mates on shore and aboard, as the Southern folks say that negroes and mules always need to be. But the roustabouts' faults are excessively human, after all, and the consequence of a sturdy belief that they need sharper treatment than the rest of us leads to their being urged to do more work than a white man. There were nights on the *Providence* when the landings ran close together, and the poor wretches got little or no sleep. They "tote" all the freight aboard and back to land again on their heads or shoulders, and it is crushing work. Whenever the old barbaric instinct to loaf, or to move by threes at one man's work, would prompt them, one of the mates was sure to spy the weakness and roar at the culprits.

The mates showed no actual unkindness or severity while I was on that boat. But they all—on all the boats—have fearsome voices, such as we credit to pirate chiefs on "low, rakish, black boats" in yellow-clad novels. Any one of them would break up an opera troupe. They rasp at the darkies in their business voices, with a "Run up the plank, nigger; now, then, nigger, get wood"—and then they turn and speak to the passengers in their Sunday shore-leave voices, as gently as any men can talk.

Mr. Halloran, an up-river pilot of celebrity who was studying the lower river, told me that he remembered when it was the custom for the mates to hit lazy negroes on the head with a billet of wood, "and knock them stiff." The other negroes used to laugh (presumably as the sad-faced man laughed when the photographer clapped a pistol to his head and said, "Smile, —— you, or I'll shoot you"). When the felled negro came to, the others would say, "Lep up quick an' git to work, nigger; de mate's a-coming." They do not urge the help with cordwood now—so the mate of the *Providence*



THE MATE OF A MISSISSIPPI BOAT—"NOW, THEN, NIGGER."



THE CHICAGO MAN.

told me—because the negroes get out warrants and delay the boat.

I have said that the blacks all call themselves "niggers." The rule has its exceptions. I went ashore at a plantation called "Sunnyside," and saw a cheery old "aunty" standing near a cabin doorway from out of which pickaninnies were tumbling like ants out of an ant-hill.

"How many children have you got, aunty?" I inquired.

"I 'ain't got none yere," she said; "mine's all out in de fiel'. Dese yer two is my gran'chillen; de oders I'm takin' car' of fer de ladies ob de neighborhood."

There was a fine barber shop and "wash-room" on the packet, and the barber and I often conversed, with a razor between us. He asked me once how I liked my hair trimmed, and I said I always left that to the barber.

"Dat's c'rect," said he; "you kin leave it to me safely; and you kin bet I'm more dan apt to do it in de mos' fashionablest manner." Then he turned, and called to his assistant, a coal-black boy who was working his way to New Orleans. "Hey, dere! you nigger! Git me a high stool outen de pantry. How you 'spect I's gwine cut de gemmen's ha'r ef I doan' hab no stool?"

I mentioned the fact that the roustabouts were working very hard.

"Dat dey is," said the barber. "We call 'em 'roosters' on de ribber, but rous'about is more correc'. Dey wuk hard night an' day, an' dey git mo' kicks dan dollars. Ef I got rejuced so's I had to do manual labor, I'd go to stealin' 'fo' I'd be a rooster. Certain su' I would, 'cause dey couldn't wuk a man no harder in de penitentshuary ef he got caught dan dey do on dese boats."

At supper on the second night I began to find fault with the custom of separating the ladies and the gentlemen by the length of an enormous saloon. The gulf between the men and women was yet as wide as ever. There they sat at their separate table. Later they would make a ring around a stove of their own, or retire to an especial saloon called "the nursery," which spans and shuts off the whole back end of the boat—the most attractive part of our Northern steamboats. There were four women on this boat and a little baby girl. The tiny woman, though only four years old, had been to visit me during the afternoon, and had told me her own peculiar version of Cinderella. Poor little tot! She was with a man and woman whom she called papa and mamma, but they made the cruel mistake of telling everybody that she was a little orphan waif, the child of a pauper, and that they had adopted her—the last thing, one would think, that they would noise abroad. I wondered whether her name might not be Cinderella, and that led me to think that I did not know even the name of the youngest of the grown women, who, by-the-way, was only eighteen or nineteen, with jet hair, coal-black laughing eyes, and a smiling mouth set with pearls. She was perfectly formed, and being beautiful, was also amiable, for there can be no true beauty in a woman who is not sunny-hearted. It was she who played the piano for the women—until a man listened. Perhaps another time I may be able to enjoy such a restful

break in my life to the uttermost, and not draw comparisons or seek faults to find, yet on this second night I was unable to help recalling the only other trip I had then made on a Southern river. It was on the Ohio. Half the passengers were Kentuckians. As soon as the boat started, a negro roustabout was hired to fiddle in the saloon, and every man sought a partner and fell to waltzing. It was idyllic; it was a snatch of Arcadian life, of Brittany or Switzerland imported to America. A young Kentuckian, who introduced himself to me and then to all the women, kindly introduced them all to one another and then to me. That was better than this Mississippi plan of putting a whole boat's length between the sexes. It suggested a floating synagogue.

We stopped at Cairo on the second morning out, and were pulling away from there while I ate my breakfast. I told Captain Carvell that I was sorry to have missed seeing that important town, but I found that, as before, my regrets were groundless. Nothing is missed and nothing makes any difference on that phenomenal line. "You won't miss Cairo," said the captain; "we are going up a mile to get some pork, and down half a mile to get some flour. We shall be here some hours yet." I ate a leisurely breakfast, saw the town to my heart's content, and was back on the boat an hour before it got away for good. A railroad train whizzed along above the levee like a messenger from the world of worry and unrest, and I looked at it as I have often



THE MAN FROM PROVIDENCE.



THE AWFUL BORE.

looked at a leopard caged in a menagerie. It could not get at me, I knew.

The beautiful black-eyed girl had kept in the ladies' end of the saloon, wrapped up in Cinderella, the Chicago man's tiny daughter, but on this day, as I was on the upper deck, I could not help seeing her mount the ladderlike stairs to the pilot-house. It is amazing that four women and half a dozen men should have been together so long and not become acquainted. To be sure, I could have followed the pretty brunette to the pilot-house and been introduced by one of the pilots; but there was no hurry. Besides, at the time, a young commercial traveller from Providence was telling me of his uncertainty whether or not he was in love. The subject of his doubts was a young lady whose portrait he carried in a locket which he kept opening incessantly.

I spent much time every day in the pilot-house. I heard very much about the skill and knowledge the river-pilot's calling required, but I saw even more than I heard. This giant river does not impress those who study it with its greatness so much as with its eccentricities. It runs between banks that are called earth, but act like brown sugar; that cave in and hollow out, and turn into bars and islands, in a way that is almost indescribable. Islands in it which were on one side one year are on the other side another year. Channels which the steamboats followed last month and for years past are now closed. Bars no one ever saw before suddenly lift above the surface. Piloting on the Mississippi is a business no one ever learns. It is a continual subject of study. It is the work of years to understand the general course of the channel, and then the knowledge must be altered with each trip. The best pilot on the river, if he stops ashore a few months, becomes greener than a new hand. The pilots not only report their new experiences for publication in the newspapers, but they make notes of remarkable changes, and drop them into boxes on the route for the guidance of others in the business.

In the lower part of the river, below Tennessee, the whistle of a boat may often be heard between twelve and fifteen hours before the boat reaches the point where the sound came. This is because of the manner in which the river doubles upon itself. A town which may be only four or five miles across one of these loops will hear the boat, but the distance around the bend, and the stops the boat makes, may allow a prospective passenger to do a day's business before he boards the vessel.

Nothing could be more primitive than many of the boat-landings. The vessels

simply "run their nozzles agin the shore," as John Hay has sung that they did. Villages, planters' depots or mills, are found on the edge of a rude bank, and the boats run up close as they can and lower the stages. The darkies tumble up and down the bluff, the spectators line its edge. There is no staircase, pier, or wharf-boat, sea-wall, or anything. If there was, it is a question whether it would last out a single season. I seldom looked long at such a bank that I did not see a piece of it loosen and crumble and fall into the rushing, yellow river. Sometimes it was only a ton that fell in; sometimes it was a good fraction of an acre. Captain Carvell told me that once he was looking at as noble and large a tree as he ever saw in his life, standing inshore and away from the edge of a bluff. Suddenly the land slipped away from around it, and it fell and crashed into his steamboat. At many and many a stopping-place the pilots call to mind where the banks were when they began piloting, and always they were far out in the present stream. One pointed out to me an eddy over the wreck of a steamer that sunk while warped to the shore. She was now in the middle of the extraordinary river. Any one may see Island Number Ten, and call to mind its exciting part in the late war; but it had no part in it, for old Island Number Ten disappeared years ago, and this is a new one, not on the site of its predecessor. Yet the true Island Number Ten bore very ancient, heavy timber, and many fine plantations. The new one is already timbered with a dense growth of cane and saplings.

At Fort Pillow we saw the river's most stupendous ravages of that particular time. The famous bluff, fifty feet high at least, was sliding down in great slices and bites and falling into the river. One great mound was in the water, another had fallen just behind it, and these had carried the trees that were growing in the earth flat down in the mixed-up dirt. But beyond these a huge slice many rods long and many yards thick was parting from the bluff and leaning over toward the water, with huge trees still standing on it, and reaching their naked roots out on either side like the fingers of drowning men. Below, at what is called Centennial Cut-off, the eccentric river has reversed its original direction. It used to form a letter S, and now it flows down



ROUSTABOUTS UNLOADING A MISSISSIPPI BOAT.

the central curve of the S where it used to flow northward. The two loops are grown with reeds, and form a vast amphitheatre, at the sides of which, five miles off, one sees the distant banks covered with big timber.

Still farther down the river, in places where the men of the River Commission had been at work, we saw the banks cut at an angle like a natural beach, and sheathed with riprap. In places the water is said to have got under the sheathing and melted the work away, but there was no disposition among the navigators I was with to criticise the government work, so great has been the continually increasing improvement of the waterway. We saw few of those snags which were once as common as the dollars of a millionaire, but we did see many places where the crews of the snag-boats had been at work. The men chop down the trees so that when the bank caves the trees and their roots will both float off separately. If left to pursue the wicked ways of inanimate things, the trees would be carried out into the stream to sink butt downward, and project their trunks up to pierce the bottom of the first boat that struck one. The government boats have done splendid work at pulling up snags. It is said that their tackle is strong enough for any snag they ever find, and that "they could pull up the bottom of the river, if necessary."

Down on the Mississippi State and Arkansas shores we began to note the consequences of former high stages of water. The water-marks were often half-way up the cabin and warehouse doors, and tales were told of families that take to the second stories of their houses on such occasions, not forgetting to put their poultry and cattle on rafts tied to trees, to keep them until the flood subsides.

It was on the third day that I became acquainted with the beautiful nunlike pianist. I found her in distress among the firkins and brooms and boxes on the upper deck, among which the boat's cat had fled from the too violent endearments of little Cinderella. My hands and those of the pianist met in the dark crannies of the freight piles, and we fell to laughing, and became so well acquainted that soon afterward she dropped into a chair beside me. In fifteen minutes she had told me her name, age, station, amusements, love affairs, home arrangements, tastes, hopes, and religious belief. The manner of the narrative was even more peculiar than the matter. Her mother, then on board with her, was an Arkansas widow who kept a hotel to which commercial travellers repaired in great force, and at which —so I judged from what the young woman had imbibed—they paid their way with quite as much slang as cash. As I have seen such girls before in my travels in the Southwest, and have always found them different, in a marked way, from the girls in large towns, I will try to repeat what I jotted down of her observations.

"You're married, ain't you?" She was a pretty girl, as I have said, and she had large deep black eyes. These she set, as she spoke, so as to give a searching glance that showed her to be expectant of a denial of my happy state, yet confident she was right. "I knew it. Well, the married kind are the worst that come to our hotel. My mother keeps a hotel at ——, you know; the captain's told you, I suppose. It's a village; but I know a few things. The band plays 'Annie Rooney' where I live, but it ain't up to me, for I know 'Comrades,' and 'Maggie Murphy's Home,' and the very latest songs the boys bring to the house. That Providence feller's in love, ain't he? Well, I say, I thought it was either love or dyspepsia that was ailing him. Say, do you believe in—pshaw! I was going to ask if you believed in love, but of course you're married, and you've got to say 'yes.' I always call 'rats' when I hear of anybody being in love. Ain't it dull on this boat? I never see such men. I believe if a woman knocked 'em down they wouldn't speak to her. You're the only one that ain't glued to the bar; you and Admiral Farragut; that's what I call the captain. He's nice, ain't he? I think he's too cute. I love old men, I do."

A pause, and a rapt expression of a face turned upon the river-bank as if in enjoyment of the tame scenery.

"Say! what's the latest slang in New York? The boys—travellers that stop at our house, you know—ain't brought in anything new in a long while. You're from New York, ain't you? Can't help it, can you? My! what a jay-bird I'd look like in New York! Well, you needn't get scared. I ain't a-going. I'm going to stay where I'm on top. Bob Ingersoll lives in New York, don't he? He's im-



DECK OF A MISSISSIPPI BOAT—"YOU'RE MARRIED, AIN'T YOU?"

mense, ain't he? No, I see you ain't stuck on him. Well, neither am I, and I'm going to tell you the truth. Everybody my way is crazy to read everything he writes and says, but I'm going to stick to my little old Bible till a good deal smarter man than he is comes along. If I was Ingersoll, and knew for sure that I was right, I wouldn't stump the country to try and take away the comfort of every poor old widow and young girl and decent man; because our belief in religion

is close on to all that most folks has in this world."

I spoke of my surprise that she should believe in religion and not in love.

"Say!" said she; "I help run a hotel, and I agree with everybody that comes along—for the price. But I ain't in a hotel now, and you're married, and I'll give myself away. I made fun of love, but, gee whiz! I didn't mean it. I reckon a girl don't fool you talking that way. I'm in love, right smart in love, too; up to my neck.

"My mother hates him. You see, we used to be well off, and father's people were 'way up, and mother keeps in with all her old friends. They're all as poor as we, but they're prouder'n Lucifer, and mother'd ruther we'd marry poor quality folks than see us rich and happy if our husbands were common stock. Well, I want to do what's right, but what must I go and do but fall in love with a German. He's a civil engineer, and he was laying out a railroad and come to our house. You'd think he was a chump to look at him, but, say! he's just splendid. Ma saw what was going on, and she ordered me not to write to him. I told him that, and he said for us to run away. Oh, he's immense, if he is a German. I let on I was real angry. I told him I was going to mind my mother, and he shouldn't put such ideas in my head. I scared him pale; but I liked him all the better; he was so cut up. But he said 'All right,' and we don't write—except he writes to my aunt, and I see the letters. We are waiting two years till I'm twenty-one, and I'm telling ma I love him three times a day so as to get her used to it. She's praying for everything to happen to Jake, but, say! it takes more than prayer to kill a German, don't it?"

Our remarkable *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the announcement of dinner, and we put the length of the cabin between us. I never more than "bade her the time of day," as the Irish say, after that, for it seemed more profitable to divide my time between the pilot-house and the towns ashore. At Columbus, Kentucky, we saw the first true Southern mansion, with its great columns in front and its wide hall through the middle. We began to make many stops in midstream to deliver the mail by a yawl, manned most skilfully by the second mate and several roustabouts. At Slough, Kentucky, we saw cotton fields and corn fields opposite one another, and felt that we were truly in the South. At every village the houses were emptied and the levee was crowded. Darkies were in profuse abundance, and forty were idle to every one who worked. Every woman and girl, white and black, had put on some one bright red garment, and the historic yellow girls made no more effort to hide the fact that they were chewing tobacco or snuff than the old negresses did to conceal the pipes that they smoked.

Down and down we went with the current, and no longer noticed the deep snoring of the engine, or thought of the rushing world to the north and east. The table fare remained remarkably good, the nights' rests were unbroken; never did I stop marvelling that the boat was not crowded with the tired men of business, to whom it offered the most perfect relief and rest. The hotel-keeper and her frank and beautiful daughter got off at a picturesque town fronted by great oaks. The daughter waved her hand at the pilot-house and called out, "Ta-ta."

There was mild excitement and much blowing of whistles when we passed our sister-boat the *City of Monroe*—the prize Anchor liner from Natchez.

"Hark!" said the first mate in his society voice. "Stop talking. Listen to her wheels on the water. It's music. It's for all the world like walnuts dropping off a tree. When she made her first big run the roustabouts got up a song about her: 'Did ye hear what the *Monroe* done?'"

As the days went by it was apparent that the woods extended along both sides of the turbid river, with only here and there a clearing for a town or farm or house. The population does not cling to the shore; it is too often overflowed. At Pecan Point (pecan is pronounced "pecarn" along the river) we saw the first green grass on February 23d, and the first great plantation. It was, as we have all read, a great clearing, a scattering of negro cabins, and then the big mansion of the planter, surrounded by tidy white houses in numbers sufficient to form a village. Here a darky put a history of his life into a sentence. Being asked how he got along, he said: "Oh, fairly, fairly, suh. Some days dere's chicken all de day, but mo' days dey's only feathers." We saw the first cane-

brake in great clumps, and as each cane was clad with leaves from top to bottom, the distant effect was that of thickets of green bushes. We saw many little plantations of a few acres each, usually with a government river light on the bank, and consisting of a couple of acres of corn and as much more of cotton. We learned that in this way thousands of negroes have kept themselves since the war. We saw their log huts, their wagons, and the inevitable mule, for a mule and a shotgun are the first things that are bought, by whites and blacks, in this region.

Memphis proved an unexpectedly lively town, with a main street that was rather Western than Southern. Here the freight from and for the boat was handled in surprisingly quick time, by means of an endless belt railway something like a tread mill. We left the dancing lights of the city, and moved out into a pall of smoke suspended in fog, and then I saw how well and thoroughly the men in the pilot-house knew the mighty river. After a run of a few miles the captain declared it unsafe to go farther. The electric search-light was thrown in all directions, but only illuminated a small circle closed in by a fog-bank. In absolute, black darkness the pilot and the captain discussed the character of the shores, to hit upon a hard bank with heavy timber to which it would be safe to tie up. They agreed that some unseen island across the stream and lower down would serve best.

"Look out for the bar just above there," said the captain.

"Yes," said the pilot; "I know where she is."

The wheel was spun round, the boat turned into a new course, and presently the search-light was thrown upon the very timber-studded reef they sought—as fine an exhibition of knowledge, experience, and skill as I ever witnessed.

We now had Mississippi on the left and Arkansas on the right, and saw the first commercial monuments of the great industry in cotton seed and its varied products. This was at Helena, Arkansas, and already, two days after Washington's birthday, the weather had become so hot that the shade was grateful. The negroes warmed to their incessant, laborious work, and the black processions to and from the shore at the frequent landings became leaping lines of garrulous toilers. The river becomes very wide, often miles wide, in long reaches, and at one part the boat's officers pointed to where it is eating its way inland, and said that a mile in the interior snags are found sitting up in the earth, far beneath the roots of the present trees, as they did in the old bottom, showing either that the river was once many times wider than now, or that it has shifted to and fro as it continues to do.

To tell in detail what we saw and did during two more days; how we saw green willows and then dogwood and jasmine in bloom, or even how Captain Carvell got out his straw hat at Elmwood, Mississippi, would require a second article. We often heard the familiar cry of "Mark twain," which Samuel D. Clemens took as his *nom de plume*, and a line about that may be interesting. The *Providence*, laden down till her deck touched the water,



A RAFT OF LOGS.

drew a little more than four feet, and though the river has a depth of 80 to 120 feet, there are places where bars made it necessary to take soundings. Whenever this was done a negro on the main-deck heaved the lead, and another on the second deck echoed his calls. These are the cries I heard, and when the reader understands that a fathom, or six feet, is the basis of calculation, he will comprehend the system. These, then, were the cries:

"Five feet." "Six feet." "Nine feet."

"Mark twain" (12 feet).

"A quarter less twain" (10½ feet)—that is to say, a quarter of a fathom less than two fathoms.

"A quarter twain" (13½ feet).

"Mark three" (18 feet).

"A quarter less three." "A quarter three" (19½ feet). "Deep four." "No bottom."

The tows that we saw were too peculiar to miss mention. On this river the loads are "towed before" instead of behind. The principle underlying the custom is that of the wheelbarrow, and is necessitated by the curves in this, the crookedest large river in the world. The barges and flats are fastened solidly ahead of the tug-boat in a great fan-shaped mass, and the steamer backs and pushes and gradually turns the bulk as if it had hold of the handles of a barrow in a crooked lane. We saw a famous boat, the *Wilson*, from Pittsburg, come along behind a low black island. It proved to be a tow of large, low, uncovered barges, thirty of them, each carrying 1000 tons. She was therefore pushing $105,000 worth of freight, for the coal sells in New Orleans at $3 50 a ton. The work of propelling these tows is so ingenious that the pilots are handsomely paid. They cannot drive their loads; they merely guide them, and a mistake or bad judgment in a bend may cost thousands of dollars through a wreck. The barges are made of merely inch-and-a-half stuff, cost $700 each, and are seldom used twice. They are sold to wreckers.

This is in the region where the levees, that are said to have cost $150,000,000, line the river-side through whole States—mere banks of earth such as railways are built on where fillings are required. Some of these are far away from the water, and some are close beside it; some are earthy, some are grassy, and some are heaped up with banks of Cherokee roses that blossom in bouquets of hundreds of yards in length. These are the levees into which the crawfish dig and the water eats, and we read of crevasses that follow and destroy fortunes or submerge counties. But they are mere incidents in the laziest, most alluring and refreshing, journey that one tired man ever enjoyed.



PROLETARIAN PARIS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

I.

FROM the fashionable boulevard eastward to the great manufacturing and commercial quarters of Paris the transition is easy and rapid. We have only to follow the main thoroughfare as far as the Bastille, and to wander along the great arteries like the Rue Montmartre, the boulevards de Strasbourg and Sébastopol, the faubourgs du Temple, St.-Martin, St.-Antoine, and the labyrinth of old and new streets between the principal boulevards and the Seine.

In the elegant quarters of Paris, where more or less refined materialism reigns triumphant, we have a tendency to forget the serious aspect of Paris. We are struck rather by the superficial and agreeable phases of the life of the capital which constitutes such an amusing show, and which even M. Ernest Renan admits to be a good furnace wherein to consume that surplus of life which is not absorbed by science and philosophy. In this elegant Paris we remark that virtue is never aggressive, and although solemnly celebrated once a year at the French Academy on the occasion of the distribution of the Monthyon prizes, virtue, we feel sure, is not appreciated. Nay, more, the prizes which the Academy awards for the encouragement of virtue are so small that they are practical approbations of vice, while the speeches made by the eminent Academicians who are selected to record the virtuous achievements of the laureates are generally so full of paradox and delicate persiflage that none can mistake the poor esteem in which the austere practice of virtue is held.

Nevertheless, we must not pay too much attention to the bilateral and deliquescent utterances of Academic wits, even though they may be grave philosophers and profound thinkers in their more serious moments. Without virtue no commonwealth can prosper. Without stability, peace, and order no city can achieve riches and splendor.

In reality Paris has been much calumniated by the Parisians themselves, and there are no more active slanderers of the capital than the journalists. At least so it would appear, for the newspaper reports about Paris are constantly alarming, and yet the prosperity of the city goes on increasing. But the readers of newspapers do not perhaps understand the special conditions of the journalistic industry; they do not bear in mind that the journalist esteems a fact not in virtue of its importance, but of its novelty. From year's end to year's end a million and a half of people work in Paris eight or ten hours a day. This is an important fact, but it is not new, and so the newspapers do not mention it. A score of politicians meet and draw up a crazy manifesto, and immediately the fact, being new, is telegraphed to the ends of the earth. The man who reads the newspapers without comprehending the principles of journalism, gathers erroneous ideas, impairs his digestion, and renders himself conversationally tiresome, because when he arrives in Paris and acquires more exact notions of reality, he proceeds to marvel at the calmness of the population, the activity of business of all kinds, and the prosperity of the city in general. Furthermore, the foreign critics of French affairs rarely make allowance for the difference between the diapason of their own country and that of Paris, where in political controversy, for instance, to call an adversary an assassin is a comparatively innocent pleasantry, while in literary controversy such terms of abuse as scoundrel and idiot are the usual accompaniment of the preliminary amenities which lead up to a bloodless duel.

The Parisians are so democratic that Hottentot ladies and dethroned kings can circulate freely in the streets without attracting the slightest attention. Even Oscar Wilde, in the palmy days of his vestimentary eccentricity, passed unnoticed in the streets of Paris. In proletarian and in elegant Paris alike there is complete liberty of locomotion; the city belongs to the citizens, and its beauties and conveniences are for the common joy of rich and poor. We are therefore free to wander and to observe the prodigious contrasts of the monster.

The scene is laid at the entrance of the bridge over the Seine close to Notre Dame. In the background are the immense buildings of the Hôtel Dieu, the

great hospital, and the tall roofs of the barracks, where soldiers and policemen are lodged by the thousand. In the middle distance, behind a curtain of trees and shrubs, stands the colossal statue of Charlemagne, Carolus Magnus, the great King of the Franks, the man of iron. To the right is the storied façade of Notre Dame. In the foreground are Bijou and the Père La Gloire, rag-pickers, *chiffonniers* or *biffins*, as they call themselves.

The wealth of Paris is so boundless that the rubbish and refuse of the city is worth millions. There are more than fifty thousand persons who earn a living by picking up what others throw away. Twenty thousand women and children exist by sifting and sorting the gatherings of the pickers, who collect every day in the year about 1200 tons of merchandise, which they sell to the wholesale rag-dealers for some 70,000 francs. At night you see men with baskets strapped on their backs, a lantern in one hand, and in the other a stick with an iron hook on the end. They walk along rapidly, their eyes fixed on the ground, over which the lantern flings a sheet of light, and whatever they find in the way of paper, rags, bones, grease, metal, etc., they stow away in their baskets. In the morning, in front of each house, you see men, women, and children sifting the dust-bins before they are emptied into the scavengers' carts. At various hours of the day you may remark isolated rag-pickers, who seem to work with less method than the others and with a more independent air. The night pickers are generally novices; men who, having been thrown out of work, are obliged to hunt for their living like the wild beasts. The morning pickers are experienced and regular workers, who pay for the privilege of sifting the dust-bins of a certain number of houses and of trading with the results. The rest, the majority, are the *coureurs*, the runners, who exercise their profession freely and without control, working when they please and loafing when they please. They are the philosophers and adventurers of the profession, and their chief object is to enjoy life and meditate upon its problems.

Such men are Bijou and the Père La Gloire. The latter works with considerable regularity, and lives in the Quartier Mouffetard with a vast colony of rag-pickers, who are, for the most part, the employés as well as the tenants of a master rag-picker. The Père La Gloire's specialty, when he works, is paper and rags. Bijou, on the other hand, considers these articles too cumbersome, and prefers to collect cigar stumps and fragments of cigarettes, for which there is a regular market in the poor quarters of the capital. As we see him, with his cap pulled down over his eyes, he has just come up the stairs from a quiet corner of the quay, where he has been sorting his harvest of *mégots*, or stumps, separating the various qualities, and preparing his wares for sale to the special dealers. His pockets are full of tobacco, and his clothes emit a smell of stale smoke mingled with various perfumes of unwashedness and misery. Nevertheless, his manners are those of a free and independent citizen; he has stopped to talk politics with the Père La Gloire; his dominant idea is liberty. Indeed, Bijou esteems his own liberty so dearly that he has never consented to compromise it even so far as to have a domicile of any kind. In summer he sleeps on the benches of the public promenades or under the bridges of the Seine. In winter he makes the round of the night refuges, staying in each one the maximum of time permitted by the rules and then passing to another one. Both Bijou and the Père La Gloire drink the most deleterious and scarifying alcohol that was ever distilled; they live in filth and often in the deepest misery; but they enjoy the priceless privilege of liberty, and altogether their existence is not without a certain prestige. They play a rôle in the life of Paris, and the nature of their occupation reveals to them the disenchantment of Parisian existence, the crumpled newspaper, the broken bust, the faded bouquet, in contrast with the splendor of wealth, the beauty of youth, and the fascinations of fame, which they are able to contemplate as well as those whom fortune has favored more highly, for Bijou picks up cigar stumps under the tables of the Café de la Paix, and the Père La Gloire sifts the dust-bin of the Baron de Rothschild.

II.

Of misery in Paris there is no lack, but it is not obtrusive as in certain cities —like London, for instance. In the districts of Grenelle, Montparnasse, Le



BIJOU AND THE PÈRE LA GLOIRE.



CITIZEN COUSIN.

Maine, Montrouge, Plaisance, Gentilly, Maison Blanche, La Glacière, the struggle for life is hard indeed, and the material conditions in which the working-people live are very wretched. The promiscuity of the tenement-houses is too horrible to be described. In the district of the Gobelins, the Boulevard Arago, the banks of the Bièvre, and the Rue Mouffetard, side by side with the laborious population we find great colonies of bohemians, *déclassés*, people who have missed fortune's coach, and who are tired of life. In this part of the city live many rag-pickers, swarms of Italians who make plaster casts or serve as models for artists, a certain number of nihilist refugees, and poor Russian and Wallachian students. The aspect of humble Paris on the left bank of the Seine is strangely disheartened, unstrung, full of silence and despair.

On the right bank of the Seine the citadel of labor and poverty seems, on the contrary, full of life and energy. Charonne, Menilmontant, Belleville, La Villette, La Chapelle, Clignancourt, Montmartre, Les Épinettes, Batignolles, each district formerly an independent village with its central street, have become amalgamated into one vast centre of population, traversed by endless streets and broad avenues—Rue des Pyrénées, Rue de Crimée, Rue Ordener, Rue Curial, Rue Marcadet, Rue de Belleville, Rue Oberkampf, Chaussée Clignancourt, Avenue de la République, Boulevard de la Chapelle, Boulevard de Belleville, etc. In these quarters are concentrated two-thirds of the population of Paris. On these heights, that form, as it were, a crown above rich Paris, some of the houses contain as many as two hundred inmates, and the streets are so crowded that you cannot see the pavement except at night. Here are the reservoirs of poverty and of energy that burst and flood Paris in days of revolution; here are the inexhaustible reserves of cheap labor that make the wealth of manufacturing Paris.

What swarms of people! What a fermentation of various activity! What a perpetual straining and struggling! And yet, with all that, there is no obvious sadness and very little obtrusive discontent. On the contrary, the people are gay and much given to witticisms and levity; they enjoy the bustle and animation of their surroundings; and they have only to walk a few yards in any direction to find those broad shady avenues and those fine urban parks which the traditions of Haussmann have extended even to the poorest quarters of the city. Witness the parks of the Buttes Chaumont and Montsouris, the tree-planted squares, the innumerable gardens and airy spaces that have been reserved in the most thickly populated districts, to say nothing of the green mounds of the fortifications, where the proletarian youths and maidens love to rusticate and record in mural inscriptions their exploits and their plighted troth.

Nowadays the ebullient populations of Montmartre and Belleville, the electors of Gambetta, seem to take less interest in politics than formerly; the organization of the working-men's party, of the anarchists, and of the revolutionary clubs has been broken up by internal divisions. The people, too, are rather tired of sweeping claims and universally destructive

programmes, having learnt by experience that there is little to be gained by howling with the demagogues. Now and then you hear of some meeting where the young local politicians make wild speeches, and where some dreamer possessed by a fixed idea stands on his feet, unrolls his scrap of manuscript, and, with the violence of hallucination, expresses his imperious desire that all children should become acquainted with the code of the laws of the land—"Je veux que les enfants apprennent le code." But the great agitators, the survivors of the Commune, the evil geniuses who led the mob during the disasters of 1871, the theorists and *vieilles barbes* of the empire—what has become of them? Most of them have disappeared or retired from active service. The famous citizen Jules Allix, for instance, who pointed the cannon from Belleville in 1871, is now a peaceful and somewhat crazy old gentleman, who, since the amnesty restored him to the free enjoyment of life in the capital, has been teaching little girls to read in the school of Mlle. Barberousse.

Allix is quite a historical character according to his own account, and an excellent example of the queer semi-intellectual and ill-balanced fanatics who have caused so much harm to France with their vain theories and their sinister doings. This thin, waxen-faced, gray-bearded old man with drooping eyelids and eager gray eyes, that acquire a strange visual obliquity when he begins to talk about his exploits and his aspirations, is a victim of the pride of science, and an example of how dangerous a thing is a little learning. In 1840, at the age of twenty-two, he came to Paris as a lawyer's clerk, and instead of attending to his business, he proceeded to invent a system of teaching people to read in fifteen hours,—a system so marvellous that the Pope made all sorts of advances to Allix, wishing him to go to Rome and explain it. But Allix refused bluntly, being convinced that the Jesuits were behind the Pope. "The Jesuits," he will tell you, "wished to get hold of me. Thanks to my method of teaching to read, I was a force. They were afraid of this force, and wished to monopolize it in order to be masters of the world."

In 1848 Allix entered the field of militant politics with Victor Considérant and the Phalansterians. After the *coup d'état* of 1851, seeing many friends in exile, he began to conspire against the empire. "I was the origin of the affair of the Hip-



CITIZEN JULES ALLIX AND HIS PORTFOLIO.

podrome," he goes on to say. "I was the origin of the affair of the Opéra Comique, which very nearly succeeded, and caused me to be banished for eight years, which I spent in Brussels and Jersey. Then I came back to Paris and began to organize the Commune. It was I who found the formula. 'What! have they elaborated a formula of government?' exclaimed Thiers, with surprise. Thiers! I know not why I mention him, for he was a scoundrel. Yes, monsieur, we had our formula of government, and if it had not been for the war, we should have succeeded. After 1871 I was condemned to ten years' imprisonment in a fortified place, *une enceinte fortifiée*, and as Paris is a fortified place, I thought I might as well remain there. This plan I carried out by remaining hidden, first of all in the Rue de Turenne, and then at Neuilly, where I staid for six years in the same room, not daring to show myself even at the window, for the janitor, of course, did not know that I was in the house. During these six years I evolved my plan for the canalization of the Seine, about which I will give you my pamphlets, monsieur."

And citizen Jules Allix opens his voluminous portfolio, and from bundles of papers he extracts "Plan cinquante et unième A. Canalisation de la Seine. Projet breveté du citoyen Jules Allix."

"As for myself," continues the vague apostle of mischief, "I have no pride. I have neither pride nor modesty. I am speaking to you as a public man, but that is only one of the phases of my activity. I am at once doctor, philosopher, lawyer, and inventor. I am familiar with science, mysticism, asceticism, magnetism. I know life and death, the past, the present, and the future. I am a revolutionist and a benefactor of humanity, and vice-president of the Women's League."

Yes, and with all these qualities and all these titles to glory, citizen Jules Allix is an usher at twenty dollars a month in Mlle. Barberousse's school for little girls, near the Hôtel de Ville, and he is much respected in the neighborhood by the humble parents whose daughters he teaches to read by the very excellent method which the Jesuits wished to monopolize. So Mlle. Barberousse's little school prospers in a modest way, and towards noon the man who has refused millions, and been the cause of many of the horrors and disasters of the Commune, may be seen trotting along the street carrying a milk-can and two plates of meat, his own dinner and that of Mlle. Barberousse, which he has bought at a cheap cook shop at the corner of the street.

III.

In the morning and in the evening the animation in the great faubourgs of Paris and in the streets that descend from the heights towards the city is most curious. In the morning the populace, men and women, girls and boys, swarms down to conquer Paris and to earn its bread; in the evening it turns its back upon Paris and regains the heights. Each movement produces a thronging of human forms that passes all description. In a street like the Rue Oberkampf, for instance, one may see this swarm of human bees in all the intensity and fulness of its life and variety. The street is a résumé of popular Paris, with its houses like pigeon-cotes, each family narrowly lodged in an exiguous box, its shops where everything is neatly displayed according to the traditions, the shelled pease on a black cloth, which sets off the freshness of their green color, the meat with artistic arabesques cut in the fat, the shoes in goodly order, and the cheap newspapers, the songs and ballads, strung up daintily in symmetrical rows. On the façades are innumerable signs, and on the door-posts are signs, plates, and inscriptions above inscriptions, indicating the whereabouts in the house of this and that modest manufacturer, who lives, labors, and raises a family in a room no bigger than a horse-box.

How nicely everything is ticketed and arranged! In art, in literature, in life and its organization, the French have a remarkable daintiness and completeness. Each man to his trade and each thing in its place seems to be their motto, and let it be at once evident what is each man's trade and what the place of each thing. See the omnibus as it comes down the street; its model has been carefully studied and approved *ne varietur* by the Prefecture of Police; the coachman wears a hat and jacket of one shape, and the conductor a cap and jacket of another shape, while at the stations the controllers wear yet a third variety of uniform; and the result is a certain reposeful neatness and a grateful absence of surprises. The movements of this omnibus, and the

action of the driver and the conductor, in all circumstances, have been foreseen and set forth in minute rules and regulations. There is no country in the world where there are more rules and regulations than in France. The French like to be regulated, and in spite of all the vain talk of recent years about liberty and equality, the latter is the aim of none. Look at the dress of the French. The ideal seems to be a uniform of some kind that will distinguish one man from another. The deputies and journalists carry voluminous portfolios under their arms; the poets, who command untamable flocks of unforeseen images and countless throngs of striking epithets, affect long hair, strange hats, flowing cravats, and general singularity of dress; the employés of the banks and financial establishments wear distinctive liveries; the workingmen all have some peculiarity of costume which at once indicates their occupation. The people are not the slaves of fashion, like the upper and middle classes; they devise their costume according to their own taste, and with a view to convenience. The carpenter wears a loose blouse, brown or blue velvet trousers, tight round the ankles, very large around the thighs, and girt with a splendid scarlet sash. The locksmith wears a short light-blue jacket, as neatly fitted as that of a Spanish bull-fighter, while across his shoulder is strung by a broad strap the box of tools. The butcher wears a white apron, a violet or pale rose shirt that leaves the arms bare, and a trousseau of knives hanging at his girdle. Then there are the market porters, with immense white felt hats; the coal-dealers from Auvergne, with their green velvet trousers; the furniture-makers, with black aprons; the sewer-men, the chimney-sweeps, the coal-heavers, the masons, the metal-workers, the grocers, all wearing a special dress or some detail of dress that makes them immediately recognizable.

In vain the Belle Jardinière and a dozen other vast stores offer ready-made clothes for the million, jackets cut by machinery, and suits of aggravating uniformity. The Parisian working-man will only wear such clothes on great occasions, like a funeral or a marriage, or on Sundays, when he tries to ape the middle classes.

A marriage is always a great event in popular Paris, and whether it be that of a working-man, of a shopkeeper, or of a well-to-do manufacturer who gives a handsome dowry to his daughter, it attracts the attention of the whole neighborhood.



CITIZEN JULES ALLIX RETURNING FROM THE COOK SHOP.

In order to get duly married in popular Paris there are three formalities which tradition has made absolutely indispensable—going to the town-hall for the civil marriage, going to church for the religious marriage, and going to the Bois. In closed carriages or in open landaus, in omnibuses or breaks drawn by three or four horses, according as the wedding is more or less distinguished, the party rides out to the Bois de Boulogne, makes the tour of the lakes, and halts at the Café de la Cascade or at the cheaper cafés outside the gates at Suresnes. The programme is invariable. While the coachmen take a

drink, the cortége visits the cascade, that little artificial Switzerland which the genius of M. Alphand has concentrated within a space of two hundred square yards. The bride, the bridegroom, the bridemaids, the groomsmen, the parents, and the guests climb up the steps and pass along the gallery under the cascade, whose waters form a liquid crystal curtain, through which is seen the magnificent panorama of the plain of Longchamps and the soft hills of Suresnes and Saint-Cloud. Then follows further driving in the fine avenues of the Bois, the Avenue des Champs Élysées, and the boulevards, and so to the various restaurants of different grades that make a specialty of wedding feasts—Gillet, Lemardelay, Véfour, or the more modest restaurants of the environs and of the faubourgs. The table has a joyous aspect in all these establishments; it is laid with art and served with apparent abundance, whatever the price may be; and the wedding guests are joyous and noisy until order is called for the speeches and songs. In a popular Parisian wedding the bride has to sing her little song like the rest. The poet of the family recites some verses, and everybody has something to say, to sing, or to do, insomuch that a wedding dinner is often merely a pretext for eloquence and amateur histrionic talent. Are not the Gauls essentially artists and orators, as Julius Cæsar remarked centuries ago?

The great day for popular weddings in Paris is Saturday. On that day the student of character, physiognomy, gesture, and expression has only to wander about the main thoroughfares of the capital and go and sit at the cafés of Suresnes or at the Café de la Cascade in order to see a more varied and amusing collection of human creatures in their best clothes than can be seen anywhere else in the world.

IV.

The life of Paris is so inexhaustible a theme that we might write about it from one year's end to another, as the Parisians themselves do in their newspapers and books. Military Paris, political Paris, studious Paris, artistic Paris, religious Paris—each and all abound in types, suggestions, and interest. Perhaps, however, popular Paris is least known to the foreigner, and therefore we may do well to pay a visit to one of those modest households of the manufacturing quarters to which we have already briefly referred, choosing amongst the most comfortable rather than amongst the most miserable.

In the Rue Vieille du Temple, the centre of the manufacture of those miscellaneous objects known as "articles de Paris," at the corner of the Rue Barbette, is a gray old house built in the seventeenth century. At the end of a dark passage is a small court-yard, where the janitor and his wife dwell in a dismal den, over the door of which is written the traditional inscription, "Parlez au concierge."

We mount an old-fashioned staircase, and on the fifth flat, on a door framed in a very thick wall, we read these words, painted in white on a small black plate:

A. SALOMON,
FABRIQUE DE PATINS À ROULETTES
ET JOUETS.

Old M. Salomon—he is seventy-three years of age—all smiles, opens the door, and introduces us into his manufactory of roller-skates and toys. We pass through the dining-room, which is comfortably furnished. On the walls are a crayon portrait of M. Salomon's mother, who won a Monthyon prize for virtue in her day, and died at the age of 105, a portrait of M. Salomon himself, and a colored photograph of Mlle. Salomon in the costume of a ballet-dancer. The buffet and the table are covered with caskets in the form of Swiss chalets, which open and reveal queer little dolls' drawing-rooms furnished with toy chairs and sofas upholstered in blue, rose, and tinsel, with mirrors on the walls, and all the accessories of elegance and comfort. Other chalet caskets are surrounded by gardens. These are specimens of the productions of the establishment.

We lift up a curtain and enter the workshop, which is also the bedroom. It is a low garret, with a window occupying an entire side. In one corner is a bed; in another corner a wash-stand; in the centre a little cast-iron stove, that serves both for heating and for cooking purposes; and the rest of the room is taken up by a treadle lathe and work-tables, while the walls are covered with tools, shelves, and unmounted pieces of toys and chalets, all ready sawn into shape. Madame Salomon sits at a table varnishing a chalet casket; old Salomon resumes his work of mounting roller-skates; by the side of the bed, which is strewn with



WEDDING PARTY IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

costumes, bandboxes, and bright-colored muslin, Mlle. Rachel—or Chechel, as she is familiarly called—is busy disentangling a bundle of ribbons and tinsel braid. Chechel is a bony, angular, and homely woman of about thirty, a ballet-dancer by profession.

While Paul Renouard makes his drawing of this curious and touching interior, we gossip hour after hour about all sorts of things. We discuss horticulture *à propos* of the nasturtiums and sweet-pease that are planted in pots on the window-sill, together with a box of barley that is grown for the cat's benefit. For more than a year the cat has been sick.

"Inflammation of the stomach, monsieur," says Madame Salomon, kissing the cat's face ecstatically. "Poor pussy cannot digest."

"Is there no remedy, madame?"

"No, monsieur. Every morning we give him two eggs and some milk, but he is beyond hope; we shall lose him soon."

"How old is he?"

"Only eight years. Alas! he will die young; but he will have had a pleasant life as long as it lasted, and been a fine tomcat—a fine, dear, darling tomcat. It will be a cruel blow to us to lose him."

And Madame Salomon once more kisses the poor lean cat, Chechel joins in the chorus of lamentations, and the emaciated animal receives more ecstatic caresses.

In order to interrupt the current of dismal thoughts produced by the incident of the cat's malady, I draw out old Salomon, who in his day was a sort of Hanlon-Lee, a circus tumbler and a dancer, and who, like all artists, is gifted with a considerable dose of vanity. He tells us about his début at Paris at the old Cirque, and how one day that he wore a very pretty Bohemian costume he noticed in the greenroom during the entr'acte a gentleman holding a sheet of paper at which everybody was looking. He approached, and recognized his own portrait. The gentleman asked him if he would like to have it, and handed it to him, after signing it with the initials P. D.

"It was Paul Delaroche, monsieur," adds old Salomon, with pride, as he concludes his story. "But I have the portrait no longer. Somebody took it."

"Did you know Meyerbeer?" I ask.

"No, monsieur; Meyerbeer was before my time. And then, when one is young, one does not pay attention. I knew Perrot very well. He was the last of the great dancers. Nowadays there are no male dancers left. There are acrobats, men with strong legs; but the dancer ought not to make a display of his strength; his aim should rather be to show his gracefulness; on the stage he ought not to look like a man, but like something vapory."

"*Que voulez-vous*, Monsieur Salomon?" I said. "The old and good traditions are no longer observed."

"No, monsieur; modern dancing has been ruined by the Italian system. The pupils are allowed to dance at liberty too soon. A dancer ought to work at least two years at the bar, making all the movements and gaining perfect elasticity before he dances on the floor at liberty without holding the bar. With the Italian system you get excellent *sujets*, who execute all the steps well, but who go no further, and who never become artists."

Chechel, who has just returned from a tour in the provinces, where she has been dancing at Lille and at the Grand Théâtre de Valenciennes, is as ardent as her old father in defending the classical dance. Meanwhile she goes on unravelling the pretty confusion that she has on her knees, and winds up carefully each length of ribbon and of tinsel that can be used again.

Chechel, who figures on play-bills as "Mlle. Rachel Mistral, première danseuse," is as interesting a character as her old father. She is an impresario on a small scale, and provides ballets for the provincial theatres, together with dancers, costumes, music, and all. Lately, she tells us, she mounted ten ballets in one month.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "And how do you manage it, mademoiselle? To begin at the beginning, how do you start?"

"I start with a musician, monsieur. I say to him, 'Play me this and play me that'; and when he plays a few measures that please me I say, 'Note that and note that'; and so I combine a little score, with adagios, pizzicatos, variations, and the rest. Then I go to an agency and engage two second dancers and eight coryphées, and thus form my company, with myself as première and maîtresse de ballet. Then we rehearse, and I teach the women their variations and get their costumes ready, and we go wherever I have an engagement."

"You make your costumes yourself?"

"Yes, monsieur; for the provinces it would be impossible otherwise. I could not afford to buy the costumes. I provide everything at so much a week. No, it is not an easy life. Things do not always go on smoothly. And the women I have to take with me — gracious heavens, monsieur, you cannot imagine what trouble I have sometimes!"

And turning to her mother, who has finished her chalet-coffrets and is now busy making artificial flowers, Chechel continues:

"You remember, mamma, la Bugeaud, that pretty little girl who was so beautifully made and so innocent-looking? Alcoholic, mamma, morphinomaniac, and full of vices that I cannot name."

Thereupon Mlle. Rachel entered into minute details about this girl drinking a bottle of gin a day, that one being a thief, and another one scandalizing everybody by her amorous caprices. Then she described her own life in the provinces—the humble furnished lodgings where she cooks her own food on a portable petroleum-stove; the desertion of the dancers, whom she has to replace by her own efforts; the cold theatres, the coughs and bronchitis, the managers who fail and do not pay—all the thousand and one woes and disappointments of the lower walks of the theatrical profession, where a prodigious sum of efforts is necessary in order to earn a ridiculously small profit. All this Rachel relates gayly as she unravels her ribbons.

"And with all that," adds Madame Salomon, "it is not like the Opéra, where there are as many off nights as working nights."

"No," continues Rachel; "we have to dance every night, and every night a different ballet. In the provinces the public at the theatre is the same every night, so that we are obliged to vary. To me it is all one, but the others, you know, they get mixed up sometimes and cannot remember their variations; and then, while I am dancing, I have to prompt them, saying 'adagio,' or 'pizzicato variation,' or 'Come on; it is the coda.' The coda, you know, is the end."

"You must be worn out after a month or two of work like that—a fresh ballet every night, rehearsals in the afternoon, performance in the evening, to say nothing of looking after your women and their costumes."

"Yes, monsieur, it is hard work; but I am accustomed to it. I eat well. Mamma has taught me to like good food. I do not drink as much as one bottle of wine in a whole month, and never a spot of liqueur of any kind. My feet, too, are always in good order. My forte is pointes. My great toe nail is double the natural thickness, and I never have to cut it. And mamma has taught me a dodge for the feet—have you not, mamma?"

"*Oui, ma cocote*," replies the mother, addressing Mlle. Rachel as if she were still a baby. "An excellent system, monsieur. It is a state secret; do not reveal it. I rub her feet with horse fat melted in a bain-marie. I rub her spinal column with horse fat too, and then—proot!... she jumps as high as the ceiling."

"Ah! monsieur," exclaims old Salomon, with enthusiasm, "*ma fille c'est du feu, quand elle ne danse pas elle est malade*" (when she does not dance she is sick).

Meanwhile, Madame Salomon, with her spectacles on, because she is making mourning flowers—oh! otherwise she would need no spectacles, although she is seventy years of age, but the black is difficult to see—Madame Salomon continues to make black daisies, cutting the pompons with scissors, dipping the tops into a gallipot of black gum, and then into a box containing glistening scales of black gelatine, to make the grain of the heart of the flower.

"How busy you seem, Madame Salomon!" I say.

"I must make haste. I have to finish the gross by to-morrow night. It is the first time I have made mourning flowers."

"Did you make those roses too?" I asked, pointing to some artificial roses stuck in a potato fixed on the point of an iron stand beside her.

"Yes, but they are very ordinary. I know all kinds of roses—Maréchal Niel, Souvenir de la Malmaison, tea-roses—any variety you like to name I can make. I have a diploma from the ex-Queen of Spain appointing me purveyor to her ex-Majesty's court, but we are none the richer for that. It was during the empire. I had an establishment of my own then, whereas now I have to work for others."

"And the daisies?"

"They are mourning flowers for Italy;



MONSIEUR AND MADAME SALOMON AND THE LEAN CAT.

here are some gray half-mourning flowers for Belgium; the death of Prince Baudouin has made the business very lively this winter. Ah! if the Queen of England would only die, what a demand there would be for mourning flowers! I could not make enough."

In the mental excitement produced by this thought the old lady sneezes.

"God bless you, *memère!*" says Rachel.

"*Oui, ma cocote, merci,*" replies Madame Salomon, as she continues her little story. "I make these daisies for three francs a gross. A regular worker would make a gross in a single day. I take two days, working about six hours each day, because I have to do the cooking for Bibi [her husband] and Chechel—so I earn only five cents an hour. These flowers, monsieur, are worth, at the trade price, about three cents each. The cost of the material, of course, has to be calculated. I do not furnish the material. All that is bought wholesale. The petals are cut out and stamped by machinery; the gelatine for the grain, the aniline colors for dyeing, the wire stalks, the fine nainsook, the wire—all the raw material costs money."

Toys, artificial flowers, roller-skates—how many industries find shelter beneath this humble roof! Old Salomon manufactures roller-skates, but besides that he is "curator of the skates" at the Opéra, and "professor of skating" at the Opéra. It is he, too, who paints the character heads at the Opéra. His connection with the Opéra is the glory and consolation of his whole existence.

Unfortunately there is only one piece in which M. Salomon's services are needed, namely, *Le Prophète*, where there is a skating scene in the ballet.

"Whenever *Le Prophète* is produced," Madame Salomon explains, "papa receives twenty-five francs for repairing the skates."

"And a franc and a half, fixed payment, for attendance," adds the old man.

"The repairs," continues the old lady, "cost always five or six francs, and the rest, fourteen or fifteen francs, is for us. Fifteen francs are fifteen francs. We are not rich."

"And the character heads?"

"That, monsieur, is an art," begins old Salomon. "You need sentiment and experience. The epiderm must be seen through the color. In the opera of *Le Mage* I have twenty-four heads to paint in seventeen minutes."

"You don't say so! Twenty-four heads in seventeen minutes! Then you have to look sharp, eh? And do you give skating lessons at the Opéra all the time?"

"I give a lesson once a week, monsieur. The administration does not exact many lessons. All that is required is that whenever *Le Prophète* is played I shall have in readiness sixty-eight good skaters knowing the figures of the ballet. Ah! when they do play *Le Prophète* I have my hands full. In the sixty-eight pairs of skates that are used I have no less than 4000 screws to look after, monsieur—4000 screws! *Quelle responsabilité, monsieur—quelle responsabilité!*"

"And the toys, Monsieur Salomon?"

"Oh, that is a trade I never learnt. I began *en amateur*, and although I have never given any information to anybody, my name is in the trade directory."

"We must remember, too, that the wholesale dealers have helped us a good deal," remarks Madame Salomon. "The busy season is from July to November. Papa puts the toys together. I varnish them. I have always been complimented on my varnishing."

And so Abraham and Anaïs and their daughter Rachel live happily and laboriously, earning little, but content with little—the old couple, like Philemon and Baucis, never addressing one another without some term of endearment; the middle-aged daughter gay, laborious, and happy like her parents, earning her living, and helping her mamma and her "*pepère chéri*" when the times are hard, as they must be sometimes, for *Le Prophète* has not been played at the Opéra for two years, foreign courts do not go into mourning every winter, and there are seasons when the wholesale dealers do not buy chalet-caskets by the gross. However, as "conservateur des patins," "professeur de patinage," and "painter of character heads" at the Opéra, old Salomon is entitled to draw an annual salary of some eighty dollars, and to put on his cards, just like Mlle. Mauri or Madame Krauss,

A. Salomon
(de l'Opéra).

In the spectacle of Parisian life this slender and agile old man has his rôle to play, and he is happy in playing it.

HORACE CHASE.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Chapter I.

AT Asheville, North Carolina, in the year 1873, the spring had opened with its accustomed beauty. But one day there came a pure cold wind which swept through the mountain valley at tremendous speed from dawn to midnight. People who never succumb to mere comfort did not relight their fires. But to the Franklin family comfort was a goddess, and they would never have thought of calling her "mere"; "delightful" was their word, and Ruth would probably have said "delicious." The fire in Mrs. Franklin's parlor, therefore, having been piled with fresh logs at two o'clock as an offering to this deity, was now, at four, sending out a ruddy glow. It was a fire that called forth Ruth's highest approbation when she came in, followed by her dog, Petie Trone, Esq. Not that Ruth had been facing the blast; she never went out from a sense of duty, and for her there was no pleasure in doing battle with things that were disagreeable for the sake merely of conquering them. Ruth had come from her own room, where there was a fire also, but one not so generous as this, for here the old-fashioned hearth was broad and deep. The girl sat down on the rug before the blaze, and then, after a moment, she stretched herself out at full length there, with her head resting on her arm thrown back behind it.

"It's a pity, Ruth, that with all your little ways you are not little yourself," remarked Dolly Franklin, the elder sister. "Such a whalelike creature sprawled on the floor isn't endearing; it looks like something out of Gulliver."

"It's always so," observed Mrs. Franklin, drowsily. "It's the oddest thing in the world—but people never will stay in character; they want to be something different. Don't you remember that whenever poor Sue Inness was asked to sing, the wee little body invariably chanted, 'Here's a health to King Charles,' in as martial a voice as she could summon? Whereas Lucia Lewis, who is as big as a grenadier, always warbles softly some such thing as 'Call me pet names, dearest. Call me a bird.' Bird! Mastodon would do better."

"Mastodon," Ruth commented. "It is evident, His Grand, that you have seen Miss Billy to-day!"

Ruth was not a whale, in spite of Dolly's assertion. But she was tall, her shoulders had a marked breadth, and her arms were long. She was very slender and supple, and this slenderness, together with her small hands and feet, took away all idea of majesty in connection with her, tall though she was; one did not think of majesty, but rather of girlish merriment and girlish activity. Girlish indolence as well. Mrs. Franklin had once said: "Ruth is either running, or jumping, or doing something in such haste that she is breathless; or else she is stretched out at full length on the carpet or the sofa, looking as though she never intended to move again!"

The girl had a dark complexion with a rich color, and hair that was almost black; her slender face was lighted by blue eyes, with long thick black lashes which made a dark fringe round the blue. The persons who liked Ruth thought her beautiful; they asserted that her countenance had in it something which was captivating. But others replied that though her friends might call her captivating if they pleased, since that word denotes merely a personal charm, they had no right to say that she was beautiful; for as regards beauty, there are well-defined rules, and, with the sole exception of the eyes, the face of the second Miss Franklin transgressed every one of these canons. Ruth's features were without doubt irregular. And especially was it true that her mouth was large. But the lips were exquisitely cut, and the teeth very white. Regarding her appearance as a whole, there was one fact (which had not yet been noticed), namely, that no man ever found fault with it; the criticism came always from feminine lips. And these critics spoke the truth. But they forgot, or rather they did not see, some of the compensations. There were people not a few, even in her own small circle, who did not look with favor upon Ruth; it was not merely, so they asserted, that she

was heedless and frivolous, caring only for her own amusement, and sacrificing everything to that, for of many young persons this could be said; but in addition they maintained that hers was a disposition in its essence self-indulgent; she was indolent, she was fond of luxuries, she was even fond of "good eating"—an odd accusation to be brought against a girl of that age. In this case also the charges were made by feminine lips. And again it may be added that while the critics spoke the truth, or part of the truth, they did not, on the other hand, see some of the compensations.

"Why do you say 'poor Sue Inness,' His Grand?" inquired Dolly, in an expostulating tone. "Why do people always say 'poor' so-and-so of any one who is dead? It is an alarmingly pitying word, as though the unfortunate departed must certainly be in a very bad place."

"Here is something about the Bishop," said Mrs. Franklin, who was reading a Raleigh newspaper in the intervals of conversation. Her tone was now animated. "He has been in Washington, and one of his sermons was—"

But she was interrupted by her daughters, who united their voices in a chant as follows:

"Mother Franklin thinks,
That General Jackson,
Jared the Sixth,
Macaroon custards,
And Bishop Carew,
Are per-*fec*-tion!"

Mrs. Franklin made no reply to these Gregorian assertions (which she had often heard before), save the remark, "You have torn your skirt, Ruth."

"Oh, please don't look at me over your glasses, His Grand. It spoils your profile so," answered Ruth; for Mrs. Franklin was surveying the skirt with her head bent forward and her chin drawn sharply in, so that her eyes could be brought to bear upon the rent over her spectacles.

She now drew off these aids to vision impatiently. "Whether I look through them or over them doesn't matter; you and Dolly are never satisfied. I cannot read the paper without my glasses; do you wish me to know nothing of the news of the world?"

"We'll tell you," responded Dolly, going on busily with her knitting. "For instance, to-day: Genevieve has had *all* the paint cleaned and *all* the windows washed; she is now breathing that righteous atmosphere of cold fireless bleakness and soap which she adores. Miss Billy Breeze has admired everything that she can think of, and she has written another page about the primeval world; now she—"

Here the door which led to the entrance hall was opened with a jerk by Rinda, a large, very plump negro girl, who bounced in, ejaculated "Lady!" with delight, and then bounced out to act as usher for the incoming guest.

"Billy herself, probably," said Mrs. Franklin. "Ruth, are you stretched out there under the plea that you are not yet fully grown?"

But Ruth did not deem it necessary to leave her couch for Miss Billy Breeze. "Hail, Billy!" she said, as the visitor entered. "Mother thinks that I ought to be seated politely on the sofa; will you please imagine that I am there?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Miss Breeze, in a conciliatory tone. Miss Breeze lived under the impression that all the members of this family quarrelled with each other incessantly; when she was present, therefore, she did her best to smooth over their asperities. "It is rather good for her, you know," she said reassuringly to Mrs. Franklin; "for it is a windy day, and Ruth is not robust." Then to Ruth: "Your mother naturally wishes you to look your best, my dear."

"Do you, His Grand?" inquired Ruth. "Because if you do, I must certainly stay where I am, so that I can tuck under me very neatly this rip in my skirt, which Miss Billy has not yet seen. Petie Trone, Esq., shake hands with the lady." The dog, a small black and tan terrier, was reposing upon the rug beside Ruth; upon hearing her command, he rose, trotted across to the visitor, and offered a tiny paw.

"Dear little fellow," said Miss Breeze, bending, and shaking it gently. "His Grand must allow that he looks extremely well."

For the circle of friends had ended by accepting the legend (invented by Ruth) that Mrs. Franklin was Petie Trone's grandmother, or "His Grand." The only person who still held out against this title was Genevieve; Mrs. Franklin the younger thought that the name was

ridiculous. In her opinion, her husband's family were incomprehensibly silly about their pets.

Miss Wilhelmina Breeze was thirty-five, but no one would have thought so from her fair pink and white complexion, her slender figure, and gentle, innocent eyes. From her earliest years she had longed to hear herself called "Wilhelmina." But the longing was almost never gratified; the boyish name given to her in joke when she was a baby had clung to her with the usual fatal tenacity.

"Miss Billy, have you seen mother today?" Dolly inquired.

"Not until now," answered the visitor, surprised.

"Well, then, have you thought of mastodons?"

"Certainly I have; and if you yourself, Dolly, would think more seriously of the subject—I mean the whole subject of the primeval world—you would soon be as fascinated with it as I am. Imagine," continued Miss Breeze—"imagine one of those vast extinct animals, Dolly, lifting his neck up a hill to nibble the trees on its top! And birds as large as chapels flying through the air! Probably they sang, those birds. What sort of voices do you suppose they had?"

"You see, His Grand, that she *has* thought of mastodons," commented Dolly. "Your unexpected mention of them, therefore, is plainly the influence of her mind acting upon yours from a distance—the distance of the Old North Hotel."

"Have you really thought of them, dear Mrs. Franklin? And do you believe there can be such a thing as the conscious—I mean, of course, *un*conscious—influence of one mind upon another, acting from a distance?" inquired Miss Billy, her face betraying some excitement.

"No, no; it's only Dolly's nonsense," answered Mrs. Franklin.

"It's easy to say nonsense, His Grand. But how, then, do you account for the utterances of my planchette?" demanded Dolly, wagging her head triumphantly.

Dolly, the second of Mrs. Franklin's three children, was an invalid. The Franklins, as a family, were tall and dark, and Dolly was tall and dark also; her face, owing to the pain which frequently assailed her, was thin, worn, and wrinkled. She sat in a low easy-chair, and beside her was her own especial table, which held what she called her "jibs." These were numerous, for Dolly occupied herself in many ways. She sketched, she carved little knickknacks, she played the violin, she made lace, she worked out chess problems, and she knitted; she also scribbled rhymes which her family called poetry. The mantel-piece of this parlor was adorned with a hanging which bore one of her verses, stitched in old English text, the work of her mother's needle:

> "O Fire! in these dark frozen days
> So glorious is thy red,
> So warm thy comfort, we forget
> The violets are dead."

The family thought this beautiful. Dolly's verses, her drawing and wood-carving, her lace-making and chess, were amateurish; her violin-playing was at times spirited, and that was the utmost that could be said of it. But her knitting was remarkable. She knitted nothing but silk stockings, and these, when finished, had a wonderful perfection. Dolly was accustomed to say of herself that in the toes of her stockings was to be found the only bit of conscience which she possessed.

When she mentioned planchette, her mother frowned. "I do not approve of such things, Dolly."

"Yes, because you are afraid," chuckled Dolly, gleefully.

"Oh, anything that dear Mrs. Franklin does not approve of—" murmured Miss Billy.

Mrs. Franklin rose.

"His Grand is fleeing!" Dolly cried.

"I must make the salad dressing, mustn't I? Ruth will not touch Zoe's dressing. Billy, Mr. Chase is to dine with us to-day, informally; don't you want to stay and help us entertain him?" added the mistress of the house as she left the room.

"Dolly," suggested Ruth, from her place on the rug, "now that mother has gone, set planchette to work, and make it tell us secrets; make it tell us whether Miss Billy understands the true character of Achilles Larue," she added, laughing.

"She does not; I can tell her that without planchette," replied Dolly. "Only one person in the world has ever fully understood Achilles—had the strength to do it—and *he* died."

"Yes, I know; I have heard Mr. Larue speak of that one friend," said Miss Billy,

regretfully. "How unfortunate it was that he lost him!"

"Yes, baddish. And the term is quite in his own line," commented Dolly. "For with him it is never warm, but warmish; the bluest sky is bluish; a June day, fairish; a twenty-mile walk, longish. In this way he is not committed to extravagant statements. When he is dead, he won't be more than deadish. But he's that now."

When Mrs. Franklin returned, she said: "Ruth, go and change your dress, and take Miss Billy with you; but take her to my room, not yours. For of course you will stay, Billy?"

"I don't think I'd better; I'm not dressed for the evening; and I said I should be back," answered Miss Breeze, hesitatingly.

"To whom did you say it? To the Old North? Run along," said Mrs. Franklin, smiling. "If it is shoes you are thinking of, as yours are muddy, Ruth can lend you a pair."

"That she cannot," remarked Dolly. "Buy Ruth six pairs of new shoes, and in six days all will be shabby. But you can have a pair of mine, Miss Billy."

When she was left alone with her elder daughter, Mrs. Franklin said: "Poor Billy! She is always haunted by the idea that she may possibly meet Achilles Larue here. She certainly will not meet him at the Old North, for he never goes near the place, in spite of her gentle invitations. But here there is always a chance, and I never can resist giving it to her, although in reality it is folly; he has never looked at her, and he never will."

"No. But you need not be anxious about her," replied Dolly; "she has the happy faculty of living in illusions day after day. She can go on hopefully admiring Achilles to the last moment of her life, and I dare say she even thinks that he has a liking for her, little as he shows it. She has occult reasons for this belief; she would find them in a kick!"

"Goose!" said Mrs. Franklin, dismissing Billy's virginal dreams with the matron's disillusioned knowledge. "Aren't you going to put on your velvet, Dolly?"

"Why? I am tidy as I am, mother. Nothing more is necessary in my case." And it was true that the elder Miss Franklin, without either beauty or health, was always a personification of charming neatness; from her smooth hair to her feet, all was rigidly orderly and rigidly plain.

"Oh, go, go!" answered her mother, impatiently.

Dolly screwed up her mouth, shook her head slowly, and laid her work aside; then she rose, and with her cane walked towards the door. On her way she stopped, and bending, kissed her mother's forehead. "Some of these days, mother, I shall be beautiful. It will be during one of our future existences somewhere. It must be so, dear; you have earned it for me by your loving pity here." Nothing could exceed the tenderness of her tone as she said this.

Mrs. Franklin made no response beyond a little toss of her head, as though repudiating this account of herself. But after Dolly had left the room, a moisture gathered in the mother's eyes.

Ruth had conducted Miss Billy to her own chamber.

"But Mrs. Franklin said I was to go to her room, did she not?" suggested the guest.

"She doesn't mind; she only meant that Bob is here somewhere," answered Ruth, as she opened the windows and threw back the blinds, for the afternoon was drawing towards its close.

Miss Billy took off her bonnet, and after a moment's thought hung it by its crown on a peg; in that position it did not seem possible that even Bob could make a resting-place within it. Bob was young and very small. He was beautiful or devilish according to one's view of flying-squirrels. But whether you liked him or whether you hated him, there was always a certain amount of interest in connection with the creature, because you could never be sure where he was. Miss Billy, who was greatly afraid of him, had given a quick look towards the tops of the windows and doors. There was no squirrel visible. But that was small comfort. Bob could hide himself behind a curtain ring when he chose. One of the blinds came swinging to with a bang, and Ruth, reopening the window, struggled with it again. "There is Mr. Hill coming along the back street on Daniel," she said, pausing. "He is beckoning to me! What can he want? You will find shoes in the closet, Miss Billy, and don't wait for me. I am going down to speak to him." Away she flew, running lightly at full speed through the upper hall

and down the back stairs, closely followed by Petie Trone, Esq.

Miss Billy closed the window and stood there for a moment looking out. Presently she saw Ruth at the stone wall which separated the little garden from one of the outlying streets of the mountain village. She also recognized (with disapproving eyes) the unclerical hat of the Rev. Malachi Hill, who had stopped his horse in the road outside. He was talking to Ruth, who listened with her chin resting on her hands on the top of the wall, while the wind roughened her hair and blew out her skirt like a balloon. Miss Billy, after making her own preparations for the evening, seated herself by the fire to wait; for, after some indecision, she had decided to wait. No one could make Ruth come in one moment before it pleased her to do so. It seemed better, therefore, not to raise inquiries as to where she was, lest her mother should be rendered uneasy by her imprudence in being out bareheaded at that hour. Miss Billy was always troubled, even on the smallest occasion, by three or four different ideas as to the best course to pursue. Now that she had decided, she looked about the room. The necessary articles of furniture were all set back closely against the wall, in order that the central space of the large chamber should be left entirely free. Ruth did not like little things—small objects of any kind which required dusting, and which could be easily upset. Miss Billy, who adored little things, and who lived in a grove of them, thought the room far too bare. There was nothing on the mantel-piece; there were no souvenirs, or photographs of friends; there was not even a wall-calendar. With Miss Billy, the removal of the old leaf from her poetical calendar and the reading of the new one each morning was a solemn rite. When her glance reached the toilet table, the same surprise which she had often felt before rose anew. The table itself was plain and unadorned, but on its top was spread out a profuse array of toilet articles, all of ivory or crystal. That a girl who was incorrigibly careless about almost everything should have and insist upon having so many dainty and richly beautiful objects for her personal use in her own room seemed remarkable. "Give Ruth her bath in scented water, and all these ivory and crystal things to use when she dresses, and she is perfectly willing to go about in a faded, torn old skirt, a hat entirely out of fashion, shabby gloves, and worn-out shoes; in short, looking anyhow!" mused Billy.

Down-stairs Mrs. Franklin was receiving another visitor. After Dolly's departure, Rinda had made a second irruptive entrance, with the announcement, "Gen'lem!" and Mr. Anthony Etheridge came in. Etheridge was a strikingly handsome man, who appeared to be about fifty-eight. He entered with light step and smiling face, and a flower in his coat.

"Ah, Commodore, when did you return?" said Mrs. Franklin, giving him her hand.

"Two hours ago," answered Etheridge, bowing over it gallantly. "You are looking remarkably well, my dear madam. Hum-ha!" These last syllables were not distinct; Etheridge often made this little sound, which was not an ahem; it seemed intended to express merely a general enjoyment of existence—a sort of overflow of health and vitality.

"Only two hours ago? You have been all day in that horrible stage, and yet you have strength to pay visits?"

"Not visits; *a* visit. You are alone?"

"Only for the moment; Dolly and Ruth are dressing. We are expecting some one to dine with us—a new acquaintance, by-the-way, since you left; a Mr. Chase."

"Yes, Horace Chase. I knew he was in Asheville. I should like to kick him out!"

"Why so fierce?" said Mrs. Franklin, going on with her lamp-lighters. For the making of lamp-lighters from newspapers was one of her not exactly pastimes, kill-times rather.

"Of course I am fierce. We don't want fellows of that sort here; he will upset the whole place. What brought him?"

"He has not been well, I believe" ("That's one comfort! They never are," interpolated Etheridge), "and he was advised to try mountain air. In addition, he is said to be looking into the railroad affairs."

"Good heavens! Already? The one solace I got out of the war was the check it gave to the advance of those rails westward; and they have moved so slowly since that I have been in hopes that the locomotives would not get beyond Old Fort, at least in my time. Why, Dora,

this strip of mountain country is the most splendid bit of natural forest, of nature undraped, which exists to-day between the Atlantic Ocean and the Rockies!"

"Save your eloquence for Genevieve, Commodore."

"Hum-ha! Mrs. Jared, eh?"

"Yes; she knew Mr. Chase when he was a little boy; she says she used to call him Horrie. As soon as she heard that he was in Asheville she revived the acquaintance, and then she introduced him to us."

"Does she *like* him?" asked Etheridge, with annoyance in his tone.

"I don't know whether she likes him or not; but she is hoping that he will do something for Asheville—something that will increase the value of property here."

"It is intelligent of Mrs. Jared to be thinking already of their new purchase—that house of theirs with those fields behind it," said Etheridge, softening a little. "Perhaps if I owned land here I should take another view of the subject myself. You too, Dora—you might make something."

"No; we have no land save the little garden, and the house is dreadfully dilapidated. Personally I may as well confess that I should be glad to see the railroad arrive; I am mortally tired of that long jolting stage-drive from Old Fort; it nearly kills me each time I take it. And I am afraid I don't care for nature undraped so much as you do, Commodore; I think I like draperies."

"Of course you do! But when you—and by you I mean the nation at large—when you perceive that your last acre of primitive forest is forever gone, then you will repent. And you will begin to cultivate wildness as they do abroad, poor creatures—plant forests and guard 'em with stone walls and keepers, by Jove! Horace Chase appears here as the pioneer of spoliation. He may not mean it; he does not come with an axe on his shoulder exactly; he comes, in fact, with baking-powder; but that's how it will end. Haven't you heard that it was baking-powder? Surely you have heard of the powder itself—the Bubble? I thought so. Well, that's where he made his first money—the Bubble Baking-Powder; and he made a lot of it, too. Now he is in other things; some of the Willoughbys of New York have gone in with him, and together they have set up a new steamship company, with steamers running South—the Columbian Line."

"Yes, Genevieve has explained it to us. But as he does not travel with his steamers round his neck, there remains for us, inland people as we are, only what he happens to be himself. And that is nothing interesting."

"Not interesting, eh?" said Etheridge, rather gratified.

"To my mind he is not. He is ordinary in appearance and manner; he says 'yes, ma'am,' and 'no, ma'am,' to me, as though I were a great-grandmother! In short, I don't care for him, and it is solely on Genevieve's account that I have invited him. For she keeps urging me to do it; she is very anxious to have him like Asheville. He has already dined with us twice to meet her. But to-day he comes informally — a chance invitation given only this morning (and again given solely to please *her*), when I happened to meet him at the Cottage."

"How old is the wretch?"

"I don't know. Forty-four or forty-five; perhaps older."

"Quite impossible, then, that Mrs. Jared should have known him when he was a boy; she was hardly born at that time," commented Etheridge. "What she means, of course, is that she, as a child herself, called him 'Horrie.'"

Mrs. Franklin did not answer, and at this moment Dolly came in.

"Yes, I am well," she said, in reply to the visitor's greeting; "we are all well and lazy. The world at large will never be helped much by us, I fear; we are too contented. Have you ever noticed, Commodore, that the women who sacrifice their lives so nobly to help humanity seldom sacrifice one small thing, and that is a happy home? Either they do not possess such an article, or else they have spoiled it by quarrelling with every individual member of their families."

"Now, Dolly, no more of your sarcasms. Tell me rather about this new acquaintance of yours, this bubbling capitalist whom you have invented and set up in your midst during my unsuspecting absence," said Etheridge.

"You need not think, Commodore, that you can make me say a word about him," answered Dolly, solemnly; "for I read in a book only the other day that a tendency to talk about other persons instead of one's self was a sure sign of advancing

age. Young people, the book goes on to say, are at heart interested in nothing on earth but themselves and their own affairs; they have not the least curiosity about character or traits in general—that is, about other people. I immediately made a vow to talk of nothing but myself hereafter. Anything you may wish to hear about *me* I am ready to tell you." Dolly was now attired in a velvet dress of dark russet hue, like the color of autumn oak leaves; this tint took the eye away somewhat from the worn look of her thin face. The dress, however, was eight years old, and the fashion in which it had been made originally had never been altered.

"Your book forgot that talk about people—that is, gossip—may be nothing but a refuge," said Mrs. Franklin. "I always pour forth a flood of it myself to drown out egotists, or those persons who hold like grim death to subjects that bore me."

"When you gossip, then, I shall know that *I* bore you," said Etheridge, rising. "I mustn't do so now; I leave you to your Bubble. Mrs. Jared, I suppose, will be with you this evening? I ask because I had thought of paying her a how-do-you-do visit later."

"Pay it here, Commodore," suggested Mrs. Franklin. "Perhaps you would like to see her 'Horrie' yourself?"

"Greatly, greatly. I am glad to meet any of these driving speculators who come within my reach. For it makes me contented for a month afterward—contented with my own small means—to see how yellow they are! Not a man jack of them who hasn't a skin like guinea gold." Upon this point the Commodore could enlarge safely, for no color could be fresher and finer than his own.

After he had gone, Mrs. Franklin said: "Imagine what he has just told me—that Genevieve could not possibly have known Horace Chase when he was a boy, because she is far too young!" And then mother and daughter joined in a merry laugh.

"It would be fun to tell him that she was forty on her last birthday," said Dolly.

"He would never believe you; he would think that you fibbed from jealousy," answered Mrs. Franklin. "As you are dressed, I may as well go and make ready myself," she added, rising. "I have been waiting for Ruth; I cannot imagine what she is about."

This is what Ruth was about: she was rushing up the back stairs in the dark, breathless. When she reached her room, she lit the candles hastily. "You still here, Miss Billy? I supposed you had gone down long ago." She stirred the fire into a blaze, and knelt to warm her cold hands. "Such fun! I have made a call! And I have made an engagement for us all this evening. You can never think what it is. Nothing less than a fancy-dress procession at the rink for the benefit of the Mission. A man is carrying some costumes across the mountains for an exhibition at Knoxville; his wagon has broken down, and he is obliged to stay here until it is mended. Mr. Hill has made use of this for the Mission. Isn't it a splendid idea? He has been rushing about all the afternoon, and he has found twenty persons who are willing to appear in fancy dress, and he himself is to be one; he is to be an Indian chief, in war-paint and feathers."

"In war-paint and feathers? *Oh!*"

"Yes. It seems that he has a costume of his own. He had it when he was an insurance agent, you know, before he entered the ministry; he was always fond of such things, he says, and the costume is a very handsome one; when he wore it, he called himself Big Moose."

"Big Moose! It must be stopped," said Miss Billy, in a horrified voice. For Miss Billy had the strictest ideas regarding the dignity of the clergy.

"On the contrary, I told him that it was noble," declared Ruth, breaking into one of her intense laughs. Her laugh was not loud, but when it had once begun, it seemed sometimes as if it would never stop. At present, as soon as she could speak, she announced, "We'll *all* go."

"Do not include me," said Miss Billy, with dignity. "I think it shocking, Ruth. I do indeed."

"Oh, you'll be there," said Ruth, springing up, and drawing Miss Billy to her feet. "You'll put on roller-skates yourself, and go wheeling off first this way, then that way, with Achilles Larue." And as she said this she gleefully forced her visitor across the floor, now in a long sweep to the right, now to the left, with as close an imitation of skating as the circumstances permitted.

While they were thus engaged, Mrs. Franklin opened the door. "What are you doing? Ruth—not dressed yet?"

"I'm all ready, His Grand," responded Ruth, running across the room and pouring water into the basin in a great hurry. "I have only to wash my hands" (here she dashed lavender into the water); "I'll be down directly."

"And we shall all admire you in that torn dress," said her mother.

"Never mind, His Grand; I'll pin it up. Nobody will see it at dinner, under the table. And after dinner my cloak will cover it—for we are all going out."

"Going out this windy evening? Never! Are you ready, Billy? And Ruth, you must come as you are, for Mr. Chase is already here, and Rinda is bringing in the soup."

"Never fear, His Grand. I'll come."

And come she did, two minutes later, just as she was, save that her wind-roughened hair had been vaguely smoothed, and fastened down hastily with large hair-pins placed at random. Owing to her hurry she had a brilliant color; and seeing, as she entered, the disapproving expression in her mother's eyes, she was seized with the idea of making for her own amusement a stately sweeping courtesy to Horace Chase; this she accordingly did, carrying it off very well, with an air of majesty just tempered at the edges with burlesque.

Chase, who had risen, watched this salutation with interest. When it was over, he felt it incumbent upon him to go through, in addition, the more commonplace greeting. "How do you do, Miss Ruth?" he said, extending his hand. And he gave the tips of her fingers (all she yielded to him) three distinct shakes.

Then they went to dinner.

Chapter II.

The meal which followed was good; for Zoe, the cook, was skilful in her old-fashioned, limited way. But the dinner service was ordinary; the only wine was a little dry catawba; Rinda's ideas of waiting, too, were primitive. The Franklins, however, had learned to wait upon themselves. They had the habit of remaining long at the table; for, whether they were alone or whether they had a guest, there was always soup, there was always a salad, there were always nuts and fruit, followed by coffee—four courses, therefore, in addition to the two which the younger Mrs. Franklin considered all that was necessary "for the body."

"A serious rice pudding, Genevieve, no doubt *is* enough for the body, as you call it," Dolly had once said. "But *we* think of the mind also; we aim at brilliancy. And no one ever scintillated yet on tapioca and stewed prunes!"

"Mrs. Jared Franklin is well, I hope?" Chase asked, when the last course was reached. He was not fond of nuts or figs, but he was playing his part, according to his conception of it, by eating at intervals one raisin.

"Quite well; thanks. I have never known her to be ill," replied Dolly. "Mr. Chase, I am going to suggest something; as mother and my sister-in-law are both Mrs. Jared, and as mother has no burning desire to be called 'old Mrs. Franklin' just yet, why don't you say 'Mrs. G. B.' when you mean the younger matron?"

Chase would never have thought of calling either one or the other a matron, his idea of the word being the female superintendent of a public institution. "G. B.—are those her initials?" he said. "Yes, of course; G. for Genevieve, or Gen, as I used to call her."

"And B. for Beatrice: isn't that lovely? Our own names, unfortunately, are very common—Ruth, Dolly, and Jared; Genevieve has taken pity upon the Jared, and changed it to Jay. Mother, however, actually likes the name Jared! She is weak enough to be proud of the fact that there have been six Jared Franklins in the direct line from eldest son to father, going back to colonial days. People are *very* sorry for this delusion of hers; they have told her repeatedly that the colonial period was unimportant. Genevieve, in particular, has often explained to her that modern times are far more interesting."

"I guess there isn't much question about that, is there?" said Chase. "No doubt they did the best they could in those old days. But they couldn't do much, you see, because they had nothing to work with, no machinery, no capital, no combinations; they couldn't hear anything until long after it had happened, and they couldn't go anywhere except on horseback. I've always been glad *I* didn't serve my time then. Slow life!"

"You must find Asheville rather slow?" remarked Dolly.

"It is more than slow, Miss Franklin;

it has stopped entirely. But it has great natural advantages—I have been surprised to see how many. I like new enterprises, and I've been thinking about something." Here he paused and ate one more raisin, balancing it for a moment upon the palm of his hand before he swallowed it. "I've been thinking of picking up that railroad at Old Fort and pushing it right through to this place, and on to Tennessee; a branch, later, to tap South Carolina and Georgia. That isn't all, however." He paused again. Then with a glance which rested for a moment on each face, and finally stopped at Mrs. Franklin's, "What do you say," he added, with a hospitable smile, "to my making a big watering-place of your hilly little village?"

"*Asheville* watered? What next!" said Dolly.

"The next is that the stock won't be," replied Chase, laughing. "I mean, the stock of the company that undertakes the affair, if it does undertake it. You'd better apply for some right off; all of you. Shall I tell you how the thing strikes me, while you are finishing your nuts? Well, then, this is about it. The whole South is a hot place in summer, ladies; from Baltimore down to the end of Florida and Louisiana they simply swelter from June to October, and always must swelter. If you will look at a map you can see for yourselves that the only region where the people of all this big section can get fresh air during the heated term, without a long journey for it, is this one line of mountains, called Alleghanies in the lump, but in reality including the Blue Ridge, the Cumberlands, your Smokies and Blacks, and others about here. For a trip to the Southern sea-coast isn't much relief: a hot beach is about the hottest place I know. Now, then, what is the best point among these mountains? The Alleghanies lie *this* way." (He made the Alleghanies with a table-spoon.) "Then *there* is the Blue Ridge." (A nut-cracker.) "And here you get your Smokies and so forth." (Almonds taken hastily from a dish and arranged in a line.) "And I'll just indicate the Cumberlands with this orange. Very well. Now where are the highest peaks of these lines? Let us follow the range down. Do we find them in Pennsylvania? No, sir. Do we find them in Virginia. We do not. Are they over there among the Cumberlands? Not by a long shot. Where are they, then? Right here, ladies, at your own door; right here, where I make a dot this minute." And taking a pencil from his pocket, he made a small mark on the table-cloth between the spoon and the nut-cracker. "In this neighborhood," he went on, emphasizing his statement by pointing his pencil at Miss Billy, "there are thirteen peaks nearly seven thousand feet high. It seem to me, therefore, that in spite of all the jokes about talking for buncombe, the talk for Buncombe has not been half tall enough yet. For this very Buncombe County is bound to be the favorite watering-place for over twelve millions of people."

"Watering-places?" commented Dolly. "Well, we *have* the two rivers, the French Broad and the Swannanoa. But the Swannanoa is small; if the millions should all drink at once, it would soon go dry."

"I meant summer resort, Miss Franklin, not watering-place," said Chase, inwardly entertained by the quickness bordering on the sharp with which "the sickly one," as he called her, always took him up. "Though there are sulphur springs near by too: I have been out to look at them. And it isn't only the Southerners who will come here," he went on; "Northerners will flock also, when they understand what these mountains are. For, in comparison with them, the Catskills are flea-bites, and the Whites a suburb. *Here* everything is absolutely wild; you can shoot because there are all sorts of things *to* shoot, from bears down. And then there's another point—for I haven't got to the bottom of the sack yet. This mountain valley of yours, being 2400 feet above the sea, has a wonderfully pure dry air, and yet, as it is so far south, it is not cold; its winter climate, therefore, is as good as its summer, and even better. So here's the situation: people who live in hot places will come here from June to October, and people who live in cold places will come from October to June." He returned the orange and the almonds to their dishes, replaced the table-spoon and nut-cracker, and then, looking at Mrs. Franklin, he gave her a cheerful nod. "That's it, ma'am; that's the whole in a nutshell."

Ruth gravely offered him an empty almond shell.

"We'll have something better than that, Miss Ruth—a philopena." And tak-

ing a nut-cracker, he opened several almonds. Finding a double kernel, he gave her one of the halves. "Now, if I win, I should be much favored if you would make me something of worsted—a tidy is the name, I think."

Ruth began to laugh.

"Well, then, a picture-frame of cones varnished."

And now the other ladies joined in Ruth's merriment.

"We must decline such rare objects," said Mrs. Franklin. "But we have our own small resources, Mr. Chase." And leading the way back to the parlor, she showed him the mantel-cover with Dolly's verse.

"Why, that's beautiful, Miss Franklin," said Chase, with sincere admiration, when he had read the lines. "I didn't know you could write poetry."

"Oh yes," answered Dolly. "I think in elegies as a general thing, and I make sonnets as I dress. Epics are nothing to me, and I turn off triolets in no time. But I don't publish, Mr. Chase, because I don't want to be called a *minor* poet."

Here Rinda came in like a projectile, carrying a large box clasped in her arms. "Jess lef'! 'Spress!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"Express?" repeated Mrs. Franklin, trying to make out the address without her glasses. "Read it, Ruth."

Ruth looked at the label, and then broke into another laugh. She had hardly recovered from the preceding one, and Chase, with amusement, watched her start off again. But he soon found himself surrounded by laughers a second time.

"Why, what's wrong with it?" he asked, seeing that it was the label which excited their mirth. And in his turn he examined it. "Miss Ruth Franklin, Lommy Dew, Asheville? That's right, isn't it? Isn't Lommy Dew the name of your place?"

Rinda meanwhile, wildly curious, had been opening the box by main force with the aid of the poker. She now uncovered a huge cluster of hot-house roses packed in moss.

"Flowers? Who could have sent them?" said Mrs. Franklin, surprised. She had no suspicion of her present guest; her thoughts had turned towards some of their old friends at the North. But Ruth, happening to catch the look in Chase's eyes as he glanced for an instant at the blossoms, not so much admiringly as critically, exclaimed:

"*You* sent them, Mr. Chase. How perfectly lovely!"

"I'm afraid they're not much," Chase answered. "I thought they'd send more." He had wished to show that he appreciated the invitations to L'Hommedieu, and as, according to his idea, it was the young lady of the family to whom it was proper to pay such attentions, he had ordered the box to be sent to Ruth rather than to Mrs. Franklin or Dolly.

Ruth's laugh had stopped; her eyes had softened. She was passionately fond of hot-house flowers, and now both her hands together could hardly encircle even the stems alone of these superb roses, whose gorgeous masses filled her arms as she raised them. With a quick movement she buried her face in the soft petals.

"But, I say, what was wrong with this?" asked Chase a second time, as he again looked at the label.

"L'Hommedieu is a French name—" began Dolly.

But Ruth interrupted her: "It is an ugly old French name, Mr. Chase, and as it is pronounced, in America at least, exactly as you wrote it, I think it might as well be spelled so too. At present, however, this is the way—the silly way." And holding her flowers with her left arm, she detached her right hand, and scribbled the name on the edge of the Raleigh paper.

"Ah!" said Chase, looking at it. "I don't speak French myself. I thought perhaps it had something to do with dew." And frowning a little, a frown of attention, he spelled the word over.

An old negro woman, her head covered with a white kerchief folded like a turban, now came swiftly in with the coffee-tray. It was Zoe the cook, tired of waiting for Rinda, who, still in the parlor, was gazing with friendly interest at the roses. "Lawdy, ef I 'ain't clean ferget!" remarked the waitress to the company in general.

"You clar out, good-fer-nuttn nigger," muttered Zoe in an angry undertone.

With the coffee, or rather behind it, a lady entered. "I was hoping that you would come in, Genevieve," said Mrs. Franklin.

"Just in time for coffee," added Dolly, cordially.

"Thanks; I do not take it at night," Genevieve answered.

This was a dialogue often repeated in one form or another, for Dolly kept it up. The younger Mrs. Franklin did not like evening dinners, and Dolly even maintained that her sister-in-law thought them wicked. "She sees a close connection between a late dinner with coffee after it, and the devil." The Franklins had always dined at the close of the day, for the elder Jared Franklin, having been the editor of a daily paper, had found that hour the most convenient one. The editor was gone; his family had moved from the North to the South, and life for them was changed in many ways; but his habit of the late dinner they had never altered.

The younger Mrs. Franklin greeted Chase cordially. Dolly listened, hoping to hear her call him "Horrie." But Genevieve contented herself with giving him her hand and some frank words of welcome. Genevieve was always frank. And in all she said and did, also, she was absolutely sincere. She was a beautiful woman with golden hair, fair skin, regular features, and ideally lovely eyes; her tall figure was of Juno-like proportions; her hands were rather large, but perfect in shape. Chase admired her, that was evident. But Dolly (who was noting this) had long ago discovered that men always admired her sister-in-law. In addition to her beauty, Genevieve had a sweet voice and an earnest, half-appealing way of speaking. She was appealing to Chase now. "There is to be an entertainment at the rink to-night, Horace, for the benefit of the Mission; won't you go? I hope so. And, mamma, that is what I have come over for, to tell you about it and beg you to go also." She had seated herself beside Chase; but as she said these last words she put out her hand and laid it affectionately on Mrs. Franklin's shoulder.

"I believe I am to have the pleasure of spending the evening here?" Chase answered, making a little bow towards his hostess.

"But if mamma herself goes to the rink, as I am sure she will, then won't you accompany her? The Mission and the Colored Home, Horace, are—"

But here Chase, like a madman, made a wild leap, and grasped the top of Miss Billy's head.

Quick as his spring had been, Ruth's was quicker. She pulled his hands away. "Don't hurt him! *Don't!*"

The squirrel, however, was not under Chase's fingers; he had already escaped, and running down the front of Miss Billy's dress (to her unspeakable terror), he now made another long leap, and landed on Dolly's arm, where Ruth caught him.

"What in creation is it?" said Chase, who had followed. "A bird? Or a mouse?"

"Mouse!" said Ruth, indignantly. "It's Bob, my dear little flying-squirrel; I saw him on the cornice, but I thought he would fly to me. It's amazing that any one can possibly be afraid of the darling," she added, with a reproachful glance towards Miss Billy, who was still trembling. "I had him when he was nothing but a baby, Mr. Chase—he had fallen from his nest—and I have brought him up myself. Now that he is getting to be a big boy, he naturally likes to fly about a little. He cannot be always climbing his one little tree in the dining-room. He is so soft and downy. Look at his bright eyes." Here she opened her hand so that Chase could see her pet. "Would you like to hold him for a moment?"

"Oh, I'll look at *you* holding him," answered Chase. "Hallo! here's another." For Petie Trone, Esq., his jealousy roused by his mistress's interest in the squirrel, had come out from under the sofa, and was now seated on his hind legs at the edge of her dress. "Wouldn't you like an owl?" Chase suggested. "Or a 'possum? A 'coon might be tamed, if caught young."

Ruth walked away, offended.

This made him laugh still more as he returned to his place beside Genevieve.

"She is only eighteen," murmured the younger Mrs. Franklin, apologetically. Her words were covered by a rapturous "Gen'lem!" from Rinda at the door. For Rinda was always perfectly delighted to see anybody; when, therefore, there were already two or three guests, and still another appeared, her voice became uproarious in its glee. The new-comer was Anthony Etheridge.

"How fortunate!" said Genevieve. "For it makes another for our little charity party. There is to be an impromptu entertainment at the rink, Commodore, for the benefit of the Mission, and mam-

ma is going, I hope. Won't you accompany her? Let me introduce Mr. Chase, a very old friend of mine. Mr. Chase, Commodore Etheridge."

"Happy to meet you," said Chase, rising in order to shake hands.

"Gen'lem!" called Rinda again; this time fairly in a yell.

The last "gen'lem" was a slender man, not quite forty years of age, who came in with his overcoat on. "Thanks; I did not take it off," he said, in answer to Mrs. Franklin, "because I knew that you were all going to the"—(here Ruth gave a deep cough)—"because I thought it possible that you might be going to the rink to-night," he went on, changing the form of his sentence, with a slight smile; "and in that case I hoped to accompany you."

"Yes," said Genevieve, "mamma is going, Mr. Larue. I only wish I could go also."

The cheeks of Miss Billy Breeze had become flushed with rose-color as the new-comer entered. Noticing instantly the change he had made in his sentence when Ruth coughed, she at once divined that the girl had gone, bareheaded and in the darkness, to his residence during that absence before dinner, in order to secure his presence for the frolic of the evening. Ruth had, in fact, done this very thing, for nothing amused her so much as to watch Billy herself when Larue was near her. The girl was now wicked enough to carry on her joke a little longer. "I am *so* sorry, Miss Billy, that you do not care to go."

Miss Billy passed her handkerchief over her mouth and tried to smile. Her eyes opened and closed rapidly; she was, in fact, winking to keep back tears.

And then Mrs. Franklin, who was always kind-hearted, came to the rescue. "Did you tell Ruth that you could not go, Billy? Change your mind, my dear; change it to please me."

"Oh, if *you* care about it, dear Mrs. Franklin," murmured Billy, escaping, and hurrying happily up the stairs to put on her wraps.

The rink was a large, bare structure of wood, with a circular arena for roller-skating. This evening the place was lighted, and the gallery was occupied by the colored band. The members of this band, a new organization, had volunteered their services with the heartiest good-will. It was true that they could play (without mistakes) but one selection, namely, "The lone starry hours give me, love," but they arranged this difficulty by playing it first softly, then as a solo on the cornet, then fortissimo with drums; by means of these alternations it lasted throughout the evening. Nearly the whole village was present; the promenade was crowded, and there were skaters on the floor below. The Rev. Malachi Hill was distributing programmes, his face beaming with pleasure as he surveyed the assemblage. Presently he came to the party from L'Hommedieu. "Programmes, Mrs. Franklin? Programmes, gentlemen?" He had written these programmes himself in his best handwriting. "The performance will soon begin," he explained. "The procession will skate round the arena five times, and afterwards most of the characters will join in a reel—" Here some one called him, and he hastened off.

Chase, who had received a programme, looked at it in a businesslike way. "Christopher Columbus," he read aloud, "Romeo and Juliet, the Muses, Calliope, and — and others," he added, glancing down the list.

His Calliope had rhymed with hope, and a gleam of inward entertainment showed itself for one instant in the eyes of Etheridge and Larue. Ruth saw this scintillation; instantly she crossed to Chase's side, as he still studied the programme, and bending to look at it, said, "Please, may I see too?"

"Oh! I thought you had one," said Chase, giving her the sheet of paper.

"The Muses," read Ruth again, aloud. "Cally-ope, Terp-sy-core, and others." And then, standing beside her new acquaintance, she glared at the remainder of the party defiantly.

Mrs. Franklin was so much overcome by this performance of her daughter's that she was obliged to turn away to conceal her laughter.

"What possesses her—the witch!" asked Etheridge, following.

"It is only because she thinks I don't like him. He has given her those magnificent roses, and so she intends to stand up for him. I never know whom she will fancy; she always has the most unexpected ideas. Do look at her now!"

"I am afraid you have spoiled her," commented Etheridge, but joining in the

mother's laughter himself, as he caught a glimpse of Ruth starting off, with high-held head and firm step, to walk with Chase round the entire promenade.

Owing to this sudden departure, Miss Billy Breeze found herself unexpectedly alone with Larue. She was so much excited by this state of things that at first she could hardly speak. How many times during this very month had she arranged with herself exactly what she should say if such an opportunity should appear! Her most original ideas, her most beautiful thoughts (she kept them written out in a memorandum-book), should be summoned to entertain him. The moment had come. And this is what she actually did say: "Oh" (giggle), "how pretty it is, isn't it?" (Giggle.) "Really a most beautiful sight. So interesting to see so many persons, and all so happy, is it not? I don't know when I've seen anything lovelier. Yes, indeed —*lovely*. But I hope you won't take cold, Mr. Larue. Really, now, do be careful. One takes cold so easily; and then it is sometimes so hard to recover." With despair she heard herself going on with these inanities. "I hope you are not in a draught? Colds are *so* tiresome."

And now, with a louder burst from the band, the procession issued from an improvised tent at the end of the building. First came Christopher Columbus at the head; then Romeo and Juliet; the Muses, three and three; George Washington and his wife, accompanied by Plato and a shepherdess; other personages followed, and all were mounted on roller-skates, and were keeping time to the music with dignity. Then the rear was closed by an American Indian in a complete costume of copper-colored tights, with tomahawk, war-paint, and feathers.

This Indian, as he was alone, was conspicuous; and when he had skated into the brighter light, there came from that part of the audience which was nearest to him a faint sound of glee. The sound, however, was instantly suppressed. But it rose again as he sailed majestically onward, in long sweeps to the right and the left, his head erect, his tomahawk brandished; it increased to mirth which could not be stifled. Laughter met him as he came up, and followed him as he receded, until it had grown into one continuous roar. For nature having given to this brave very slender legs, the costume-maker had supplied a herculean pair of calves, and these appendages had shifted their position, and were now adorning the front of each limb below the knee, the chieftain meanwhile remaining unconscious of the accident, and continuing to perform his part with great stateliness at the end of the skating line. The procession passed round the arena three times. Ruth, with her hands dropping helplessly by her side, laughed until her mother came to see to her. Mrs. Franklin herself was laughing so that she could hardly speak. But Ruth's laughs sometimes were almost dangerous, they took such complete possession of her.

"Give her your arm and make her walk up and down," said the mother to Etheridge.

And Etheridge took the girl under his charge.

Chase, who had grinned silently each time the unsuspecting Moose came into view, now stepped down to the skating-floor as he approached on his fourth circuit, and stopped him. There was a short conference, and then, amid fresh peals of mirth, Big Moose looked down, and for the first time discovered the aspect of his own knees. Chase had signalled to the band to stop.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this Indian was not aware of his attractions." (Applause.) "But now that he knows what they are, he will take part in the reel (which he had not intended to do), and he will take part *as he is!* For the benefit of the Mission, ladies and gentlemen. The hat will be passed immediately afterwards." Signing to the musicians to go on again, he conducted the chief to the space which had been left free for the reel, and then, when the other couples had skated to their places, he led off with his companion in a sort of quickstep (as he had no skates); and it is safe to say that North Carolina had never beheld so original a dance as that which followed (to the inexhaustible "Starry Hours" played as a jig). Chase and the Indian led and re-led. Finally Chase, with his tall hat tilted back on his head, and his face extremely solemn, balanced with his partner, taking so much pains with remarkable fancy steps, which were immediately imitated by the Indian's embossed legs, that the entire audience was weak from its continuous mirth. Then removing his hat, Chase made the rounds,

proffering it with cordial invitation to all: "For the Mission, ladies and gentlemen. For the *Indian's* Mission."

The Indian, on his way home later (in his clergyman's attire this time), was so happy that he gave thanks. He would have liked, indeed, to chant a gloria. For the Mission was very near his heart, and from its beginning it had been so painfully fettered by poverty that several times he had almost despaired. But now that magic hat had brought into the struggling little fund more than it had ever dreamed of possessing; for underneath the dimes and the quarters of Asheville had lain a fat roll, a veritable Golconda roll of greenbacks. But one person could have given this roll, namely, the one stranger, Horace Chase.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

Farce.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

SCENE: Mrs. Willis Campbell's drawing-room.

I.

MRS. CAMPBELL, CAMPBELL, DR. LAWTON.

Dr. Lawton: "Then truth, as I understand you, Mrs. Campbell, is a female virtue."

Mrs. Campbell: "It is one of them."

Dr. Lawton: "Oh! You have several?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Legions, Dr. Lawton."

Dr. Lawton: "What do you do with them all?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, we just keep them. You may be sure we don't waste them on *men*. What would be the use, for instance, of always telling Willis the truth? He wouldn't believe it, to begin with."

Campbell: "You had better try me once, Amy. My impression is that it's the other thing I can't get away with. And yet I'm a great deal more accustomed to it!"

Mrs. Campbell: "That is neither here nor there. But what I say, and what I insist, is that the conventional lies that people tell are just as much lies as any—just as wicked, and altogether unnecessary. Why should I send word to the door that I'm not at home, or that I'm engaged, when I'm not, merely to get out of seeing a person?"

Campbell: "Because you are such a liar, my love."

Dr. Lawton: "No! Excuse me, Campbell! I don't wish to intercept any little endearments, but really I think that in this case Mrs. Campbell's sacrifice of the truth is a piece of altruism. She knows how it is herself; she wouldn't like to be in the place of the person she wants to get out of seeing. So she sends word that she is not at home, or that she's engaged."

Mrs. Campbell: "Of course I do. Willis's idea of *truth* would be to send word that he didn't want to see them."

Dr. Lawton, laughing: "I haven't the least doubt of it."

Campbell: "Well, you hoary-headed impostor, what would yours be?"

Dr. Lawton: "Mine? I have none! I have been a general practitioner for forty years. But what time did you ask me for, Mrs. Campbell?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Seven. I don't see what's keeping them all."

Campbell: "The women are not coming."

Mrs. Campbell: "Why?"

Campbell: "Because they said they were. Truth is a female virtue."

Mrs. Campbell: "I must say, I don't see why they're so late. I can't understand, when every woman knows the anxiety of a hostess, how any one can be late. It's very heartless, I think." Mrs. Campbell is in dinner dress; she remains tranquilly seated on the sofa while she speaks, but the movement of her alternately folded and expanded fan betrays the agitation of her spirits. Dr. Lawton, lounging at large ease in a low chair, regards her with a mixture of admiration and scientific interest. Her husband walks up and down with a surcharge of nervous energy which the husband of a dinner-giver naturally expends when the guests are a little late.

Campbell: "They will probably come in a lump—if they come at all. Don't be discouraged, Amy. If they don't, I shall

be hungry enough, by-and-by, to eat the whole dinner myself."

Mrs. Campbell: "That is a man's idea; you think that the great thing about a dinner is to get it eaten."

Dr. Lawton: "Oh, not *all* of us, Mrs. Campbell!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, I will except you, Dr. Lawton."

Campbell: "And what is a woman's idea of a dinner, I should like to know?"

Mrs. Campbell: "To get it over."

Campbell: "In this instance, then, I think you're going to fail. I see no prospect of your getting it over. The people are not coming. I guess you wrote Thursday when you meant Tuesday; didn't you, Amy? Your Tuesdays always look like Thursdays, anyway."

Mrs. Campbell: "Now, Willis, if you begin your teasing!"

Campbell: "Well, what I want you to do is to tell them what you really think of them when they do come. I don't want any hollow-hearted pretence that it isn't at all late, and that you did not expect them before, and all that kind of thing. You just say, *Yes, you are rather behind time;* and, *No, I didn't write half past seven; I wrote seven.* With all your devotion to truth, I'll bet you wouldn't dare to speak it once."

Mrs. Campbell: "What will you bet? Come, now! Dr. Lawton will hold the stakes."

Campbell: "Ah, *I* should have to pay, whichever lost, and Lawton would pocket the stakes."

Dr. Lawton: "Try me!"

Campbell: "I'd rather not. It would be too expensive." A ring is heard; and then voices below and on the stairs. "The spell is broken! I hear the stentorian tones of my sister Agnes."

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, it *is* Agnes; and now they'll all come." She runs out to the space at the top of the stairs which forms a sort of passageway between the drawing-room and library. "Oh, Agnes! I'm *so* glad to see you! And Mr. Roberts!" She says this without, and the shock of kisses penetrates to the drawing-room, where Campbell and Dr. Lawton remain.

Mrs. Roberts, without: "Amy, I'm quite ashamed of myself! I'm afraid we're late. I think Edward's watch must be slow."

Mrs. Campbell, without: "Not at all! I don't believe it's seven yet. I've only just got into my gown."

Campbell: "It *is* a female virtue, Doctor!"

Dr. Lawton: "Oh, there's no doubt of its sex."

Mrs. Campbell, without: "You'll find Willis in the drawing-room with Dr. Lawton, Mr. Roberts."

II.

ROBERTS, CAMPBELL, DR. LAWTON.

Campbell, as Roberts meekly appears: "Hello, Roberts! You're late, old fellow. You ought to start Agnes dressing just after lunch."

Roberts: "No, I'm afraid it's my fault. How do you do, Dr. Lawton? I think my watch is losing time."

Campbell: "You didn't come your old dodge of stealing a garroter's watch on your way through the Common? That was a tremendous exploit of yours, Roberts."

Dr. Lawton: "And you were at your best that night, Campbell. For a little while I wasn't sure but truth was a boy."

Campbell: "I don't believe old Bemis has quite forgiven Roberts to this day. By-the-way, Bemis is late, too. Wouldn't have helped much to grab his watch to-night, Roberts. Hold on! That's his voice, now!" As Mr. Bemis enters: "Good-evening, Mr. Bemis. Roberts and I were just talking of that night when you tried to garrote him in the Common, and he got away with your watch."

III.

MR. BEMIS AND THE OTHERS.

Mr. Bemis, reluctantly: "Oh! very good. Ha, ha, ha!"

Roberts, cringingly: "Ha, ha, ha! Capital!"

Mr. Bemis: "Talking of watches, I hope I'm not late."

Campbell: "About half an hour."

Mrs. Campbell, re-entering and giving her hand: "Don't believe a word of it, Mr. Bemis. You're just in time. Why, even Aunt Mary is not here yet!"

Aunt Mary Crashaw, without: "Yes, I am, my dear—half-way up your ridiculous stairs."

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, Aunt Mary!" She runs out to meet her.



"OH, AUNT MARY!"

Campbell, to Dr. Lawton: "You see! she can't tell the truth even by accident."

Roberts: "What in the world do you mean, Willis?"

Campbell: "'Sh! It's a bet." To Mrs. Crashaw, coming in with his wife: "You *are* pretty well blown, Aunt Mary."

IV.

MRS. CRASHAW, MRS. CAMPBELL, AND THE OTHERS.

Mrs. Crashaw: "Blown? I wonder I'm alive to reproach Amy for these stairs. Why don't you live in a flat?"

Campbell: "I am going to put in an elevator here, and you can get stuck in it."

Mrs. Crashaw: "I dare say I shall, if *you* put it in. What a frightful experience! I shall never forget that night. How d'ye do, Edward?" She shakes hands with Roberts and Mr. Bemis. "How do you do, Mr. Bemis? I *know* how Dr. Lawton does, without asking."

Dr. Lawton, gallantly: "All the better for—"

Mrs. Crashaw: "*Don't* say, for seeing me! We may *be* chestnuts, doctor, but we needn't speak them." To Mrs. Campbell: "Are you going to have the whole elevator company, as usual?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes—all but Mr. and Mrs. Miller. I asked them, but they had an engagement."

Mrs. Crashaw: "So much the worse for them. Mrs. Curwen will be very much disappointed not to see—Mrs. Miller." The men laugh. She shakes her fan at them. "You ought to be ashamed to provoke me to say such things. Well, now, since I'm here, I wish the others would come. I'm rather hungry, and it's late, isn't it?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Not at all! I don't see why you all think it's late. I'm sure it's very early. Ah, Mrs. Curwen!" She advances upon this lady, who enters with her husband behind her. "So glad you could come. And Mr. Curwen! I didn't hear you coming!"

V.

MR. AND MRS. CURWEN AND THE OTHERS.

Mrs. Curwen: "That proves you didn't eavesdrop at the head of the stairs, my dear. We were quarrelling all the way up to this threshold. After I'd answered it, I mislaid your invitation, and Mr. Curwen was sure we were asked for Wednesday. But I knew better. As it is, I'm afraid we're rather late."

Mrs. Campbell, forcing a laugh: "We rarely sit down before eight. Oh, Mrs. Bemis! How do you do, Mr. Bemis?" She greets young Mr. and Mrs. Bemis with effusion, as they come in with an air of haste.

VI.

YOUNG MR. AND MRS. BEMIS AND THE OTHERS.

Mrs. Bemis: "Oh, I *know* we're frightfully late!"

Bemis: "Yes, it's quite shocking—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Not at all! Really, I think it must be a conspiracy. Everybody says they are late, and I don't know why."

Campbell: "I do; but I don't like to tell."

Dr. Lawton: "Much safer, my dear boy! Much!"

Mrs. Campbell, ignoring this passage: "If I should make you wait, just to *show* you that it was early, I don't think it would be more than you deserve."

Campbell: "Probably, if you did that, Miss Reynolds would get here too soon."

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes; and she's usually so prompt."

Mrs. Curwen: "I'm beginning to have the courage of my convictions, Mrs. Campbell. Are you *sure* you didn't say half past?"

Mrs. Campbell: "I'm sure I can't say. Very likely I may have done so in your note. But I don't see why we are so inflexible about dinner engagements. *I* think we ought to give people at least three-quarters of an hour's grace, instead of that wretched fifteen minutes that keeps everybody's heart in their mouth." The door-bell sounds. "Ah! That's Miss Reynolds's ring, and—"

Campbell: "We are saved! I was afraid we were going to be thirteen at table."

Mrs. Roberts: "Thirteen! What do you mean, Willis?"

Campbell: "Why, one from twelve, you know."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, yes." The others laugh.

Mrs. Campbell: "Don't notice him, Agnes. He's in one of his very worst ways to-night."

Mrs. Roberts: "But I don't see what the joke is!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Neither do I, Agnes. I—"

A Ghostly Voice, as of an asthmatic spectre speaking through an imperfectly attached set of artificial teeth, makes itself heard from the library: "Truth crushed to earth will rise again. For God's eternal years are hers—er—r—r—ck—ck—cr—cr—cr—ee—ck—"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Good heavens, Willis, what in the world is that?"

The Voice: "This is the North America Company's perfected phonograph, invented by Thomas A.—cr—cr—cr—ee—ee—ck—ck—ck—New Jersey. This cylinder was—cr—cr—elocutionist—ee—ee—ck—Cullen Bryant— Truth crushed to—cr—cr—ck—ck—"

Campbell: "Don't be alarmed, Aunt Mary. It's just a phonograph that I had got in to amuse you after dinner. It don't seem to be exactly in order. Perhaps the cylinder's got dry, or Jim hasn't got quite the right pressure on—"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Is Jim in there?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes; Agnes has lent him to us to-day. I adore boys, and Jim has been angelic the whole afternoon."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, you're *too* good, Amy!"

Mrs. Crashaw: "I don't wonder he's been angelic, with a thing like that to play with. I should be angelic myself. Why can't we go and be amused with it a little before dinner, Willis?"

The Others, respectively: "Oh, yes. Do. By all means. I never heard one before. We really can't wait. Let us hear it now, Mr. Campbell! Do make him, Mrs. Campbell."

Campbell: "Well, all right. I'll go with you—" He stops, feeling himself significantly clutched by the wrist, and arrested in mid-career, by Mrs. Campbell. "Or, Jim can show it off. It'll do him so much good. I'll let Jim." The guests follow one another out with cries of real and simulated interest, and Campbell turns to his wife: "What in the world is it, Amy?"

VII.

MR. AND MRS. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Campbell: "What is it? I shall die, Willis!"

Campbell: "Well, speak first."

too, Amy. Now, if you *could* get the dinner on in about ten minutes, we should be just right. But you've told them all they were so early that they'll believe the delay is all yours."

Mrs. Campbell: "They won't believe



"WHAT IN THE WORLD IS IT, AMY?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Something's happened to the dinner, I know. And I'm afraid to go and see. The cook's so cross!"

Campbell: "Well, shall *I* go?"

Mrs. Campbell: "And if you keep up this teasing of yours, you'll simply kill me."

Campbell: "Well, I won't, then. But it's very lucky your guests are belated anything of the kind! They know better. But I don't dare—"

Jane, the waitress, appearing through the portière of the drawing-room: "Dinner is ready, Mrs. Campbell."

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, well, then, do get them started, Willis! Don't forget, it's young Mrs. Bemis you're to take down —*not* Mrs. Curwen."

Campbell: "Oh, no! I sha'n't forget that. I hope Mrs. Curwen won't. Hello! There's another ring. Who in the world is that?"

Mrs. Campbell: "'Sh! If that horrid, squeaking phonograph—"

The Phonograph, from the library: "Truth crushed to earth will—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Good gracious! I can't hear a word. Hark! It's Miss Reynolds talking with some one in the reception-room, and it sounds like—but it can't be—no, it can't—it—it *is*—yes! And that's *his* voice too, Willis! What does it mean? Am I losing my five senses? Or am I simply going stark, staring mad?"

Campbell: "You don't say the Millers have come?"

Mrs. Campbell: "The Millers? No! Who cares anything about the Millers? 'Sh!" She listens.

Campbell, listening: "Why, it's the Belforts!"

Mrs. Campbell: "How can you *dare* to say it, Willis? Of course it's the Belforts. Hark!" She listens.

Campbell, listening: "But I thought you said they declined, too."

Mrs. Campbell: "They did. It's some frightful mystery. Be still, do, Willis!"

Campbell: "Why, I'm not making any noise. It's the froufrou of that dress of yours."

Mrs. Campbell: "It's your shirt bosom. You always *will* have them so stiff; and you keep breathing so."

Campbell: "Oh, well, if you don't want me to breathe!"

Mrs. Campbell, desperately: "It doesn't matter. It wouldn't help now if you *never* breathed again. Don't joke, Willis! I can't bear it. If you do, I shall scream."

Campbell: "I wasn't going to joke. It's too serious. What are you going to do?"

Mrs. Campbell: "I don't know. We must do anything to keep them from finding out that they weren't expected."

Campbell: "But how do you suppose it's happened, Amy?"

Mrs. Campbell: "I don't know. They meant to decline somewhere else and accept here, and they mixed the letters. It's always happening. But be still now! They're coming up, and all we can do is to keep them in the dark as well as we can. You must help me, Willis."

Campbell: "Oh, there's nothing I like better than throwing dust in people's eyes. It's my native element."

Mrs. Campbell: "Of course it puts the table all out, and we've got to rearrange the places, and think who is going to take out who again as soon as we can get rid of them. Be making up some pretext, Willis. We've got to consult together, or else we are completely lost. You'll have to stay and keep talking, while I run down and make them put another leaf into the table. I don't believe there's room enough now, and I'm not certain about the quails. The cook said she didn't believe they were all nice. How can people be so careless about notes! I think it's really criminal. There ought to be something done about it. If people won't read their notes over they ought to be told about it, and I've the greatest mind to say at once that they sent a refusal, and I wasn't expecting them. It would serve them right."

Campbell: "Yes, and it would be such a relief to your feelings. I wish you *would* do it, Amy. Just for once."

Mrs. Campbell: "I shall have to take the table-cloth off if I put another leaf in, and the whole thing has got to be rearranged, decorations and everything; and I'd got the violets scattered so carelessly. Now I shall just *fling* them on. I don't care how they look. I'm completely discouraged, and I shall just go through it all like a stone."

Campbell: "Like a precious stone. You *are* such a perfect little brick, Amy."

Mrs. Campbell: "I guess you wouldn't like it yourself, Willis. And the Belforts are just the people I should have liked to do my best before, and now their being here spoils everything."

Campbell, smiling: "It *is* a complication!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, yes, giggle, do! I suppose you'd expect me to be logical, as you call it, with my dying breath."

Campbell: "No, I shouldn't, Amy; but I know you'd be delightful under any circumstances. You always get there just the same, whether you take the steps or not. But take a brace now, dear, and you'll come out all right. Tell them the truth and I'll stand by you. I don't want any better fun." He slips behind his wife, who gives him a ghastly glance over her shoulder as the Belforts enter the room with Miss Reynolds.



"I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!"

VIII.

THE BELFORTS, MISS REYNOLDS, AND THE CAMPBELLS.

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, how do you do, Maria?" She kisses Miss Reynolds, and then, with gay cordiality, gives her hand to Mrs. Belfort. "I'm *so* glad to see you!" She shakes hands with Belfort. "So kind of you to come."

Miss Reynolds: "I'm sorry to be a little late, Amy; but better late than never, I suppose."

Mrs. Belfort: "I'm not so sure of that. Dear Mrs. Campbell! I wish you would be quite frank with me!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Late? Frank? What do you mean, both of you? You know you're never late, Maria; and why should I be frank with you, Mrs. Belfort?"

Campbell: "What do you take us for?"

Mrs. Belfort, holding Mrs. Campbell's hand clasped between both of hers: "For the very nicest and kindest people in the world, who wouldn't let me have the mortification of deranging them on any

account. Did you expect us this evening?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Expect you? What a strange question! Why in the world shouldn't we expect you?"

Campbell: "What an extraordinary idea!"

Mrs. Belfort: "Because I had to hurry away from Mrs. Miller's tea when I went home to dress, and when I told her we were coming here to dinner, she said, 'Oh, you are *going*, then?' in such a way that, though she covered it up afterwards, and said she didn't mean anything, and she didn't know why she had spoken, I felt sure there must be some misunderstanding, and I've come quite ready to be sent away again if there is. Didn't you get my note?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Your note? Why, of course I did!"

Mrs. Belfort: "Then it's all right. *Such* a relief! Now I feel that I can breathe freely again."

Mr. Belfort: "I assure you, Mrs. Campbell, it's a relief to me, too. I've never seen my wife of quite so many minds as she's been for the last hour and a half. She was quite encyclopedic."

Campbell: "Oh, I know how that is, my dear boy. I've known Mrs. Campbell change hers as often as an unabridged dictionary in great emergencies."

Mrs. Belfort: "But really, the only thing for us to do was to come, as I felt from the beginning, in spite of my doubts what to do. I thought I could depend upon you to send us away if we weren't wanted; but if we were, and didn't come, you couldn't very well have sent for us."

Mrs. Campbell, gayly: "Indeed I should!"

Campbell, gallantly: "The dinner would have been nothing without you."

Mrs. Belfort: "I don't know about that, but I'm sure we should have been nothing without the dinner. We were *so* glad to come. I waited a little while about answering, till I could see whether we could be free of a sort of provisional engagement we had hanging over us. Even after we got here, though, I'd half a mind to run away, and we've been catechising poor Miss Reynolds down in the reception-room till she wouldn't stand it any longer, and so here we are."

Mrs. Campbell: "And I'm perfectly delighted. If you had yielded to any such ridiculous misgiving, I should never have forgiven you. I'm sure I don't know what Mrs. Miller could have—"

The Phonograph in the library: "Truth crushed to earth will cr—cr-r-r-r—ck—ck—cr—"

Mrs. Belfort: "A phonograph! Oh, have you got one? I *must* hear it!"

Campbell: "Well, won't you come into the library? My nephew is in there, driving everybody mad with it. He'll be perfectly delighted with a fresh victim."

Mrs. Belfort: "And I shall be charmed to offer myself up. Come, Miss Reynolds. Come, Roger."

Campbell: "Yes, come along, Belfort." He leads the way to the door, and then adroitly slips back to his wife, who has abandoned herself wildly upon the sofa.

IX.

CAMPBELL AND MRS. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, now, what are you going to do, Willis?"

Campbell: "*I'm* not going to do anything. *I* haven't been flying in the face of Providence. If ever there was a woman offered a clean and safe way out! But since you preferred to remain in this labyrinth—this Black Forest of improbabilities—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, don't torment me, Willis! Don't you see that her taking it that way made it all the more impossible for me to tell her of the blunder she had committed? I simply couldn't do it, then."

Campbell: "I don't see how you could help doing it, then."

Mrs. Campbell: "When she behaved so magnanimously about it, and put herself in my power? I would sooner have died, and she knew it perfectly well. That's the reason she *was* so magnanimous. You wouldn't have done it yourself after that. But it's no use talking about that now. We've got to do something, and you've got to think what we shall do. Now think!"

Campbell: "What about?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, don't tease, dearest! About the trouble—and who shall take out who—and the quails. You know what!"

Campbell: "Well, I think if we leave those people alone much longer, they'll all come out here and ask if they weren't

mistaken in supposing they were expected."

Mrs. Campbell, whimpering: "Oh, there you go! How perfectly heartless!"

X.

MRS. ROBERTS AND THE CAMPBELLS.

Mrs. Roberts, showing herself at the door: "Amy, dear, what *is* the matter? Didn't you tell me the Belforts were not coming? Is that what's keeping you out here? I just knew it was!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, Agnes; but do go back to them, and keep them amused. Willis and I are trying to think what to do. I've got to rearrange the whole table, you know, and I'm not sure whether there'll be quails enough to go round."

Mrs. Roberts: "Don't worry about that, Amy. I won't take any, and I'll give Edward a hint about them."

Campbell: "And Roberts is capable of asking you before the whole company why you don't want him to take quail. There's nothing like Roberts for presence of mind and any little bit of *finesse* like that. No, it won't do for the whole connection to fight shy of quail. Mrs. Belfort has got her suspicions roused, and she'd be on to a thing of that kind like lightning. She's got the notion that she wasn't expected, somehow, and she's been making it hot for Amy—trying to get her to own up, and all that. If it hadn't been for me, Amy *would* have owned up, too. But I kept my eye on her, and she lied out of it like a little man."

Mrs. Campbell: "It isn't so, Agnes. He *wanted* me to tell the truth about it, as he calls it—"

Mrs. Roberts: "What an idea! You might as well have died at once. I don't see what you could have been thinking of, Willis!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, he can't understand yet why I shouldn't, when Mrs. Belfort asked me if there wasn't some mistake, and literally threw herself on my mercy. She had no business to do it, and I shall always think it was taking a mean advantage; but I wasn't going to let myself be outdone in magnanimity. I shouldn't have thought she would be capable of it."

Mrs. Roberts: "It wasn't very nice; but I suppose she was excited. We mustn't blame her, and you did the only thing that any human creature could do. I'm surprised at Willis; or, rather, I'm *not* surprised."

Campbell: "Well, don't let it keep you away from our other guests, Agnes."

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, yes; *do* go back to them, Agnes, dear! I have got to arrange all over again now, about who's to go out with who, you know. I shall want you to let Edward take Mrs. Curwen, and—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, Amy, you know I'd do anything for you, especially in a case like this; but I *can't* let Edward take Mrs. Curwen out. I don't mind her flirting; she does that with every one; but she always gets Edward to laughing so that it attracts the attention of the whole table, and—"

Campbell: "That's a very insignificant matter. I'll take out Mrs. Curwen, myself—"

Mrs. Campbell: "No, indeed you won't! You always get *her* laughing, and that's a great deal worse."

Campbell: "Well, well, I won't, then. But we can settle all that afterwards."

Mrs. Campbell: "No, we'll settle it now, if you please; and I don't want you to go *near* Mrs. Curwen. She'll be sure to see that there's something wrong from the delay, and she'll try to find it out, and if she should I shall simply perish on the spot. She'll try to get round you and make you tell, and I want you to promise me, Willis, on your bended knees, that you won't let it out. She's insufferable enough as it is, but if she got to sympathizing with me, or patronizing me about such a thing, as she'd be sure to do, I don't know what I *should* do. Will you promise?"

Campbell: "Oh, I promise. Look out you don't tell her yourself, Amy! But now I've got to see that there's enough to eat, under this new deal, and the great question is about the quail, and I've thought how to manage that. I'll just run down to the telephone, and send to the club for them. We can have them here inside of a half-hour, and never turn a feather."

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, Willis, you *are* inspired. Well, I shall always say that when there is any real thinking to be done— But hurry back, do, dear, and Agnes and I will be trying to settle who shall take out— Oh, I'm afraid you won't get back in time to help us! It takes so long to telephone the simplest thing."

Campbell: "I'll be back in one-quarter of a second." He rushes out, brushing by Mrs. Crashaw, who enters at the same moment from the library.

XI.

MRS. CRASHAW AND THE OTHER LADIES; THEN CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Crashaw: "Amy, child, what in the world has happened? What are you staying out here away from your company for? Where's Willis going? What's Agnes doing here? It's perfectly scandalous to leave all those people alone!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, Aunt Mary, if you only knew, you wouldn't scold us! Don't you see the Belforts have come?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Yes, of course they've come, and after they declined; I understand that. But it's only a matter of two plates more at the table—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, is it? And am I to let *him* go down with *her?* The whole affair has got to be planned over, and another leaf put in, and the table rearranged, and I don't know what all."

Mrs. Roberts: "And Willis has gone down to telephone to the club for more quails."

Mrs. Crashaw, to Mrs. Campbell: "You don't mean that you only got just quails enough?"

Mrs. Campbell, indignantly: "A dinner for ten is not a dinner for twelve. I may not have kept house so long as you, Aunt Mary, but I'm not *quite* a child!" At this critical moment Campbell returns. "Well, will they send them?"

Campbell: "Yes, yes. It's all right. I couldn't get the club, just now; Central was busy; but I've primed Green's man, down below, and he'll call them up in a minute. He understands it. I thought I'd hurry back and see if I could be of use. Well, have you got things all straight?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "No; we've spent the time in getting them crookeder, if possible. I've insinuated that Amy didn't know how to order her dinner, and she's told me I'm an old woman. I *am* an old woman, Amy, and you mustn't regard me. I think my mind's going." She kisses Mrs. Campbell, who clasps her in a forgiving embrace.

Mrs. Campbell: "Mine's *gone*, Aunt Mary, or I never could have taken anything amiss from *you!* I don't see how I shall live through it. I don't know what to do; it seems to get worse every moment."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Why, you don't suppose the Belforts *suspect* anything, do you?"

Mrs. Campbell: "That's the worst of it. I thought I ought to let the Millers know who had failed when I asked them so late; and the Belforts were there at tea this afternoon, and Mrs. Miller let out her surprise that they were coming. So, of course, I had a double duty."

Campbell: "But, thank goodness, she was equal to it, Aunt Mary. I've had to do some tall lying in my time, but I never soared to the heights that Amy reached with the Belforts, in my palmiest days."

Mrs. Crashaw: "Well, then, if she convinced them that their suspicions were wrong, it's all right; and if the quails are coming from the club, I don't see what there is to worry about. We must be thankful that you could get out of it so easily."

Mrs. Campbell: "But we're *not* out of it. The table has to be rearranged, but I can have that done now somehow, while we're waiting for the quails. The great thing is to manage about the going out. It happens very fortunately that if I tell all the other men whom they're to take out, Mr. Belfort can't suppose that he was an after-thought. But I can't seem to make a start with a new arrangement, in my own mind."

Campbell: "You've used up all your invention in convincing the Belforts that they were expected. Good gracious, here's Dr. Lawton! What do you want here, you venerable opprobrium of science?"

XII.

DR. LAWTON AND THE OTHERS.

Dr. Lawton, standing at ease on the threshold of the drawing-room: "Nothing. I merely got tired of hearing the praises of truth chanted in there, and came out here for—a little change."

Campbell: "Well, you can't stay. You've got to go back, and help keep the Belforts from supposing they weren't expected, if it takes all your hoarded wisdom as a general practitioner for forty years."

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh yes; do go back, doctor!"

Dr. Lawton: "What has been the treatment up to the present time?"

Campbell: "The most heroic kind. Amy has spared neither age nor sex, in the use of whoppers. You know what she is, doctor, when she has a duty to perform."

Dr. Lawton: "But whoppers, as I understand, are always of one sex. They may be old; they often are, I believe; but they are invariably masculine."

Campbell: "Oh, that doesn't prevent women's using them. They use all of us."

Dr. Lawton: "Well, then, there's no need of my going back on that account. In fact, I may congratulate Mrs. Campbell on the most complete success. The Belforts are thoroughly deceived."

Mrs. Campbell, with tremulous eagerness: "Oh, do you *think* so, doctor? If I could only believe that, how happy I should be!"

Dr. Lawton: "You may be sure of it, Mrs. Campbell. Belfort doesn't count, of course?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "Of course not; men will believe anything that's told them."

Dr. Lawton: "And I don't allude to *him*. But Mrs. Belfort got me to one side as soon as she saw me, and told me she had been afraid there was something wrong, but Mrs. Campbell had assured her that she had got her note of acceptance, and now she was going to give her whole mind to the phonograph's beautiful rendering of Bryant's poem on truth."

Mrs. Roberts: "There, Amy, you see there's no reason to worry about that!"

Mrs. Crashaw: "No; the only thing now is to get your dinner on the table, child, and let us eat it as soon as possible."

Campbell: "Yes, if Lawton's telling the truth."

The Ladies: "Willis!"

Dr. Lawton: "Don't mind him, ladies! The experiences of his early life in California, you know, must have been very unfavorable to a habit of confidence in his fellow-men. I pity him."



"OH, I DARE SAY HE WON'T MIND."

XIII.

MRS. CURWEN AND THE OTHERS.

Mrs. Curwen, appearing with young Mr. Bemis: "Dr. Lawton, I wish you would go and bring your daughter here. She's flirting outrageously with my husband." In making this accusation, Mrs.

Curwen casts the eye of experienced coquetry at young Mr. Bemis, who laughs foolishly.

Dr. Lawton: "Oh, I dare say he won't mind; he must be so used to it."

Mrs. Curwen: "What do you mean, Dr. Lawton? What does he mean, Mr. Campbell?"

Campbell: "I couldn't imagine, for the life of me."

Mrs. Curwen: "Can *you* tell, Mrs. Campbell?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, I *never* tell—such things."

Mrs. Curwen: "What mysteries! Well, can you tell what makes Mrs. Belfort so uncommonly gay, this evening? She seems to be in the greatest spirits, laughing with everybody — Mr. Bemis *père*, and Mr. Roberts."

Mrs. Campbell: "Mrs. Belfort?"

Mrs. Curwen: "Yes. She seems a little hysterical. I wonder if anything's happened?"

Mrs. Campbell, sweeping the circle of her confidants with a look of misery: "What could have happened?"

Dr. Lawton: "It's merely the pleasure of finding herself in your company, Mrs. Curwen."

Mrs. Curwen: "Oh, thank you, Dr. Lawton. I know that I scatter sunshine in my path, but not to that extent, I think." With winning appeal: "Oh, what *is* the cat in the meal, doctor?" To young Mr. Bemis, archly: "*Do* make them tell me, Mr. Bemis!"

Young Mr. Bemis, with the air of epigram: "I'm sure *I* don't know." He chokes with flattered laughter.

Mrs. Curwen: "How cruel of you not even to try!" She makes eyes at young Mr. Bemis, and then transfers them rapidly to Campbell: "Won't you just whisper it in my ear, Mr. Campbell? Mrs. Roberts, you can't imagine what nice things your husband's been saying to me! I didn't know he paid compliments. And now I suppose he's devoting himself to Mrs. Belfort. Perhaps it was that made her so lively. He began at once. He's *so* amusing. I envy you having such a husband always about."

Young Mr. Bemis, in the belief that he is saying something gallant: "I'm sure we're none of us so hard-hearted as to envy *you*, Mrs. Curwen."

Mrs. Curwen: "Oh, *thank* you, Mr. Bemis! I shall really be afraid to tell Mr. Curwen *all* you say." She laughs, and Campbell joins her, even under the reproachful gaze of his wife and sister. Mrs. Curwen turns coaxingly to him: "*Do* tell!"

Campbell: "Tell what?"

Mrs. Curwen: "Well—" She pauses thoughtfully, and then suddenly adds, "who's going to take me out to dinner."

Mrs. Campbell, surprised into saying it: "Why, it's all disarranged now by the Belforts—" She stops, and a thrill of dismay at her self-betrayal makes itself apparent in the spectators.

Mrs. Curwen, with clasped hands: "*Don't* say by the Belforts coming unexpectedly! Oh, *dear* Mrs. Campbell, I know how to pity you! That very thing happened to me last winter. Only, it was Mrs. Miller who came after she'd declined; she said Mr. Miller wouldn't come without her. But why do you mind it? *We* all went out pell-mell. Such fun! But it must have taken all Mr. Campbell's ingenuity to keep them from suspecting."

Campbell: "More, too. I was nowhere."

Mrs. Curwen, with caressing deference to Mrs. Campbell: "Of course you were not needed. But isn't it shocking how one has to manage in such an emergency? I really believe it would be better to tell the truth sometimes. Don't you?"

Mrs. Campbell: "It's all very well telling the truth if they don't suspect anything. But when people tax you with their mistakes, and try to make you own up that they've blundered, then of course you *have* to deny it."

Mrs. Roberts: "You simply *have* to."

Mrs. Crashaw: "There's no other way, in that case, even if you'd prefer to tell the truth."

Mrs. Curwen: "Oh, in that case, yes, indeed. *Poor* Mrs. Campbell! I can imagine how annoying it must have been; but I *should* have liked to hear you getting out of it! What *did* you say? *I'm* so transparent, people see through me at once."

Campbell: "Are you?"

Dr. Lawton: "Don't you think you're a little hard on yourself, Mrs. Curwen?"

Mrs. Curwen, with burlesque meekness and sincerity: "No, not the least. It's simple justice." Mr. Curwen enters with Roberts. "You can ask my husband if you don't believe *me*. Or no, I'll put the case to him myself. Fred, dear, if people

whom I didn't expect to dinner, came, *could* I keep them from discovering that they weren't expected? You know how awkward I am about such things—little fibs, and all that?"

XIV.

ROBERTS, CURWEN, AND THE OTHERS; THEN THE BELFORTS.

Curwen: "Well, I don't know—"

Mrs. Curwen, shaking her fan at him during the general laugh: "Oh, what a wicked husband! *You* don't believe I could fib out of such a thing, *do* you, Mr. Roberts?"

Roberts, gallantly: "If I knew what the thing was?"

Mrs. Curwen: "Why, like the Belforts— Oh, *poor* Mrs. Campbell! I *didn't* mean to let it out!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, it doesn't matter. Would you like to go and tell the Belforts themselves? Or, you needn't go: they're coming here."

Mrs. Belfort, returning from the library, followed by her husband and the elder Mr. Bemis: "How perfectly the phonograph renders that piece, Mr. Campbell! I've never heard anything like it."

Campbell: "It's all in practice. You wouldn't hear anything else here, Mrs. Belfort. It's my favorite poem. And I'm happy to find that Mrs. Curwen likes it as much as I do."

Mrs. Curwen: "I adore it!"

The Phonograph, within: "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Campbell: "Every time! But I wish Jim would change the cylinder. I like a little vari—"

A Sound from the regions below, something like, "Woor, roor, roor; woor, roor, roor!" *and then a voice:* "Hello! Is that you, Central? Well, give me two hundred and forty-one, please! Yes, two, four, one: Iroquois Club. Yes! What? Yes, Iroquois Club—two forty-one. Well, hurry up! Is that you, Iroquois? Yes? Busy? Well, that won't work. I don't care if you *are* busy. You've got to take my message, and take it right away. Hear that?"

Campbell: "Hear it? I should think they could! That confounded fool has left the closet door open!" He rushes out and down the stairs, while the others assume various attitudes of sympathy and dismay, and Mrs. Curwen bows herself into her fan, and the voice below continues.

The Voice: "Well, why don't you send them quails you promised half an hour ago? What? Who is it? It's Mr. Campbell. C, a, m, Cam, m, e, l, mel, Campbell. One hump! What? Oh, hump yourself! It's Mr. Cam—"

Campbell's voice from below: "Why the deuce don't you shut that closet door? Shut it! Shut it! We can hear you all over the house, the way you yell. Don't you know how to use a telephone? Shut that door, anyway!"

The Voice: "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't think about the door. I didn't know it was open. All right, sir." There is the sound of a closing door, and then, as Campbell rejoins his guests with a flushed face, the woor-roor-rooring of the electric bell begins again. "Iroquois! Is this Iroquois? No, I don't want you; I want Iroquois. Well, is that Iroquois now?" The words are at first muffled; then they grow more and more distinct, in spite of the intervening door. "Yes, quails! A dozen roast quails. You got the order half an hour ago. There's a lot of folks come that they didn't expect, and they got to have some more birds. Well, hurry up, then! Good-by! Woor-roor!"

Campbell, amidst the consternation of the company, while Mrs. Belfort fixes his wife with an eye of mute reproach: "Now, my dear, this is so awful that nothing can be done about it on the old lines."

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes; I give it up. Mrs. Belfort, I tried my very best to keep you from suspecting, and even when you did suspect, I'm sure you must say that I did all I could. But fate was against me."

Mrs. Curwen: "Oh, *poor* Mrs. Campbell! *Must* you own up?"

Mrs. Belfort: "But I don't understand. You got my note of acceptance, didn't you?"

Mrs. Campbell: "But it *wasn't* a note of acceptance: it was a note of regret!"

Mrs. Belfort: "Indeed it was not!"

Mrs. Campbell: "I knew just how it had happened as soon as I saw you this evening, and I determined that wild horses should not get the truth out of me." Campbell and Dr. Lawton exchange signals of admiration. "You must have been writing two notes, declining somewhere else, and then got them mixed. It's always happening."



"YES, QUAILS!"

Campbell: "It's one of the commonest things in the world—on the stage; and ever since a case of the kind happened to Mrs. Campbell down at the Shore, one summer, she's known how to deal with it."

Mrs. Belfort: "But I *didn't* write two notes and get them mixed. I wrote but one, to tell Mrs. Campbell how very glad I was to come. Do you happen to have kept my note?"

Mrs. Campbell: "They are all here in this desk, and"—running to it, and pulling it open—"here is yours." She reads: "'*Dear Mrs. Campbell, I am very sorry to be so late in answering. An out-of-town engagement for the tenth, which has been hanging over us in a threatening way for the past fortnight—*'" Mrs. Campbell turns the leaf, and continues reading in a murmur that finally fades into the silence of utter dismay.

Campbell: "Well, my dear?"

Mrs. Crashaw: "What in the world is it, child?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Amy!"

Mrs. Curwen: "Oh, not *another* mystery, I hope!"

Campbell: "Go on, Amy, or shall I—"

Mrs. Campbell, reading desperately on: "'*—for the past fortnight, is happily off at last, and I am very glad indeed to accept your kind invitation for dinner at seven on that day, for Mr. Belfort and myself—*'" She lets her hands, with the letter stretched between them, fall dramatically before her.

Campbell: "Well, my dear, there seems to be a pretty clear case against you, and unless you can plead mind-transferrence, or something like that—"

Mrs. Roberts: "I'm sure it's mind-transferrence, Amy! I've often been through the same experience myself. Just take the opposite of what's said."

Mrs. Campbell, in a daze: "But I don't see— Yes, now I begin to remember how it must have been—how it was. I know now, but I don't know how I can ever forgive myself for such carelessness, when I'm always so particular about notes—"

Campbell: "Yes, I've even heard you say it was criminal to read them carelessly. I can bear witness for you there."

Mrs. Roberts: "I'm sure I could too, Amy, in a court of justice."

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, I was just going out when your note came, Mrs. Belfort, and I read the first page—down to '*for the past fortnight*'—and I took it for granted that the opening regret meant a refusal, and just dropped it into my desk and gave you up. It's inexcusable, perfectly inexcusable! I'm quite at your feet, Mrs. Belfort, and I shall not blame you at all if you can't forgive me. What shall I say to you?"

Mrs. Belfort, amiably: "Nothing, my dear, except that you will let me stay, now I'm here!"

Mrs. Campbell: "How sweet you are! You shall *live* with us!"

Campbell: "Truth crushed to earth! It's perfectly wonderful! Mrs. Campbell can't get away from it when she tries her best. She tells it in spite of herself. She supposed she wasn't telling it when she said there was no mistake on your part; but she *was*. Well, it *is* a feminine virtue, doctor."

Dr. Lawton: "Unquestionably. I think that it came into the world with woman."

Mrs. Campbell, with mounting courage: "Yes, a pretty predicament I should have been in, Willis, if I had taken your advice, and told the truth, as you call it, in the beginning. But now we won't wait any longer. The quails will come in their own good time. My dear, will you give Mrs. Belfort your arm? And Mr. Belfort, will you give me yours?"

Mrs. Curwen: "And all the rest of us?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, you can come out pell-mell."

Mrs. Curwen: "Oh, *dear* Mrs. Campbell!"

THE ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF HEFTY BURKE.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

HEFTY BURKE was a young man of honest countenance and godlike figure, who had been born by some mischance in the Fourth Ward, instead of in a more exclusive neighborhood, where he would later in life have been able to show off the godlike figure in a frock-coat. Having been born on the East River front, he had followed the river for a livelihood ever since, and could swim when other children of his age were learning to walk about alone. This fact had been demonstrated only by accident, but was vouched for by those who had seen him at the age of three jump out of his father's arms over the railing of an excursion-boat, and paddle around in the water until dragged out of it at the end of a boat-hook.

At the age of twenty-five he was making small sums of money by backing himself to win in swimming races, and had been given numerous medals for saving life. This latter recreation he regarded only as a divertisement. He did not make a business of it, and it was not to him a matter of serious moment, like the winning of long-distance championships. But neither of these performances made him wealthy, and it was most necessary that he should become so in order that he might marry Miss Mary Casey, the daughter of the janitor of the Mount Blanc Flats. Hefty was very much in love with her, and had urged her to marry him and live on the little money he could earn, but Miss Casey was a thoughtful young person, and thoroughly appreciated her own value. She wished him to show his love by appreciating it also. It is sometimes difficult to express the magnitude of one's love by one's wages, and Hefty found this true, but Miss Casey saw no excuse in it. They had been engaged for over a year.

But while it was difficult for him to earn money, it was as easy for him to drag a drowning man from death to the pier-head as for you to guide a blind man from one sidewalk to the other, or a girl across a ballroom, and his manner in doing the one thing was as matter-of-fact, and as little self-conscious, as yours would probably be in performing the other. If the drowning person struggled, he ducked her, if it chanced to be a woman; or, if it were a man, drew away an arm's-length and trod water until he had posed his victim properly, when he would strike him once between the eyes, and then slip him over his shoulder like a bag of meal, and sweep in with him to a firm mooring.

There was not, accordingly, the least hesitation in the movements of Mr. Burke when the daughter of Señor Juan Alvarez failed to place her foot on the lower rung of the accommodation-ladder, and sank between the port side of the tramp steamer *Liverpool* and the *Liverpool's* long-boat. There was no one remaining in the *Liverpool's* long-boat to go after her, because her father, who had rowed it over from the slip, had mounted the ship's ladder first, and was trying to balance himself on it, and at the same time hold the long-boat back against a turning tide that strove to wrench it out of his hands. Mr. Burke was at this moment tacking around the stern of the steamer in a cat-boat. There was no time to go about and chase the broad white hat that rose for an instant at the foot of the ladder, so when he heard the father scream he dropped his sheet and tiller and dived over the boat's rail to leeward, leaving her reeling and careening impotently in the wind. The broad straw hat rose once more at the steamer's bow and sank again, but Mr. Burke was in close pursuit now, going hand after hand even faster than the current, with his head under water, and turning his mouth to the surface at each fifth stroke to gasp

for a breath of air. And when down below him he saw, turning and twisting in the sharp undercurrent, a slim white figure, he dived for it and brought it up firmly under his arm, and struck out confidently for the anchor-chain that stretched above his head a few rods further back, quivering in the current. He reached it with a few quick strokes, and threw his arm over it and hung there, breathing heavily, and shaking the damp hair from his eyes. He saw the men of the *Liverpool* tumbling into the long-boat, and three tugs making toward him with fierce shrieks of their whistles, and the passengers on a lumbering ferry-boat crowded at the rail and pointing him out. It is almost as difficult to drown in the upper bay as in Madison Square, and Mr. Burke, knowing this, concerned himself not at all with the approaching aid, but turned his eyes with careless interest to the face beside his own. The broad straw hat had been wrenched away, and the long hair loosened, and the smooth oval face pressed against his was still warm through the water which ran from it. It was a different face from any which Mr. Burke had known. He would have classed its owner, had he been asked to give a guess at her nationality, as a foreigner, and more particularly as "Eyetalian," Italians being to him a generic term for all those people not born between the East and North rivers. But he admitted mentally that it was a very beautiful face. The lashes were longer than any he had ever seen, and the lips smaller, and the skin a warmer, browner tint, which made the clinched teeth under the parted lips more white by contrast. It reminded him of a picture he knew in the cathedral, but he could not recall just then where he had seen it. The face was so delicate and beautiful that he instinctively moved his own away from it, and relaxed his hold round the girl's body, and as her head sank back on his shoulder he gave a short laugh, and wondered with a grim smile what Mary Casey would say if she could see him then. One of the men in the long-boat lifted her up gently, and her father seized her and caressed her and moaned and wept over her, chattering in a soft unknown tongue. Hefty had never before seen a man of his age weep, and he observed it with interest, as he pulled himself up over the bow of the boat. The captain of one of the three tugs leaned over the low rail and recognized Hefty with a wave of his hand.

"I bet on it it was you," he said. And then added, looking down at his shoulder with a languishing smile, "Who's your friend?"

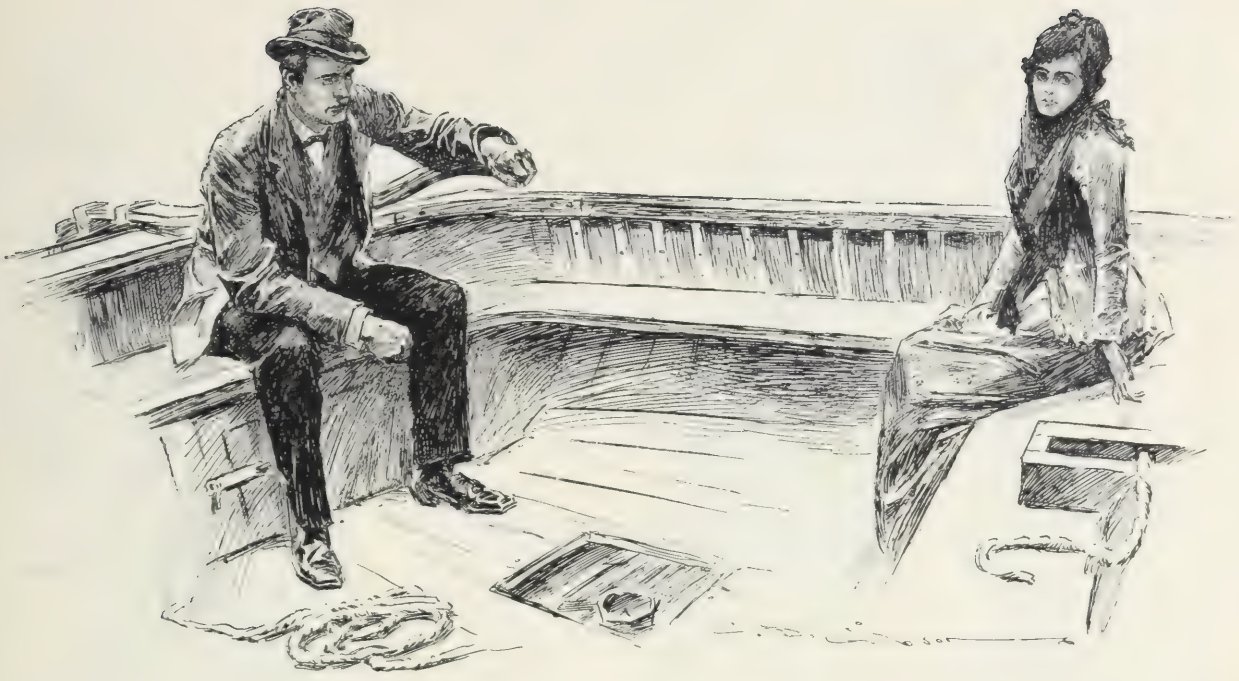
Mr. Burke reddened fiercely at this, and did not answer; but whether he had blushed from anger or embarrassment he could not tell. He still felt the touch of the girl's face against his own, and as he became conscious of this, he rubbed his cheek hastily with the back of his hand, as a tribute of fidelity to Miss Casey, who had not been there to see.

He sailed back to the slip in his recovered cat-boat with a strange sensation of excitement and unrest. He had never felt excited when he had saved other people, and he attributed his feeling so at this time to the embarrassingly fervid gratitude of the queer little father, or to the white liquor he had given him from a long-necked flask.

"It was awful hot stuff," he argued, "and he certainly did take on about it. Might have been her mother from the way he took on." Then he said "Foreigners," briefly, as though that explained it all, and went up to the tenement to change his wet clothes.

There was really no necessity for his sailing out to the *Liverpool* again. He knew that quite well as he beat uncertainly about in the wind. He knew the girl had recovered, for she had opened her eyes before he had left the boat, and had smiled up at her father, so there was absolutely no reason for his returning. Still, he argued, her father had asked him to do so, had, indeed, entreated him to let them see him again. Perhaps it was only his excitable Southern manner and meant nothing.

And then again he would not like them to go away thinking he had been ungracious and rude. They had asked him to come back to dinner, and it was even possible that they might at that moment be waiting for him. His hand pushed the tiller away, and then drew it back with a jerk, and threw the boat into the wind again. He would not go back. What right had he to go calling on strange girls, and "foreigners" at that? But as soon as he had determined he had no right to show this interest in an unknown woman, and that he would sail on to the pier, he put the boat sharp-



"BURKE WATCHED HER WITH DEEP INTEREST."

ly about, and headed it directly for the steamer. It seemed as if the boat did not go fast enough, and in order that he might not again change his intention he thought of the race he had on with Robinson for the next Tuesday, and had just determined that the stakes were not large enough, and that he would demand more money, when the sail of his cat-boat fluttered in the wind, and left him at the foot of the *Liverpool's* ladder.

They were very glad to see him, and he felt satisfied that he had come, and so expressed himself, and his pleasure in finding that the young girl was not at all the worse in health for her journey under the water. She said nothing to this, but smiled upon him from beneath the long lashes with dark sleepy eyes. Her father seemed to be a very pleasant little man for a "foreigner," with a great deal of manner, which compared favorably with that of the Frenchman who taught all the fashionable dances for fifty cents an hour, and for nothing to those who formed classes of six or over, at Sorley's Terrace Garden. Mr. Burke could not remember having met with such pleasant people before. They ate in the captain's cabin in company with two of the ship's mates, who were men of doubtful nationality, and who said but little, but who regarded Mr. Burke closely, and drank frequently from the long-necked bottle. The *Liverpool*, so they informed him, was an English tramp steamer, chartered to carry sewing-machines and other manufactured articles to a port in Colombia, a South American republic, as they further explained. Señor Alvarez was the owner of the cargo, and his daughter accompanied him for his better companionship and for a sight of the great city of New York. Mr. Burke, in turn, told them proudly of some of its wonders, and volunteered to show them its "sights." He thought they should certainly see Central Park before they left, and "take in" a dance at the Terrace Garden. He would also be pleased to get them seats for the play then running at Niblo's, which was, so he understood, a "piece" worth seeing. His advances were received with polite consideration, but the señor regretted, in bad English but with perfect grace, their immediate departure. They had been lying for the past fortnight at the pier-head, and had but that morning anchored in the basin, to be in readiness to start with the tide at midnight. Mr. Burke received this information dumbly. He could not tell why, but he felt strangely hurt at their so soon going away. It was as if they had not only rejected him, but his rising feelings of friendliness and hospitality. But then, he answered himself, it could mean nothing to him whether they went or came. And yet when the dinner was over he was loath to go. He stood on the deck and



"I AM NOT GOOD AT SAYING THINGS."—[See page 231.]

pointed with his hand to the statue of Liberty on Bedlows Island.

"That's something youse ought'r see," he said, "but I guess you've been over it. No? It's a great bit of work inside, with stairs all the way up. You wouldn't think how big it is from here. Why, mor'n a dozen men can stand on the ledge round the hand. If you like," he added, consciously, "I'll sail you over there." He looked at the señorita as he spoke, and she glanced at her father, and he looked doubtfully at Burke, at which the young man reddened, and then the Spaniard, seeing this, told his daughter that she should go of course, that it was most courteous of the brave gentleman who had risked his life for her. He himself could not attend them, as there were clearing-papers to sign and a crew to choose.

The sun was sinking over the Jersey flats when they turned and headed back to the steamer. The girl sat silently in the cross seat amidships, with one hand trailing in the water and with the other shading her eyes. She wore a light dress, open at the throat, and she had thrown a black lace scarf over her head and shoulders, with one end hanging. It served her for both head-dress and shawl, and though Mr. Burke condemned it as fantastic, he admitted that it was more becoming to her than Miss Casey's flat hat would have been. They had passed the last two hours together, stopping to rest on the grass around the base of the statue, and watching the boats of different make pass and repass the little island. It had seemed to Burke as if it were all their own, as if the two of them had been cast adrift there, and that the rest of the world had gone on with its worries and business and making of money and keep-

ing of engagements without their caring or knowing. He looked with contempt upon the big ferry-boat that had to move on schedule time, and listened with a feeling of pity to the hoarse warnings of the tugs, and all the other whistles and bells that told of work and hurry. The strange girl at his side filled him with a feeling of distance from it all, her soft lazy voice and slow speech, as she picked out and formed her sentences, quieted and soothed, and yet unsettled him. The places and things of which she spoke were so widely different from what he knew, and appeared, as she told of them, as though they must be so much richer and fuller and more plentiful. A land where it was always noon, with trees and flowers and clear skies, and where no one worked; where the earth furnished food freely, and where the men seemed to do nothing all day but sit and smoke in the open squares; where the nights were filled with music and dancing, and every one sat out-of-doors while the band played on the plaza.

"Yes," said Burke, breathing heavily, and staring down with a troubled look at the dark eyes of the girl stretched on the seat below him. "It sounds as if I'd like it. It ain't like this, is it?" he said, with a wave of his hand as a great flat scow, laden with freight cars, pushed past them with a panting tug at her side.

"Ah, yes; but, however," said the girl, slowly, "you have that." She raised her arm from her side and stretched it out, with her long slim fingers pointing at the great bronze statue which stood out black against the red glow of the sunset.

"How?" said Burke; "have wot? I don't understand."

The girl rested her chin on her hand, and looked past him at the statue. Her lids closed heavily, so that he could hardly see her eyes. She shook her head. "You have liberty," she said, as though she were speaking to herself, "and freedom; you have it all. You have no tyrants in your country. It is all free and open and noble. With us there is no law. We are afraid to speak—we are afraid—" She stopped and closed her lips as though to compel herself to silence.

Burke watched her with a deep interest, which he believed was in what she said, but which was in the fact that she had said it. He waited for her to continue, but she remained silent.

"Wot do you mean?" he asked, softly. "Who's hurting you in Colombia?"

"We do not live in Colombia," she said. "Oh yes, the boat goes there, but our own home—the home I spoke of to you—is in Ecuador. There is peace in Colombia; but now with us there is war and revolution, and men are shot in the streets because they will not suffer to be robbed." She stopped again, and held her hands before her face.

"Shot in the street, eh?" said Mr. Burke, gravely. "Wot! Don't the police stop 'em?"

"It is a revolution," said the girl, impatiently. "My people have been struggling for many years against oppression. My uncle," she said, consciously, "should be President of Ecuador, but now because Gonzales has the army with him my uncle cannot take his place, but hides in the mountains without a home. They hunt him like a bandit. They have turned his house into a barracks for Gonzales' soldiers. I myself saw their tents and horses in the gardens where I have walked many times. It is all confiscate—you understand?"

"Yes," said Burke, shaking his head solemnly. "I read it in the papers. I read there was fighting going on down there; but I didn't take no notice to it, it's so far away," he added, apologetically.

"So far away!" the girl repeated, with quick offence. "Do not men love their homes everywhere they may be? And love their free life, and to—be masters? I and my people have had no home for years; my uncle, chosen of the people, is driven from the city by a paid military; by a man who robs the rich and taxes the poor—taxes the salt they eat."

Mr. Burke reddened slowly. "Huh!" he said, fiercely. "He does, hey? Well, wot are all your men doing all this time?"

The girl gave him a quick look of approval. She leaned forward, with her eyes fixed on his. "They do the best they can," she said, slowly. "They are poor, but not so poor but when they get the guns and the cannons and the powder, like all that Gonzales has, they will not be poor no more." She opened her clasped arms, and threw her hands out with a quick impulsive gesture. "Then the brother of my dear father," she whispered, "will come back at the head of the army to the people who have given him their vote, and those inside will

open the gates, and he will march in and drive Gonzales away, and Gonzales will die, and there will be peace again and freedom, and no more taxes, nor stealing, nor assassinations." The tears came to her eyes, and ran slowly down her cheeks, but she did not touch them. "Ah, yes, we have brave men," she said, raising her head proudly, and nodding at him.

Burke shifted his hand on the tiller and looked away. "And brave women, I guess," he said. "I wish," he began—"I wish I could do something," he concluded, impotently.

The girl smiled quickly, and straightened her head and shoulders. "Yes, I did not do wrong to speak to you," she said, considering him with grave, kind eyes. "You do understand it. You are brave; yes, you are brave, and you now know what it is that we suffer."

Mr. Burke made no answer, but looked past and beyond her. She seemed to have forgotten him in the thoughts which her words had brought back to her, and sat, with her chin on her hand, gazing steadily across the water. It was all new to him, and he let himself go for the time, and did not try to shake off the hold the girl had laid upon him. Mary Casey and her yellow hair and proud nose, that was borne in air as the daughter's of a janitor should be, grew familiar and commonplace; her complainings and upbraidings returned to him with a jar, and he compared, unwillingly enough, her love of the gossip of the tenement and of the corner flirtations, and her envy of other girls more fortunate in richer young men, with this queer beautiful girl, who treated him as a hero, and whose life seemed mixed up with danger and the making of Presidents. He remembered with fresh regret the lack of appreciation Miss Casey had shown when he helped make a President by acting as window-man at the last election. He was sure this girl would have better understood the importance of that service.

Señor Alvarez received them at the head of the accommodation-ladder, and bade Burke make the boat fast. "You will remain to eat with us," he said.

Burke did not argue with himself this time, but told himself that this was for the last time, and that he would never again see these strange people who had come so suddenly into his life.

The moon rose early that night, and by the time they came out upon the deck had spread its light over the river and softened the red and green lights at the yards of the many steamers anchored about them. It had turned the deck white and the ratlines and cordage black, and threw their shadows before them as they walked. The Jersey shore lay like a black frame to the picture, broken by blocks of blazing lights at the ferries, which glowed like open fireplaces against the dark background of the city. And to the north the Battery showed a curve of lamps, and high above it rose the Bridge like a great spider's web, dotted with a double row of stars. But Burke saw nothing of this; he was thinking of the hot, restless country with the queer name, many miles away, of which he had but just learned, and yet for which he felt a fierce turmoil of sympathy.

Though it was so late, the men were still lowering cases and boxes from the main-deck into the open hatch with the aid of a creaking derrick, and the three stood on the bridge and watched them in silence. A mate, with his hands in the pockets of his jacket, directed them in a low voice and in a strange tongue, and the moonlight gave to the men and their work a strange and unfamiliar aspect. The derrick swung short of the hatch, and stopped with a jerk, and the box it had lifted shook free from the rope about it, and came down, turning over in the air. There was a warning cry from the mate, and a crash as the box struck. It burst into a dozen pieces, and there tumbled out upon the moonlit deck a scattered mass of glittering sabres. Señor Alvarez uttered a quick foreign oath, and threw himself in front of Burke, as though to shut the sight from him; but Burke only turned toward the girl and smiled in sympathy. The smile, more than anything else, seemed to startle the little Spaniard, and he glanced quickly at his daughter for a word of explanation.

"I have told him," she said. "I have told him much, and he guesses the rest."

"You have guessed? Yes," said Alvarez, fiercely; "what have you guessed?"

Burke shrugged his shoulders irresolutely. "It's no business of mine," he said. "I only wish it was," he added. He turned away, while the father and daughter spoke to each other quickly in their own language. Then the Spaniard

turned and surveyed Burke with steady deliberation.

"You are a brave young man," he began, slowly, and speaking with soft intentness. "You have shown us to-day that you think of other lives before your own: is it not so? You have done very much for me: what will you do more?" He paused, dramatically, and held out his arms.

Burke regarded him with a troubled countenance. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Come with us," urged Alvarez, quickly. "That is what I mean. Come with us. My daughter, she has told me what you know. She did wrong to tell you, perhaps. We shall see. Perhaps no; perhaps she has done well. Come with us and I will make you a captain. You will have many men under your command, and much of glory and reward, and when my brother is in the capital again, you will be a man with many titles to honor, and a home for yourself with beautiful gardens about it. We need brave men. You are a brave man. Will you come?" The girl moved slowly to her father, and stood beside him, with one hand resting on his shoulder, and looked at Burke from under the shadow of the black mantilla. He could see her eyes shining in the moonlight. They neither invited nor repelled him, but questioned him earnestly. There was a moment's pause, and then Burke shook himself and laughed weakly. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and stood slouching, with his chin thrown out, and smiling bitterly at the great buildings around Bowling Green. "Well?" said the older man, with sharp suspicion in his voice.

"You needn't think that— You can't understand," said Burke. "I am not good at saying things," he added, impotently. "Wot I mean is," he began again, "you wouldn't understand, even if I was to tell you."

"You have seen much," said the Spaniard, slowly. "You know more than any man in this country knows. My daughter, she has told you why we come; you see for yourself why we come." His voice rose to a sharp climax of excitement and suspicious fear. "I make no more promises. I command you. You understand, you *must* go with us; you *must* go. We cannot trust you to leave behind."

Burke's hands came out of his pockets with a jerk. "Wot," he growled, savagely. "You can't trust me, can't you? Why not? Wot do you know of wot I've got to do, of wot I'd like to do if I had my way? I'm promised. I have given my word to do something else. I'd like to fight and row with the best of you— for you and for the lady there. But— but I'm not free. I have got my work cut out for me where I am. I've got to stay here."

"You have got to stay here," repeated the Spaniard, suspiciously. "Yet you are a young man. You cannot have family or much business. You take your pleasure swimming and sailing in your boat in this bay. I have been informed so of you since you were here this morning. All these people know of you. They say you are very brave, and that you are free. They all say good of you, but now you know too much than is good for you. You shall come with me."

Burke gave the girl a troubled glance and shook his head. "Can't you understand?" he asked; and then he said, straightening himself and trying to give an air of importance to what he was about to say, "I'm engaged."

"Engaged — what is that?" demanded the Spaniard, quickly.

"I am engaged to get married to a young woman. I've got to stay at home and take care of her."

The Spaniard regarded him closely for a moment with evident incredulity, and then burst into a laugh which mocked him.

"Oh," he said, "it is that, is it? It is a young woman. It is *always* a young woman. You have here honor, money, and much renown, and great good to do, and you remember this young woman. Let me not keep you," he cried, with a sudden change of manner. "Let us not detain you from her any more. You are no doubt impatient to be back." He bowed with exaggerated courtesy, and, with an air of relief and amusement, moved backwards to the foot of the ladder. "Let us not keep you," he said, laughing.

Burke observed him with a sick feeling of rage at the injustice of it, and then raised his eyes slowly to those of the girl. She had turned from them, and was standing erect and motionless, with her hands resting on the polished rail and gazing

steadily at the shore. She must surely understand, Burke thought.

"Perhaps," interrupted the mocking voice of the father, "perhaps it is that you do not desire to go for war. Fighting, it is true, is full of danger." He laughed and bowed again, motioning with a wave of the hand toward the top of the ladder.

Burke turned and looked at him, with his shoulders bent and his head lowered. It reminded the Spaniard suddenly of a bull he had seen in the ring after the matadors had tormented it, and just before it had plunged forward and hurled a man lifeless against the President's box. He straightened himself, and fell back a step. "Perhaps," he said, quickly, "there is something I do not comprehend. You will pardon me, but I misunderstood."

Burke regarded him steadily for some short time, and then turned away without having heard what he had said. He slipped his cap from his head, and moved a step nearer the girl. "It isn't that I am afraid of the fighting—*you* know that," he said—"but that I am afraid of something else." He stopped and stood with his eyes fixed so earnestly on the girl's face that she seemed to feel them, and her shoulders moved slightly as though the cool night air had made her tremble. "I am afraid of breaking my promise that's given," he said. He waited a moment, but the girl did not move, or show by any sign that she had heard him. "I can't do that," he begged. His voice was full of doubt and trouble. "I can't do that, can I?" The girl still stood motionless, and then shrugged her shoulders slightly, and turned out the palms of her hands. Burke drew a long breath, and straightened himself resolutely.

"Good-by," said Burke.

She put her hand out slowly, and barely touched it to his own, and then walked the short length of the bridge away from him. He went down the ladder and over the side without looking back again, and dropped into his boat. He had gone up the ladder so proudly that morning, and now the world and all the world's ways seemed ajar and devious, and his reason neither applauded him for having made a sacrifice, nor assured him that he had done well.

As his boat rounded the bow of the steamer, a row-boat shot out from under her side, and its solitary occupant pulled off with short quick strokes for the shore. It was the sudden sight of Burke's boat and the sail looming white in the moonlight that had startled him, and Burke, recognizing this, called to him to stop. The oarsman answered with a quicker pull on the oar, and bowed his head as if to hide his face from observation. Burke shortened sail, and in a moment drew up at the row-boat's side. "Oh, it's you, is it?" he said. "You" was Mr. "Big" Marks.

Mr. Marks was the proprietor of a sailors' lodging-house, who robbed his lodgers, and as a return helped them to rob their vessels; who smuggled in a small way, and even, it is said, was not too proud to stoop to inform on other gentlemen who smuggled in a larger way.

"Give me your rope," said Mr. Burke. "I'll tow ye in."

The man in the boat sat motionless. "You needn't mind me, Hefty," he said, humbly. "I am just rowing about; I can get in by myself."

Mr. Burke regarded him with steady scrutiny. "You're lying," he said; "give me that rope. Wot was ye doing under the bow of that steamer? and," he continued, angrily, "wot did you try to get away from me so fast for?"

Mr. Marks threw him his painter, and crawled over the side of the cat-boat. "One of my men," he began, glibly enough, "is on the *Liverpool;* he's a Swede that's a regular customer of mine whenever he's in port. I just rowed out to see him off. They get away in an hour or two."

"In an hour," corrected Burke. He looked back at the steamer with heavy eyes, and seemed for the moment to have forgotten his sudden animosity towards his prisoner. Seeing which, Mr. Marks lit a cigar, and offered another with a propitiatory smile to Mr. Burke.

"It's good," he said; "it's never seen no custom-house."

"I'm not smoking," said Burke, grimly.

"Training again, hey?" asked Mr. Marks, pleasantly. "Well, my money is on you this time, and every time. There ain't none of them as can touch you—that's what I say."

Burke made no reply to this, but gazed at his companion with stern inquiry and with troubled eyes. He did not speak again until they reached the wharf, and then, as Mr. Marks started away with a

hasty "good-night," he called sharply after him: "Come back here. I want you."

Mr. Marks hesitated, and then turned, and waited with evident uneasiness.

"You'll come and take a drink," said Burke.

Mr. Marks fingered the cigar in his hand nervously. "I'd like to, Hefty," he said, "but another time. I've got to see a man at the place. I've got an appointment with him. Some other night —hey? Got to hurry now."

"I'll go with you," said Burke, steadily.

Mr. Marks looked at him for the first time with sharp scrutiny, and laughed a low, comfortless laugh. He was a fat, oily person, with a face reddened by drink and the wind of the river. Burke towered beside him as they walked along, his face set and miserable. From one place to another and from one street corner to the next the two men walked and halted. Sometimes to speak to an acquaintance, sometimes to order something to drink, which both left untasted on the bar. As the hour wore on the nervousness of the older man became obvious, and at last, in a saloon near the Battery, he slipped quickly through a side entrance and ran into the night. The next moment Burke was at his side.

"Here, you had better not try that on," he growled, and dropped into step again.

Mr. Marks stopped and drew a long breath. "Well, you make me tired, Burke," he said, desperately. It was his first sign of rebellion, and Burke welcomed it. "What are you after, hey?" Marks demanded. "What is it going to be? You're stopping all my fun," he went on, fiercely, "and you don't seem to be getting anything out of it yourself. What do you want of me, anyway? What are you trailing me all over the place for?"

They were out at the end of a pier and quite alone. Burke looked about him carefully, and then turned toward the water where the *Liverpool* lay, a black dim outline in the moonlight. The night mist was rising and it was growing colder. The place was quite deserted.

"Oh," said Burke, with unaffected carelessness, "I don't know wot you are up to, and I'll stay by you till I do. That's all."

Mr. Marks regarded him with fierce suspicion, and broke the silence at last with an angry oath. "I suppose you want me to divide—hey?" he cried, viciously. He looked at his watch, and snapped the lid with a sharp click. "It's that or letting it all go," he said. "Curse you for a meddling fool!" He stamped his feet and clinched his fat hands impotently. "I'd have been aboard her by this time if it hadn't been for you."

Burke raised his eyes slowly toward the steamer, and saw that the smoke was coming out of the *Liverpool's* funnel in a thick black cloud. It gave his heart a sudden sharp wrench, and he glanced about him with a look which sobered his companion instantly.

"See here, Hefty, my lad," he whined, in a low, conciliatory tone, "we've got to work quick if we're going to stop her. They've got the anchors up now, most like. Here," he exclaimed, with an apparent burst of generosity, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go halves with you—that's three thousand dollars sure. Three thousand—think of that. It's a fortune."

Burke regarded him with a look of slow amazement. "Three thousand dollars," he said, stupidly.

"Yes, easy that," begged the other. "There's twelve thousand dollars' worth of stuff on her altogether, counting the Hotchkiss guns and the ammunition. The informer gets half. That's *law*. There's no getting out of that. It's *law*. They've *got* to give it to you, and it's honest money too. What right have them half-breeds coming up here involving us Americans in their —— revolutions? It's against the courtesy of nations—that's what it is. I read it all up, and I know what I'm givin' ye. They can't do it. Look at the *Alliance* case, and the *Mary Miller*. Levy got five thousand dollars for giving *her* away, and I'd have pulled six thousand out of this if you'd let me alone. Well, speak up; what do you say?"

Burke was leaning forward, with his eyes staring into those of his companion. He was breathing heavily. "Wot are you going to do?" he asked, quietly. His voice was low and uncertain.

Marks caught him familiarly by the sleeve. "Do?" he asked, trembling with excitement;—"go to the *Washington* and tell the captain what we know. She's at her slip there beyond the fire-boat. He

can stop her before she reaches the lower bay, and he may if he believes what we say. And he has got to believe me, because one of the crew give me all the figures, and where they got the stuff, and who paid for it. It's Alvarez himself, the brother to the one they run out of the country—him as wants to be President. Come!" he cried, frantically, and dancing from one foot to the other in his excitement.

But Burke stood still, regarding him stupidly. "Three thousand dollars. For me," he said. "I don't understand."

"Hully gee!" cried the other. "Don't I tell you we get half! The government gets one-half the cargo and the informer gets the rest. That's the law. Think of it—three thousand dollars! Why, man alive, you can marry on that; and it's good money too, come by honest for serving your country. Old man Casey will be proud of you, Hefty—and—and Mary too, hey, she—"

"Shut up!" said Burke, savagely. He glanced with a troubled look to where the revenue-cutter *Washington* lay at the end of the Barge Office dock. It was so very near. He stood rigid, breathing quickly, and with only his fingers working at his side. The other watched him with evil, wide-open eyes. Then Burke gave a short gasp of relief, and reaching out suddenly, caught Marks by the sleeve. "Come with me," he said, steadily. "Come over here and sit down."

"Sit down? Like hell," cried the other, fearfully. "What ails you? Don't you see she's got steam on now? She'll be out of the river before—"

"You're not going to the *Washington*," said Burke. "You're not going to give nothing away. You are going to stay here with me. There's—there's friends of mine on board that boat. They're not hurting you, and you're not going to hurt them, nor interfere with them neither—see? You'll stay right here." Mr. Marks's face was black, and the muscles working with excitement and the fear of losing what he already considered his. "I mean," said Burke, firmly, "that you're going to stay here until that boat gets out of the harbor, till she gets clean off. Do you understand? That's wot I mean.'

"Oh," said the other, softly, "that's what you mean, is it?"

He jerked his sleeve away, and his arm rose suddenly in the air, and Burke caught it by the wrist and tripped him up with a quick jerk that threw him heavily over on his back. Burke threw himself on his chest and wrenched at the knife in his hand.

"You would, would you," he said, under his breath. "Give it up—do you hear? Give it up," he growled, "or I'll—"

The fat little man beneath him groaned and struggled helplessly under his weight. "Let me up," he gasped, "I'm choking—let me up."

Burke tossed the knife into the river, and settled his fingers carefully round the other's throat. "Lie still," he whispered. "If you yell or nothing I'll choke the life out of you and leave you lying here—"

But even as he uttered this fearful threat Mr. Burke raised his eyes to the bay, and gave a soft low cry. The smoke was pouring in a black mass from the funnel of the *Liverpool*, and as he watched her she started slowly forward, as a sled slides over the ice, and then moved more and more swiftly until the smoke stood out in a straight line and she grew less and less distinct, until, after passing the base of the great statue of Liberty, she disappeared into the mist and out of his sight forever.

The man beneath him groaned feebly and cursed him under his breath.

"You can get up," said Burke, gently, with his eyes still staring into the mist. "She's gone now."

It was two months after this that the *Herald* announced the termination of the civil war which for the past year had devastated Ecuador, and the complete victory of General Alvarez. The despatch concluded briefly: "The final surrender of Gonzales was hastened by the loss of the ship of war *Don Manuel*, which was blown up by dynamite as she lay in the harbor. The bomb was placed under her stern by a young Irish American, who swam four miles in the cross-fire of the fort and the ships of war for that purpose. His name is Burke. He has been rewarded by President Alvarez with a place under the new administration."

"Big" Marks, when he read this, pressed his fingers tenderly around his throat. "That man," he said, "robbed me of six thousand dollars;" but Miss Casey said nothing, for she had married Adams, who chops tickets on the elevated road.

PENSIONS: THE LAW AND ITS ADMINISTRATION.

BY EDWARD F. WAITE.

IS the pension list a roll of honor? All patriotic citizens agree that it ought to be; but as there are not a few who doubt that it *is*, a candid examination of our pension system seems timely.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, the United States paid on account of pensions $118,548,959 71, nearly one-third the total ordinary disbursements for the year. The appropriation for the current year* is $133,473,085, and the estimate for 1892–3 is $144,956,000. An item so large must of course be an influential factor in determining the fiscal policy of the government. Systems of revenue must be so adjusted as to make provision for it, and in the regulation of the currency the annual outpouring of such a sum into general circulation is an important consideration. A branch of our national administration so vast in its transactions and so far-reaching in its effects ought, it would seem, to be well understood by our citizens in its history and development as well as in its present state. But such is not the fact. The subject has not engaged the careful attention of students: intelligent citizens who are well informed upon the tariff and the currency have but a vague and general knowledge of the pension system. This field has been abandoned quite too far to those who have occupied it from partisan or pecuniary motives. The increased expenditures arising from the pension legislation of the Fifty-first Congress have attracted general notice, and there is reason to believe that the people are at last disposed to inform themselves concerning the chief item in the nation's annual budget.

The pension system of the United States, which—including the appropriation for the current year—has taken from the Treasury more than a billion and a half of dollars (over 94 per cent. having been paid out since 1861), had its rise August 26, 1776, in a resolution of the Continental Congress providing that "every commissioned officer, non-commissioned officer and private soldier who shall lose a limb in any engagement, or be so disabled in the service of the United States of America as to render him incapable of afterwards getting a livelihood, shall receive during his life or the continuance of such disability the one-half of his monthly pay from and after the time that his pay as an officer [or soldier] ceases." The monthly pay of a captain of infantry in active service was $\$26\frac{2}{3}$, and that of a private was $\$6\frac{2}{3}$. The benefits of the resolution were also extended to officers, marines, and seamen serving upon armed vessels. Claims were to be adjusted through the legislative bodies of the States where the applicants resided, which were authorized to make proportionate allowances in cases of less than total disability. In 1782 a maximum pension of $5 per month was granted to disabled privates and non-commissioned officers in lieu of half-pay. On account of the inability of Congress to raise money by taxation, the States, in 1785, undertook the payment of pensions, until the adoption of the Constitution made it possible for the general government to perform this function.

Since the original resolution of 1776 pension legislation has been voluminous, and down to the revision of the pension laws in 1873 may be justly termed chaotic. This paper will attempt only to outline some of the general features. In order to do this the more clearly the various grants of pensions may be divided into four classes, viz.:

I. Pensions based upon disability incurred in service, or the death of the soldier from such cause.

II. Pensions based upon service and indigence, without regard to the origin of existing disability, or the cause of the soldier's death.

III. Pensions based upon service only.

IV. Pensions based upon disability, without regard to the origin of such disability or the pecuniary circumstances of the beneficiary.

Disability, within the meaning of the pension laws, may be defined as the effect of any disease, wound, or injury, by reason of which a person is at a disadvantage in the performance of ordinary unskilled manual labor, as compared with

* This paper was prepared during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892. In that year the actual payments for pensions exceeded $139,000,000, more than two-fifths of the total ordinary disbursements.

a perfectly sound person; or would be, if compelled thus to earn a living.

Laws granting pensions of the first class have, as a rule, antedated the service in which the pensionable disability might be incurred, and have been designed to encourage enlistments; while with a partial exception in 1780, hereafter referred to, those providing for the other classes have always followed the service on which the right to pension is predicated. Although the Supreme Court has held that the first did not constitute a contract, it is evident that so far as they offered inducements to voluntary enlistment, they are of a *quasi* contractual character; while pensions of the other classes are, in their legal aspect, pure gratuities.

Class I.—The resolve of August 26, 1776, remained the basis of the pension rights of Revolutionary soldiers until the act of April 10, 1806, which repealed all previous legislation on the subject, and pensioned all persons "unable to procure a subsistence by manual labor" on account of "known wounds" received during service in the Revolution, granting half-pay to commissioned officers, and $5 per month to others. Invalid pensions on account of disability incurred after the Revolution, began with the act of April 30, 1790, creating "The Military Establishment of the United States," and promising pensions to officers and enlisted men who should be "wounded or disabled" in the regular service, at rates fixed under rules to be established by the President, not to exceed half-pay for commissioned officers, and $5 per month for others. This provision was extended by subsequent enactments to volunteer troops raised for special purposes, including the war of 1812, the Florida and Mexican wars, and the late rebellion. In 1816, rates for "disabilities of the highest degree" were graduated from $17 per month for first lieutenants, down to $8 for non-commissioned officers and privates. By appropriate legislation, officers and enlisted men in the navy and marine corps were kept on a substantial equality, with respect to pension, with those who served in the army. No important changes were made in the invalid pension laws until the act of July 14, 1862, which provided that all officers and enlisted men "disabled since March 4, 1861, by reason of any wound received, or disease contracted while in the service of the United States and in the line of duty," should receive pension proportionate to the degree of their disabilities, the highest rate for "total disability" being fixed at $30 per month for lieutenant-colonels and all officers of higher rank in the army and marine corps, and captains and other officers of corresponding degree in the navy; and at gradually decreasing sums for lesser officers, down to $8 per month for enlisted men. A few years later pensioners for disability incurred prior to March 4, 1861, were placed on the same footing as to rates with pensioners under the act of 1862. The rates established in the latter act have continued to be the "totals" of the respective ranks. But the term is misleading; it has never been restricted to cases of total inability to perform manual labor, though for a few years the rates of 1862 were the highest granted in any instance. A class of "specific" disabilities—*i. e.*, disabilities of fixed degree for which special rates are expressly provided by law — arose under the act of July 4, 1864, which granted $25 per month for loss of both hands, or the sight of both eyes, and $20 for loss of both feet, in cases where the "total" of the pensioner's rank was a less sum. Since 1864 a great number of laws have been enacted affecting rates of pension—all in the direction of increased liberality; and many additions have been made to the "specific" class. The lowest strictly "specific" rate now allowed is $30 per month for total deafness, or loss of a hand or foot; and the highest is $100, for loss of both hands. By Pension Office usage the "total" rates prescribed in 1862 are given for anchylosis of the wrist and equivalent disabilities. There is obvious difficulty in comparing a gun-shot wound in the head, or a case of heart-disease, or partial loss of sight, with a stiff wrist, yet this is precisely the sort of problem presented in the rating of the great majority of disabilities. For "non-specific" disabilities greater than "total," there are allowed rates varying from $10 to $24. On June 30, 1891, invalid pensioners under laws prior to the act of June 27, 1890, and under special acts of Congress, were drawing 134 different rates, varying from $1 to $100. Of 419,046 such pensioners, 20 were drawing $1 per month; 17,036, $2; 62,318, $4; 83,299, $8; 46,097, $12; 20,246, $24; 14,834,

$30; 3210, $36; 3161, $72; and 36, $100. The average monthly rate was $15 16; while among 676,160* pensioners of all classes it was $11.

In 1780 the Continental Congress granted half-pay for seven years to the widows of officers dying in the Revolutionary service. But the system of pensions to widows and orphans really began under the act of June 7, 1794, which gave a half-pay pension for five years to widows, or, if no widow survived, to the children under sixteen years of age of officers who should thereafter die of wounds while still in the service. The act of April 16, 1816, extended this allowance to widows and minor children (under sixteen, which has remained the limit of pensionable age) of officers and enlisted men dying, after discharge, of wounds received in action. No provision was made for cases where the soldier died of disease until 1848, when a five-years' half-pay pension was granted to widows and minor children of officers and enlisted men who died, of either wounds or disease, during service in the Mexican war. By later statutes there were included cases where the soldiers died at any time after discharge by reason of disabilities incurred in the war, and the pensions were continued for a term of five years. In 1858 they were confirmed to widows for life or until remarriage. In 1866 and 1868 widows whose right to pension accrued after the Revolution and prior to the rebellion were granted equal rates with those pensioned under acts passed since March 4, 1861.

It will be observed that the early pensions to widows and orphans were confined to cases in which the soldier held an officer's commission. Half-pay pensions to widows of enlisted men began during the war of 1812, when special inducements were needed to secure enlistments. Legislation of this sort was restricted to widows of volunteers and militia-men until 1848, when it was extended to widows of regular army soldiers who died of disabilities incurred in the Mexican war. Its benefits did not embrace the regular army equally with volunteers until 1853, in which year the soldiers of all wars since 1790 were placed on the same footing with respect to the pensioning of their widows.

* The total number of pensioners on the roll June 30, 1892, was 876,604. It will doubtless exceed a million at the close of the present fiscal year.

The act of July 14, 1862, above referred to, was the foundation of the colossal pension system of the last thirty years. The rebellion had been in progress more than a year, and the end was not yet in sight. Troops were needed, and it had become evident that if citizens were to be induced to voluntarily leave their homes and expose themselves to the perils of active service, more liberal provision must be made for the families to which they might never return. It was accordingly enacted that if any officer or enlisted man had died since March 4, 1861, or should thereafter die, "by reason of any wound received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States and in the line of duty," his widow should receive the "total" pension of his rank, to continue during life or until remarriage; and if no widow survived, or in case of her remarriage, a like pension was granted to his minor children. In 1868 these pensions were increased by two dollars per month for each minor child; and in 1886 the eight-dollar rate of widows, minors, and other pensionable dependents of enlisted men was increased to twelve dollars.

Dependent relatives of soldiers, other than widows and children, were first pensioned under the act of July 14, 1862, which gave the mother, in case no widow or minor child survived, the same pension which a widow, had there been one, would have received; and a like provision was made for orphan minor sisters. Fathers and orphan brothers were included in similar legislation in 1866 and 1868. The dependence contemplated by these statutes might be partial only, but must have existed at the date of the soldier's death. Under the act of June 27, 1890, it is sufficient that a parent shall be in dependent circumstances at the time of applying for pension, without regard to his condition when the son died; but pension under this act begins at the date of filing the application, instead of from the soldier's death, as in cases established under former laws.

Class II.—Pensions of the second class were first granted nearly thirty-five years after the close of the Revolution, by the act of March 18, 1818, which provided that every officer, soldier, sailor, and marine who served nine months in the Revolution, and who was or should become "in need of assistance from his country for

support, should be pensioned for life, officers at $20 per month, and enlisted men at $8. There was no further legislation of this general character until the act of June 27, 1890, which grants to the widow of every officer and enlisted man who served ninety days or more in the war of the rebellion a pension of $8 per month, with $2 additional for each child of the soldier under sixteen years of age, in case she is "without other means of support than her daily labor." When the widow dies or remarries, the right survives to the minor children, as under former laws, and pension is continued during life to children who are "insane, idiotic, or otherwise permanently helpless."

Class III.—On October 21, 1780, the Continental Congress resolved "that the officers who shall continue in the service to the end of the war shall.... be entitled to half-pay during life, to commence from the time of their reduction." In 1783, at the instance of the officers of General Washington's army, this half-pay for life was commuted to full pay for five years. In 1828, officers who served in the Revolutionary army as provided in the resolution of 1780, and enlisted men who performed like service, were granted their full monthly pay, no officer, however, being entitled to higher pay than that of captain. By the act of June 7, 1832, equal benefits were extended to those who had served two years in the Revolution; and one who served "a term or terms in the whole less than the above period, but not less than six months," was "authorized to receive out of any unappropriated money in the treasury, during his natural life, each according to his term of service, an amount bearing such proportion to the annuity granted to the same rank for the service of two years, as his term of service did to the term aforesaid." This latter provision is interesting as embodying the principle contended for by the advocates of the "cent-a-day bill" which was introduced in the Fifty-first Congress. An additional stipend of $100 a year, granted in 1864, completed the measure of the nation's bounty to "the boys of '76." The last Revolutionary soldier borne upon the pension roll died in 1869.

A "service" pension was first granted to widows in 1836, by legislation which gave to the widows of persons entitled under the act of June 7, 1832, the same pensions which the husbands drew or might have drawn, provided marriage took place before the expiration of the last period of service. This was the first allowance of pension of any sort to the widows of Revolutionary soldiers after the seven years' half-pay of 1780 to the widows of officers, nor were children of these soldiers ever pensioned in their own right except by special acts of Congress. The limitation as to marriage was from time to time moved forward, and repealed altogether in 1853. In 1867 the additional annuity of $100 given to Revolutionary veterans in 1864 was extended to their widows, and in 1878 all widows of soldiers who served fourteen days in the Revolution or were in any engagement were pensioned at $8 per month. Twenty widows of this class were still on the roll at the close of the last fiscal year.

In 1871 pensions of $8 per month were granted to surviving soldiers of the war of 1812, without regard to rank, who served sixty days in that war or had been honorably mentioned in a resolution of Congress for service therein, and who had not espoused the cause of the late rebellion, and to their widows in cases where marriage occurred prior to the end of the war. In 1878 the requisite term of service was reduced to fourteen days or participation in an engagement, and the limitation as to the date of marriage was removed. In 1887 a like provision was made for survivors of the war with Mexico and their widows, sixty days' service being required, or engagement in a battle, or honorable mention in a resolution of Congress. This was made applicable, however, only to persons who were or should become sixty-two years of age, or "subject to any disability" [not incurred while voluntarily abetting the late rebellion] "or dependency equivalent to some cause prescribed or recognized by the pension laws of the United States as a sufficient cause for the allowance of a pension." This apparent restriction may seem to bring the law within our second class; but when it is remembered that persons who were twenty-three years old at the close of the Mexican war were sixty-two in 1887, it will be seen that the act granted practically a mere "service" pension. At any rate, such has been its effect in its administration.

Class IV.—The only pensions of this class, for disability without regard to its origin or the pecuniary circumstances of

the applicant, are granted by the act of June 27, 1890, which provides "that all persons who served ninety days or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the late war of the rebellion, and who have been honorably discharged therefrom, and who are now or may hereafter be suffering from a mental or physical disability of a permanent character, not the result of their own vicious habits, which incapacitates them for the performance of manual labor in such a degree as to render them unable to earn a support, shall.... be placed upon the list of invalid pensioners of the United States, and be entitled to receive a pension not exceeding twelve dollars per month, and not less than six dollars per month, proportioned to the degree of inability to earn a support." This act is substantially the same as the so-called "dependent bill," vetoed by President Cleveland in 1887, save in three particulars: the earlier bill provided for a uniform rate of $12 per month, excepted cases where the disability was due to the soldier's "gross carelessness," as well as those where it resulted from his "vicious habits," and extended its benefits only to those who were "dependent upon their daily labor for support." In his veto message Mr. Cleveland construed this last provision as requiring not that the applicant should be *wholly* dependent upon his daily labor, "but only that labor should be necessary to his support in some degree." This construction was fully warranted by that which had been given to the Revolutionary "dependent" act of 1818, and by the existing practice of the Pension Bureau in the claims of dependent relatives. In the administration of the act of June 27, 1890, actual dependence on manual labor for support, in any degree, is not deemed a requisite.

To all pensions granted prior to the rebellion, it was essential that the soldier should have been honorably discharged from the service. Under *post*-rebellion laws this has been necessary for pensions of our second, third, and fourth classes, but not for those of the first class. A soldier who deserted during the late war in the face of the enemy and was drummed out of the service, or an officer who was cashiered for embezzlement or cowardice, stands on an equal footing, with respect to pension for disability incurred in the service, with his comrades who served honorably from Bull Run to Appomattox.

Early legislation fixed the commencement of pensions at the date of the termination of service, and a limitation of two years for the filing of claims was established. This limitation was soon removed, and the pension was made to commence at the date of the completion of the proof. This was the law until the act of July 14, 1862, which dated pensions of the first class from the discharge of the soldier when the claim should be filed within a year after discharge; otherwise from the filing of the application. The limitation was afterwards extended to three years, and later to five; and it was provided that no claim not prosecuted to a successful issue within five years after the date of filing should be allowed except upon record evidence from the War or Navy Department of the disability on which it was based. All these checks were swept away by the arrears acts of 1879, which granted pension from the discharge or death of the soldier in all late war claims of the first class which had been or should thereafter be allowed, provided that application should be filed prior to July 1, 1880; otherwise, from the date of the application. This limitation was in turn removed with respect to the claims of widows in 1888. "Service" pensions, requiring little or no proof beyond that furnished by the official records, have been made to commence from the dates of the several acts by which they have been granted.

In 1887 Commissioner Black thus summarized the results of an inquiry into the pension systems of the European governments: "Two bases have been recognized out of which a claim for pension might rightfully arise in the case of almost every civilized power. The first is the mere fact of service of the state in a military capacity, and the second is disablement in that service. The service to be the basis of pension must have been of a very great length—rarely less than ten, and oftener of twenty-five and thirty years. A noticeable feature in all of these pension systems is that they were manifestly prepared only for regular service troops, although no discrimination is made between the regular service troops and the war levies.... No instance can be found where pension is allowed for services dishonorably termi-

nated or marked by a dishonorable record. . . . The foreign pension codes are based upon this idea of . . . . the right of the state to demand the service of every man capable of bearing arms, without regard to any other than a disability pension, and that the pension itself is a mark of extreme honor, reward of long service, or distinguished ability." The foreign systems have but one class of pensions in common with our own—those for disability incurred in the service. In its other branches our system is unique. Our "service" pensions do not at all correspond to the service pensions of other governments, ours being for brief and often merely nominal service, while theirs are for long and actual service. Our retirement on pay of officers and enlisted men of the regular army is more closely analogous to the foreign "service" pension than are the pensions grouped above in the third class.

The principle which is the basis of pensions for disability incurred during service and in the line of duty is too plain to need statement here, and justifies itself at once to all right-thinking minds. Such pensions honor both the nation and the beneficiary. Annuities after long and faithful service are obviously wise in countries where standing armies are required, as furnishing an incentive to such service. But the sentiment of gratitude affords the only legitimate reason that can be urged for any of our "service" pension laws since the resolution of October 21, 1780. To this sentiment has been added as a ground for our pensions of the second class, in which the indigence of the beneficiary is a requisite, the consideration that the nation's defenders and their dependents ought not to be abandoned to want, or the humiliation of alms, from whatever cause their need may have arisen. But the principle upon which pensions of the fourth class were granted by the act of June 27, 1890, is not so clear. So far as relief is given under this law to needy persons, or to those who are suffering from disabilities probably due to military service, but not provable to be so—and it was the existence of many such cases that furnished the chief argument for the measure—the principles above cited apply. But another group of pensioners is being added to the rolls under this act, those who are not in needy circumstances, and whose disabilities are not even colorably due to military service. On what principle are these pensioned *for their disabilities*? If from gratitude, why discriminate in rates according to the degree of the disability? Would not length or character of service be the proper criterion? If the well-to-do business man, who served ninety days in the commissary department, sustains today a serious and permanent injury while exercising his favorite horses, why should he receive an expression of public gratitude, if he choose to ask for it, to which he would have had no title yesterday? And why should he have $12 per month, while his coachman, who served four years at the front, injured in the same accident, but only half so severely, can get but $6? One year after the passage of the act of June 27, 1890, 391,431 invalid claims had been filed under its provisions, of which 236,362 were in lieu of pensions or applications under previous laws, the remaining 155,069 coming from new claimants. How many of these claims have been made by men who are far from indigent, and whose disabilities are in no wise due to service in the army or navy, let the reader judge from his own observation.

Some curious anomalies have arisen under this latest experiment in pension legislation. Men who, after serving under the stars and bars, enlisted in the Union army, are rewarded by a grateful nation for wounds received while bearing arms against her. The thrifty bounty-jumper who entered the service with a concealed disability, which, after three months of wearing the blue, he used to secure his discharge, may, upon a full showing of the facts, receive a pension for that very disability. A woman who served a term in a penitentiary for poisoning her husband now claims a pension on account of his military service and death, and no reason is known why she may not have it.

The current of ever-increasing liberality which has flowed through our pension legislation may also be traced in the administration of the laws. In the earlier years there were some attempts to throw about the adjudication of claims certain judicial safeguards, which gradually fell into disuse. An act of 1792 provided for the attendance of each applicant and the production of his evidence before the United States Circuit Court of his district, and the court was required to make

a personal examination of the disability, and forward the papers to the Secretary of War with a report and recommendation. The following year it was enacted that "whereas the act" last referred to was "found by experience inadequate to prevent the admission of improper claims to invalid pension, and not to contain a sufficient facility for the allowance of such as may be well founded, therefore .... all evidence relative to invalids" (the requisite evidence being minutely prescribed) should "be taken upon oath or affirmation before the judge of the district in which such invalids reside, or before any three persons specially authorized by commission from said judge"; and this evidence was to be transmitted to the Secretary of War for final action. This office of the courts came to be discharged in a perfunctory way, and by degrees evidence submitted in pension claims assumed a wholly *ex parte* character. Proceedings of this sort always open the door to fraud, and it is only saying that citizens of the pensionable classes have not maintained among themselves a higher level of integrity than prevails among their fellows, to say that fraud and imposition have here found a peculiarly inviting and profitable field. In the debate on the Revolutionary service pension act of 1832 the "extensive frauds" committed under former acts were referred to as matters of common knowledge. The compiler of the first digest of pension laws, in 1854, a late chief clerk of the Pension Office, attributed to the chaotic state of pension legislation, and to the *ex parte* system of adjudicating claims, "the perpetration of innumerable frauds against the government." In 1872 Commissioner J. H. Baker said, in his annual report: "So long as pensions are to be granted upon evidence which (except record evidence) is purely *ex parte*, so long frauds will continue to exist.... In our system the record of the soldier is too meagre at best, and during the late war the hospital records were illy kept, very frequently, as the experience of the office daily shows, so indefinite as to be utterly worthless in determining the origin and character of the alleged pensionable disability; hence the law authorizes a resort to parol evidence.... in which the government has not exercised the right of cross-examination, and upon which a decision could not be had in any court of justice." General Baker suggested that a special pension court should be established in each congressional district, in which there should be opportunity for open cross-examination of witnesses. In his report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1875, Commissioner H. M. Atkinson said: "The development of frauds of every character in pension claims has assumed such a magnitude as to require the serious attention of Congress.... From the nature of the system under which the right to pension is determined under existing laws, viz., upon *ex parte* evidence, the successful prosecution of many fraudulent claims cannot be prevented, even though the utmost caution be exercised. The lapse of time since the war, and the consequent unreliability of parol proof relating to facts ....at this remote date from their occurrence, afford the most forcible argument for the adoption of a more thoroughly organized system of adjudicating these claims. By actual test in cases taken from the files of this office it is shown that a large percentage of the affidavits filed in support of claims for pension are signed and sworn to without being read over to affiants, and without their having a full and proper knowledge of the contents, though accompanied by a certificate of the magistrate before whom they are executed that the witnesses have been fully informed of the purport." In his report of 1876 Commissioner John A. Bentley presented a forcible indictment of the *ex parte* system, and recommended a plan by which testimony should be taken *viva voce* in all cases, and subjected to proper tests. A measure known as the "sixty surgeons bill," embodying this recommendation, was introduced in Congress, but failed of passage. In 1878 he said, "I am convinced that a great number of persons have been pensioned who have no just title, and that the number of that class is being constantly increased in the settlements which are now going on." In 1879 he presented a table showing that in 500 cases dropped from the rolls since July 1, 1876, there were 3084 false affidavits out of 4397 affidavits in all, and 92 forgeries. More than half a million dollars had been paid to these pensioners before the frauds were discovered. He said in 1880, "The number of frauds discovered year after year, when it is considered that the at-

tention of the office was attracted to them through accident or some suspicious circumstance, or by the statement of a volunteer informer, is very great, and renders it certain that but a very small percentage of the frauds committed come to the knowledge of the office."

In 1862 the Commissioner of Pensions was authorized to detail a clerk, with power to administer oaths, for the personal investigation of cases of suspected fraud. Such special investigation was found necessary and effective in a growing number of cases, and additions to the force of employés assigned to this duty were made from time to time. In 1882 it was greatly augmented, and the special agents or examiners, instead of making their headquarters in Washington, as before, were stationed in different parts of the country, each with a definite district. A marked increase in the quantity and thoroughness of the work performed by this branch of the Pension Bureau was thus effected. Commissioner Dudley said, in his report of 1883: "The means taken to prevent the successful consummation of fraud are reasonably efficient to that end, and it may be easily demonstrated, I think, that such claims [*i.e.*, claims without merit] are to be found mostly in our rejected files." If it be doubted whether the "rejected files" have gathered in so large a proportion of the unworthy claims as this opinion would indicate, it is at least safe to say that instances of gross fraud have become comparatively rare. The ratio of the cases specially investigated in any year to the whole number of pending claims is always very small. Of those that are tested in this way, it is probable that few dishonest ones pass the ordeal successfully; and it is certain that the presence throughout the country of agents of the government charged with the detection of violations of the pension laws has a deterrent effect upon those who would otherwise resort to fraudulent practices.

On June 30, 1891, there were 110 special examiners in the field. Not only are cases of suspected fraud referred to them, but also many cases of probable merit in which the evidence filed by the applicant does not warrant allowance, and there is reason to believe that a more explicit showing of the facts would establish their merit, the government thus practically undertaking to supply the deficiencies in the prosecution of the case by the claimant and his agents. The benefit of this procedure to worthy claimants is apparent from the fact that during the last fiscal year over two thousand claims were admitted after special investigation, most of which must have been rejected if settled upon the original *ex parte* evidence. And it is a fact indicative of either a high average of merit in the pension claims of the present day, or great liberality on the part of the Bureau, or both, that the proportion of specially investigated cases finally allowed during the last two years to those rejected was eight to one.

The question of the sufficiency of evidence is obviously an individual one in every claim, but this general statement may be ventured, that the requirements of the Pension Bureau have since the late war undergone a steady reduction. That this Bureau has been, on the whole, as honestly and intelligently conducted as any administrative branch of the government, no one who is conversant with the facts will deny; but an effective public sentiment has demanded a constant liberalization of the process of adjudicating claims, just as it has by legislation increased rates, removed limitations, and created new groups of pensioners. No course has been open to the officials of the Bureau but compliance, and though all safeguards that the people will tolerate are still retained, thousands of pension claims are annually allowed upon evidence which would not draw one dollar from the pocket of a prudent business man, however anxious to satisfy all just demands. A *prima facie* case is made out in every instance, to be sure; but there is generally a very high degree of probability that the affidavits exceed the real knowledge of the witnesses concerning the facts in question. It is notorious that a great proportion of the *ex parte* affidavits in pension cases, even when made by men who in ordinary business are distinguished for strict integrity, are made with shameful lack of care and scruple. Statements are drawn up by the agents of applicants containing such averments as the exigencies of the case demand, and in numberless instances these are signed by persons who not only have no knowledge of the facts recited, but are not even aware of the contents of the writing; while many magistrates habitually take acknowledgments of pension affidavits without ad-

ministration of the oath. If this prevailing laxity could have any excuse, it would lie in the fact that some of the matters required to be proved, especially those relating to symptoms of disease shown by the applicant in the service, or from time to time since discharge, are such that an ordinary memory cannot retain them with certainty; and witnesses, fearing that a just claim may fail through their forgetfulness, are ready to blindly assent to the averments of the parties in interest, or at best assume as an original and positive recollection what they should know to be a mere untrustworthy impression. But there is no excuse. The sanction of an oath should be no less in an *ex parte* pension affidavit than in a court proceeding.

It must not be supposed that reckless swearing in pension claims is more prevalent among ex-soldiers than other classes of citizens. The average comrade or officer is neither a more scrupulous nor a more unscrupulous witness than the average neighbor or family physician.

If pension legislation has been too lavish, and the administration of the laws too loose, the responsibility lies upon the whole country. In the solicitude with which they have regarded "the soldier vote" our law-makers have but reflected the sentiments of their constituents; and the tendency toward a wide-open policy in the adjudication of claims has been in accordance with the manifest will of the people. In numerous communities throughout the land respectable citizens believe that they have among them some flagrant instance of dishonest pension; and yet information of supposed fraud is rarely volunteered except when prompted by motives of personal hostility, and even when sought is denied or given with reluctance. There is a growing conviction that the government is being shamefully plundered through the pension system; and the existence of this belief—whatever the fact—with acquiescence in the supposed abuse, cannot but have a most demoralizing influence on the public conscience. It is all too easy at best to regard the national Treasury as a public grab-bag; and the sight of A drawing with impunity, year after year, a stipend from the government known or even believed to be obtained by dishonest means, is a most potent incentive to B to try his hand at the same trick. Hardly less deplorable is the gradual lowering in the general esteem of the veterans of the late war as a class. The suspicion is abroad that a mercenary spirit, incompatible with that lofty sense of honor which the popular imagination would fain attribute to its military heroes, is spreading among them. This suspicion may be unjust, but its increasing prevalence is no less sure than it is unfortunate.

For years to come our pension system must be an impressive object-lesson to rising generations of Americans, and to those who come to us from other lands. Should they learn from it that here the citizen owes no duty to the state for which he may not demand compensation in hard cash? Or, scattering abroad its bounty with a generous but discriminating hand, should it teach that while the nation will not forsake her true defenders in their time of need, nor look on with cold indifference when they are handicapped in the race of life by the lasting infirmities of camp and field, her real debt to them is not to be reckoned in dollars, but in boundless gratitude and honor?

It is not probable that any backward step will ever be taken in pension legislation, nor that in the administration of the laws the lines will ever be more closely drawn than public sentiment shall require. If in the unparalleled munificence of our pension system there lurk serious evils, there seems to be no remedy save through an awakening of the public conscience, and a shaking off of that easy-going acquiescence in abuses which is one of the most conspicuous vices of the American character. Reckless legislation may thus be prevented in the future, and a more just and honest distribution of the nation's bounty under present laws may be secured.

Let the great and rich Republic be liberal—even lavish, in comparison with less-favored nations—with her deserving veterans; she will never do too much for them. But let her not forget that if she is blind to the plain distinctions between truth and falsehood, need and greed, genuine military service and holiday campaigning, this is not liberality, but prodigality, which brings reproach upon herself and unmerited discredit upon every worthy soldier who accepts her aid.

THE REFUGEES.

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART I.—THE OLD WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN FROM AMERICA.



IT was the sort of window which was common in Paris about the end of the seventeenth century. It was high, mullioned with a broad transom across the centre, and above the middle of the transom a tiny coat of arms—three caltrops gules upon a field argent—let into the diamond-paned glass. Outside there projected a stout iron rod, from which hung a gilded miniature of a bale of wool which swung and squeaked with every puff of wind. Beyond that again were the houses of the other side, high, narrow, and prim, slashed with diagonal wood-work in front, and topped with a bristle of sharp gables and corner turrets. Between were the cobblestones of the Rue St. Martin and the clatter of innumerable feet.

Inside, the window was furnished with a broad bancal of brown stamped Spanish leather, where the family might recline and have an eye from behind the curtains on all that was going forward in the busy world beneath them. Two of them sat there now, a man and a woman, but their backs were turned to the spectacle, and their faces to the large and richly furnished room. From time to time they stole a glance at each other, and their eyes told that they needed no other sight to make them happy.

Nor was it to be wondered at, for they were a well-favored pair. She was very young, twenty at the most, with a face which was pale, indeed, and yet of a brilliant pallor, which was so clear and fresh, and carried with it such a suggestion of purity and innocence, that one would not wish its maiden grace to be marred by an intrusion of color. Her features were delicate and sweet, and her blue-black hair and long dark eyelashes formed a piquant contrast to her dreamy gray eyes and her ivory skin. In her whole expression there was something quiet and subdued, which was accentuated by her simple dress of black taffeta, and by the little jet brooch and bracelet which were her sole ornaments. Such was Adèle Catinat, the only daughter of the famous Huguenot cloth-merchant.

But if her dress was sombre, it was atoned for by the magnificence of her companion. He was a man who might have been ten years her senior, with a keen soldier face, small well-marked features, a carefully trimmed black mustache, and a dark hazel eye which might harden to command a man, or soften to supplicate a woman, and be successful at either. His coat was of sky-blue, slashed across with silver braidings, and with broad silver shoulder-straps on either side. A vest of white calamanco peeped out from beneath it, and knee-breeches of the same disappeared into high polished boots with gilt spurs upon the heels. A silver-hilted rapier and a plumed cap lying upon a settle beside him completed a costume which was a badge of honor to the wearer, for any Frenchman would have recognized it as being that of an officer in the famous Blue Guard of Louis the Fourteenth. A trim dashing soldier he looked, with his curling black hair and well-poised head. Such he had proved himself before now in the field, too, until the name of Amory de Catinat had become conspicuous among the thousands of the valiant lesser *noblesse* who had flocked into the service of the King.

They were first cousins, these two, and there was just sufficient resemblance in the clear-cut features to recall the relationship. De Catinat was sprung from a noble Huguenot family, but having lost

his parents early, he had joined the army, and had worked his way without influence and against all odds to his present position. His father's younger brother, however, finding every path to fortune barred to him through the persecution to which men of his faith were already subjected, had dropped the "de" which implied his noble descent, and had taken to trade in the city of Paris, with such success that he was now one of the richest and most prominent citizens of the town. It was under his roof that the guardsman now sat, and it was his only daughter whose white hand he held in his own.

"Tell me, Adèle," said he, "why do you look troubled?"

"I am not troubled, Amory."

"Come, there is just one little line between those curving brows. Ah, I can read you, you see, as a shepherd reads the sky."

"It is nothing, Amory, but—"

"But what?"

"You leave me this evening."

"But only to return to-morrow."

"And must you really, really go to-night?"



"TELL ME, ADÈLE, WHY DO YOU LOOK TROUBLED?"

"It would be as much as my commission is worth to be absent. Why, I am on duty to-morrow morning outside the King's bedroom! After chapel-time Major de Brissac will take my place, and then I am free once more."

"Ah, Amory, when you talk of the King and the court and the grand ladies, you fill me with wonder."

"And why with wonder?"

"To think that you who live amid such splendor should stoop to the humble room of a mercer."

"Ah, but what does the room contain?"

"There is the greatest wonder of all. That you who pass your days amid such people, so beautiful, so witty, should think me worthy of your love, me, who am such a quiet little mouse, all alone in this great house, so shy and so backward! It is wonderful!"

"Every man has his own taste," said her cousin, stroking the tiny hand. "It is with women as with flowers. Some may prefer the great brilliant sunflower, or the rose, which is so bright and large that it must ever catch the eye. But give me the little violet which hides among the mosses, and yet is so sweet to look upon, and sheds its fragrance round it. But still that line upon your brow, dearest."

"I was wishing that father would return."

"And why? Are you so lonely, then?"

Her pale face lit up with a quick smile. "I shall not be lonely until to-night. But I am always uneasy when he is away. One hears so much now of the persecution of our poor brethren."

"Tut! my uncle can defy them."

"He has gone to the provost of the Mercer Guild about this notice of the quartering of the dragoons."

"Ah, you have not told me of that."

"Here it is." She rose and took up a slip of blue paper with a red seal dangling from it which lay upon the table. His strong black brows knitted together as he glanced at it.

"Take notice," it ran, "that you, Théophile Catinat, cloth-mercer of the Rue St. Martin, are hereby required to give shelter and rations to twenty men of the Languedoc Blue Dragoons under Captain Dalbert until such time as you receive a further notice. [Signed] De Beaupré (Commissioner of the King)."

De Catinat knew well how this method of annoying Huguenots had been practised all over France, but he had flattered himself that his own position at court would have insured his kinsman from such an outrage. He threw the paper down with an exclamation of anger.

"When do they come?"

"Father said to-night."

"Then they shall not be here long. To-morrow I shall have an order to remove them. But the sun has sunk behind St. Martin's Church, and I should already be upon my way."

"No, no; you must not go yet."

"I would that I could give you into your father's charge first, for I fear to leave you alone when these troopers may come. And yet no excuse will avail me if I am not at Versailles. But see, a horseman has stopped before the door. He is not in uniform. Perhaps he is a messenger from your father."

The girl ran eagerly to the window, and peered out, with her hand resting upon her cousin's silver-corded shoulder.

"Ah!" she cried, "I had forgotten. It is the man from America. Father said that he would come to-day."

"The man from America!" repeated the soldier, in a tone of surprise, and they both craned their necks from the window.

The horseman, a sturdy, broad-shouldered young man, clean-shaven and crop-haired, turned his long swarthy face and his bold features in their direction as he ran his eye over the front of the house. He had a soft-brimmed gray hat of a shape which was strange to Parisian eyes, but his sombre clothes and high boots were such as any citizen might have worn. Yet his general appearance was so unusual that a group of townsfolk had already assembled round him, staring with open mouth at his horse and himself. A battered gun with an extremely long barrel was fastened by the stock to his stirrup, while the muzzle stuck up into the air behind him. At each holster was a large dangling black bag, and a gayly colored red slashed blanket was rolled up at the back of his saddle. His horse, a strong-limbed dapple-gray, all shiny with sweat above, and all caked with mud beneath, bent its fore knees as it stood, as though it were overspent. The rider, however, having satisfied himself as to the house, sprang lightly out of his saddle, and disengaging his gun, his blanket, and his bags, pushed his way unconcernedly through the gaping crowd and knocked loudly at the door.

"Who is he, then?" asked De Catinat. "A Canadian? I am almost one myself. I had as many friends on one side of the sea as on the other. Perchance I know him. There are not so many white faces yonder, and in two years there was scarce one from the Saguenay to Nipissing that I had not seen."

"Nay, he is from the English provinces, Amory. But he speaks our tongue. His mother was of our blood."

"And his name?"

"Is Amos—Amos—ah, those names! Yes, Green, that was it—Amos Green. His father and mine have done much trade together, and now his son, who, as I understand, has lived ever in the woods, is sent here to see something of men and cities. Ah, my God! what can have happened now?"

A sudden chorus of screams and cries had broken out from the passage beneath, with the shouting of a man and the sound of rushing steps. In an instant De Catinat was half-way down the stairs, and was staring in amazement at the scene in the hall beneath.

Two maids stood, screaming at the pitch of their lungs, at either side. In

the centre the old man-servant Pierre, a stern old Calvinist, whose dignity had never before been shaken, was spinning round, waving his arms, and roaring so that he might have been heard at the Louvre. Attached to the gray worsted stocking which covered his fleshless calf was a fluffy black hairy ball, with one little red eye glancing up, and the gleam of two white teeth where it held its grip. At the shrieks, the young stranger, who had gone out to his horse, came rushing back, and plucking the creature off, he slapped it twice across the snout, and plunged it head-foremost back into the leather bag from which it had emerged.

"It is nothing," said he, speaking in excellent French; "it is only a bear."

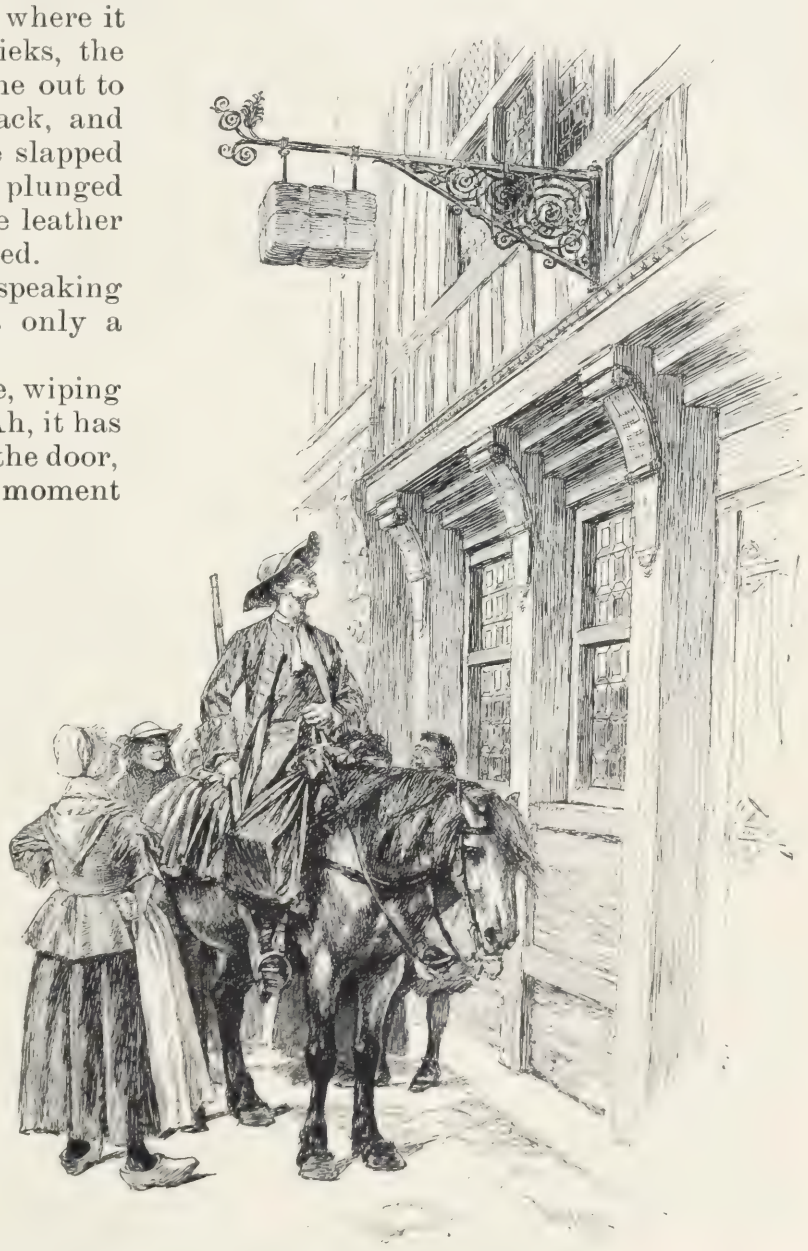
"Ah, my God!" cried Pierre, wiping the drops from his brow. "Ah, it has aged me five years! I was at the door, bowing to monsieur, and in a moment it had me from behind."

"It was my fault for leaving the bag loose. The creature was but pupped the day we left New York, six weeks come Tuesday. Do I speak with my father's friend, Monsieur Catinat?"

"No, monsieur," said the guardsman, from the staircase. "My uncle is out, but I am Captain de Catinat at your service, and here is Mademoiselle Catinat, who is your hostess."

The stranger ascended the stair, and paid his greetings to them both with the air of a man who was as shy as a wild deer, and yet who had steeled himself to carry a thing through. He walked with them to the sitting-room, and then in an instant was gone again, and they heard his feet thudding upon the stairs. Presently he was back, with a lovely glossy skin in his hands. "The bear is for your father, mademoiselle," said he. "This little skin I have brought from America for you. It is but a trifle, and yet it may serve to make a pair of moccasins or a pouch."

Adèle gave a cry of delight as her hands sank into the depths of its softness. She might well admire it, for no king in the world could have had a finer skin. "Ah, it is beautiful, monsieur," she cried;



THE MAN FROM AMERICA.

"and what creature is it; and where did it come from?"

"It is a black fox. I shot it myself last fall up near the Iroquois villages at Lake Oneida."

She pressed it to her cheek, her white face showing up like marble against its absolute blackness. "I am sorry my father is not here to welcome you, mon-

sieur," she said; "but I do so very heartily in his place. Your room is above. Pierre will show you to it, if you wish."

"My room? For what?"

"Why, monsieur, to sleep in!"

"And must I sleep in a room?"

De Catinat laughed at the gloomy face of the American. "You shall not sleep there if you do not wish," said he.

The other brightened at once, and stepped across to the further window, which looked down upon the court-yard. "Ah," he cried. "There is a beech-tree there, mademoiselle, and if I might take my blanket out yonder, I should like it better than any room. In winter, indeed, one must do it, but in summer I am smothered with a ceiling pressing down upon me."

"You are not from a town, then?" said De Catinat.

"My father lives in New York—two doors from the house of Peter Stuyvesant, of whom you must have heard. He is a very hardy man, and he can do it, but I—even a few days of Albany or of Schenectady are enough for me. My life has been in the woods."

"I am sure that my father would wish you to sleep where you like and to do what you like, as long as it makes you happy."

"I thank you, mademoiselle. Then I shall take my things out there, and I shall groom my horse."

"Nay, there is Pierre."

"I am used to doing it myself."

"Then I will come with you," said De Catinat, "for I would have a word with you. Until to-morrow, then, Adèle, farewell!"

"Until to-morrow, Amory."

The two young men passed down stairs together, and the guardsman followed the American out into the yard.

"You have had a long journey," he said.

"Yes; from Rouen."

"Are you tired?"

"No; I am seldom tired."

"Remain with the lady, then, until her father comes back."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I have to go, and she might need a protector."

The stranger said nothing, but he nodded, and throwing off his black coat, set to work vigorously rubbing down his travel-stained horse.

Chapter II.

A monarch in déshabillé.

It was the morning after the guardsman had returned to his duties. Eight o'clock had struck on the great clock of Versailles, and it was almost time for the monarch to rise. Through all the long corridors and frescoed passages of the monster palace there was a subdued hum and rustle, with a low muffled stir of preparation, for the rising of the King was a great state function in which many had a part to play. A servant with a steaming silver saucer hurried past, bearing it to Monsieur de St. Quentin, the state barber. Others, with clothes thrown over their arms, bustled down the passage which led to the antechamber. The knot of guardsmen in their gorgeous blue and silver coats straightened themselves up and brought their halberds to attention, while the young officer, who had been looking wistfully out of the window at some courtiers who were laughing and chatting on the terraces, turned sharply upon his heel, and strode over to the white and gold door of the royal bedroom.

He had hardly taken his stand there before the handle was very gently turned from within, the door revolved noiselessly upon its hinges, and a man slid silently through the aperture, closing it again behind him.

"Hush!" said he, with his finger to his thin, precise lips, while his whole clean-shaven face and high-arched brows were an entreaty and a warning. "The King still sleeps."

The words were whispered from one to another among the group who had assembled outside the door. The speaker, who was Monsieur Bontems, head valet de chambre, gave a sign to the officer of the guard, and led him into the window alcove from which he had lately come.

"Good-morning, Captain de Catinat," said he, with a mixture of familiarity and respect in his manner.

"Good-morning, Bontems. How has the King slept?"

"Admirably."

"But it is his time."

"Hardly."

"You will not rouse him yet?"

"In seven and a half minutes." The valet pulled out the little round watch which gave the law to the man who *was* the law to twenty millions of peo-

ple. "Who commands at the main guard?"

"Major de Brissac."

"And you will be here?"

"For four hours I attend the King."

"Very good. He gave me some instructions for the officer of the guard, when he was alone last night after the *petit coucher*. He bade me to say that Monsieur de Vivonne was not to be admitted to the *grand lever*. You are to tell him so."

"I shall do so."

"Then, should a note come from *her*—you understand me, the new one—"

"Madame de Maintenon?"

"Precisely. But it is more discreet not to mention names. Should she send a note, you will take it and deliver it quietly when the King gives you an opportunity."

"It shall be done."

"But if the other should come, as is possible enough—the other, you understand me, the former—"

"Madame de Montespan."

"Ah, that soldierly tongue of yours, Captain! Should she come, I say, you will gently bar her way, with courteous words, you understand, but on no account is she to be permitted to enter the royal room."

"Very good, Bontems."

"And now we have but three minutes." He strode through the rapidly increasing group of people in the corridor with an air of proud humility, as befitted a man who, if he was a valet, was at least the king of valets by being the valet of the King. Close by the door stood a line of footmen, resplendent in their powdered wigs, red plush coats, and silver shoulder-knots.

"Is the officer of the oven here?" asked Bontems.

"Yes, sir," replied a functionary who bore in front of him an enamelled tray heaped with pine shavings.

"The opener of the shutters?"

"Here, sir."

"The remover of the taper?"

"Here, sir."

"Be ready for the word." He turned the handle once more, and slipped into the darkened room.

It was a large square apartment, with two high windows upon the further side, curtained across with priceless velvet hangings. Through the chinks the morning sun shot a few little gleams, which widened as they crossed the room to break in bright blurs of light upon the primrose-tinted wall. A large arm-chair stood by the side of the burned-out fire, shadowed over by the huge marble mantel-piece, the back of which was carried up, twining and curving into a thousand arabesque and armorial devices until it blended with the richly painted ceiling. In one corner a narrow couch with a rug thrown across it showed where the faithful Bontems had spent the night.

In the very centre of the chamber there stood a large four-post bed, with curtains of Gobelin tapestry looped back from the pillow. A square of polished rails surrounded it, leaving a space some five feet in width all round between the enclosure and the bedside. Within this enclosure, or *ruelle*, stood a small round table, covered over with a white napkin, upon which lay a silver platter and an enamelled cup, the one containing a little Frontiniac wine and water, and the other bearing three slices of the breast of a chicken, in case the King should hunger during the night.

As Bontems passed noiselessly across the room, his feet sinking into the moss-like carpet, there was the heavy close smell of sleep in the air, and he could hear the long thin breathing of the sleeper. He passed through the opening in the rails, and stood, watch in hand, waiting for the exact instant when the iron routine of the court demanded that the monarch should be roused. Beneath him, from under the costly green coverlet of Oriental silk, half buried in the fluffy Valenciennes lace which edged the pillow, there protruded a round black bristle of close-cropped hair, with the profile of a curving nose and petulant lip outlined against the white background. The valet snapped his watch, and bent over the sleeper.

"I have the honor to inform your Majesty that it is half past eight," said he.

"Ah!" The King slowly opened his large dark-brown eyes, made the sign of the cross, and kissed a little dark reliquary which he drew from under his night-dress. Then he sat up in bed, and blinked about him with the air of a man who is collecting his thoughts.

"Did you give my orders to the officer of the guard, Bontems?" he asked.

"Yes, sire."

"Who is on duty?"

"Major de Brissac at the main guard, and Captain de Catinat in the corridor."

"De Catinat! Ah, the young man who stopped my horse at Fontainebleau. I remember him. You may give the signal, Bontems."

The chief valet walked swiftly across to the door and threw it open. In rushed the officer of the ovens and the four red-coated, white-wigged footmen, ready-handed, silent-footed, each intent upon his own duties. The one seized upon Bontems's rug and couch, and in an instant had whipped them off into an antechamber; another had carried away the "*en cas*" meal and the silver taper-stand; while a third drew back the great curtains of stamped velvet and let a flood of light into the apartment. Then, as the flames were already flickering among the pine shavings in the fireplace, the officer of the ovens placed two round logs crosswise above them, for the morning air was chilly, and withdrew with his fellow-servants.

They were hardly gone before a more august group entered the bedchamber. Two walked together in front, the one a youth little over twenty years of age, middle-sized, inclining to stoutness, with a slow, pompous bearing, a well-turned leg, and a face which would have been comely enough in a masklike fashion, but which was devoid of any shadow of expression, except perhaps of an occasional lurking gleam of mischievous humor. He was richly clad in plum-colored velvet, with a broad band of blue silk across his breast, and the glittering edge of the order of St. Louis protruding from under it. His companion was a man of forty, swarthy, dignified, and solemn, in a plain but rich dress of black silk with slashes of gold at the neck and sleeves. As the pair faced the King there was sufficient resemblance between the three faces to show that they were of one blood, and to enable a stranger to guess that the older was Monseigneur, the younger brother of the King, while the other was Louis the Dauphin, his only legitimate child, and heir to a throne to which in the strange workings of Providence neither he nor his sons were destined to ascend.

Strong as was the likeness between the three faces, each with the curving Bourbon nose, the large full eye, and the thick Hapsburg under lip, their common heritage from Anne of Austria, there was still a vast difference of temperament and character stamped upon their features. The King was now in his six-and-fortieth year, and the cropped black head was already thinning a little on the top, and shading away to gray over the temples. He still, however, retained much of the beauty of his youth, tempered by the dignity and sternness which increased with his years. His dark eyes were full of expression, and his clear-cut features were the delight of the sculptor and the painter. His firm and yet sensitive mouth and his thick, well-arched brows gave an air of authority and power to his face, while the more subdued expression which was habitual to his brother marked the man whose whole life had been spent in one long exercise of deference and self-effacement. The Dauphin, on the other hand, with a more regular face than his father, had none of that quick play of feature when excited, or that kingly serenity when composed, which had made a shrewd observer say that Louis, if he were not the greatest monarch that ever lived, was at least the best fitted to act the part.

Behind the King's son and the King's brother there entered a little group of notables and of officials whom duty had called to this daily ceremony. There was the grand master of the robes, the first lord of the bedchamber, the Duc du Maine, a pale youth clad in black velvet, limping heavily with his left leg, and his little brother, the young Comte de Toulouse, both of them the illegitimate sons of Madame de Montespan and the King. Behind them, again, was the first valet of the wardrobe, followed by Fagon, the first physician, Telier, the head surgeon, and three pages in scarlet and gold who bore the royal clothes. Such were the partakers in the family entry, the highest honor which the court of France could aspire to.

Bontems had poured on the King's hands a few drops of spirits of wine, catching them again in a silver dish; and the first lord of the bedchamber had presented the bowl of holy water, with which he made the sign of the cross, muttering to himself the short office of the Holy Ghost. Then, with a nod to his brother and a short word of greeting to

the Dauphin and to the Duc du Maine, he swung his legs over the side of the bed, and sat in his long silken night-dress, his little white feet dangling from beneath it—a perilous position for any man to assume, were it not that he had so heartfelt a sense of his own dignity that he could not realize that under any circumstances it might be compromised in the eyes of others. So he sat, the master of France, and yet the slave to every puff of wind, for a wandering draught had set him shivering and shaking. Monsieur de St. Quentin, the noble barber, flung a purple dressing-gown over the royal shoulders, and placed a long many-curled court wig upon his head, while Bontems drew on his red stockings and laid before him his slippers of embroidered velvet. The monarch thrust his feet into them, tied his dressing-gown, and passed out to the fireplace, where he settled himself down in his easy-chair, holding out his thin delicate hands towards the blazing logs, while the others stood round in a semicircle, waiting for the *grand lever* which was to follow.

"How is this, messieurs?" the King asked, suddenly, glancing round him with a petulant face. "I am conscious of a smell of scent. Surely none of you would venture to bring perfume into the presence, knowing, as you must all do, how offensive it is to me."

The little group glanced from one to the other with protestations of innocence. The faithful Bontems, however, with his stealthy step, had passed along behind them, and had detected the offender.

"My lord of Toulouse, the smell comes from you," he said.

The Comte de Toulouse, a little ruddy-cheeked lad, flushed up at the detection.

"If you please, sire, it is possible that Mademoiselle de Grammont may have wet my coat with her casting-bottle when we all played together at Marly yesterday," he stammered. "I had not observed it, but if it offends your Majesty—"

"Take it away! take it away!" cried the King. "Pah! it chokes and stifles me! Open the lower casement, Bontems. No; never heed, now that he is gone. Monsieur de St. Quentin, is this not our shaving morning?"

"Yes, sire; all is ready."

"Then why not proceed? It is three minutes after the accustomed time. To work, sir; and you, Bontems, give word for the *grand lever*."

It was obvious that the King was not in a very good humor that morning. He darted little quick questioning glances at his brother and at his sons, but whatever complaint or sarcasm may have trembled upon his lips, was effectually stifled by De St. Quentin's ministrations. With the nonchalance born of long custom, the official covered the royal chin with soap, drew the razor swiftly round it, and sponged over the surface with spirits of wine. A nobleman then helped to draw on the King's black velvet haut-de-chausses, a second assisted in arranging them, while a third drew the night-gown over the shoulders, and handed the royal shirt, which had been warming before the fire. His diamond-buckled shoes, his gaiters, and his scarlet inner vest were successively fastened by noble courtiers, each keenly jealous of his own privilege, and over the vest was placed the blue ribbon with the cross of the Holy Ghost in diamonds, and that of St. Louis tied with red. To one to whom the sight was new, it might have seemed strange to see the little man, listless, passive, with his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the burning logs, while this group of men, each with a historic name, bustled round him, adding a touch here and a touch there, like a knot of children with a favorite doll. The black under-coat was drawn on, the cravat of rich lace adjusted, the loose overcoat secured, two handkerchiefs of costly point carried forward upon an enamelled saucer, and thrust by separate officials into each side pocket, the silver and ebony cane laid to hand, and the monarch was ready for the labors of the day.

During the half-hour or so which had been occupied in this manner there had been a constant opening and closing of the chamber door, and a muttering of names from the captain of the guard to the attendant in charge, and from the attendant in charge to the first gentleman of the chamber, ending always in the admission of some new visitor. Each as he entered bowed profoundly three times, as a salute to majesty, and then attached himself to his own little clique or coterie, to gossip in a low voice over the news, the weather, and the plans of the day. Gradually the numbers increased, until by the time the King's frugal first

breakfast of bread and twice-watered wine had been carried in, the large square chamber was quite filled with a throng of men, many of whom had helped to make the epoch the most illustrious of French history. Here, close by the King, was the harsh but energetic Louvois, all-powerful now since the death of his rival Colbert, discussing a question of military organization with two officers, the one a tall and stately soldier, the other a strange little figure, undersized and misshapen, but bearing the insignia of a Marshal of France, and owning a name which was of evil omen over the Dutch frontier, for Luxembourg was looked upon already as the successor of Condé, even as his companion Vauban was of Turenne. Beside them, a small white-haired clerical with an austere face, Père La Chaise, confessor to the King, was whispering his views upon Jansenism to the portly Bossuet, the eloquent Bishop of Meaux, and to the tall thin young Abbé de Fénélon, who listened with a clouded brow, for it was well known that his own opinions were tainted with the heresy in question. There, too, was Le Brun, the painter, discussing art in a small circle which contained his fellow-workers Verrio and Laguerre, the architects Blondel and Le Nôtre, and the sculptors Girardon, Puget, Desjardins, and Coysevox, whose works had done so much to beautify the new palace of the King. Close to the door, Racine, with his handsome face wreathed in smiles, was chatting with the poet Boileau and the architect Mansard, the three laughing and jesting with the freedom which was natural to the favorite servants of the King, the only subjects who might walk unannounced and without ceremony into and out of his chamber.

"What is amiss with him this morning?" asked Boileau, in a whisper, nodding his head in the direction of the royal group. "I fear that his sleep has not improved his temper."

"He becomes harder and harder to amuse," said Racine, shaking his head. "I am to be at Madame de Maintenon's room at three to see whether a page or two of the *Phèdre* may not work a change."

"My friend," said the architect, "do you not think that madame herself might be a better consoler than your *Phèdre?*"

"Madame is a wonderful woman. She has brains, she has heart, she has tact—she is admirable."

"And yet she has one gift too many."

"And that is?"

"Age."

"Pooh! What matter her years when she can carry them like thirty? What an eye! What an arm! And besides, my friends, he is not himself a boy any longer."

"Ah, but that is another thing."

"A man's age is an incident, a woman's a calamity."

"Very true. But a young man consults his eye, and an older man his ear. Over forty, it is the clever tongue which wins; under it, the pretty face."

"Ah, you rascal! Then you have made up your mind that five-and-forty years with tact will hold the field against nine-and-thirty with beauty. Well, when your lady has won, she will doubtless remember who were the first to pay court to her."

"But I think that you are wrong, Racine."

"Well, we shall see."

"And if you are wrong—"

"Well, what then?"

"Then it may be a little serious for you."

"And why?"

"The Marquise de Montespan has a memory."

"Her influence may soon be nothing more."

"Do not rely too much upon it, my friend. When the Fontanges came up from Provence, with her blue eyes and her copper hair, it was in every man's mouth that Montespan had had her day. Yet Fontanges is six feet under a church crypt, and the Marquise spent two hours with the King last week. She has won once, and may again."

"Ah, but this is a very different rival. This is no slip of a country girl, but the cleverest woman in France."

"Pshaw, Racine, you know our good master well, or you should, for you seem to have been at his elbow since the days of the Fronde. Is he a man, think you, to be amused forever by sermons, or to spend his days at the feet of a lady of that age, watching her at her tapestry-work, and fondling her poodle, when all the fairest faces and brightest eyes of France are as thick in his *salons* as the tulips in a Dutch flower bed? No, no; it



THE "GRAND LEVER" OF THE KING.

will be the Montespan, or if not she, some younger beauty."

"My dear Boileau, I say again that her sun is setting. Have you not heard the news?"

"Not a word."

"Her brother, Monsieur de Vivonne, has been refused the *entrée*."

"Impossible!"

"But it is a fact."

"And when?"

"This very morning."

"From whom had you it?"

"From De Catinat, the captain of the guard. He had his orders to bar the way to him."

"Ha! then the King does indeed mean mischief. That is why his brow is so cloudy this morning, then. By my faith, if the Marquise has the spirit with which folk credit her, he may find that it was easier to win her than to slight her."

"Ay; the Mortemarts are no easy race to handle."

"Well, Heaven send him a safe way out of it! But who is this gentleman? His face is somewhat grimmer than those to which the court is accustomed. Ha! the King catches sight of him, and Louvois beckons to him to advance. By my faith, he is one who would be more at his ease in a tent than under a painted ceiling."

The stranger who had attracted Racine's attention was a tall thin man, with a high aquiline nose, stern fierce gray eyes, peeping out from under tufted brows, and a countenance so lined and marked by age, care, and stress of weather that it stood out amid the prim courtier faces which surrounded it as an old hawk might in a cage of birds of gay plumage. He was clad in the sombre-colored suit which had become usual at court since the King had put aside frivolity and Fontanges, but the sword which hung from his waist was no fancy rapier, but a good brass-hilted blade in a stained leather sheath, which showed every sign of having seen hard service. He had been standing near the door, his black-feathered beaver in his hand, glancing with a half-amused, half-disdainful expression at the groups of gossips around him; but at the sign from the minister of war he began to elbow his way forward, pushing aside in no very ceremonious fashion all who barred his passage.

Louis possessed in a high degree the royal faculty of recognition. "It is years since I have seen him, but I remember his face well," said he, turning to his minister. "It is the Comte de Frontenac, is it not?"

"Yes, sire," answered Louvois; "it is indeed Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, and formerly Governor of Canada."

"We are glad to see you once more at our *lever*," said the monarch, as the old nobleman stooped his head and kissed the white hand which was extended to him. "I hope that the cold of Canada has not chilled the warmth of your loyalty."

"Only death itself, sire, would be cold enough for that."

"Then I trust that it may remain to us for many long years. We would thank you for the care and pains which you have spent upon our province, and if we have recalled you, it is chiefly that we would fain hear from your own lips how all things go there. And first, as the affairs of God take precedence of those of France, how does the conversion of the heathen prosper?"

"We cannot complain, sire. The good fathers, both Jesuits and Récollets, have done their best, though indeed they are both rather ready to abandon the affairs of the next world in order to meddle with those of this."

"What say you to that, father?" asked Louis, glancing, with a twinkle of the eyes, at his Jesuit confessor.

"I say, sire, that when the affairs of this world have a bearing upon those of the next, it is indeed the duty of a good priest, as of every other good Catholic, to guide them right."

"That is very true, sire," said De Frontenac, with an angry flush upon his swarthy cheek; "but as long as your Majesty did me the honor to intrust those affairs to my own guidance, I would brook no interference in the performance of my duties, whether the meddler were clad in coat or cassock."

"Enough, sir, enough!" said Louis, sharply. "I had asked you about the missions."

"They prosper, sire. There are Iroquois at the Sault and the mountain, Hurons at Lorette, and Algonquins along the whole river côtes from Tadousac in the East to Sault la Marie, and even the great plains of the Dakotas, who have all taken the cross as their token. Marquette has passed down the river of the West to

preach among the Illinois, and Jesuits have carried the gospel even to the warriors of the Long House in their wigwams at Onondaga."

"I may add, your Majesty," said Père La Chaise, "that in leaving the truth there, they have too often left their lives with it."

"Yes, sire, it is very true," cried De Frontenac, cordially. "Your Majesty has many brave men within his domains, but none braver than these. They have come back up the Richelieu River from the Iroquois villages with their nails gone, their fingers torn out, a cinder where their eye should be, and the scars of the pine splinters as thick upon their bodies as the fleurs-de-lis on yonder curtain. Yet, with a month of nursing from the good Ursulines at Montreal, they have used their remaining eye to guide them back to the Indian country once more, where even the dogs have been frightened at their haggled faces and twisted limbs."

"And you have suffered this?" cried Louis, hotly. "You allow these infamous assassins to live?"

"I have asked for troops, sire."

"And I have sent some."

"One regiment."

"The Carignan-Salière. I have no better in my service."

"But more is needed, sire."

"There are the Canadians themselves. Have you not a militia? Could you not raise force enough to punish these rascally murderers of God's priests? I had always understood that you were a soldier."

De Frontenac's eyes flashed, and a quick answer seemed for an instant to tremble upon his lips, but with an effort the fiery old man restrained himself. "Your Majesty will learn best whether I am a soldier or not," said he, "by asking those who have seen me at Seneffe, Mulhausen, Salzbach, and half a score of other places where I had the honor of upholding your Majesty's cause."

"Your services have not been forgotten."

"It is just because I am a soldier and have seen something of war that I know how hard it is to penetrate into a country much larger than the Lowlands, all thick with forest and bog, with a savage lurking behind every tree, who, if he has not learned to step in time or to form line, can at least bring down the running caribou at two hundred paces, and travel three leagues to your one. And then when you have at last reached their villages, and burned their empty wigwams and a few acres of maize fields, what the better are you then? You can but travel back again to your own land with a cloud of unseen men lurking behind you, and a scalp-yell for every straggler. You are a soldier yourself, sire. I ask you if such a war is an easy task for a handful of soldiers, with a few *censitaires* straight from the plough, and a few *coureurs des bois* whose hearts all the time are with their traps and their beaver-skins."

"No, no; I am sorry if I spoke too hastily," said Louis. "We shall look into the matter at our council."

"Then it warms my heart to hear you say so," cried the old Governor. "There will be joy down the long St. Lawrence, in white hearts and in red, when it is known that their great father over the waters has turned his mind towards them."

"And yet you must not look for too much, for Canada has been a heavy cost to us, and we have many calls in Europe."

"Ah, sire, I would that you could see that great land. When your Majesty has won a campaign over here, what may come of it? Glory, a few miles of land, Luxembourg, Strasburg, one more city in the kingdom; but over there, with a tenth of the cost and a hundredth part of the force, there is a world ready to your hand. It is so vast, sire, so rich, so beautiful! Where are there such hills, such forests, such rivers! And it is all for us if we will but take it. Who is there to stand in our way? A few nations of scattered Indians and a thin strip of English farmers and fishermen. Turn your thoughts there, sire, and in a few years you would be able to stand upon your citadel at Quebec, and to say there is one great empire here from the snows of the North to the warm Southern gulf, and from the waves of the ocean to the great plains beyond Marquette's river, and the name of this empire is France, and her king is Louis, and her flag is the fleurs-de-lis."

Louis's cheek had flushed at this ambitious picture, and he had leaned forward in his chair, with flashing eyes, but he sank back again as the Governor concluded.

"On my word, Count," said he, "you

have caught something of this gift of Indian eloquence of which we have heard. But about these English folk. They are Huguenots, are they not?"

"For the most part. Especially in the North."

"Then it might be a service to Holy Church to send them packing. They have a city there, I am told. New—New—How do they call it?"

"New York, sire. They took it from the Dutch."

"Ah, New York. And have I not heard of another? Bos—Bos—"

"Boston, sire."

"That is the name. The harbors might be of service to us. Tell me, now, Frontenac," lowering his voice so that his words might be audible only to the Count, Louvois, and the royal circle, "what force would you need to clear these people out? One regiment, two regiments, and perhaps a frigate or two?"

But the ex-Governor shook his grizzled head. "You do not know them, sire," said he. "They are a stern folk, these. We in Canada, with all your gracious help, have found it hard to hold our own. Yet these men have had no help, but only hinderance, with cold and disease, and barren lands, and Indian wars, but they have thriven and multiplied until the woods thin away in front of them like ice in the sun, and their church bells are heard where but yesterday the wolves were howling. They are peaceful folk, and slow to war, but when they have set their hands to it, though they may be slack to begin, they are slacker still to cease. To put New England into your Majesty's hands, I would ask fifteen thousand of your best troops and twenty ships of the line."

Louis sprang impatiently from his chair, and caught up his cane. "I wish," said he, "that you would imitate these people who seem to you to be so formidable, in their excellent habit of doing things for themselves. The matter may stand until our council. Reverend father, it has struck the hour of chapel, and all else may wait until we have paid our duties to Heaven." Taking a missal from the hands of an attendant, he walked as fast as his very high heels would permit him towards the door, the court forming a lane through which he might pass, and then closing up behind to follow him in order of precedence.

Chapter III.

THE HOLDING OF THE DOOR.

Whilst Louis had been affording his court that which he had openly stated to be the highest of human pleasures—the sight of the royal face—the young officer of the guard outside had been very busy passing on the titles of the numerous applicants for admission, and exchanging usually a smile or a few words of greeting with them, for his frank handsome face was a well-known one at the court. With his merry eyes and his brisk bearing, he looked like a man who was on good terms with fortune. Indeed, he had good cause to be so, for she had used him well. Three years ago he had been an unknown subaltern bushfighting with Algonquins and Iroquois in the wilds of Canada. An exchange had brought him back to France and into the regiment of Picardy, but the lucky chance of having seized the bridle of the King's horse one winter's day in Fontainebleau when the creature was plunging within a few yards of a deep gravel-pit had done for him what ten campaigns might have failed to accomplish. Now as a trusted officer of the King's guard, young, gallant, and popular, his lot was indeed an enviable one. And yet, with the strange perversity of human nature, he was already surfeited with the dull if magnificent routine of the King's household, and looking back with regret to the rougher and freer days of his early service. Even there at the royal door his mind had turned away from the frescoed passage and the groups of courtiers to the wild ravines and foaming rivers of the West, when suddenly his eyes lit upon a face which he had last seen among those very scenes.

"Ah, Monsieur de Frontenac!" he cried. "You cannot have forgotten me."

"What! De Catinat! Ah, it is a joy indeed to see a face from over the water! But there is a long step between a subaltern in the Carignan and a captain in the Guards. You have risen rapidly."

"Yes; and yet I may be none the happier for it. There are times when I would give it all to be dancing down the Lachine Rapids in a birch canoe, or to see the red and the yellow on those hill-sides once more at the fall of the leaf."

"Ay," sighed De Frontenac. "You

know that my fortunes have sunk as yours have risen. I have been recalled, and De La Barre is in my place. But there will be a storm there which such a man as he can never stand against. With the Iroquois all dancing the scalp-dance, and Dongan behind them in New York to whoop them on, they will need me, and they will find me waiting when they send. I will see the King now, and try if I cannot rouse him to play the great monarch there as well as here. Had I but his power in my hands, I should change the world's history."

"Hush! No treason to the captain of the guard," cried De Catinat, laughing, while the stern old soldier strode past him into the King's presence.

A gentleman very richly dressed in black and silver had come up during this short conversation, and advanced, as the door opened, with the assured air of a man whose rights are beyond dispute. Captain de Catinat, however, took a quick step forward, and barred him off from the door.

"I am very sorry, Monsieur de Vivonne," said he, "but you are forbidden the presence."

"Forbidden the presence! I? You are mad!" He stepped back with gray face and staring eyes, one shaking hand half raised in protest.

"I assure you that it is his order."

"But it is incredible. It is a mistake."

"Very possibly."

"Then you will let me past."

"My orders leave me no discretion."

"If I could have one word with the King."

"Unfortunately, monsieur, it is impossible."

"Only one word."

"It really does not rest with me, monsieur."

The angry nobleman stamped his foot, and stared at the door as though he had some thoughts of forcing a passage. Then turning on his heel, he hastened away down the corridor with the air of a man who has come to a decision.

"There, now," grumbled De Catinat to himself, as he pulled at his thick dark mustache, "he is off to make some fresh mischief. I'll have his sister here presently, as like as not, and a pleasant little choice between breaking my orders and making an enemy of her for life. I'd rather hold Fort Richelieu against the Iroquois than the King's door against an angry woman. By my faith, here *is* a lady, as I feared! Ah, Heaven be praised! it is a friend, and not a foe. Good-morning, Mademoiselle Nanon."

"Good-morning, Captain de Catinat."

The new-comer was a tall graceful brunette, her fresh face and sparkling black eyes the brighter in contrast with her plain dress.

"I am on guard, you see. I cannot talk with you."

"I cannot remember having asked monsieur to talk with me."

"Ah, but you must not pout in that pretty way, or else I cannot help talking to you," whispered the captain. "What is this in your hand, then?"

"A note from Madame de Maintenon to the King. You will hand it to him, will you not?"

"Certainly, mademoiselle. And how is madame, your mistress?"

"Oh, her director has been with her all the morning, and his talk is very, very good; but it is also very, very sad. We are not very cheerful when Monsieur Godet has been to see us. But I forget monsieur is a Huguenot, and knows nothing of directors."

"Oh, but I do not trouble about such differences. I let the Sorbonne and Geneva fight it out between them. Yet a man must stand by his family, you know."

"Ah! if monsieur could talk to Madame de Maintenon a little! She would convert him."

"I would rather talk to Mademoiselle Nanon, but if---"

"Oh!" There was an exclamation, a whisk of dark skirts, and the soubrette had disappeared down a side passage.

Along the broad lighted corridor was gliding a very stately and beautiful lady, tall, graceful, and exceedingly haughty. She was richly clad in a bodice of gold-colored camlet and a skirt of gray silk trimmed with gold and silver lace. A handkerchief of priceless Genoa point half hid and half revealed her beautiful throat, and was fastened in front by a cluster of pearls, while a rope of the same, each one worth a bourgeois's income, was coiled in and out through her luxuriant hair. The lady was past her first youth, it is true, but the magnificent curves of her queenly figure, the purity of her complexion, the brightness of her deep-lashed blue eyes, and the clear regularity of her

features enabled her still to claim to be the most handsome as well as the most sharp-tongued woman in the court of France. So beautiful was her bearing, the carriage of her dainty head upon her proud white neck, and the sweep of her stately walk, that the young officer's fears were overpowered in his admiration, and he found it hard, as he raised his hand in salute, to retain the firm countenance which his duties demanded.

"Ah, it is Captain de Catinat," said Madame de Montespan, with a smile which was more embarrassing to him than any frown could have been.

"Your humble servant, Marquise."

"I am fortunate in finding a friend here, for there has been some ridiculous mistake this morning."

"I am concerned to hear it."

"It was about my brother, Monsieur de Vivonne. It is almost too laughable to mention, but he was actually refused admission to the *lever*."

"It was my misfortune to have to refuse him, madame."

"You, Captain de Catinat? And by what right?" She had drawn up her superb figure, and her large blue eyes were blazing with indignant astonishment.

"The King's order, madame."

"The King! Is it likely that the King would cast a public slight upon my family? From whom had you this preposterous order?"

"Direct from the King through Bontems."

"Absurd! Do you think that the King would venture to exclude a Mortemart through the mouth of a valet? You have been dreaming, Captain."

"I trust that it may prove so, madame."

"But such dreams are not very fortunate to the dreamer. Go, tell the King that I am here, and would have a word with him."

"Impossible, madame."

"And why?"

"I have been forbidden to carry a message."

"To carry any message?"

"Any from you, madame."

"Come, captain, you improve. It only needed this insult to make the thing complete. You may carry a message to the King from any adventuress, from any decayed governess"—she laughed shrilly at her description of her rival—"but none from Françoise de Mortemart, Marquise de Montespan?"

"Such are my orders, madame. It pains me deeply to be compelled to carry them out."

"You may spare your protestations, Captain. You may yet find that you have every reason to be deeply pained. For the last time, do you refuse to carry my message to the King?"

"I must, madame."

"Then I carry it myself."

She sprang forward at the door, but he slipped in front of her with outstretched arms.

"For God's sake, consider yourself, madame!" he entreated. "Other eyes are upon you."

"Pah! Canaille!" She glanced at the knot of Switzers, whose sergeant had drawn them off a few paces, and who stood open-eyed, staring at the scene. "I tell you that I *will* see the King."

"No lady has ever been at the morning *lever*."

"Then I shall be the first."

"You will ruin me if you pass."

"And none the less, I shall do so."

The matter looked serious. De Catinat was a man of resource, but for once he was at his wits' end. Madame de Montespan's resolution, as it was called in her presence, or effrontery, as it was termed behind her back, was proverbial. If she attempted to force her way, would he venture to use violence upon one who only yesterday had held the fortunes of the whole court in the hollow of her hand, and who, with her beauty, her wit, and her energy, might very well be in the same position to-morrow? If she passed him then, his future was ruined with the King, who never brooked the smallest deviation from his orders. On the other hand, if he thrust her back, he did that which could never be forgiven, and which would entail some deadly vengeance should she return to power. It was an unpleasant dilemma. But a happy thought flashed into his mind at the very moment when she, with clinched hand and flashing eyes, was on the point of making a fresh attempt to pass him.

"If madame would deign to wait," said he, soothingly, "the King will be on his way to the chapel in an instant."

"It is not yet time."

"I think the hour has just gone."

"And why should I wait like a lackey?"

"It is but a moment, madame."

"No, I shall not wait." She took a step forward towards the door.

But the guardsman's quick ear had caught the sound of moving feet from within, and he knew that he was master of the situation. "I will take madame's message," said he.

"Ah, you have recovered your senses! Go, tell the King that I wish to speak with him."

He must gain a little time yet. "Shall I say it through the lord in waiting?"

"No; yourself."

"Publicly?"

"No, no; for his private ear."

"Shall I give a reason for your request?"

"Oh, you madden me! Say what I have told you, and at once."

But the young officer's dilemma was happily over. At that instant the double doors were swung open, and Louis appeared in the opening, strutting forwards on his high-heeled shoes, his stick tapping, his broad skirts flapping, and his courtiers spreading out behind him. He stopped as he came out, and turned to the captain of the guard.

"You have a note for me?"

"Yes, sire."

The monarch slipped it into the pocket of his scarlet under-vest, and was advancing once more when his eyes fell upon Madame de Montespan standing very stiff and erect in the middle of the passage. A dark flush of anger shot to his brow, and he walked swiftly past her without a word; but she turned and kept pace with him down the corridor.

"I had not expected this honor, madame," said he.

"Nor had I expected this insult, sire."

"An insult, madame? You forget yourself."

"No; it is you who have forgotten me, sire."

"You intrude upon me."

"I wished to hear my fate from your own lips," she whispered. "I can bear to be struck myself, sire, even by him who has my heart. But it is hard to hear that one's brother has been wounded through the mouths of valets and Huguenot soldiers for no fault of his, save that his sister has loved too fondly."

"It is no time to speak of such things."

"When can I see you, then, sire?"

"In your chamber."

"At what hour?"

"At four."

"Then I shall trouble your Majesty no further."

She swept him one of the graceful courtesies for which she was famous, and turned away down a side passage with triumph shining in her eyes. Her beauty and her spirit had never failed her yet, and now that she had the monarch's promise of an interview, she never doubted that she could do as she had done before, and win back the heart of the man, however much against the conscience of the king.

Chapter IV.

THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE.

Louis had walked on to his devotions in no very charitable frame of mind, as was easily to be seen from his clouded brow and compressed lips. He knew his late favorite well, her impulsiveness, her audacity, her lack of all restraint when thwarted or opposed. She was capable of making a hideous scandal, of turning against him that bitter tongue which had so often made him laugh at the expense of others, perhaps even of making some public exposure which would leave him the butt and gossip of Europe. He shuddered at the thought. At all costs such a catastrophe must be averted. And yet how could he cut the tie which bound them? He had broken other such bonds as these; but the gentle La Vallière had shrunk into a convent at the very first glance which had told her of waning love. That was true affection. But this woman would struggle hard, fight to the bitter end, before she would quit the position which was so dear to her. She spoke of her wrongs. What were her wrongs? In his intense selfishness, nurtured by the eternal flattery which was the very air he breathed, he could not see that the fifteen years of her life which he had absorbed, or the loss of the husband whom he had supplanted, gave her any claim upon him. In his view he had raised her to the highest position which a subject could occupy. Now he was weary of her, and it was her duty to retire with resignation, nay, even with gratitude for past favors. She should have a pension, and the children should be cared for. What could a reasonable woman ask for more?

And then his motives for discarding



"THE OLD HUGUENOT STOOD UP WITH A GESTURE OF DESPAIR."

her were so excellent. He turned them over in his mind as he knelt listening to the Archbishop of Paris reciting the mass, and the more he thought, the more he approved. His conception of the deity was as a larger Louis, and of heaven as a more gorgeous Versailles. If he exacted obedience from his twenty millions, then he must show it also to this one who had a right to demand it of him. On the whole, his conscience acquitted him. But in this one matter he had been lax. From the first coming of his gentle and forgiving young wife from Spain, he had never once permitted her to be without a rival. Now that she was dead, the matter was no better. One favorite had succeeded another, and if De Montespan had held her own so long, it was rather from her audacity than from his affection. But now Father La Chaise and Bossuet were ever reminding him that he had topped the summit of his life, and was already upon that downward path which leads to the grave. His wild outburst over the unhappy Fontanges had represented the last flicker of his passions. The time had come for gravity and for calm, neither of which was to be expected in the company of Madame de Montespan.

But he had found out where they were to be enjoyed. From the day when De Montespan had introduced the stately and silent widow as a governess for his children, he had found a never-failing and ever-increasing pleasure in her society. In the early days of her coming he had sat for hours in the rooms of his favorite, watching the tact and sweetness of temper with which her dependent controlled the mutinous spirits of the petulant young Duc du Maine and the mischievous little Comte de Toulouse. He had been there nominally for the purpose of superintending the teaching, but he had confined himself to admiring the teacher. And then in time he too had been drawn into the attraction of that strong sweet nature, and had found himself consulting her upon points of conduct, and acting upon her advice with a docility which he had never shown before to minister or mistress. For a time he had thought that her piety and her talk of principle might be a mere mask, for he was accustomed to hypocrisy all round him. It was surely unlikely that a woman who was still beautiful, with as bright an eye and as graceful a figure as any in his court, could, after a life spent in the gayest circles, preserve the spirit of a nun. But on this point he was soon undeceived, for when his own language had become warmer than that of friendship, he had been met by an iciness of manner and a brevity of speech which had shown him that there was one woman at least in his dominions who had a higher respect for herself than for him. And perhaps it was better so. The placid pleasures of friendship were very soothing after the storms of passion. To sit in her room every afternoon, to listen to talk which was not tainted with flattery, and to hear opinions which were not framed to please his ear, were the occupations now of his happiest hours. And then her influence over him was all so good! She spoke of his kingly duties, of his example to his subjects, of his preparation for the world beyond, and of the need for an effort to

snap the guilty ties which he had formed. She was as good as a confessor—a confessor with a lovely face and a perfect arm.

And now he knew that the time had come when he must choose between her and De Montespan. Their influences were antagonistic. They could not continue together. He stood between virtue and vice, and he must choose. Vice was very attractive too, very comely, very witty, and holding him by that chain of custom which is so hard to shake off. There were hours when his nature swayed strongly over to that side, and when he was tempted to fall back into his old life. But Bossuet and Père La Chaise were ever at his elbows to whisper encouragement, and, above all, there was Madame de Maintenon to remind him of what was due to his position and to his six-and-forty years. Now at last he had braced himself for a supreme effort. There was no safety for him while his old favorite was at court. He knew himself too well to have any faith in a lasting change so long as she was there ever waiting for his moment of weakness. She must be persuaded to leave Versailles, if without a scandal it could be done. He would be firm when he met her in the afternoon, and make her understand once for all that her reign was forever over.

Such were the thoughts which ran through the King's head as he bent over the rich crimson cushion which topped his prie-dieu of carved oak. He knelt in his own enclosure to the right of the altar, with his guards and his immediate household around him, while the court, ladies and cavaliers, filled the chapel. Piety was a fashion now, like dark overcoats and lace cravats, and no courtier was so worldly-minded as not to have had a touch of grace since the King had taken to religion. Yet they looked very bored, these soldiers and seigneurs, yawning and blinking over the missals, while some who seemed more intent upon their devotions were really dipping into the latest romance of Scudéry or Calpernedi, cunningly bound up in a sombre cover. The ladies, indeed, were more devout, and were determined that all should see it, for each had lit a tiny taper, which she held in front of her on the plea of lighting up her missal, but really that her face might be visible to the King, and inform him that hers was a kindred spirit. A few there may have been, here and there, whose prayers rose from their hearts, and who were there of their own free will; but the policy of Louis had changed his noblemen into courtiers and his men of the world into hypocrites, until the whole court was like one gigantic mirror which reflected his own likeness a hundredfold.

It was the habit of Louis, as he walked back from the chapel, to receive petitions or to listen to any tales of wrong which his subjects might bring to him. His way, as he returned to his rooms, lay partly across an open space, and here it was that the suppliants were wont to assemble. On this particular morning there were but two or three—a Parisian, who conceived himself injured by the provost of his guild, a peasant whose cow had been torn by a huntsman's dog, and a farmer who had had hard usage from his feudal lord. A few questions, and then a hurried order to his secretary disposed of each case, for if Louis was a tyrant himself, he had at least the merit that he insisted upon being the only one within his kingdom. He was about to resume his way again, when an elderly man, clad in the garb of a respectable citizen, and with a strong deep-lined face which marked him as a man of character, darted forward, and threw himself down upon one knee in front of the monarch.

"Justice, sire, justice!" he cried.

"What is this, then?" asked Louis. "Who are you and what is it that you want?"

"I am a citizen of Paris, and I have been cruelly wronged."

"You seem a very worthy person. If you have indeed been wronged you shall have redress. What have you to complain of?"

"Twenty of the Blue Dragoons of Languedoc are quartered in my house, with Captain Dalbert at their head. They have devoured my food, stolen my property, and beaten my servants, yet the magistrates will give me no redress."

"On my life, justice seems to be administered in a strange fashion in our city of Paris!" exclaimed the King, wrathfully.

"It is indeed a shameful case," said Bossuet.

"And yet there may be a very good reason for it," suggested Père La Chaise. "I would suggest that your Majesty should ask this man his name, his busi-

ness, and why it was that the dragoons were quartered upon him."

"You hear the reverend father's question."

"My name, sire, is Catinat, by trade I am a merchant in cloth, and I am treated in this fashion because I am of the Reformed Church."

"I thought as much!" cried the confessor.

"That alters matters," said Bossuet.

The King shook his head and his brow darkened. "You have only yourself to thank, then. The remedy is in your hands."

"And how, sire?"

"By embracing the only true faith."

"I am already a member of it, sire."

The King stamped his foot angrily. "I can see that you are a very insolent heretic," said he. "There is but one church in France, and that is my church. If you are outside that, you cannot look to me for aid."

"My creed is that of my father, sire, and of my grandfather."

"If they have sinned it is no reason why you should. My own grandfather erred also before his eyes were opened."

"But he nobly atoned for his error," murmured the Jesuit.

"Then you will not help me, sire?"

"You must first help yourself."

The old Huguenot stood up with a gesture of despair, while the King continued on his way, the two ecclesiastics, on either side of him, murmuring their approval into his ears.

"You have done nobly, sire."

"You are truly the first son of the church."

"You are the worthy successor of St. Louis."

But the King bore the face of a man who was not absolutely satisfied with his own action.

"You do not think, then, that these people have too hard a measure?" said he.

"Too hard? Nay, your Majesty errs on the side of mercy."

"I hear that they are leaving my kingdom in great numbers."

"And surely it is better so, sire; for what blessing can come upon a country which has such stubborn infidels within its boundaries?"

"Those who are traitors to God can scarce be loyal to the King," remarked Bossuet. "Your Majesty's power would be greater if there were no temple, as they call their dens of heresy, within your dominions."

"My grandfather has promised them protection. They are shielded, as you well know, by the edict which he gave at Nantes."

"But it lies with your Majesty to undo the mischief that has been done."

"And how?"

"By recalling the edict."

"And driving into the open arms of my enemies two millions of my best artisans and of my bravest servants. No, no, father, I have, I trust, every zeal for mother-church, but there is some truth in what De Frontenac said this morning of the evil which comes from mixing the affairs of this world with those of the next. How say you, Louvois?"

"With all respect to the church, sire, I would say that the devil has given these men such cunning of hand and of brain that they are the best workers and traders in your Majesty's kingdom. I know not how the state coffers are to be filled if such tax-payers go from among us. Already many have left the country and taken their trades with them. If all were to go, it would be worse for us than a lost campaign."

"But," remarked Bossuet, "if it were once known that the King's will had been expressed, your Majesty may rest assured that even the worst of his subjects bear him such love that they would hasten to come within the pale of holy church. As long as the edict stands, it seems to them that the King is lukewarm, and that they may abide in their error."

The King shook his head. "They have always been stubborn folk," said he.

"Perhaps," remarked Louvois, glancing maliciously at Bossuet, "were the bishops of France to make an offering to the state of the treasures of their sees, we might then do without these Huguenot taxes."

"All that the church has is at the King's service," answered Bossuet, curtly.

"The kingdom is mine, and all that is in it," remarked Louis, as they entered the Grand Salon in which the court assembled after chapel, "yet I trust that it may be long before I have to claim the wealth of the church."

"We trust so, sire," echoed the ecclesiastics.

"But we may reserve such topics for

our council-chamber. Where is Mansard? I must see his plans for the new wing at Marly." He crossed to a side table, and was buried in an instant in his favorite pursuit, inspecting the gigantic plans of the great architect, and inquiring eagerly as to the progress of the work.

"I think," said Père La Chaise, drawing Bossuet aside, "that your Grace has made some impression upon the King's mind."

"With your powerful assistance, father."

"Oh, you may rest assured that I shall lose no opportunity of pushing on the good work."

"If you take it in hand, it is done."

"But there is another who has more weight than I."

"The favorite, De Montespan?"

"No, no; her day is gone. It is Madame de Maintenon."

"I hear that she is very devout."

"Very. But she has no love for my order. She is a Sulpitian. Yet we may all work to one end. Now if you were to speak to her, your Grace."

"With all my heart."

"Show her how good a service it would be could she bring about the banishment of the Huguenots."

"I shall do so."

"And offer her in return that we will promote—" he bent forward and whispered into the prelate's ear.

"What! He would not do it!"

"And why? The Queen is dead."

"The widow of the poet Scarron!"

"She is of good birth. Her grandfather and his were dear friends."

"It is impossible!"

"But I know his heart, and I say it is possible."

"You certainly know his heart, father, if any can. But such a thought had never entered my head."

"Then let it enter and remain there. If she will serve the church, the church will serve her. But the King beckons, and I must go."

The thin dark figure hastened off through the throng of courtiers, and the great Bishop of Meaux remained standing with his chin upon his breast, sunk in reflection.

By this time all the court was assembled in the Grand Salon, and the huge room was gay from end to end with the silks, the velvets, and the brocades of the ladies, the glitter of jewels, the flirt of painted fans, and the sweep of plume or aigrette. The grays, blacks, and browns of the men's coats toned down the mass of color, for all must be dark when the King was dark, and only the blues of the officers' uniforms, and the pearl and gray of the musketeers of the guard, remained to call back those early days of the reign when the men had vied with the women in the costliness and brilliancy of their wardrobes. And if dresses had changed, manners had done so even more. The old levity and the old passions lay doubtless very near the surface, but grave faces and serious talk were the fashion of the hour. It was no longer the lucky *coup* at the lansquenet table, the last comedy of Molière, or the new opera of Lully about which they gossiped, but it was on the evils of Jansenism, or the expulsion of Arnauld from the Sorbonne, on the insolence of Pascal, or on the comparative merits of two such popular preachers as Bourdaloue and Massillon. So, under a radiant ceiling and over a many-colored floor, surrounded by immortal paintings, set thickly in gold and ornament, there moved all these nobles and ladies of France, all moulding themselves upon the one little dark figure in their midst, who was himself so far from being his own master that he hung balanced even now between two rival women, who were playing a game in which the future of France and his own destiny were the stakes.

Chapter V.

CHILDREN OF BELIAL.

THE elderly Huguenot had stood silent after his repulse by the King, with his eyes cast moodily downwards, and a face in which doubt, sorrow, and anger contended for the mastery. He was a very large, gaunt man, rawboned and haggard, with a wide forehead, a large fleshy nose, and a powerful chin. He wore neither wig nor powder, but Nature had put her own silvering upon his thick grizzled locks, and the thousand puckers which clustered round the edges of his eyes, or drew at the corners of his mouth, gave a set gravity to his face which needed no device of the barber to increase it. Yet, in spite of his mature years, the swift anger with which he had sprung up when the King refused his plaint, and the keen

fiery glance which he had shot at the royal court as they filed past him with many a scornful smile and whispered gibe at his expense, all showed that he had still preserved something of the strength and of the spirit of his youth. He was dressed as became his rank, plainly and yet well, in a sad-colored brown kersey coat with silver-plated buttons, knee-breeches of the same, and white woollen stockings, ending in broad-toed black leather shoes cut across with a great steel buckle. In one hand he carried his low felt hat, trimmed with gold edging, and in the other a little cylinder of paper containing a recital of his wrongs, which he had hoped to leave in the hands of the King's secretary.

His doubts as to what his next step should be were soon resolved for him in a very summary fashion. These were days when, if the Huguenot was not absolutely forbidden in France, he was at least looked upon as a man who existed upon sufferance, and who was unshielded by the laws which protected his Catholic fellow-subjects. For twenty years the stringency of the persecution had increased until there was no weapon which bigotry could employ, short of absolute expulsion, which had not been turned against him. He was impeded in his business, elbowed out of all public employment, his house filled with troops, his children encouraged to rebel against him, and all redress refused him for the insults and assaults to which he was subjected. Every rascal who wished to gratify his personal spite, or to gain favor with his bigoted superiors, might do his worst upon him without fear of the law. Yet, in spite of all, these men clung to the land which disowned them, and, full of the love for their native soil which lies so deep in a Frenchman's heart, preferred insult and contumely at home to the welcome which would await them beyond the seas. Already, however, the shadow of those days was falling upon them when the choice should no longer be theirs.

Two of the King's big blue-coated guardsmen were on duty at that side of the palace, and had been witnesses to his unsuccessful appeal. Now they tramped across together to where he was standing, and broke brutally into the current of his thoughts.

"Now, hymn-books," said one, gruffly, "get off again about your business."

"You're not a very pretty ornament to the King's pathway," cried the other, with a hideous oath. "Who are you, to turn up your nose at the King's religion, curse you?"

The old Huguenot shot a glance of anger and contempt at them, and was turning to go, when one of them thrust at his ribs with the butt end of his halberd.

"Take that, you dog!" he cried. "Would you dare to look like that at the King's guard?"

"Children of Belial," cried the old man, with his hand pressed to his side, "were I twenty years younger you would not have dared to use me so."

"Ha! you would still spit your venom, would you? That is enough, André! He has threatened the King's guard. Let us seize him and drag him to the guard-room."

The two soldiers dropped their halberds and rushed upon the old man, but, tall and strong as they were, they found it no easy matter to secure him. With his long sinewy arms and his wiry frame, he shook himself clear of them again and again, and it was only when his breath had failed him that the two, torn and panting, were able to twist round his wrists, and so secure him. They had hardly won their pitiful victory, however, before a stern voice and a sword flashing before their eyes, compelled them to release their prisoner once more.

It was Captain de Catinat, who, his morning duties over, had strolled out on to the terrace and had come upon this sudden scene of outrage. At the sight of the old man's face he gave a violent start, and drawing his sword, had rushed forward with such fury that the two guardsmen not only dropped their victim, but, staggering back from the threatening sword point, one of them slipped and the other rolled over him, a revolving mass of blue coat and white kersey.

"Villains!" roared De Catinat. "What is the meaning of this?"

The two had stumbled on to their feet again, very shamefaced and ruffled.

"If you please, Captain," said one, saluting, "this is a Huguenot who abused the royal guard."

"His petition had been rejected by the King, Captain, and yet he refused to go."

De Catinat was white with fury. "And so when a French citizen has come to have a word with the great master of

his country, he must be harassed by two Swiss dogs like you?" he cried. "By my faith, we shall soon see about that!"

He drew a little silver whistle from his pocket, and at the shrill summons an old sergeant and half a dozen soldiers came running from the guard-room.

"Your names?" asked the Captain, sternly.

"André Meunier."

"And yours?"

"Nicholas Klopper."

"Sergeant, you will arrest these men, Meunier and Klopper."

"Certainly, Captain," said the sergeant, a dark grizzled old soldier of Condé and Turenne.

"See that they are tried to-day."

"And on what charge, Captain?"

"For assaulting an aged and respected citizen who had come on business to the King."

"He was a Huguenot on his own confession," cried the culprits together.

"Hum!" The sergeant pulled doubtfully at his long mustache. "Shall we put the charge in that form, Captain? Just as the Captain pleases." He gave a little shrug of his epauletted shoulders to signify his doubt whether any good could arise from it.

"No," said De Catinat, with a sudden happy thought. "I charge them with laying their halberds down while on duty, and with having their uniforms dirty and disarranged."

"That is better," answered the sergeant, with the freedom of a privileged veteran. "Thunder of God, but you have disgraced the guards! An hour on the wooden horse with a musket at either foot may teach you that halberds were made for a soldier's hand, and not for the King's grass-plot. Seize them! Attention! Right half turn! March!" And away went the little clump of guardsmen with the sergeant in the rear.

The Huguenot had stood in the background, grave and composed, without any sign of exultation, during this sudden reversal of fortune; but when the soldiers were gone, he and the young officer turned warmly upon each other.

"Amory, I had not hoped to see you!"

"Nor I you, uncle. What, in the name of wonder, brings you to Versailles?"

"My wrongs, Amory. The hand of the wicked is heavy upon us, and whom can we turn to save only the King?"

The young officer shook his head. "The King is at heart a good man," said he. "But he can only see the world through the glasses which are held before him. You have nothing to hope from him."

"He spurned me from his presence."

"Did he ask you your name?"

"He did, and I gave it."

The young guardsman whistled. "Let us walk to the gate," said he. "By my faith, if my kinsmen are to come and bandy arguments with the King, it may not be long before my company finds itself without its Captain."

"The King would not couple us together. But indeed, nephew, it is strange to me how you can live in this house of Baal and yet bow down to no false gods."

"I keep my belief in my own heart."

The older man shook his head gravely. "Your ways lie along a very narrow path," said he, "with temptation and danger ever at your feet. It is hard for you to walk with the Lord, Amory, and yet go hand in hand with the persecutors of his people."

"Tut, uncle!" said the young man, impatiently. "I am a soldier of the King's, and I am willing to let the black gown and the white surplice settle these matters between them. Let me live in honor and die in my duty, and I am content to wait to know the rest."

"Content, too, to live in palaces, and eat from fine linen," said the Huguenot, bitterly, "when the hands of the wicked are heavy upon your kinsfolk, and there is a breaking of phials, and a pouring forth of tribulation, and a wailing and a weeping throughout the land."

"What is amiss, then?" asked the young soldier, who was somewhat mystified by the scriptural language in use among the French Calvinists of the day.

"Twenty men of Moab have been quartered upon me, with one Dalbert, their Captain, who has long been a scourge to Israel."

"Captain Claude Dalbert, of the Languedoc dragoons? I have already some small score to settle with him."

"Ay, and the scattered remnant has also a score against this murderous dog and self-seeking Ziphite."

"What has he done, then?"

"His men are over my house like moths in a cloth bale. No place is free from them. He sits in the room which should be mine, his great boots on my

Spanish-leather chairs, his pipe in his mouth, his wine-pot at his elbow, and his talk a hissing and an abomination. He has beaten old Pierre of the warehouse."

"Ha!"

"And thrust me into the cellar."

"Ha!"

"Because I have dragged him back when in his drunken love he would have thrown his arms about your cousin Adèle."

"Oh!" The young man's color had been rising and his brows knitting at each successive charge, but at this last his anger boiled over, and he hurried forward with fury in his face, dragging his elderly companion by the elbow. They had been passing through one of those winding paths, bordered by high hedges, which thinned away every here and there to give a glimpse of some prowling faun or weary nymph who slumbered in marble amid the foliage. The few courtiers who met them gazed with surprise at so ill assorted a pair of companions. But the young soldier was too full of his own plans to waste a thought upon their speculations. Still hurrying on, he followed a crescent path which led past a dozen stone dolphins shooting water out of their mouths over a group of Tritons, and so through an avenue of great trees which looked as if they had grown there for centuries, and yet had in truth been carried over that very year by incredible labor from St. Germain and Fontainebleau. Beyond this point a small gate leads out of the grounds, and it was through it that the two passed, the elder man puffing and panting with this unusual haste.

"How did you come, uncle?"

"In a calèche."

"Where is it?"

"That it is, beyond the auberge."

"Come, let us make for it."

"And you, Amory, are you coming?"

"My faith, it is time that I came, from what you tell me. There is room for a man with a sword at his side in this establishment of yours."

"But what would you do?"

"I would have a word with this Captain Dalbert."

"Then I have wronged you, nephew, when I said even now that you were not whole-hearted towards Israel."

"I know not about Israel," cried De Catinat, impatiently. "I only know that if my Adèle chose to worship the thunder like an Abenagui squaw, or turned her innocent prayers to the Mitche Manitou, I should like to set eyes upon the man who would dare to lay a hand upon her. Ha, here comes our calèche! Whip up, driver, and five livres to you if you pass the gate of the Invalides within the hour."

It was no light matter to drive fast in an age of springless carriages and deeply rutted roads, but the driver lashed at his two rough unclipped horses, and the calèche jolted and clattered upon its way. As they sped on, with the road-side trees dancing past the narrow windows, and the white dust streaming behind them, the guardsman drummed his fingers upon his knees, and fidgeted in his seat with impatience, shooting an occasional question across at his grim companion.

"When was all this, then?"

"It was yesterday night."

"And where is Adèle now?"

"She is at home."

"And this Dalbert?"

"Oh, he is there also!"

"What! you have left her in his power while you came away to Versailles?"

"She is locked in her room."

"Pah! what is a lock?" The young man raved with his hands in the air at the thought of his own impotence.

"And Pierre is there."

"He is useless."

"And Amos Green."

"Ah, that is better. He is a man, by the look of him."

"His mother was one of our own folk from Staten Island, near Manhattan. She was one of those scattered lambs who fled early before the wolves, when first it was seen that the King's hand waxed heavy upon Israel. He speaks French, and yet he is neither French to the eye, nor are his ways like our ways."

"He has chosen an evil time for his visit."

"Some wise purpose may lie hid in it."

"And you have left him in the house?"

"Yes; he was sat with this Dalbert, smoking with him, and telling him strange tales."

"What guard could he be? He a stranger in a strange land? You did ill to leave Adèle thus, uncle."

"She is in God's hands, Amory."

"I trust so. Oh, I am on fire to be there!"

He thrust his hand through the cloud of dust which rose from the wheels,

and craned his neck to look upon the long curving river and broad-spread city, which was already visible before them, half hid by a thin blue haze, through which shot the double tower of Notre Dame, with the high spire of St. Jaques and a forest of other steeples and minarets, the monuments of eight hundred years of devotion. Soon, as the road curved down to the river-bank, the city wall grew nearer and nearer, until they had passed the southern gate, and were rattling over the stony causeway, leaving the broad Luxembourg upon their right, and Colbert's last work, the Invalides, upon their left. A sharp turn brought them on to the river quays, and crossing over the Pont Neuf, they skirted the stately Louvre, and plunged into the labyrinth of narrow but important streets which extended to the northward. The young officer had his head still thrust out of the window, but his view was obscured by a broad gilded carriage which lumbered heavily along in front of them. As the road broadened, however, it swerved to one side, and he was able to catch a glimpse of the house to which they were making.

It was surrounded on every side by an immense crowd.

Chapter VI.

A HOUSE OF STRIFE.

The house of the Huguenot merchant was a tall narrow building standing at the corner of the Rue St. Martin and the Rue de Biron. It was four stories in height, grim and grave like its owner, with high peaked roof, long diamond-paned windows, a frame-work of black wood, with gray plaster filling the interstices, and five stone steps which led up to the narrow and sombre door. The upper story was but a warehouse in which the trader kept his stock, but the second and third were furnished with balconies edged with stout wooden balustrades. As the uncle and the nephew sprang out of the calèche, they found themselves upon the outskirts of a dense crowd of people, who were swaying and tossing with excitement, their chins all thrown forwards and their gaze directed upwards. Following their eyes, the young officer saw a sight which left him standing bereft of every sensation save amazement.

From the upper balcony there was hanging head downwards a man clad in the bright blue coat and white breeches of one of the King's dragoons. His hat and wig had dropped off, and his close-cropped head swung slowly backwards and forwards a good fifty feet above the pavement. His face was turned towards the street, and was of a deadly whiteness, while his eyes were screwed up as though he dared not open them upon the horror which faced them. His voice, however, resounded over the whole place until the air was filled with his screams for mercy.

Above him, at the corner of the balcony, there stood a young man who leaned with a bent back over the balustrades, and who held the dangling dragoon by either ankle. His face, however, was not directed towards his victim, but was half turned over his shoulder to confront a group of soldiers who were clustering at the long open window which opened out into the balcony. His head, as he glanced at them, was poised with a proud air of defiance, while they surged and oscillated in the opening, uncertain whether to rush on or to retire.

Suddenly the crowd gave a groan of excitement. The young man had released his grip upon one of the ankles, and the dragoon hung now by one only, his other leg flapping helplessly in the air. He grabbed aimlessly with his hands at the wall and the wood-work behind him, still yelling at the pitch of his lungs.

"Pull me up, son of the devil, pull me up!" he screamed. "Would you murder me, then? Help, good people, help!"

"Do you want to come up, Captain?" said the strong clear voice of the young man above him, speaking excellent French, but in an accent which fell strangely upon the ears of the crowd beneath.

"Yes, sacred name of God, yes!"

"Order off your men, then."

"Away, you dolts, you imbeciles! Do you wish to see me dashed to pieces? Away, I say! Off with you!"

"That is better," said the youth, when the soldiers had vanished from the window. He gave a tug at the dragoon's leg as he spoke, which jerked him up so far that he could twist round and catch hold of the lower edge of the balcony. "How do you find yourself now?" he asked.

"Hold me, for Heaven's sake, hold me!"

"I have you quite secure."

"Then pull me up!"

"Not so fast, Captain. You can talk very well where you are."

"Let me up, sir, let me up!"

"All in good time. I fear that it is inconvenient to you to talk with your heels in the air."

"Ah, you would murder me!"

"On the contrary, I am going to pull you up."

"Heaven bless you!"

"But only on conditions."

"Oh, they are granted! I am slipping!"

"You will leave this house—you and your men. You will not trouble this old man or this young girl any further. Do you promise?"

"Oh yes; we shall go."

"Word of honor?"

"Certainly. Only pull me up!"

"Not so fast. It may be easier to talk to you like this. I do not know how the laws are over here. Maybe this sort of thing is not permitted. You will promise me that I shall have no trouble over the matter."

"None, none. Only pull me up!"

"Very good. Come along!"

He dragged at the dragoon's leg while the other gripped his way up the balustrade until, amid a buzz of congratulation from the crowd, he tumbled all in a heap over the rail on to the balcony, where he lay for a few moments as he had fallen. Then staggering to his feet, without a glance at his opponent, he rushed, with a bellow of rage, through the open window.

While this little drama had been enacted overhead, the young guardsman had shaken off his first stupor of amazement, and had pushed his way through the crowd with such vigor that he and his companion had nearly reached the bottom of the steps. The uniform of the King's guard was in itself a passport anywhere, and the face of old De Catinat was so well known in the district that every one drew back to clear a path for him towards his house. The door was flung open for them, and an old servant stood wringing his hands in the dark passage.

"Oh, master! Oh, master!" he cried. "Such doings, such infamy! They will murder him!"

"Whom, then?"

"This brave monsieur from America. Oh, my God, hark to them now!"

As he spoke, a clatter and shouting which had burst out again upstairs ended suddenly in a tremendous crash, with volleys of oaths and a prolonged bumping and smashing, which shook the old house to its foundations. The soldier and the Huguenot rushed swiftly up the first flight of stairs, and were about to ascend the second one, from the head of which the uproar seemed to proceed, when a great eight-day clock came hurtling down, springing four steps at a time, and ending with a leap across the landing and a crash against the wall, which left it a shattered heap of metal wheels and wooden splinters. An instant afterwards four men, so locked together that they formed but one rolling bundle, came thudding down amid a débris of splintered stair rails, and writhed and struggled upon the landing, staggering up, falling down, and all breathing together like the wind in a chimney. So twisted and twined were they that it was hard to pick one from the other save that the innermost was clad in black Flemish cloth, while the three who clung to him were soldiers of the King. Yet so strong and vigorous was the man whom they tried to hold that as often as he could find his feet he dragged them after him from end to end of the passage, as a boar might pull the curs which had fastened on to his haunches. An officer, who had rushed down at the heels of the brawlers, thrust his hands in to catch the civilian by the throat, but he whipped them back again with an oath as the man's strong white teeth met in his left thumb. Clapping the wound to his mouth, he flashed out his sword, and was about to drive it through the body of his unarmed opponent, when De Catinat sprang forward and caught him by the wrist.

"You villain, Dalbert!" he cried.

The sudden appearance of one of the King's own body-guard had a magic effect upon the brawlers. Dalbert sprang back, with his thumb still in his mouth, and his sword drooping, scowling darkly at the new-comer. His long sallow face was distorted with anger, and his small black eyes blazed with passion and with the hell-fire light of unsatisfied vengeance. His troopers had released their victim, and stood panting in a line, while the young man leaned against the wall, brushing the dust from his black coat, and looking from his rescuer to his antagonists.

"I had a little account to settle with

you before, Dalbert," said De Catinat, unsheathing his rapier.

"I am on the King's errand," snarled the other.

"No doubt. On guard, sir?"

"I am here on duty, I tell you!"

"Very good. Your sword, sir!"

"I have no quarrel with you."

"No?" De Catinat stepped forward and struck him across the face with his open hand. "It seems to me that you have one now," said he.

"Hell and furies!" screamed the Captain. "To your arms, men! Hola, there, from above! Cut down this fellow, and seize your prisoner! Hola! In the King's name!"

At his call a dozen more troopers came hurrying down the stairs, while the three upon the landing advanced upon their former antagonist. He slipped by them, however, and caught out of the old merchant's hand the thick oak stick which he carried.

"I am with you, sir," said he, taking his place beside the guardsman.

"Call off your canaille, and fight me like a gentleman," cried De Catinat.

"A gentleman! Hark to the bourgeois Huguenot, whose family peddles cloth!"

"You coward! I will write liar on you with my sword point!"

He sprang forward, and sent in a thrust which might have found its way to Dalbert's heart had the heavy sabre of a dragoon not descended from the side and shorn his more delicate weapon short off close to the hilt. With a shout of triumph, his enemy sprang furiously upon him with his rapier shortened, but was met by a sharp blow from the cudgel of the young stranger which sent his weapon tinkling on to the ground. A trooper, however, on the stair had pulled out a pistol, and clapping it within a foot of the guardsman's head, was about to settle the combat once and forever, when a little old gentleman, who had quietly ascended from the street, and who had been looking on with an amused and interested smile at this fiery sequence of events, took a sudden quick step forward, and ordered all parties to drop their weapons with a voice so decided, so stern, and so full of authority, that the sabre points all clinked down together upon the parquet flooring as though it were a part of their daily drill.

"Upon my word, gentlemen, upon my word!" said he, looking sternly from one to the other. He was a very small, dapper man, as thin as a herring, with projecting teeth and a huge drooping many-curled wig, which cut off the line of his skinny neck and the slope of his narrow shoulders. His dress was a long overcoat of mouse-colored velvet slashed with gold, beneath which were high leather boots, which, with his little gold-laced, three-cornered hat, gave a military tinge to his appearance. In his gait and bearing he had a dainty strut and backward cock of the head, which, taken with his sharp black eyes, his high thin features, and his assured manner, would impress a stranger with the feeling that this was a man of power. And, indeed, in France or out of it there were few to whom this man's name was not familiar, for in all France the only figure which loomed up as large as that of the King was this very little gentleman who stood now, with gold snuff-box in one hand, and deep-laced handkerchief in the other, upon the landing of the Huguenot's house. For, who was there who did not know the last of the great French nobles, the bravest of French captains, the beloved Condé, victor of Rocroy and hero of the Fronde? At the sight of his pinched sallow face the dragoons and their leader had stood staring, while De Catinat raised the stump of his sword in a salute.

"Heh, heh!" cried the old soldier, peering at him. "You were with me on the Rhine—heh? I know your face, Captain. But the household was with Turenne."

"I was in the regiment of Picardy, your Highness. De Catinat is my name."

"Yes, yes. But you, sir, who the devil are you?"

"Captain Dalbert, your Highness, of the Languedoc Blue Dragoons."

"Heh! I was passing in my carriage, and I saw you standing on your head in the air. The young man let you up on conditions, as I understood."

"He swore he would go from the house," cried the young stranger. "Yet when I had let him up, he set his men upon me, and we all came down stairs together."

"My faith, you seem to have left little behind you," said Condé, smiling, as he glanced at the litter which was strewed all over the floor. "And so you broke your parole, Captain Dalbert?"

"I could not hold treaty with a Huguenot and an enemy of the King," said the dragoon, sulkily.

"You could hold treaty, it appears, but not keep it. And why did you let him go, sir, when you had him at such a vantage?"

"I believed his promise."

"You must be of a trusting nature."

"I have been used to deal with Indians."

"Heh! And you think an Indian's word is better than that of an officer in the King's dragoons?"

"I did not think so an hour ago."

"Hem!" Condé took a large pinch of snuff, and brushed the wandering grains from his velvet coat with his handkerchief of point.

"You are very strong, monsieur," said he, glancing keenly at the broad shoulders and arching chest of the young stranger. "You are from Canada, I presume?"

"I have been there, sir. But I am from New York."

Condé shook his head. "An island?"

"No, sir; a town."

"In what province?"

"The province of New York."

"The chief town, then?"

"Nay; Albany is the chief town."

"And how came you to speak French?"

"My mother was of French blood."

"And how long have you been in Paris?"

"A day."

"Heh! And you already begin to throw your mother's country folk out of windows!"

"He was annoying a young maid, sir, and I asked him to stop, whereon he whipped out his sword, and would have slain me had I not closed with him, upon which he called upon his fellows to aid him. To keep them off, I swore that I would drop him over if they moved a step. Yet when I let him go, they set upon me again, and I know not what the end might have been had this gentleman not stood my friend."

"Hem! You did very well. You are young, but you have resource."

"I was reared in the woods, sir."

"If there are many of your kidney, you may give my friend De Frontenac some work ere he found this empire of which he talks. But how is this, Captain Dalbert? What have you to say?"

"The King's orders, your Highness."

"Heh! Did he order you to molest the girl? I have never yet heard that his Majesty erred by being too *harsh* with a woman." He gave a little dry chuckle in his throat, and took another pinch of snuff.

"The orders are, your Highness, to use every means which may drive these people into the true Church."

"On my word, you look a very fine apostle and a pretty champion for a holy cause," said Condé, glancing sardonically out of his twinkling black eyes at the brutal face of the dragoon. "Take your men out of this, sir, and never venture to set your foot again across this threshold."

"But the King's command, your Highness."

"I will tell the King when I see him that I left soldiers and that I find brigands. Not a word, sir! Away! You take your shame with you, and you leave your honor behind." He had turned in an instant from the sneering, strutting old beau to the fierce soldier with set face and eye of fire. Dalbert shrank back from his baleful gaze, and muttering an order to his men, they filed off down the stair with clattering feet and clank of sabres.

"Your Highness," said the old Huguenot, coming forward and throwing open one of the doors which led from the landing, "you have indeed been a savior of Israel and a stumbling-block to the froward this day. Will you not deign to rest under my roof, and even to take a cup of wine ere you go onwards?"

Condé raised his thick eyebrows at the scriptural fashion of the merchant's speech, but he bowed courteously to the invitation, and entered the chamber, looking around him in surprise and admiration at its magnificence. With its panelling of dark shining oak, its polished floor, its stately marble chimney-piece, and its beautifully moulded ceiling, it was indeed a room which might have graced a palace.

"My carriage waits below," said he, "and I must not delay longer. It is not often that I leave my castle of Chantilly to come to Paris, and it was a fortunate chance which made me pass in time to be of service to honest men. When a house hangs out such a sign as an officer of dragoons with his heels in the air, it is hard to drive past without a question. But I fear that as long as you are a Hu-

guenot, there will be no peace for you in France, monsieur."

"The law is indeed heavy upon us."

"And will be heavier if what I hear from court is correct. I wonder that you do not fly the country."

"My business and my duty lie here."

"Well, every man knows his own affairs best. Would it not be wise to bend to the storm, heh?"

The Huguenot gave a gesture of horror.

"Well, well, I meant no harm. And where is this fair maid who has been the cause of the broil?"

"Where is Adèle, Pierre?" asked the merchant of the old servant, who had carried in the silver tray with a squat flask and tinted Venetian glasses.

"I locked her in my room, master."

"And where is she now?"

"I am here, father." A young girl sprang into the room, and threw her arms round the old merchant's neck. "Oh, I trust these wicked men have not hurt you, love!"

"No, no, dear child; none of us have been hurt, thanks to his Highness the Prince of Condé here."

Adèle raised her eyes, and quickly drooped them again before the keen questioning gaze of the old soldier. "May God reward your Highness!" she stammered. In her confusion the blood rushed to her face, which was perfect in feature and expression. With her sweetly delicate contour, her large gray eyes, and the sweep of the lustrous hair, setting off with its rich tint the little shell-like ears and the alabaster whiteness of the neck and throat, even Condé, who had seen all the beauties of three courts and of sixty years defile before him, stood staring in admiration at the Huguenot maiden.

"Heh! On my word, mademoiselle, you make me wish that I could wipe forty years from my account." He bowed, and sighed in the fashion that was in vogue when Buckingham came to the wooing of Anne of Austria, and the dynasty of cardinals was at its height.

"France could ill spare those forty years, your Highness."

"Heh, heh! So quick of tongue, too? Your daughter has a courtly wit, monsieur."

"God forbid, your Highness! She is as pure and good—"

"Nay, that is but a sorry compliment to the court. Surely, mademoiselle, you would love to go out into the great world, to hear sweet music, see all that is lovely, and wear all that is costly, rather than look out ever upon the Rue St. Martin, and bide in this great dark house until the roses wither upon your cheeks."

"Where my father is, I am happy at his side," said she, putting her two hands upon his sleeve. "I ask nothing more than I have got."

"And I think it best that you go up to your room again," said the old merchant, shortly, for the prince, in spite of his age, bore an evil name among women. He had come close to her as he spoke, and had even placed one yellow hand upon her shrinking arm, while his little dark eyes twinkled with an ominous light.

"Tut, tut!" said he, as she hastened to obey. "You need not fear for your little dove. This hawk, at least, is far past the stoop, however tempting the quarry. But, indeed, I can see that she is as good as she is fair, and one could not say more than that if she were from heaven direct. My carriage waits, gentlemen, and I wish you all a very good day!" He inclined his bewigged head, and strutted off in his dainty, dandified fashion. From the window De Catinat could see him step into the same gilded chariot which had stood in his way as he drove from Versailles.

"By my faith," said he, turning to the young American, "we all owe thanks to the prince, but it seems to me, sir, that we are your debtors even more. You have risked your life for my cousin, and but for your cudgel, Dalbert would have had his blade through me when he had me at a vantage. Your hand, sir! These are things which a man cannot forget."

"Ay, you may well thank him, Amory," broke in the old Huguenot, who had returned after escorting his illustrious guest to the carriage. "He has been raised up as a champion for the afflicted, and as a helper for those who are in need. An old man's blessing upon you, Amos Green, for my own son could not have done for me more than you, a stranger."

But their young visitor appeared to be more embarrassed by their thanks than by any of his preceding adventures. The blood flushed to his weather-tanned, clear-cut face, as smooth as that of a boy, and yet marked by a firmness of lip and a shrewdness in the keen blue eyes which spoke of a strong and self-reliant nature.

"I have a mother and two sisters over the water," said he, diffidently.

"And you honor women for their sake?"

"We always honor women over there. Perhaps it is that we have so few. Over in these old countries you have not learned what it is to be without them. I have been away up the lakes for furs, living for months on end the life of a savage among the wigwams of the Sacs and the Foxes, foul livers and foul talkers, ever squatting like toads around their fires. Then when I have come back to Albany, where my folk then dwelt, and have heard my sisters play upon the spinet and sing, and my mother talk to us of the France of her younger days and of her childhood, and of all that they had suffered for what they thought was right, then I have felt what a good woman is, and how, like the sunshine, she draws out of one's soul all that is purest and best."

"Indeed, the ladies should be very much obliged to monsieur, who is as eloquent as he is brave," said Adèle Catinat, who, standing in the open door, had listened to the latter part of his remarks.

He had forgotten himself for the instant, and had spoken freely and with energy. At the sight of the girl, however, he colored up again, and cast down his eyes.

"Much of my life has been spent in the woods," said he, "and one speaks so little there that one comes to forget how to do it. It was for this that my father wished me to stay some time in France, for he would not have me grow up a mere trapper and trader."

"And how long do you stop in Paris?" asked the guardsman.

"Until Ephraim Savage comes for me."

"And who is he?"

"The master of the *Golden Rod*."

"And that is your ship?"

"My father's ship. She has been to Bristol, is now at Rouen, and then must to Bristol again. When she comes back once more, Ephraim comes to Paris for me, and it will be time for me to go."

"And how like you Paris?"

The young man smiled. "They told me ere I came that it was a very lively place, and truly from the little that I have seen this morning, I think that it is the liveliest place that I have seen."

"By my faith," said De Catinat, "you came down those stairs in a very lively fashion, four of you together, with a Dutch clock as an avant-courier, and a whole train of wood-work at your heels. And you have not seen the city yet?"

"Only as I journeyed through it yester-evening on my way to this house. It is a wondrous place, but I was pent in for lack of air as I passed through it. New York is a great city. There are said to be as many as three thousand folk living there, and they say that they could send out four hundred fighting-men, though I can scarce bring myself to believe it. Yet from all parts of the city one may see something of God's handiwork—the trees, the green of the grass, and the shine of the sun upon the bay and the rivers. But here it is stone and wood, and wood and stone, look where you will. In truth, you must be very hardy people to keep your health in such a place."

"And to us it is you who seem so hardy, with your life in the forest and on the river," cried the young girl. "And then the wonder that you can find your path through those great wildernesses, where there is naught to guide you."

"Well, there again! I marvel how you can find your way among these thousands of houses. For myself I trust that it will be a clear night to-night."

"And why?"

"That I may see the stars."

"But you will find no change in them."

"That is it. If I can but see the stars, it will be easy for me to know how to walk when I would find this house again. In the daytime I can carry a knife and notch the door-posts as I pass, for it might be hard to pick up one's trail again, with so many folk ever passing over it."

De Catinat burst out laughing again. "By my faith, you will find Paris livelier than ever," said he, "if you blaze your way through on the door-posts as you would on the trees of a forest. But perchance it would be as well that you should have a guide at first; so, if you have two horses ready in your stables, uncle, our friend and I might shortly ride back to Versailles together, for I have a spell of guard again before many hours are over. Then for some days he might bide with me there, if he will share a soldier's quarters, and so see more than the Rue St. Martin can offer. How would that suit you, Monsieur Green?"

"I should be right glad to come out with you, if we may leave all here in safety."

"Oh, fear not for that," said the Huguenot. "The order of the Prince of Condé will be as a shield and a buckler to us for many a day. I will order Pierre to saddle the horses."

"And I must use the little time I have," said the guardsman, as he turned away to where Adèle waited for him in the window.

Chapter VII.

THE NEW WORLD AND THE OLD.

THE young American was soon ready for the expedition, but De Catinat lingered until the last possible minute. When at last he was able to tear himself away, he adjusted his cravat, brushed his brilliant coat, and looked very critically over the sombre suit of his companion.

"Where got you those?" he asked.

"In New York, ere I left."

"Hem! There is naught amiss with the cloth, and indeed the sombre color is the mode, but the cut is strange to our eyes."

"I only know that I wish that I had my fringed hunting tunic and leggings on once more."

"This hat, now. We do not wear our brims flat like that. See if I cannot mend it." He took the beaver, and looping up one side of the brim, he fastened it with a golden brooch taken from his own shirt front. "There is a martial cock," said he, laughing, "and would do credit to the King's Own Musketeers. The black broadcloth and silk hose will pass, but why have you not a sword at your side?"

"I carry a gun when I ride out."

"*Mon Dieu*, you will be laid by the heels as a bandit!"

"I have a knife, too."

"Worse and worse! Well, we must dispense with the sword, and with the gun too, I pray! Let me re-tie your cravat. So! Now if you are in the mood for a ten-mile gallop, I am at your service."

They were indeed a singular contrast as they walked their horses together through the narrow and crowded causeways of the Parisian streets. De Catinat, who was the older by five years, with his delicate small-featured face, his sharply trimmed mustache, his small but well-set and dainty figure, and his brilliant dress, looked the very type of the great nation to which he belonged.

His companion, however, large-limbed and strong, turning his bold and yet thoughtful face from side to side, and eagerly taking in all the strange new life amidst which he found himself, was also a type, unfinished it is true, but bidding fair to be the higher of the two. His close yellow hair, blue eyes, and heavy build showed that it was the blood of his father, rather than that of his mother, which ran in his veins; and even the sombre coat and swordless belt, if less pleasing to the eye, were true badges of a race which found its fiercest battles and its most glorious victories in bending nature to its will upon the seas and in the waste places of the earth.

"What is yonder great building?" he asked, as they emerged into a broader square.

"It is the Louvre, one of the palaces of the King."

"And is he there?"

"Nay; he lives at Versailles."

"What! Fancy that a man should have two such houses!"

"Two! He has many more—St. Germain, Marly, Fontainebleau, Clugny."

"But to what end? A man can but live at one at a time."

"Nay; he can now come or go as the fancy takes him."

"It is a wondrous building. I have seen the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Montreal, and thought that it was the greatest of all houses, and yet what is it beside this?"

"You have been to Montreal, then? You remember the fort?"

"Yes, and the Hôtel Dieu, and the wooden houses in a row, and eastward the great mill with the wall; but what do you know of Montreal?"

"I have soldiered there, and at Quebec, too. Why, my friend, you are not the only man of the woods in Paris, for I give you my word that I have worn the caribou moccasins, the leather jacket, and the fur cap with the eagle feather for six months at a stretch, and I care not how soon I do it again."

Amos Green's eyes shone with delight at finding that his companion and he had so much in common, and he plunged into a series of questions which lasted until they had crossed the river and reached the southwesterly gate of the city. By the moat and walls long lines of men were busy at their drill.

"Who are those, then?" he asked, gazing at them with curiosity.

"They are some of the King's soldiers."

"But why so many of them? Do they await some enemy?"

"Nay; we are at peace with all the world. Worse luck!"

"At peace. Why then all these men?"

"That they may be ready."

The young man shook his head in bewilderment. "They might be as ready in their own homes surely. In our country every man has his musket in his chimney corner, and is ready enough, yet he does not waste his time when all is at peace."

"Our King is very great, and he has many enemies."

"And who made the enemies?"

"Why, the King, to be sure."

"Then would it not be better to be without him?"

The guardsman shrugged his epaulets in despair. "We shall both wind up in the Bastille or Vincennes at this rate," said he. "You must know that it is in serving the country that he has made these enemies. It is but five years since he made a peace at Nimeguen, by which he tore away sixteen fortresses from the Spanish Lowlands. Then, also, he has laid his hands upon Strasburg and upon Luxembourg, and has chastised the Genoans, so that there are many who would fall upon him if they thought that he was weak."

"And why has he done all this?"

"Because he is a great King, and for the glory of France."

The stranger pondered over this answer for some time as they rode on between the high thin poplars, which threw bars across the sunlit road.

"There was a great man in Schenectady once," said he at last. "They are simple folk up yonder, and they all had great trust in each other. But after this man came among them they began to miss—one a beaver-skin, and one a bag of ginseng, and one a belt of wampum, until at last old Pete Hendricks lost his chestnut three-year-old. Then there was a search and a fuss until they found all that had been lost in the stable of the new-comer, so we took him, I and some others, and we hung him up on a tree, without ever thinking what a great man he had been."

De Catinat shot an angry glance at his companion. "Your parable, my friend, is scarce polite," said he. "If you and I are to travel in peace, you must keep a closer guard upon your tongue."

"I would not give you offence, and it may be that I am wrong," answered the American, "but I speak as the matter seems to me, and it is the right of a free man to do that."

De Catinat's frown relaxed as the other turned his earnest blue eyes upon him. "By my soul, where would the court be if every man did that?" said he. "But what in the name of heaven is amiss now?"

His companion had hurled himself off his horse, and was stooping low over the ground, with his eyes bent upon the dust. Then, with quick, noiseless steps, he zigzagged along the road, ran swiftly across a grassy bank, and stood peering at the gap of a fence, with his nostrils dilated, his eyes shining, and his whole face aglow with eagerness.

"The fellow's brain is gone," muttered De Catinat, as he caught at the bridle of the riderless horse. "The sight of Paris has shaken his wits. What in the name of the devil ails you, that you should stand glaring there?"

"A deer has passed," whispered the other, pointing down at the grass. "Its trail lies along there and into the wood. It could not have been long ago, and there is no slur to the track, so that it was not going fast. Had we but fetched my gun, we might have followed it, and brought the old man back a side of venison."

"For God's sake get on your horse again!" cried De Catinat, distractedly. "I fear that some evil will come upon you ere I get you safe to the Rue St. Martin again!"

"And what is wrong now?" asked Amos Green, swinging himself into the saddle.

"Why, man, these woods are the King's preserves, and you speak as coolly of slaying his deer as though you were on the shores of Michigan!"

"Preserves! They are tame deer!" An expression of deep disgust passed over his face, and spurring his horse, he galloped onwards at such a pace that De Catinat, after vainly endeavoring to keep up, had to shriek to him to stop.

"It is not usual in this country to ride so madly along the roads," he panted.

"It is a very strange country," cried the stranger, in perplexity. "Maybe it would be easier for me to remember what *is* allowed. It was but this morning that I took my gun to shoot a pigeon that was flying over the roofs in yonder street, and old Pierre caught my arm with a face as though it was the minister that I

was aiming at. And then there is that old man—why, they will not even let him say his prayers."

De Catinat laughed. "You will come to know our ways soon," said he. "This is a crowded land, and if all men rode and shot as they listed, much harm would come from it. But let us talk rather of your own country. You have lived much in the woods from what you tell me."

"I was but ten when first I journeyed with my uncle to Sault la Marie, where the three great lakes meet, to trade with the Chippewas and the tribes of the West."

"I know not what La Salle or De Frontenac would have said to that. The trade in those parts belongs to France."

"We were taken prisoners, and so it was that I came to see Montreal and afterwards Quebec. In the end we were sent back because they did not know what they could do with us."

"It was a good journey for a first."

"And ever since I have been trading—first, on the Kennebec with the Abenaquis, in the great forests of Maine, and with the Micmac fish-eaters over the Penobscot. Then later with the Iroquois, as far west as the country of the Senecas. At Albany and Schenectady we stored our pelts, and so on to New York, where my father shipped them over the sea."

"But he could ill spare you surely?"

"Very ill. But as he was rich, he thought it best that I should learn some things that are not to be found in the woods. And so he sent me in the *Golden Rod*, under the care of Ephraim Savage."

"Who is also of New York?"

"Nay; he is the first man that ever was born at Boston."

"I cannot remember the names of all these villages."

"And yet there may come a day when their names shall be as well known as that of Paris."

De Catinat laughed heartily. "The woods may have given you much, but not the gift of prophecy, my friend. Well, my heart is often over the water even as yours is, and I would ask nothing better than to see the palisades of Point Levi again, even if all the Five Nations were raving upon the other side of them. But now, if you will look there in the gap of the trees, you will see the King's new palace."

The two young men pulled up their horses, and looked down at the wide-spreading building in all the beauty of its dazzling whiteness, and at the lovely grounds, dotted with fountain and with statue, and barred with hedge and with walk, stretching away to the dense woods which clustered round them. It amused De Catinat to watch the swift play of wonder and admiration which flashed over his companion's features.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked at last.

"I think that God's best work is in America, and man's in Europe."

"Ay, and in all Europe there is no such palace as that, even as there is no such King as he who dwells within it."

"Can I see him, think you?"

"Who, the King? No, no; I fear that you are scarce made for a court."

"Nay, I should show him all honor."

"How, then? What greeting would you give him?"

"I would shake him respectfully by the hand, and ask as to his health and that of his family."

"On my word, I think that such a greeting might please him more than the bent knee and the rounded back, and yet, I think, my son of the woods, that it were best not to lead you into paths where you would be lost, as would any of the courtiers if you dropped them in the gorge of the Saguenay. But hola! what comes here? It looks like one of the carriages of the court."

A white cloud of dust, which had rolled towards them down the road, was now so near that the glint of gilding and the red coat of the coachman could be seen breaking out through it. As the two cavaliers reined their horses aside to leave the roadway clear, the coach rumbled heavily past them, drawn by two dapple grays, and the horsemen caught a glimpse, as it passed, of a beautiful but haughty face which looked out at them. An instant afterwards a sharp cry had caused the driver to pull up his horses, and a white hand beckoned to them through the carriage window.

"It is Madame de Montespan, the proudest woman in France," whispered De Catinat. "She would speak with us, so do as I do."

He touched his horse with the spur, gave a *gambade* which took him across to the carriage, and then, sweeping off his hat, he bowed to his horse's neck; a salute in which he was imitated, though in a

somewhat ungainly fashion, by his companion.

"Ha, Captain!" said the lady, with no very pleasant face, "we meet again."

"Fortune has ever been good to me, madame."

"It was not so this morning."

"You say truly. It gave me a hateful duty to perform."

"And you performed it in a hateful fashion."

"Nay, madame, what could I do more?"

The lady sneered, and her beautiful face turned as bitter as it could upon occasion. "You thought that I had no more power with the King. You thought that my day was past. No doubt it seemed to you that you might reap favor with the new by being the first to cast a slight upon the old."

"But, madame—"

"You may spare your protestations. I am one who judges by deeds and not by words. Did you, then, think that my charm had so faded, that any beauty which I ever have had is so withered?"

"Nay, madame, I were blind to think that."

"Blind as a noontide owl," said Amos Green, with emphasis.

Madame de Montespan arched her eyebrows and glanced at her singular admirer. "Your friend at least speaks that which he really feels," said she. "At four o'clock to-day we shall see whether others are of the same mind; and if they are, then it may be ill for those who mistook what was but a passing shadow for a lasting cloud." She cast another vindictive glance at the young guardsman, and rattled on once more upon her way.

"Come on!" cried De Catinat, curtly, for his companion was staring open-mouthed after the carriage. "Have you never seen a woman before?"

"Never such a one as that."

"Never one with so railing a tongue, I dare swear," said De Catinat.

"Never one with so lovely a face. And yet there is a lovely face at the Rue St. Martin also."

"You seem to have a nice taste for beauty, for all your woodland training."

"Yes, for I have been cut away from women so much that when I stand before one, I feel that she is something tender and sweet and holy."

"You may find dames at the court who are both tender and sweet, but you will look long, my friend, before you find the holy one. This one would ruin me if she can, and only because I have done what it was my duty to do. To keep one's self in this court is like coming down the La Chine Rapids where there is a rock to right, and a rock to left, and another perchance in front, and if you so much as graze one, where are you and your birch canoe? But our rocks are women, and in our canoe we bear all our worldly fortunes. Now here is another who would sway me over to her side, and indeed I think that it may prove to be the better side too."

They had passed through the gateway of the palace, and the broad sweeping drive lay in front of them, dotted with carriages and horsemen. On the gravel walks were many gayly dressed ladies, who strolled among the flower beds or watched the fountains with the sunlight glinting upon their high water sprays. One of these, who had kept her eyes turned upon the gate, came hastening forward the instant that De Catinat appeared. It was Mademoiselle Nanon, the confidante of Madame de Maintenon.

"I am so pleased to see you, Captain," she cried, "and I have waited so patiently. Madame would speak with you. The King comes to her at three, and we have but twenty minutes. I heard that you had gone to Paris, and so I stationed myself here. Madame has something which she would ask you."

"Then I will come at once. Ah, De Brissac, it is well met!"

A tall burly officer was passing in the same uniform which De Catinat wore. He turned at once, and came smiling towards his comrade.

"Ah, Amory, you have covered a league or two from the dust on your coat!"

"We are fresh from Paris. But I am called on business. This is my friend, Monsieur Amos Green. I leave him in your hands, for he is a stranger from America, and would fain see all that you can show. He stays with me at my quarters. And my horse, too, De Brissac. You can give it to the groom."

Throwing the bridle to his brother officer, and pressing the hand of Amos Green, De Catinat sprang from his horse, and followed at the top of his speed in the direction which the young lady had already taken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF THE OTHER WISE MAN.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

YOU have heard the story of the three wise men, and how they journeyed from the East to offer their gifts at the manger-cradle of Bethlehem. I would tell you now the story of the other wise man, who also saw the star in the Orient, and set out to follow it, yet came not with his brethren to the presence of the King. Of his great desire, and how it was denied, yet accomplished in the denial; of his wanderings and hinderances, and the probations of his soul; of the long way of his seeking, and the strange way of his finding the One whom he sought—I would tell the tale as I have heard fragments of it in the Hall of Dreams, in the palace of the Heart of Man.

In the days when Augustus Cæsar was lord of all kings and Herod reigned in Jerusalem, Artaban the Median dwelt in the city of Ecbatana, among the mountains of Persia. His house stood close to the outermost of the many walls which encircled the royal treasury, and from the roof he could look over the rising battlements of black and white and crimson and blue and red and silver and gold to the eminence where the summer palace of the Parthian Emperors glittered like a gem in a sevenfold crown. Around the house spread a fair garden, a tangle of flowers and fruit trees, watered by fountains, and made musical by innumerable birds. But all color was lost in the soft and odorous darkness of the late September night, and all sounds were hushed save the plash of the water, like a voice half sobbing and half laughing, under the shadow. High above the trees, the gleam of lights shone through the curtained arches of the upper chamber, where Artaban was holding council with his friends.

It was a lofty apartment, so designed that its proportions produced an effect of serenity without effort, and so decorated that it seemed full of splendor without luxury. The floor was laid with tiles of dark blue veined with white; pilasters of twisted silver stood out against the blue walls, which rose unbroken on three sides of the room to a height of twenty feet, and were surmounted with a row of marble arches hung with turquoise silk. The domed ceiling was of deepest azure, sown with silver stars. At the eastern end two dark red pillars of porphyry, smooth and massive, supported a straight lintel of the same stone, on which was carved the figure of a winged archer. The doorway between, covered by a drapery of pomegranate-color with golden rays shooting upward from the floor, opened upon the terrace of the roof looking towards the morning. The room was like a quiet silvery night with a promise of the crimson dawn.

On the raised dais at the western end a group of men were seated around a low square brazier on which a clear flame was burning, fed with sticks of pine and fragrant oils. The bright light fell upon their faces; and their garments of many-colored silk and the golden collars around their necks marked them as Persian nobles. The youngest and the noblest of them all was Artaban, a man of about forty years, with long black beard and hair, dark brilliant eyes set near together, and deep lines around his firm thin lips. He had the brow of a dreamer and the mouth of a soldier. Over his tunic he wore a robe of pure white, and on his head a white pointed cap with long lapels at the side—the dress of the ancient priesthood of the Magi, whom men called the fire-worshippers. On his knee were three rolls of linen written over with strange characters, and his hand rested upon them as if they were very precious to him, while he spoke to his companions.

"Men of Iran, sons of the followers of the great Cyrus, you who still worship in these days of idolatry the true God of our fathers, who has no image and no likeness to which we would compare him, I have called you here to renew your olden worship, and to rekindle your faith in the God of purity even as this fire has been rekindled. We worship not the fire, but Him of whom it is the chosen symbol, because it is the purest of created things. We tend it on earth, we watch and study it in the stars of heaven, because it speaks to us of Him who is Light and Truth."

At these words they answered him with a low clear song, a chant from the Yasna:

"We worship Ahura-Mazda, the pure, the master of purity;
We worship the Amesha-Spentas, possessors and givers of blessings.

"We praise whatever is good in thought, in word, or in action,
Past or future; we also keep clean what is excellent.

"O Ahura-Mazda, O Truth-God, bliss-conferring,
Let our minds be ever there where wisdom abideth!"

Artaban the Magian was silent for a long while after the music ceased. Then he lifted one of the linen scrolls, and unrolled it. "Listen," he said, "my friends, who have searched with me the secrets of nature, and studied the healing virtues of water and fire and the plants of earth, and learned to read the courses of men in the courses of the stars. Of many things have I doubted in all our past lore, but a new and a better message has come to me from the writings of the wise men of old, and from the most ancient book of the heavens. Hear the words that have fallen as seeds of hope in my soul."

Then he read to them the prophecy of Zoroaster, which told of the coming of "Sosiosh the Victorious, who should arise out of the number of the prophets in the east country, around whom should shine a mighty brightness, and who should make life everlasting, incorruptible, forever existing, at the time when the dead should rise again."

The listeners murmured: "It is good. We know the words of the Avesta. We look for the coming of Sosiosh."

Then he unrolled the second scroll, and read: "These are the sayings of Balaam, the son of Beor the Chaldean, who dwelt in the land of Babylon before our fathers came thither: 'There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel.'"

At this the listeners were silent, and one said: "It is a strange saying, and older than our knowledge. But the people of Israel have dwelt in our cities, and we know that there is truth among them."

Then he unrolled the third scroll, and read: "These are the words of Daniel, the mighty Hebrew, the reader of dreams, who was called Belteshazzar, and well beloved and honored of Cyrus, our great King: 'Know therefore and understand that from the going forth of the commandment to restore Jerusalem, unto the Anointed One, the Prince, the time shall be seven and threescore and two weeks.'"

At this the listeners said one to another, doubtfully, "Who can interpret these things, or know when this shall come to pass?"

Artaban answered: "It has been shown to me and to my three fellow-Magi, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar. For we have computed the time of the prophecy by the tables of Chaldea, and it is the end of this year. We have studied the sky, and in the spring-time we saw two of the greatest planets meet together in the sign of the Fish, which is the house of the Hebrews. We saw also a new star there, which blazed for one night, and vanished. Now again the two great planets are meeting. This night is their conjunction. My three brothers watch at the ancient Temple of the Seven Spheres of Borsippa, in Babylonia, and I am watching here. If the star shines again, they will wait at the temple ten days, and then we will set out together to Jerusalem, to see and worship the promised one who shall be born King of Israel. I know the sign will come. I have made ready for the journey. I have sold my house and my possessions, and bought these three jewels, a sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl, to carry them as tribute to the King. And I ask you to go with me on the pilgrimage, that we may have joy together in finding the Prince who is worthy to be served."

While he was speaking he thrust his hand into the inmost fold of his girdle and drew out three great gems, one blue as a fragment of the night sky, one redder than a ray of sunrise, and one as pure as the peak of a snow mountain at twilight, and laid them on the outspread linen scrolls before him. But his friends looked on with strange and alien eyes. A veil of doubt and mistrust came over their faces, like a fog creeping up from the marshes to hide the hills. They glanced at each other with looks of wonder and pity, as those who have listened to incredible sayings, the story of a wild vision, or the proposal of an impossible enterprise.

At last one said: "Artaban, I have no knowledge of these things, and my office as guardian of the royal treasure binds me here. This quest is not for me. But if thou must follow it, fare thee well." And another said: "In my house there sleeps a new bride, and I cannot leave

her, nor take her with me on this strange journey. This quest is not for me. But may thy steps be prospered wherever thou goest! so farewell." And another said: "I am old and unfit for hardship, but there is a man among my servants whom I will send with thee when thou goest, to bring me word how thou farest. Go in peace." But the last, and the one who loved Artaban the best, rose to depart in silence; then he turned back and said: "My friend, thou hast dreamed a vain dream. Is there any King but Truth? This quest is not for thee. Think well of it to-night, and to-morrow I will come to talk with thee again." So one by one they went out, and Artaban was left alone.

He gathered up the jewels, and replaced them in his girdle. For a long time he stood watching the flame that flickered and sank upon the brazier. Then he crossed the hall, lifted the drawn curtain, and passed out between the dull red pillars of porphyry to the terrace on the roof. The shiver that passes over earth ere she wakes from her night sleep had already begun, and the cool wind that heralds the daybreak was drawing downward from the snow-furrowed ravines of Mount Orontes. Birds half awakened stirred and chirped among the rustling leaves, and the smell of ripened grapes came in brief wafts from the arbors. Far over the eastern plain a white fog stretched like a lake. But where the distant peaks of Zagros serrated the western horizon the sky was clear. Jupiter and Saturn rolled together like drops of lambent flame about to blend in one. And as Artaban watched them, behold an azure spark was born out of the darkness beneath them, rounding itself with purple splendors to a crimson sphere, and spiring upward through rays of saffron and orange into a point of white radiance. Tiny and infinitely remote, yet perfect in every part, it pulsated in the enormous vault as if the three jewels in the Magian's breast had mingled and been transformed into a living heart of light.

Artaban bowed his head. He covered his brow with his hands. "It is the sign," he said. "The King is coming, and I will go to meet him."

All night long the swiftest of his horses had been waiting, saddled and bridled, in his stall, pawing the ground impatiently, and shaking his bit as if he shared the eagerness of his master's purpose, though he knew not its meaning. Before the birds had fully roused to their strong, high, sweet, unbroken chant of morning song, before the white mist had begun to lift lazily from the plain, Artaban had mounted, and was riding swiftly along the highroad which skirted the base of Mount Orontes westward.

He must, indeed, ride with haste if he would keep the appointed hour with the other Magi; for the journey was a hundred and fifty parasangs, and fifteen was the utmost that he could traverse in a day. But he knew the strength of his good horse, and he rode without anxiety, making the fixed distance every day, though he must travel late into the night, and in the morning long before sunrise.

Through the black mountain gorges, following the course of the river Choaspes, that rushed before him like a savage guide; beneath the mighty cliff of Bagistana, where the name and victories of Darius were carved high on the face of the precipice; over the steep and snowy Pass of the Broken Horseshoe; across the fertile vale of Carine, where the dust from the threshing-floors filled the air with a golden mist; through the awful Gates of Zagros, where the foaming streams of Gyndes raved and roared below the sculptured figure of the High Priest of the Magi on the mountain wall; down narrow ravines under the shadow of gnarled oaks and trembling poplars; past the groves and gardens of Chala and Artemita among the lower hills; and out upon the level plain, where the road ran straight as an arrow through the stubble fields and the parched meadows; past the city of Ctesiphon, where the Parthian Emperors reigned, and the vast metropolis of Seleucia, which Alexander built; across the swirling flood of the Tigris, and the many channels of Euphrates flowing smoothly through the corn lands,—Artaban pressed onward, until he came, at nightfall of the tenth day, beneath the shattered walls of populous Babylon.

His horse was almost spent; but he knew that there were only three hours yet to the Temple of the Seven Spheres, and if he arrived before midnight he should find his comrades waiting. So he did not halt, but rode on with weary eagerness.

A grove of date-palms made an island of gloom in the pale yellow sea of stubble. As he passed into the shadow his

horse started at a dark object on the ground, and stood still with every muscle quivering.

Artaban dismounted. The dim starlight revealed the form of a man lying across the road. Bending over him, Artaban saw that he was a Hebrew; and the yellow pallor of his thin face showed that he had been smitten by the terrible fever of the marshes. He seemed stone-dead, and the Magian turned away to mount again, but even as he put foot in the stirrup, a long, faint, weary sigh came from the man's lips. Artaban's heart was divided. If he delayed, he could not reach Borsippa by midnight. If he went on, the man must die. It was the turning-point of his quest. "God of truth and purity," he prayed, "direct me in the path of wisdom." And then he went back to the sick man. He loosened his turban and lifted his head, resting it upon a little mound at the foot of a palm-tree. He brought water from one of the small canals near by, and mingled with it some of those simple but potent remedies which he carried always in his girdle, for he was a physician as well as an astrologer. He moistened the man's brow and eyes, and poured a draught of wine into his lips. Hour after hour he labored as only a skilful healer can do, and at last the man's strength returned; he sat up and looked about him.

"Who art thou?" he said.

"I am Artaban the Magian, and I go to Jerusalem to seek the Anointed One, who is born King of the Jews. I can tarry here no longer lest the caravan depart without me. But because thou art sick and ready to die here by the roadside, I leave thee my bread and my wine, and this portion of healing herbs. When thy strength is nourished thou canst find the dwelling of thy people among the houses of Babylon."

"Now may the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless thee," replied the Jew, "and prosper thy journey! I cannot repay thee save by telling thee where thou must seek the Messiah. For our prophets have said not in Jerusalem, but in Bethlehem of Judah he shall be born. May the Lord bring thee thither in safety, because thou hast had compassion on the sick!"

Artaban sprang upon his horse, said farewell, and spurred onward in haste. It was already long past midnight. He ran through the silent plain and swam the channels of the river. The weary steed strained every muscle. But as he entered upon the last stadium the sun was already shining upon the deserted Temple of the Seven Spheres. The many-colored terraces glittered like a ruined rainbow, and the great mound of Nimrod on which they stood threw a long shadow westward across the marshes. He rode eagerly around the hill; he dismounted and clambered to the highest of the platforms built upon it. No trace of his three comrades far or near. A little cairn of the broken bricks at length caught his eye, and under it a piece of parchment. He caught it up and read: "We have waited till midnight and can stay no longer. We go to find the King. Follow us across the desert."

Artaban sat down upon the ground, and covered his head in despair. "How can I cross the desert," said he, "with no food, and with a spent horse? I must go back to Babylon, sell my sapphire, and buy camels. God the merciful only knows whether I shall not lose the sight of the King because I tarried to show mercy."

Of his swift journey across the desert I heard nothing in the Hall of Dreams, nor of his passage through the gardens of Damascus and the valley of Jordan and the hill country of Judea. But this I heard, that on the third day after the three wise men had left their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh with the mother of Jesus, the other wise man drew near to Bethlehem, weary, but full of hope, bearing his ruby and his pearl to offer to the King. "For now at last," he said, "I shall find him, though it be alone, and later than my brethren." So Artaban entered into the first house of the village, and began to question the young woman of the house who sat within nursing her child. She told him of the strangers who had come three days since, and how they had sought out Mary of Nazareth and her young child, and left, as it was said, great presents with her. She told how they had departed secretly by another road, so that no one knew where they had gone; and how Mary and Joseph, with the young child, had vanished the same night; and how it was whispered that they had taken the road to Egypt. And while she talked thus

gently, and the babe at her breast smiled in his sleep, Artaban rose to depart, for he thought in his heart, "Now must I follow the King to Egypt."

But suddenly there came the noise of a great confusion in the street of the village, shrieking and wailing, and the clash of arms, and a cry: "The soldiers! the soldiers of Herod! They are slaying our children!" The young mother's face grew white as snow, but she stirred not lest her child should wake, and she covered him against her bosom with the folds of her robe. But Artaban went and stood in the door of the house; his broad shoulders filled the entrance. When the soldiers came, he moved not, but said softly to the captain, "There is none here save me, and I am waiting to give thee this jewel if thou wilt leave me in peace"; and he held out the shining ruby. The man was amazed at the splendor of the gem; his eyes contracted with desire; he stretched out his hand and took it. "March on!" he cried to his men. "There is no child here; the house is still." Then Artaban turned his face to the east, and prayed: "God of Truth, forgive me, for I have said the thing that is not to save the life of a child; and two of my jewels are gone. Shall I ever see the face of the King?" But the voice of the woman behind him said, gently, "Because thou hast saved the life of my child, the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

Then again there was a silence in the Hall of Dreams where I heard the story of this other wise man; and the silence seemed to me like a space of many years, so that I cannot tell what things befell him in the land of Egypt, where he went to seek the King, nor into what other lands he wandered on his quest. But this I heard in vague words, dimly understood, that he studied much in the ancient Hebrew writings, and from them he came to believe that the King must suffer and be distressed and be cast into prison. So Artaban looked for him among the oppressed and afflicted, the sick and the wounded and the prisoners. The great desire to see the King's face burned more and more strongly in the wise man's heart, and he inquired diligently concerning him. But though he found none to worship, he found many to help; and as he fed the hungry and clothed the naked and healed the wounded and comforted the captive, his years went by more swiftly than the weaver's shuttle that flashes back and forth through the growing web. And ever as he carried the pearl, his last jewel, next to his heart, it gained a mellower lustre, a light soft and tremulous, and iridescent colors played over it like memories of the lost sapphire and ruby. Then, at last, while I was thinking of this pearl and what it might mean, I heard the end of the story of the other wise man.

Three-and-thirty years had Artaban passed in his wanderings; his hair, once darker than the cliffs of Zagros, was now covered with wintry snow, and his eyes were dull as embers lingering among the ashes of a spent fire. Worn and weary and ready to die, but still seeking the King, he had come for the last time to Jerusalem, the holy city. It was the day after the Passover, and the streets were thronged. A strange excitement seemed to agitate the crowds, and a secret tide was sweeping multitudes towards the northern gate of the city. Artaban joined himself to a little group of Parthians, Jewish exiles from his own country who had come up to the Temple for the feast, and asked them whither they were going. "We are going," they answered, "to a place called Golgotha, outside the city walls. For it is said that one Jesus of Nazareth, who has done many mighty and merciful works among the people, has been taken by the priests, and delivered to Pilate, and crucified on the Hill of the Skull, because he said that he was the King of the Jews." The Magian's tired heart beat more quickly as he heard again these mystic words which had led him for a lifetime over land and sea. Dark and mysterious were the tidings, for how could it be that the King should perish? But he said within himself, "The ways of God are stranger than the thoughts of man, and it may be that I shall find my King in the hands of his enemies, and offer my pearl for his ransom ere he dies."

So Artaban followed the multitude, with slow and painful steps, towards the Damascus gate. But as he passed by the door of Herod's prison, there met him a guard of Macedonian soldiers, who were dragging with them a young maiden with

torn dress and dishevelled hair, thrusting her with rude blows towards the dungeon. As the old man paused to look at her with pity, she stretched forth her hand and caught the edge of his long white robe. "Have mercy on me," she cried, "and deliver me if thou canst, O my prince, for I also am one of the children of Iran. My father was a merchant of Persia, and he is dead, and I am seized for his debts to be sold as a slave. Save me from worse than death."

Artaban trembled. It was the old conflict in his soul, which had met him on the plain of Babylon and in the cottage of Bethlehem—the conflict between the desire of faith and the pity of love. He drew the pearl from his breast, and laid it in the hand of the slave. "Take thy ransom, daughter; it is the last of my treasures which I had kept for the King."

While he spoke there came a great darkness over the sky, and shuddering tremors ran through the earth, heaving like the bosom of one who struggles with a mighty grief. The walls of the houses rocked to and fro. Dust clouds filled the air. The soldiers fled in dismay. But the wise man and the slave girl whom he had ransomed crouched helpless beneath the wall. With the last thrill of the earthquake a heavy tile, loosened from the roof, fell and smote the old man on the forehead. He lay breathless and pale, with the blood trickling from the wound. As the maiden bent over him to see whether he was dead, through the silence there came a voice, small and still, and very distinct, like music sounding from a long distance, in which the notes are clear, but the words are lost. The girl turned to look if some one had spoken from the window above them, but she saw no one. Then the old man's lips began to move as if in answer, and she heard him say in the ancient Persian tongue: "Not so, my Lord! for when saw I thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee? Three-and-thirty years I sought thee, but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered on earth to thee, my King." He ceased, and the strange sweet voice came again, and again the maid understood it not. But the dying soul of Artaban heard these words, "Verily I say unto thee, inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me." A still radiance of wonder and joy rested on his white face, like the ray of dawn on a mountain-peak. One long last breath of relief exhaled gently from his breast. His journey was ended; his treasures were accepted. The other wise man had found the King.

THE REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

THE ten minutes past three train was due at Cantelope Corner. At Cantelope Corner the great P. and Q. Railroad Company is on time. The corporation looks upon punctuality as a duty to this fattening suburb; while the citizens thereof regard it as a sacred privilege which the corporation underestimates.

Cantelope Corner should not be confounded with Cantelope Heights, with Cantelope Cascade, or with Cantelope-on-the-Saint-Henry; least of all with Northwest Cantelope, the newest, and therefore the most pretentious, of all the Cantelopes. For Cantelope is old enough to aspire; it purposes to achieve distinction. In the broad sweep of all the beautiful, bountiful Boston suburbs, none cultivates such ambition. It has been whispered, indeed, that Cantelope aims at nothing less than the rivalry of the Newtons.

The Cantelope Corner grocer (there was but one, and he was so dangerous an autocrat that we hasten to speak of him respectfully)—the grocer's driver stood on the back-door steps of the Queen Anne house belonging to Mr. W. H. T. Wire, vaguely understood to be "in electricity." The grocer twirled between his finger and thumb a clean new pass-book. He delayed to offer some pleasantries to the cook, of the sort popular in Cantelope kitchens, before he made known his errand; for this was not his hour for taking orders from the imposing and imperious back door known in the arcana of trade as "We-Hold-the-Wireses."

The grocer explained that he had come for the key of the house opposite, adding that his orders were twelve o'clock sharp, with a bag of flour and a few such. He mentioned incidentally that it was three now.

"Didn't they order a *barrel?*" asked the pretty cook, as she handed the new tenants' keys to the grocer. That gentleman contemptuously shook his head. If it had been a barrel, did she think he would be found "this late"?

"But I did hear at the coal-yard, on the way round, that the new folks are literary. That puts another face on it, Molly, my dear. Literary folks are darn hard up—Lord knows why, poor devils. But I never got a bad debt out of one of 'em yet."

"Shure, then," observed Molly, with an air of crushing intelligence, "the people opposite has wrote a book, for I see it on top shelf of the waste-paper cupboard in my lady's room."

"What was the name of it?" asked the grocer, with some interest, as he slipped the keys upon the pass-book string. "Was it *The Innocent Sin?* I've heard of that volume. It's very famous. If it's her that wrote *The Innocent Sin*, I don't know but I'd better change the butter before they get here."

"Noa," said clever Molly, who was quite equal to the literary situation, "I heard my folks talkin' about that to the tea table. My lady says it isn't her at all at all. This one didn't write *The Innocent Sin.* It's another woman of the same name."

"Then this butter will do," said the grocer, snapping the cover of the pass-book to. "I never heard of anything *she* wrote. She can't be of no importance. If she'd been the writer of *The Innocent Sin* it would be another matter."

The grocer drove away to deposit his poor little order in the cold and empty house. With heavy indifference he left the pass-book behind him—the first occupant of the new home. It hung on a nail by the rusted sink, and fell conspicuously open at the page which bore the too legible legend, "*Demosthenes Hathorne, to* —— ——, *Debtor.*"

The name really was Demosthenes. No trick of fiction would dare invent such an improbability, and I hasten to verify the assertion. Nay, more; the unfortunate man was baptized Aristotle Demosthenes; but experience of life, chiefly in the form of two hundred schoolboys, had elided a half of this portentous cognomen.

Mr. Hathorne had been fain to reduce his too heavy personal share of the classic, at the end of the first year which he spent in guiding the fortunes of the famous Mount Zion Academy. Nobody but the principal and his wife knew what he had suffered from the infinite capacity for the infliction of torment residing in the nature of American youth. A teacher bearing the delicious fatality of such a name was foredoomed to failure at Mount Zion. Aristotle Demosthenes Hathorne, after enduring for four years the wittiest cartoons, paragraphs, caricatures, and serenades that had distinguished New England academy life in his day, resigned his first name and his position.

He had not been a very successful principal for other reasons, no one knew quite why; not even his trustees, who accepted his resignation without undue protest, and engaged a Reverend Mr. J. Smith to fill the vacancy with no perceptible delay.

The disappointed man, at the age of forty-two cast adrift to begin the world anew, tossed about Boston for a time in one of those wretched interludes of fate which professional people know too well, and which no others can understand. He waited for invitations which did not come. He listened for "calls" which he never heard. He applied for positions which had engaged the other man the day before. He snatched at chances which slipped through his shaking fingers. He lay in wait for opportunities which turned and fled at the sight of his gaunt and anxious face. He was a shy man, and that did not help him. It used to be said at Mount Zion—after he resigned—that he was not quite up to the times in his methods of teaching. He had the physique of the sensitive and the conservative. He was a belated scholar, an old-time student without modern "go." He ought to have been the pastor of a colonial parish, or the scholastic of a mediæval controversy. He was lost in the New England scramble for a salary. He was a vellum volume out of print. He was a mistake in life's recitation. He was an anachronism.

There were two children—and the wife

—and they had come to desperate straits. It was over a year since the salary stopped, and all her pretty expedients and brave inventions had come to an end with the little store which she had proudly saved from her own earnings for a day like this. In her heart she had always expected it some time. She had the practical sense of the two, although she did write poetry and love-stories; and when, one day, he had the chance to take two Latin School boys to tutor at reduced rates, she gently persuaded him to do so. He went to his first lesson with hanging head, and a look about the mouth so piteous that she cried all the morning. But he went.

On the strength of this prospect, and of another which they did not talk much about, and by the immediate means of the very little legacy which fell to her from her father's desultory estate, they had rented this house in Cantelope Corner. Her father had been a literary man too; he seldom saved, and often lost; he did not understand business; it did not run in the family to be rich.

They came on the ten minutes past three train, that November afternoon, as they had planned. They came alone. They had hired their boarding-house keeper to take the children for a couple of days, till the house could be warmed and put into habitable shape.

"We'll make the most of our freedom," she said to her husband, laughing nervously as tired-out women do. "It's quite like a honey-moon, isn't it?" He glanced at the parcels that encumbered her; at the fat shawl-strap bundle (it held his winter overcoat and the children's) which she lugged along, while he carried the valise; at her faded gray "spring and fall" pongee dress; at the much-mended fingers of her old kid gloves; at the portly and expensive pile of packing-boxes marked D. H., which the baggage-master was smashing about on the platform with running commentaries not of a sacred nature.

"Ye—es," said Demosthenes Hathorne. "Yes, my dear. Quite like it."

He felt at that moment as he had sometimes done on other occasions in his life, that he was deficient in imagination when compared with his wife.

"I'll stop at the post-office," she said, irrelevantly, "and you go up with the baggage, won't you? You are very tired. Here, dear. You get into the coach with the bundles. I'll see to everything."

He obeyed her mechanically; then recollected himself, and backed out of the muddy coach, knocking off his tall hat as he did so.

"*You* must ride," he urged, contritely. "You must have—ah—become wearied yourself."

"He can go on the baggage wagon," observed the driver of that vehicle, with an accent of good-natured patronage. "You do look beat out, both of you. Folks generally do, that come here—the first time."

Cantelope Corner is still so rural that a new-comer is an object of interest, while it is yet so urban that its hackmen are liable to have a grammar-school or even a high-school education, and are not expected to double their negatives. Mrs. Hathorne noticed both these little facts, with the quick eye of one whose occupation has accustomed her to take running notes of the most unpromising situations, as she jolted off in the coach with the fat shawl-strap, which jounced from her knees to the seat opposite, and back again, like a passenger who had lost his balance.

"It is a town with a country heart, out here," she thought. But she was restless and disappointed about the post-office. She wanted to ask the coachman to stop. She was afraid he would charge an extra fare, and meekly abandoned the idea.

She was used to going without; it had become a second nature now.

Her first nature was quite another matter. She thought of it sometimes, but not often: she did not dare. They are the few and the blessed among us who dare dwell on that bright wraith who began life with us, and whom we used to call I. There seems to be a kind of antagonism between that lost dreamer and the toiler who has ousted it. Let be. Do not bring them too near each other. The children cry. The door-bell rings. The customer calls. Here are the quarter's bills.

Mary Hathorne had married her scholar for love of him, with her big blue eyes wide open; but they were the eyes of a girl who had never had to count a carriage fare, or wear dyed dresses, or go without a popular book. She had never heard the price of roast beef. She had never dressed in a cold room on winter mornings. She had all the new maga-

zines; for her father brought them home. She had bought her gloves by the dozen.

Poverty she had read about. Poverty —with the assurance of ignorance and youth—she had written about; for she began to send little things to her father's paper when she was quite a girl; but personal poverty, biting, blinding poverty, such as comes to the rich in mind and spirit, the kind of poverty which holds a delicately reared, finely organized creature sheer over the precipice of cold and hunger and pauperism—of this she knew no more than she did of the Simian vocabulary, or the amusements of a London slum.

She had trained herself not to think much, or often, now, of her father's home. (There had been one of those large salaries which stop when the managing editor does, and which are responsible for the habits of ease that have no backers in accumulation or inheritance.) Sometimes now, on a dark morning, she would wake and put out her hand instinctively to find the electric bell, and ring for Kathleen to bring the hot water, and light the cannel fire in the grate; and to put her rose-lined wrapper and slippers beside the bed. Then she would remember that she must go, shivering, and call her new maid-of-all-work, or crawl down stairs herself to shake the kitchen fire, if the old cook had "given notice," as was more likely, because of an objection to children, or a preference for cream in her coffee.

Mrs. Hathorne had been an easy, happy city girl, one of the fortunate; the motherless, only child, the adored idol.

When her father died, a year after her marriage, life had hardly begun to undeceive her vigorous, hopeful heart. They had quite a comfortable home at Zion's Hill, and she explained the absence of things by saying, We are in the country.

This November afternoon, when she crawled up the steps of the pert little suburban house of seven rooms, and her husband had gone to start the furnace fire, she drew up the shades in the cold kitchen where the grocery book hung, and looked out. The sky was darkening over the Queen Anne house opposite. She glanced at the big gravel pit at the foot of the street. Then the luggage came crashing up the steps, and she wondered how she was going to unpack it all with such a back-ache, and then remembered that if she cried she would be good for nothing. It was one of those moments when the terrible inadequacy of power to necessity overwhelms us.

"Poor papa!" she said. Only a woman will understand that irrelevant little cry. She was glad he had not lived to see how hard it all was.

Then her strong voice rang cheerfully through the empty house:

"Are the *book* boxes all right—all here? The rest are less valuable. Dear! Come up and see how beautifully everything has come through. . . . Oh, it is better than boarding!" She turned, when the expressmen had left them alone, and clung to him in a wave of passionate tenderness.

"Oh, it is a *home*. Dear, don't worry. We will keep it. I will work. We will work—when we get settled. And there is my new book. You *shall* have meat enough, and all the new reviews!"

She managed to slip away from him that evening, as, with soft feminine obstinacy, she had meant to, all along. There was no kerosene. They needed tacks. There was nothing for his breakfast.

"And you are so tired. There, dear! I will run to the stores."

"I *am* tired," acceded the teacher, sinking heavily upon the cheap lounge which he had drawn up beside the register. He let her go—she smiled to think how easily, as she hurried down in the windy November night, as straight to the post-office as her aching feet could carry her.

With fire on her white cheeks, and breath panting through her delicate lips, she snatched the evening mail from the postmaster. Her agitation attracted the attention of the postmaster's sister, who watched her as she tore open the only letter addressed to herself. She sat down in the show-window (the post-office had been built for a shoe store) and read the letter, which ran:

"*Mrs. M. L. Hathorne:*

"DEAR MRS. HATHORNE,—We are in receipt of your MS. entitled 'Love's Daily Bread.' We should have acknowledged it some weeks ago, but in the pressure of business it has been overlooked. We beg to say that we will give it our consideration at our earliest convenience. We hope that it may prove as satisfactory as the novel which we had the

pleasure of publishing for you some years since. We regret to say that the excellent sales of *A Platonic Friendship* have come to a practical end. We hope that the tale which we have in hand will prove to be of a more permanent interest to the public.

We are, madam, yours very truly,
BIND AND BLOW, Publishers."

Mary Hathorne had stumbled upon what is called literary success as softly and with as much surprise as she stumbled now, for very exhaustion, upon a rolling pebble in the concrete sidewalk. She had written a book, and people had read it. That was all she knew about it. Editors had fought upon it, women had cried over it, and men smoked over it; libraries took twenty copies of it; her dearest poet wrote to her about it, and her most dreaded critic recognized her for it—all these facts had puzzled as much as they pleased her. She was too modest, too naïve, too spontaneous a woman to analyze or to train herself. She had written the book as naturally as she had fallen in love. She had accepted her success as simply as she sang to her babies. It had been a dizzy experience, short-lived and intoxicating. She was, in brief, one of too many American writers who are the victims, not the masters, of what we call fame; who are caught to the clouds and dashed to the ground on the whirl of the same tornado. She was a "one-book author." She had flashed and puffed out. She was threatened with the fate that meets the gift which has no sustaining power. She knew by instinct —for she had genius enough to possess fine instincts—that her new book would not move easily. But she had not expected as much suspense and delay as if she were a new author.

"And oh, we need the money—we need it so!" she cried.

For the proceeds of *A Platonic Friendship* were gone long ago: she had, in fact, sold her copyright for a trifling sum. Yet she had really expected her new novel to make them comfortable for a while. A chilly doubt was sinking into some quicksand in her mind. She was not used to being slighted by publishers. She tore the letter of Messrs. Bind and Blow into twenty pieces. Her husband need not see it. He seemed to be asleep on the lounge when she got in; by-and-by he turned, and asked if she had the tacks. No mention was made of the publisher's letter. If there were good news, she would have run up the steps, and dashed in to tell him. He knew, before her footfall turned the corner. But it was not necessary to say anything. Had he not let her go to the post-office on purpose? No matter what she thought of him for doing so. He rolled over on the lounge like a lazy brute, while his heart was wrung for her. He knew that he spared her something harder to her than an aching back or blistered feet. He had begun already to deceive her in this matter with the divine deceit of love.

"I can't go to bed yet," she said at half past ten o'clock. "You'd better go. The mattresses are warm enough now, and we *cannot* work any more to-night. I must sit up awhile over those proofs which came this morning. There are twelve galleys—a double lot. They should have caught the return mail."

These were the proof-sheets of a little Sunday-school book, written over a year ago to meet a doctor's bill. The book had been paid for on receipt of the manuscript; it had not gone to press until this time.

Now proof-sheets, as none but their slaves and victims know, easily take high rank in that class of inanimate things which is possessed of the Evil. The essentially modern imagination might call them the electric cars of the literary profession. Without regard to life or limb, they roll crashing into that margin of existence which is reserved for other human exactions. They lie in wait for one's hour of maddening pre-engagement. They lurk, watching for one's direst emergency. They select the confusing occasions of public amusement, and are well known to prefer a houseful of company. They delight to hit the eve of a journey. They meet the exhausted traveller at the door of his hotel. In the house of his friend he becometh a hermit, and sitteth solitary, correcting his galleys in the face of the offended host, who is a recent acquaintance, and impressed with the bad manners of the literary class.

The proof-sheet delights to detain one from the reception given in honor of the author. It pursues one to the foot of the lecture platform, and to the pulpit stairs. It loveth Christmas eve and house-clean-

ing. It aims even at the wedding-day. It haunts the sick-room. It shows a ghoulish interest in the crises of bereavement. I have repeatedly known it to pursue funerals, and to call the mourner from the coffin, or meet him as he returns from the grave. On such timely and welcome occasions the printer's brief command, "*Return immediately*," stares in the face the unfortunate who has vainly hoped for the freedom of an hour of sorrow or of joy.

Therefore, when her proof-sheets must needs select her moving-day to add their fire to her whirling brain, poor little Mrs. Hathorne felt no undue surprise. It did indeed occur to her that if she had been a washer-woman her day's work would have been done by this time, possibly even been deferred or omitted in view of the circumstances. But this white-handed daughter of toil was a patient little woman, and more accustomed to do her work than to complain of it. She sat till midnight, then crawled up and threw herself on the bed in her clothes. She was too exhausted to undress, and Aristotle Demosthenes Hathorne was too sound asleep to know it.

The children came out when the house got warm, and life in Cantelope "set in," as we say of a snow-storm. They were pretty, pleasant children enough; gentle and shy, and not inhumanly noisy—scholars' children; easily amused with picture-books, and accustomed not to play auction or tally-ho while their parents read and wrote. But they had the defects of their temperaments; being sensitive, they were not strong; they were ailing a good deal; the autumn was cold; the boy had the croup, and so on; and their mother did not get to work, as she had hoped, upon her novelette for the *Pacific*. It would have made them all quite easy for the winter if it could have been finished; and then if it had been paid for in advance.

"I seem to be too tired to write," she said, apologetically, when her husband came home, gloomy and bitter, from his two cheap pupils and told her that one of them was about to prefer a Harvard tutor; being the son of a lime-contractor, who thought Mr. Hathorne behind the times.

"I am sorry I can't seem to be stronger and get at it. We must depend upon my book this year. Never mind, dear!"

"You say that every time," he muttered. "You'd say 'Never mind, dear,' if we were ordered to Siberia, or providing a dinner for the Spartan's fox."

His soft dark eyes filled. He looked at her with the adoring hunger of a man who is cheated by fate out of his natural right to protect from toil and responsibility the woman whom he loves. Then he went up stairs and locked his study door.

She listened for a few moments to his heavy footfall, nervously pacing overhead and shaking the thin floor.

"Come, Popsy! Come, Boy!" she called merrily to the children. "Come down to the post-office and get a good-luck letter!"

This nervous journey to the post-office had become both the open and the secret occupation of her restless days. A singular silence had fallen upon the house of Messrs. Bind and Blow. When before had the author of *A Platonic Friendship* been kept waiting by a publisher? The book should have been in press by this time. The "good-luck letter" did not come.

"I fink it's nuffin but Sandy Close or a Bible story," confided Boy to Popsy, with masculine and modern scepticism as to the occult.

"Oh, Boy!" rebuked Popsy, on a high moral throat tone. "Ve Bible *came*."

"I fought a man to-day, mamma," observed Boy, as he cantered to the post-office. "It was ve grocer-man; I pitched into him, I bet you!"

"Dear me, Boy! Why in the world should you fight the grocer?"

"'Cause I was engaged to his little sister, who sits on ve cart," explained Boy, serenely. "She said Tennyson was a bigger writer van you, mamma. So I broke ve engagement. I *couldn't* fight a girl, you know. So I fought ve grocer. She's nuffin but a step-sister, anyhow."

"Mamma! Has you' good-luck letter come? *Mamma!*"

"Run home, Popsy," she said, faintly. "Run on, Boy. I'll overtake you."

She sank down on the show-window. The office was empty. The sun streamed in all over the steam-heated, suffocating room. Mrs. Hathorne slowly opened the letter of Messrs. Bind and Blow. Her fingers shook so that the postmaster's sister could see them. Her eyes dashed over the words:

"....We regret to be obliged to decline the publication of your novel, 'Love's Daily Bread.' We have submitted the MSS. to three of our best readers, which accounts for our delay in forwarding to you the result of our consideration. There is a diversity of opinion among them, but the odds are against the wisdom of our undertaking the work at the present time. It does not present itself to the judgment of the house as possessing the popular qualities of your former book; and we fear that its publication would disappoint both yourself and us.

"Hoping to receive from you at some future time a novel calculated to maintain the enviable literary reputation which you have already acquired, we are, dear madam, yours very truly,

BIND AND BLOW."

The children came trotting back for her, she staid so long; and the postmaster's sister asked her if she didn't feel a little faint.

"Don't arx her, Boy," whispered Popsy, with the quick intuition of a little woman. "Don't arx mamma for luck letters to-day. It isn't coming till annover mail."

When she got home her husband met her. His thin jaws worked unsteadily. He came down the steps and helped her in. "He knows," she thought. "He sees. I need not tell him."

Neither said anything to the other about the manuscript; and dusk came on. She left her last domestic experiment, hopefully imported at extra wages from Cantelope-on-the-Saint-Henry, to provide such a supper as the gods might decree, and went away up stairs alone.

She looked at her drawn face with a fierce resentment that she was not made of tougher fibre.

"You ought to be too proud to cry, you poor gray-haired thing!" she sobbed. She tossed her things about to find a pink ribbon that brightened up her worn black "afternoon dress"; she added a bit of fine lace and an antique bracelet that her father gave her. She had a grim notion of making herself gay, so nobody should notice that she had been crying. Searching for a fresh handkerchief (on such trifles hangs our fate), she opened her husband's bureau drawer by mistake.

There, face down upon his collars and cuffs, lay a fat brown parcel. She turned it over. It was the manuscript of "Love's Daily Bread." It had come by express while she was at the post-office; and Mr. Hathorne had hidden it, like the poor masculine ostrich that he was, with stupid, blundering, precious tenderness, that she might not know, till he could get up courage to tell her.

It was days before either of them mentioned the matter. But when she went down to tea in the pink ribbon and antique bracelet, carrying herself in her poor dress as no woman can but one who has once known the ease and the manner of the world, the disappointed author went up to her unsuccessful scholar and put both arms around his thin neck.

"Never mind, dear," she said; "never mind!"

"Oh, I shall secure more pupils, without a doubt," he answered, quickly. He thought himself a tactician of a high order.

The history of that first winter in the hired house at Cantelope Corner was the history of a manuscript.

Doubtless the neighboring Cantelopers bore their share of the universal human struggle; but sometimes it seemed, by comparison, an easy share. How fared it with the clerk, the carpenter, the baker, and the electrician in the Queen Anne house? Not one of them but knew more of daily creature comfort and less of harrowing anxiety than our two students; who, if they suspected the truth, that the grocer at their back door went to a better dinner and a warmer house than theirs, never admitted it, even to each other. The house of the electrician came to seem to them by bitter contrast a place of degree. They had been so used to the standards by which professional people judge of society that it was a moral shock to them to find themselves "looking up," as the phrase goes, to a man who ordered his coal by the dozen tons, and assaulted the English in which he addressed the expressman who brought out his game dinners from the town markets.

"Wire has offered me a place in his what-you-may-call-it," said the ex-principal of Mount Zion Academy one day, with an ironical smile. "He has taken the notion that he would like a 'professor' attached to his concern. He suggested it on the 8.10 train yesterday, in everybody's hearing."

"You declined, of course!" The daughter of Boston's distinguished literary editor lifted her head. She was a sensible little woman, but the scorn of "trade" was in her blood.

"I—that is—I waived the question," replied Demosthenes Hathorne, with a haggard look. "I have one pupil left."

"And I, my book!" she cried, hotly. "I have sent it off again. It *must* be printed! I shall keep on sending it—till I die."

She was sitting by the window in the full light of their only sunny room when she spoke; and he looked at her closely. It occurred to him for the first time that she did not look as well as usual; but, being an instructed man, he reasoned that the impression was probably the result of a sub-conscious cerebration, acting automatically upon the brain cells by the conduit of her last three words. This explanation was quite satisfactory to him.

Now it chanced that a week from that day she found herself too tired to go for the evening mail, and he somewhat reluctantly took the pathetic little walk upon which both of them had come to look with a kind of misery not to be understood in Cantelope Corner. The grocer and the electrician were spared that subtle anguish. The postmaster and the expressman, unconscious agents in the fate of the author who was outliving her popularity, looked upon the tragedy of that higher, sadder lot with the perplexity of beings from another world.

"Mummer's deaded," announced Popsy, calmly, when her father came home with the mail that night. The little girl was engaged in pouring the contents of the syrup jug upon the face of her mother, who lay unconscious upon the rude lounge.

It happened to be one of those interregna so common in country and suburban life, to be most succinctly described by the two, and the too familiar, words, "No girl." There had been guests to lunch as a matter of course—one of the Mount Zion faculty, and Boston ladies. Our friends could not wholly escape, even in Cantelope, the fate of the refined poor. They must meet the demands of cultivated society upon less than the income of a good mechanic.

This delicate woman, who had scarcely had a broom in her hands till she was married, had dropped, after the dishes were "done," in an attempt to mop the kitchen floor.

Demosthenes Hathorne was frightened. He looked vacantly about the womanless house, then sent, for the love of Heaven, to his nearest uneducated neighbor. Molly the cook ran over with the heartiest, prettiest Irish sympathy in the world, and between them they got the poor lady to bed.

In the bustle consequent upon this incident, Mrs. Hathorne did not ask her husband, nor did he tell her, whether he had heard from the manuscript of "Love's Daily Bread." He put away the letter, which was hidden against his throbbing heart; he tucked it between the leaves of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Her book had been, somewhat curtly, refused.

When she came to herself she sent the story out again courageously enough. She had begun to expect it back by this time. They now fell into the way of avoiding the subject altogether. Neither asked, "Haven't Scowl and Critic acknowledged the manuscript yet?" Neither said, "Have you tried Vellum and Volume's Sons, as you meant to?" She ceased to haunt the post-office. She winced when the expressman drove down the north side of their little street.

One bright morning, when Messrs. Frisky and Flourish had returned the book, with the objection that it was too "earnest" for their trade, Mary Hathorne stoutly put on her bonnet and rather a thick veil, and went in to Boston by the next train, bearing a rising determination in her heavy heart and the rejected manuscript in her trembling hand.

She went straight to the private office of that prince of American publishers, who will be remembered longer for his great, good heart, and for his exquisite courtesy to timid and troubled authors, than he will for the high quality of the success which gave him his unique position in the advancement of American literature.

Her courage was born of her despair. She had never dared to approach him before. Her own publishers, selected with her natural timidity and in youth, had been but second-rate folk; and of the firms that had rebuffed her since, not one presumed to compete with the distinguished house to which, at last, so to speak, she crawled.

"I will never try again," she said, as she tottered into the elevator.

The publisher glanced at her card. "You do me honor, madam," he said, with that high-bred but wholly human manner of his. "*A Platonic Friendship* deserved the success it met. I shall examine your book with sympathy.... I knew your father," he added, gently.

The tears started behind her thick veil; she choked like a school-girl sending in a prize essay. In her effort to control her emotions her veil dropped, and his deep-set, observant gaze rested upon her sunken face. She had a beautiful face.

"That is a dying woman," thought the man of fine eyes.

"I have been — discouraged," she breathed, impulsively.

Then, like the unworldly being that she was, half child, half woman, she dashed headlong, and told him the whole story.

"I may as well take my manuscript back now," she gasped. "You won't want it—now I have told."

She held out her shaking hand.

But he who was wisest of the wise in the mysterious laws that govern the great freshets of public taste and whim—the great publisher shook his gray head, and snapped the lock of his awful safe upon "Love's Daily Bread."

"Dear Mrs. Hathorne," he said, firmly, "I do not conduct my house according to the judgments of other publishers. You are tired out, I see, and disheartened, as you say. You forget that, while it is not uncommon for a popular author to meet apparent failure after a first success, there sometimes comes what athletes call a second wind. Whatever happens, you may feel sure that your manuscript will have been read by a friend to your best possibilities and to yourself. Even if this book should fail—what of that? You have a dozen better in the brain that conceived your first novel. Take heart. Believe in yourself—for the public believes in you; and so do I."

"She needs roast beef—and cream—and a nurse for the children," he thought, with swift compassion, as he watched the color dash her deathly face.

The grocer left his cart standing where it was, and ran over to Mr. We-Hold-the-Wires' Queen Anne back door. He ran fast, and entered breathless.

"Molly! Molly, my dear! Hurry over to Hathorne's for the Lord's sake; and maybe Mrs. Wire would go; they need women there! She's taken very dangerous, and nobody to home but the young ones and that Tom-fool of a Swede, who can't speak a word of Christian English, from Northwest Cantelope. And do be quick about it!"

It was hours, it was days, it was years, for aught she could have told them, when she lifted her conscious eyes to their watching faces.

"Kathleen!" she breathed.

She thought she was in her father's house. But it was not Kathleen. Irish Molly was there, crying as the women of her race cry from the bubbling sympathy of their kind and easy hearts. Mrs. W. H. T. Wire was there, so gently and so deftly serving this stricken neighbor that one would never think to ask whether her husband had been to college. And then there was a doctor, from Cantelope Cascade. A voice somewhere spoke of "such an excellent nurse."

"Hasn't my husband come home from Boston yet?" asked Mary Hathorne, feebly.

Then she perceived that arms held her, and that they were his. Great burning tears fell on her face.

"Oh, Thene," she said, "it will give you such a headache!"

She did not say anything more then; she did not ask about the baby; and it was not till the next day that they told her that the little creature—born long before it was expected—had breathed and cried and died.

She did not express any sorrow, but only said to her husband: "I'm afraid I wasn't quite strong enough to take care of it. And how could we have sent another through college?"

Midwinter sank heavily into the windy climate of Cantelope Corner. Do the best they might, the house was cold. She could not leave her room, and indeed she showed no inclination to do so.

"I shall be better next week," she said. But next week she was not any better. She did not talk much, even to her husband. But he could see that anxiety did a deadly work upon her. It was the mortal anxiety of a woman who has borne the heavy end of life for her beloved so long, and so bravely, that death

appeared to her like the return of the universe to chaos.

"Boy must go to Harvard, you know," she said one day. "I don't see how it is ever going to be done—without me," she added, in a dull voice. But when he tried to answer her, she stopped his trembling lips with her little, shrunken fingers, and sank away into a weak sleep.

She talked affectionately of Irish Molly now and then. "Give her some of my clothes. I have one or two dresses left that she would be willing to wear. And then there is dear Mrs. Wire. I never understood such sorts of people before. She has done things so—so delicately. I wish you could find some way to repay our obligation."

Then he plucked up courage to tell her that he had accepted the position in W. H. T. Wire and Co. He hoped to cancel any obligation they were under by serving the science of electricity, as represented in that particular firm, with the honor and the intelligence of an educated gentleman.

"I will give him more than my salary's worth!" he said, proudly. "It is only on trial," he pleaded. "I haven't committed myself for more than six months. And I've about concluded, Mary, that if a man can't do one thing, it is no disgrace to him to do another. Besides, the fact is, my darling, I have parted with my last pupil."

"Oh, never mind!" she sighed, with the phantom of her old smile.

All this while she had never alluded to her book. She had not once asked him if he brought anything for her from the evening mail. Into a silence as deep as that other silence down which she was sinking, she dropped the subject of "Love's Daily Bread" forever.

"It has been rejected," she told herself quite plainly, "and he can't bear to tell me."

Only once she said to him: "My work is over, Thene, don't you see? My day is done. I've run my race, and I'm not fashionable any more. I don't suppose I write after the new style. And I haven't been very strong, you know. And oh, we've had such a hard pull!"

The tears did not start in her dry, bright eyes. She looked on, over his head, out of the window, at the cold sky that overhung the gravel pits. She did not seem to see him. The children ran in and called her, kissing and laughing, but she responded vaguely to them.

He felt at the bottom of his heart that she was so worn out, she needed rest so much, that she was not altogether sorry to die. He perceived that she was not making the full fight. And yet, God knew! she loved him. But she was sinking for lack of a stimulant which he could not give. Already the awful distance of death seemed to have crept in between the husband and the wife.

"Kiss me on my cheek, dear," she said. "Don't keep away the air. Oh, I've tried—to do my share—to help along. But it isn't easy doing.... so many things. Don't let Popsy take to writing."

Popsy and Boy went to the morning mail, for their father had gone in on the early train; it was his first day's work in the service of W. H. T. Wire and Co. It wrung his heart so to leave her from eight o'clock till five, that he forgot that it was otherwise afflicting to "go into trade."

So Popsy and Boy went to the mail. The nurse and the Swede remained in the house. It was a sunny day.

The children cantered down and trotted back. She lay idly on the lounge, vaguely looking over at the Queen Anne house, and did not see the little things when they ran down the northern sidewalk. They rushed, and bounded in.

Popsy carried the papers, and Boy hugged the letters to his breast. There were several of them, and she looked them over idly; two from Mount Zion, for Mr. Hathorne; a bill; another bill; a receipt; a few pages of pretty feminine sympathy for herself from a Beacon Street friend; last in the pile, a letter in a strange hand. The envelope bore the crest of the great publishing house, to whose threshold she had crept with the rejected manuscript which she had threatened to send somewhere "till she died."

She did not show any emotion now. She felt too near the real world to be shaken by the phantasms of this. What could happen? What could matter now? The book had been refused weeks ago. The great publisher was sorry that she was dying, perhaps. He would say some kindly thing—for her father's sake. She cut the letter slowly, with a little pearl

letter-opener which the children gave her on Christmas.

A folded paper dropped from it, which fell to the floor. She read the letter leisurely.

"My dear Mrs. Hathorne," so it ran, "I owe you an apology for my delay in writing. A somewhat serious illness must be my excuse. Being now quite well again, I have myself read your novel, 'Love's Daily Bread,' and shall take much pleasure in publishing the same. I regard it as a story of a high order, and a great advance upon your first. I shall be happy to publish it upon the usual ten per cent. royalty. But I am so confident of its success that I take the liberty of enclosing our check for a sum in advance, which, I hope, you may feel an interest in receiving, as a test of our faith in the book. When your profits upon the sales shall have reached the limit of this sum, your royalty upon all subsequent sales will begin. If these terms are agreeable to yourself, we will send contracts to that effect for your signature, and put the book to press at once.

"I anticipate for the novel a rousing sale. *You have found your second wind.* I predict for the book a literary success which will inspire you to write us a dozen more.

I am, dear Mrs. Hathorne,
Yours sincerely,
—— —— ——."

"Mummer," said Popsy, severely, "You've dwopped a good-luck letter. Boy was making a cannycupio of it. I took it away, for he don't know any better; 'n' now he's playing cut his froat wiv you' Christmas letter-scutter."

The child put the folded paper into her mother's transparent hand. It was a check for one thousand dollars.

She took her first walk to the post-office one divine spring day, and the children cantered on before. Hope had done its hearty work. The wine of success sprang to her head and bounded in her veins. Care fled, and death followed the footsteps of care.

What a day! The early suburban robins and blue-jays swooped upon the lightning-rod of the rented house, and swayed away, chattering and trilling joyously. The very sunshine seemed to say: "Well again! Well again!" Even the quartz in the gravel pits glittered like something precious.

The Queen Anne house opposite was all alive with neighborly interest. Mrs. Wire came down the steps and offered her a glass of wine, and Molly ran out bareheaded and over the street, and gave the convalescent lady a good hug before everybody, for she said she couldn't help it.

Then the expressman drove up, and said how glad he was to see her out again. And the postmaster's sister said she was quite a stranger, and welcome back! But the grocer stopped his cart, and lifted her in, and took her home, for he said she wasn't fit to walk it. He was definitely deferential, and asked her how she liked the butter. He talked about *Love's Daily Bread.* He said there was a piece about it in the Cantelope *Weekly Telephone.* He said he heard it was a bigger thing than *The Innocent Sin.* In the course of the little journey he confided to her that he hoped to marry Molly in July. And all the neighborly, pleasant place, the "town with the country heart," seemed to her to shine that day; and she felt as if her own happiness were something which had brimmed over till it flooded and filled the world.

Her husband came home by an early train. When he saw her watching for him at the window, looking like a new wife in her new cream-white gown, but leaning, pale and sweet, in her old place in her old way, the children, all faces and no bodies, like the cherubs in the pictures, cuddling behind her, he choked, and bowed his face, and blessed God; and then he ran up the steps, and caught her.

By-and-by she showed him the letter which she had kept all day. "We will read it together," she said. "I thought I'd rather wait for you."

It was the letter of the publisher who was so wise in the wiles of the world of books, and so tender in the world of the broken of spirit and of hope.

"The book is moving grandly," so he wrote. "The orders are coming in by telegraph. *Love's Daily Bread* will be the novel of the year. . . . When you are quite well, give us another."

"I wonder if *I* might take another?" said Demosthenes Hathorne, slowly.

He turned his wife's face to his; and if he was prouder of the kiss than he was of the book, who would blame him?

"'MUMMER,' SAID POPSY, SEVERELY, 'YOU'VE DROPPED A GOOD-LUCK LETTER.'"

WHY WE LEFT RUSSIA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

I.

IT was on the railway between Alexandrowo and Warsaw. Remington and I had secured a compartment to ourselves, and were looking forward to a comfortable rest, stretched each upon a soft seat. We were on the "express," which in Russia means a train that does not carry cattle, and occasionally attains a speed of twenty-five miles an hour. Shortly after leaving the German frontier a tall bearded official, wearing an Astrakhan hat, loose trousers tucked into long boots, and a tunic belted at the waist, threw open our door with startling swiftness. He stood still for a moment, observing us intently; then consulted a piece of paper he held in his hand, looked once more keenly at me, then turned and said a few words to a similarly dressed man behind him, who had been hidden from us by the door of the compartment, but who now came forward and assisted in the scrutiny.

Under the circumstances we could not but regard their behavior as an act of impertinence, for each of us bore a document technically known as "special passport," issued by our government only to accredited agents and such as are particularly vouched for. This document was signed by the ex-Secretary of State James G. Blaine on March 4, 1892, and was a request "to permit [the bearer] to pass freely without let or molestation, and to extend to him all such friendly aid and protection as would be extended to like citizens of foreign governments resorting to the United States."

I had also a second passport with me, which included my wife. That was, however, only the ordinary passport, which invoked not *friendly aid and protection*, but simply "lawful aid and protection."

As the bearded official continued his scrutiny, we sought to pretend indifference, and handed our tickets, which were accepted in a mechanical manner. The door was slammed, and we were once more alone.

Neither of us relished the episode, for we were travelling on a legitimate errand, and had taken special pains to establish our identity in the proper quarters. The United States government had commissioned me to make a report upon the best means of protecting our sea-coast against the ravages of wind and waves, and my orders were to note particularly what had been done along the sandy shores of the Baltic, where the conditions suggest very strongly our shores of Long Island and New Jersey.

"What do you suppose that fellow wanted of us?" queried Remington.

"A ruble," said I; "and we've got the best of him;" with which comprehensive answer I began to roll my jacket up for a pillow.

"That won't do," said Remington, after a pause. "That fellow with the beard had more than a ruble's worth of scowl on him. He was comparing you with his paper. You've grown a beard since your last passport."

"That's none of his business," I answered.

To be sure, I had grown a beard during the winter, because I had torn a finger to pieces while experimenting with a cog-wheel. But I could not see why the police should care about that.

"At any rate," continued Remington, with emphasis, "that fellow with the beard is going to make us trouble. I feel it down in my bones. I don't mind being shot, but I do hate sitting still in prison. Good-night."

II.

The train rumbled into Warsaw. Remington and I handed our valises to the porter of the hotel, but, instead of taking the omnibus or cab, slipped out through the crowd, and, with the aid of a map, strolled about the streets to take a look at the town before reporting at the hotel.

In Paris I had made the acquaintance of a very intelligent Polish landed proprietor, and had promised to look him up. The address he had given me in Warsaw was that of a German chemist in a large drug shop. I was to ask for Mr. X., and introduce myself—the rest I was to leave to him.

This seemed an odd way of accomplishing a simple and innocent visit, but there was no other. We entered the drug store; pretended to need a tooth-brush; asked casually for Mr. X.; he appeared from a back room; I pretended to want something chemical, and when out of

ear-shot, asked after my friend. The manner of Mr. X. immediately changed; he took me into his back room, leaving Remington to inspect tooth-brushes, and after satisfying himself that I was the party I pretended to be, said, anxiously,

"Have you been to your hotel yet?"

I said no.

"That is right," said he, somewhat relieved. "Are you sure that no one has tracked you from the station to this door?"

I told him how we had disposed of our luggage, how we had slipped through the crowd, and expressed the opinion that if any one had kept an eye on us during the railway journey, he certainly could not have followed us to his door without our knowledge.

"You did well," he said; "but still, you had better not call on Mr. Zerowski," for that was my friend's name. "You had better go to your hotel now, for if you stay longer away, it will excite suspicion. Say nothing while a servant is in the room. If you have any papers you don't wish read, carry them on your person. A police spy will come to your room five minutes after you have surrendered your passport. He will pretend to be an American, or at least to have lived in America and to love Americans. He will want to find out what you have done and what you propose doing, and will see that you are watched. While you are out he will see that your luggage is searched; you had better lock nothing up. Tell him you leave early to-morrow morning for St. Petersburg, and must have your passports back; promise him a ruble, to have no mistake. Then drop in at the Café Tomboff at exactly 3.50, but do not act as though you looked for any one there. Zerowski will join you five minutes later, quite by accident, you understand. Good-by."



THE THIRD SECTION AT WORK.

III.

Remington and I looked at each other dubiously as we left the chemist and sought our hotel. Neither of us relished the idea of attaining our object by indirect methods, although I was prepared to sacrifice something for the sake of exchanging news with my Polish friend Zerowski, who, by-the-way, makes it his business to know what is going on.

"I don't care for Russia, anyway," said Remington, finally, after we had spent some minutes debating the advisability of joining Zerowski at the Café Tomboff. "Let's go back to Germany, Hungary, Turkey, Africa—anywhere out of this—"

He did not finish his sentence, for at that point the door opened softly and swiftly to admit a sleek little bald-headed, black-coated, blinking man of about fifty years of age, who said, with a smirk, and

in bad English, "I thought I heard you say 'Come in!'"

We had not said "Come in," but did not discuss that point.

"You have just arrived from Berlin?" he said.

"No; from America," said Remington.

"But where did you stop last before reaching Warsaw?"

"Wherever the train stopped," said Remington.



"I THOUGHT I HEARD YOU SAY 'COME IN!'"

He then tried to know where our next objective was, whether we had friends in Warsaw, how long we should stop, and finally offered himself to us as guide, philosopher, and friend, on the strength of having lost his heart in America.

We parried his questions, gave him to understand that we did not need him, expelled him finally from the room, and then strolled off to the Café Tomboff.

The chemist was right; the spy was in our wake. We had scarcely seated ourselves at the Tomboff when the little blinking man entered the place, took his seat at a table in the corner, and engaged in earnest conversation with a guest who had been sipping a cup of coffee there. The subject of the conversation was obviously ourselves, to judge by the manner in which the second man's eyes worked in our direction. The blinking man soon disappeared, and the younger one was left to watch.

Zerowski entered the outer door of the Tomboff exactly five minutes after Remington and I had taken our seats. He stood a moment on the threshold, in the manner of a man undecided whether to loaf or go to work. His eyes rested on us, then on the spy, then wandered listlessly about the room. Finally, pretending to be very much bored, he sauntered down amongst the little tables, passed ours without a glance at me, went slowly to the farthest end of the establishment, appeared very much annoyed at not finding a table for himself alone, strolled back towards us, asked politely if he might sit at our table, took his seat as a stranger, offered Remington a cigarette, and said to me, in a whisper, as he bowed to Remington:

"Consider that I've never seen you before; there is an agent of the secret service three tables from you."

Zerowski is one of the many patriots in Poland who remain in their own country, bound by large estates which they cannot dispose of, and who pray morning and night for a cessation of the present barbarous government. Like most Poles with a liberal education, he has served a term in the Warsaw citadel, and is on the list of "suspects" who are to be arrested and deported at the first rumblings of revolution in Poland.

"What is the news?" I asked.

"Don't ask me," he said; "we are in Russia, in the Military Department of the Vistula." Then lowering his voice, he said, in French: "There will be soon another excursion to Siberia—a large one this time—students of the university here—you should stop to see it—in about seventy days, I think."

Remington, whose senses have been quickened by mixing paints amongst the huts of Cheyennes and Apaches, gave me at this point a kick beneath the tablecloth, and remarked, with emphasis, that he did not relish the company of the sneak-agent, who by this time had brought his chair one table nearer.

"I shall go from here to the theatre," said Zerowski; "shall get three seats to-

gether; shall send two by a safe messenger to your hotel; they will be there in an hour; meanwhile stroll about town, and let the hotel porter know where you are going, so as to disarm suspicion."

The theatre was full; but as neither Remington nor I included Polish amongst our acquired accomplishments, we could not do justice to the performance.

Zerowski came in, but took a seat far away from us, in spite of the fact that the seat next to me remained vacant. After the first act we met in the adjoining garden, and his first words were:

"Thank God, the scoundrel has gone! He saw that I took a seat far from you. He concludes that he can make nothing of us to-night. He has gone to write his report, or do some other dirty work."

"You must know," said Zerowski, "that the Czar's government has undertaken to tear up by the roots every manifestation of life that does not spring from soil prepared by Russian priest or police. The little veneer of civilization you find in Russia is due to Poland in the first place, and, in modern times, to Germany. I am a Pole. My family had enjoyed the fruits of European civilization hundreds of years before Russia emerged from a wilderness of prowling Cossacks. The Russian hates us because he is grossly inferior intellectually, and because we refuse to descend to his level. He has conquered us; he has flogged us; he has erased the name of Poland from his map. My children dare not speak their mother-tongue; my wife dares not employ a gov-



IN THE CAFÉ TOMBOFF.

"But about the university?" I asked.

"Not a word has appeared or can appear in any Russian paper; not a word can pass the censor that touches this matter. I have a 'discreet' friend in the Warsaw faculty; he has told me something, but it would mean dismissal or worse to him if the police knew that he had said a word about it."

erness of her own nation; my very servants must be selected for me by the Russian police. The Czar has cut Poland off from all intercourse with Europe, and forced her to starve or pick up the crumbs from his table. The Pole can no longer get a decent education in his own country; the Russian police control our schools as they do our newspapers, and their object

is to have all the professions in Poland filled only by Orthodox Russians.

"People in England and America cannot understand what this means, for superficially it seems a light burden. But look at it from the Polish side. You are a young man. You wish to become an engineer, a doctor, a lawyer, an architect—anything of that kind. You must pass a series of government examinations, or you cannot begin to earn a living. Your examiners are Russians, and they have orders to favor all the 'Orthodox,' and place obstacles in the way of Poles. Suppose, after passing all the preliminary obstacles, you get your government license, you find then that you can accomplish everything if you are of the Greek Church, and next to nothing if you are not. In Russia the government permeates every department of human activity—military, medical, legal, administrative, telegraph, railway, engineering. You cannot place your finger on anything that does not depend to a large extent upon government favor. As a result you find that at every step in your professional course you are heavily handicapped by the knowledge that you will never get employment except from the very few who are so bold as to employ you in spite of your national disability. Poles do still earn a living, but it is mainly by making themselves exceptionally useful to a Russian official who has more patronage than intelligence. A few days before you arrived the Polish students at the Warsaw University had been deeply outraged by the Russian head of the faculty—or rather, I should say that a series of outrages brought on an explosion. The Russians, one and all, stupid or not, received diplomas at Commencement; while the Poles, whose capacity was notoriously superior, were, almost to a man, rejected. The shameless political bias was so apparent that all Warsaw was ablaze, and one fine day the students lost control of themselves, and gave the three most obnoxious members of their faculty a sound pelting. Such a thing probably never could happen in America—"



A GENDARME IN WARSAW.

To which I was compelled to answer that I had known, "'neath the elms of dear old Yale," of students smashing the windows of a *very* unpopular tutor.

"Bismarck used to pretend that the Poles were like the Irish, chronically rebellious. That is not true. There is no similarity between the two nations. England is giving Ireland the best government that unhappy country has ever had; Russia is giving Poland the worst government it is possible to conceive of—worse even than what she gives her own Orthodox subjects. England is raising the Irish to a higher level; Russia is dragging us down into the mud."

"What will the police do with the disorderly Polish students?" I asked.

"Not so loud, if you please," said

Zerowski, glancing about him. "There are spies at work now. They are being watched. The meshes are being drawn slowly and silently about them. Their letters are intercepted. They are being lulled into a false sense of security. By-and-by, in about three months, a raid will be made, and another transport to Siberia commence . . . ."

Between the acts we met by accident Professor X., the Polish member of the faculty, to whom Zerowski introduced us.

"Ask him about the university row," whispered my friend to me.

I did so, and Professor X. answered with ostentatious emphasis:

"University row! You surely must be thinking of some other university! The Warsaw University never has any row of any kind! Good-evening."

Zerowski smiled sadly as the form of the professor disappeared in the crowd.

"There goes," said he, "a product of Russian rule—the smooth liar. That is the man who told me the whole story. I introduced you only to give you a little object-lesson."

As we parted that night, Zerowski said: "You will understand why it is better that I do not come to the station to see you off. You are being watched here, and you will not move in Russia without a police agent behind you."

IV.

On the 6th of June Remington and I reached St. Petersburg, and after depositing our scant canoe kit at the hotel, hurried to the legation of the United States.

The St. Petersburg cabs have wheels a trifle larger than that of a wheelbarrow, and hold about as much. Remington and I hugged each other hard to keep from "dripping out" over the sides as we jumped and bumped over the rough pavement of the vast and lonesome squares that seem specially designed for military purposes. The horse of the droschka is small but spry, and drags the clumsy little cab with extraordinary facility. Every other cab we met contained a man in uniform. Germany seemed bad enough in this respect, but in St. Petersburg there seemed no choice between uniforms and rags. The driver, no doubt, likes the small droschka because it makes his horse look stronger, while the official, no doubt, loves it because it makes his proportions appear to advantage. The horse probably curses it as a clumsy weight, and sighs for a civilized carriage.

A most distinguished-looking footman opened the door for us, in answer to our ring, and ushered us into a room full of costly adornment. The legations of Berlin, Paris, London, and Vienna paled in comparison with this princely suite, for from our seats we gazed in wonder upon room after room of corresponding luxury.

Being but plain American travellers, and having been ushered into this apartment in answer to our desire to speak with our representative, we concluded that we were in the office of the United States, and that an extra appropriation had been made to defray the expense of this mission. But we were wrong.

There was no United States minister in St. Petersburg when we called, and the first secretary, who acted as chargé, informed us that we were in his private residence, one room of which appeared especially reserved for office purposes.

In other countries, particularly semi-civilized ones, the American seeking the protection or assistance of his minister is cheered by the sight of the American eagle over the legation door, possibly by a flag-staff from which the stars and stripes wave proudly on national holidays, proclaiming to all the world that wherever the American citizen travels he is sure of the support of his government so long as he obeys the laws of the place in which he is sojourning. But even if eagle and banner are absent, there is, in any event, a small brass plate affixed in some conspicuous place, with the information that there is such a thing as a legation of the United States in the place.

In St. Petersburg Remington and I looked in vain for some such cheering sign. There may have been one in Russian, but few American travellers speak that language. We stumbled about in a wretchedly homesick condition, ringing all the bells in the neighborhood, finding no one who could speak our language, and at length stumbling by accident upon the door of the magnificent gentleman who represents the government of Washington near the person of our friend the Czar of all the Russias. I had sent a letter on the first day of June, informing our chargé in St. Petersburg that I bore a commission from the United States government, that I bore also the "special

passport" of the State Department, and in addition an official letter from the Secretary of State introducing me personally to our diplomatic agents abroad.

Remington also bore the "special passport," and I added in my letter that he and I were travelling together in order more completely to fulfil the wishes of our government.

Mindful of the rapidity with which the average American diplomatist loses sight of his native land in the midst of courtly pomp, I took the occasion to remark that my companion was, in his line, the first artist of America, and desired permission to make sketches.

My letter remarked also that we had, at considerable cost, brought with us from America each a cruising canoe, that we proposed sailing from St. Petersburg the whole length of the Baltic, making notes and sketches as we went along.

Finally, I begged that our representative in St. Petersburg procure for me the necessary permission to make this cruise, or else, at least, present me to the official of whom I might make the request in person, and explain the innocent nature of our proposed trip.

Knowing the delays of diplomacy in Eastern and semi-civilized countries, I suggested the 8th of June as the day of presentation, assuring the American chargé that we should certainly be on hand before then.

Remington and I had racked our brains to imagine what further we could do to divest our mission of suspicious circumstance. We at last concluded to add a protocol to our document—to wit, we offered to pay the expenses of any one the Russian government should kindly send along with us as interpreter, guide, pilot, protector, or spy.

We knew that last year the United States government had sent a special committee to Russia to report upon Jewish emigration, that this committee had been snubbed, and that it left St. Petersburg in disgust, without having been recognized by the proper department of state.

Against this contingency we fancied we had protected ourselves completely, for we had sent our request a week beforehand. Our mission was not in the remotest degree connected with any political question whatsoever; for what can be more innocent than the question of tree-planting along the sea-shores?

Besides, I had made a full statement of my purpose to the much-beloved ambassador of Russia in Berlin, Count Schuvaloff. He is a man full of amiability, particularly kind to Americans, and incapable of guile. He could not have shown more interest in my project had he been my own father; assured me that I would have a delightful trip, that I should be received with open arms, begged to know what he could do for me, even gave me a most cordial letter of introduction to one of the greatest names in St. Petersburg.

What more could an American citizen desire, travelling in a country bound to us by so many friendly ties as Russia? Surely we did not expect the American navy as escort! The fleet of grain-ships which we sent for the starving peasants should have been a good substitute.

The American chargé calmly informed us at our first interview that he had not made any request, written or oral, in our behalf.

This was rather staggering, after giving him a week's start for this very purpose! Remington looked ready for a fight.

The chargé explained that there was some difficulty in regard to diplomatic usage or precedent.

I protested that the Russian minister in Washington would find no difficulty in getting his request before the Secretary of State, and I ventured to think that the United States minister in St. Petersburg was of quite as much importance as the Russian minister in Washington, and that if that was not the case, it was time people in America heard all about it. Our formal papers we had brought along, and asked him to read them. He did so, returned them, and remarked, in rather a tired manner, that they were lacking in diplomatic form.

To this I rejoined that it was not for me to criticise the diplomatic form of my State Department; that he might do that if he chose, but not through me. That our business in St. Petersburg was exclusively to obtain such permission as should protect us in our coasting cruise.

The chargé answered very vaguely, and reminded me that in the last year the Russian government had grown very jealous of foreigners who came to report upon things in Russia. To this I answered that China also disliked the foreigner, but that I had



SCENE IN A POLISH VILLAGE.

found no difficulty in travelling there—even into the interior.

We pressed upon him the fact that both of us were prepared to give the fullest guarantees regarding the purely innocent nature of our cruise. Again we offered to defray the cost of a government escort. The chargé smiled, and shook his head, and told us urbanely that we had come on a fool's errand.

Finally, in the presence of our military attaché and Remington, I said to him: "Here is a formal request. I ask you, on the strength of the government papers I carry, to take me before the proper official of the Russian government; I wish to be properly introduced to him; I wish to present the credentials of the United States government; I wish to explain the nature of our mission, and I wish to learn definitely from his lips whether there can possibly be any obstacle thrown in our path."

The chargé looked from one to the other of us with a quizzical smile. Had we asked for a loan of the Russian Czar, I should have expected such a smile.

"It's quite impossible," was his terse answer. "It's contrary to all diplomatic precedent, don't you know!"

What was to be done? Remington and I concluded to wait at least three days. If by that time the government gave us no answer, we should take our canoes to the first German port, cruise the Kaiser's coast first, and then return to Russia, in case permission should have been finally accorded.

The chargé had at last condescended to promise that he would write formally for the needful authority, and would do everything in his power to further our mission, etc.

Russia is an expensive place to live in, particularly the capital. The stranger is fair game for extortion, and we found that at the rate of outlay current with us, we should soon be bankrupt. Socially our time passed agreeably enough, for we had letters to high and mighty functionaries, who treated us most cordially, invited us to their country-seats, offered to do everything under heaven to enhance our happiness, except the one thing we particularly wished done. Princes, counts, colonels, ambassadors, adjutants, and aides-de-camp—these could furnish caviar, champagne, and lordly hospitality, but not one of them dared move in a matter interesting to the Third Section—the secret police.

The letters we received were of course opened by the police, and clumsily closed again. Remington was one day driving in the suburbs, when he became aware that an official was following in a second droschka. The following droschka, however, passed his after a while, and Remington noticed that its occupant spoke to a gendarme on the road ahead. What he said of course we do not know, but when Remington reached that point, the gendarme stopped his carriage, turned the horse's head back towards the city, and gave the driver some instructions in Russian that resulted in Remington finding himself an unwilling arrival back at the hotel, where I found him an hour later, pacing the floor like a caged lion, and venting his feelings in vigorous English.

We were used to being watched, but this was more than we had bargained for.

On the fourth day we called at the legation at half past ten in the forenoon. The impressive man-servant told us that his excellency the chargé was in bed. We sent up word on a card that we called to know if he had any news for us. He sent down word by the splendid servant that he had no news; did not know when he should have any; that there was no use in our waiting for any.

We returned a farewell message of thanks and compliments, and left.

Two days before, we had interviewed the head of the customs, and had arranged to have our boats shipped by fast freight to Kovno, on the river Niemen, supposing that forty-eight hours' start was quite enough. We had also told the hotel porter that we were to start to-day, and ordered him to have our passports. He came to us with a drawn face, however; said he was very sorry; that he had been to the police station; that there was some difficulty; that he could not get them for us.

"Now we *are* in for it," thought we. For of course, without a passport, we ceased to be Americans, or even human beings; we became merely the number of a police cell.

Luckily for us, an official close to the person of the Czar happened to call upon us at that moment, and to him we explained our predicament. He left us for a moment, then returned, and assured us that there must be some mistake, that

our passports would surely arrive. We chatted for a while, and, sure enough, as though by magic, the precious documents once more made their appearance, duly stamped and sealed. What potent spell our great friend had exercised we shall never know, but to us he was a friend in need, and we feel very grateful for his intercession.

V.

Between St. Petersburg and Kovno I stopped for a chat with a friend who knows the devious methods of Russian government pretty well. I told him my tale, and asked him what he made of it.

"Nothing is simpler," said he. "You are politely requested to disappear from Russia at the shortest possible notice. You have been watched from beginning to end, and you may be watched at this moment. You might have waited a month in St. Petersburg, but you would never have got an answer to your request."

"But," said I, "what if I had gone on without permission?"

"You would never know what had interfered with you. You would have been arrested at the first convenient place, and kept a week or so pending examination. What is most likely, however," said he, "some dark night your boats would have been smashed to kindling-wood; your stores, papers, and valuables would have been taken away, and yourselves turned adrift in a swamp."

"But," said I, "you don't mean to say that a great government would permit such a thing?"

"Oh, of course not! Our great government would express the most profound regret at the accident; it would insist that the damage was done not by police agents, but by common thieves. In any event, you would be stopped before you got a hundred miles away from St. Petersburg, and, what is more, you would never be able to prove that the government had stopped you.

"In Russia we are far ahead of western Europe. We have copied lynch-law from America, only here the government does the lynching. When a man is obnoxious, reads or writes or talks too much, we do not bother about courts and sheriffs. He disappears—that is all. When his friends come to inquire after him, the government shrugs its shoulders, and knows nothing about it. He has been killed by robbers, perhaps, or he has committed suicide! The government cannot be held responsible for every traveller in Russia, of course!



GENDARME, ST. PETERSBURG.

"When a military attaché is suspected of knowing too much about Russian affairs, his rooms are always broken into and ransacked. Not by the government—oh dear no! That would be shocking! It is always done by burglars. But, odd to say, these Russian burglars always care particularly for *papers and letters*.

"The German military attaché has had his rooms broken into twice in this manner, and to prevent a third invasion he assured the chief of police that there was no use doing it any more, that he really never kept any important papers there. Since then he has not been troubled by official burglars."

VI.

We were turned out upon the platform at Kovno at a quarter past four of a misty and chilly morning, and after wandering about this mysterious fortress-town until its only population, Jews and soldiers, filled the streets, we embarked on a little steamboat bound down the Niemen. One of the passengers had answered my many questions in a friendly manner, and with him I had considerable talk about smugglers, Jews, Cossacks, and things in general. Two men in uniform on the opposite side of the boat watched us with strange intentness, and for that reason I took pains that our Russian friend should know that we were merely American tourists visiting his beautiful country in search of the picturesque.

He disappeared soon after the boat started, and Remington curled himself up in the stern-sheets for the purpose of making studies of peasant costumes. He had not filled many pages before a hand was placed on my shoulder, and my Russian friend whispered in my ear,

"If you don't both of you wish to spend the next few days in jail, make your friend stop his note-making."



"TWO OFFICERS ARE WATCHING YOU."

"But," I said, "he is not making notes; he is a famous American artist, filling his sketch-book with bits of costume."

And to convince him of Remington's innocence, I showed him the book, full of memorandum sketches, which, however, seemed only to make our case worse.

"This is not a matter for joking," said he, earnestly. "Two officers on board are watching you. Every day some one disappears on suspicion of playing the spy. Only last week two women were locked up in the fortress overnight for having inadvertently strayed upon suspicious ground. They had come up the river with their husbands in a holiday party, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they got clear again. The men who are watching you will make no distinction between sketching a peasant's nose and pacing off a fort front."

We thanked him for his disinterested advice, Remington promptly pocketed his book, and our friend was soon once more in conversation with the sour-looking officials, apparently convincing them that we were not worth locking up, being merely a couple of crazy American artists, with very scant baggage. Had it not been for the intercession of that intelligent young Russian, there is little doubt in my mind that we should have been arrested at the next landing, robbed of all our sketches and notes, taken back to

Kovno, and kept in jail for a week or so, or until our chargé in St. Petersburg had discovered a diplomatic precedent which should justify him in demanding our release.

The two officers accompanied us to the last station in Russia, saw us safely off, and then returned to the nearest telegraph office to report that they had successfully driven two inquiring foreigners out of their country, and done it so neatly that no one could possibly take offence; no one could accuse the Czar's government of breaking any rule of international courtesy!

As I pen these lines, a letter from our chargé in St. Petersburg reaches me confirming all that was told us there more than a month ago, namely, that the Russian government simply ignored his application, and by so doing gave him to understand that Remington should not make sketches in Russia, and that the United States deserved a snub for sending a commissioner to inquire about tree-planting on the sea-coasts.

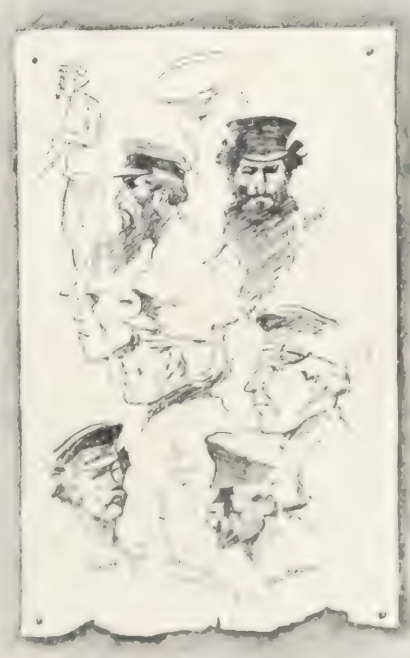
In other words, the Russian government treated Remington and myself exactly as it treated the Emigration Commission sent by the United States government last year. When Japan declined to receive an American commissioner some forty years ago, we sent a fleet under Commodore Perry and insisted upon the forms of European courtesy. That was bullying a chivalrous but weak nation. To-day our diplomatic representatives in Russia are treated with the same contempt we have learned to expect in China, and latterly Chile.

VII.

A word about our precious canoes. These had been fitted with folding centre boards and drop-rudders; had each two masts and sails; had water-tight compartments fore and aft; were admirably adapted for a long cruise, and floated the burgee of the New York Canoe Club. Our idea was to haul them ashore at night, hoist a specially fitted tent over each well, sleep on board, and, if necessary, cook our meals as well. Remington had invented a water-proof holder for his sketching material, exactly fitted to the canoe, and in both boats everything was done that could possibly add to the success of our cruise from St. Petersburg to Berlin.

C. B. Vaux, the author of the standard text-book for canoeists, gave us his advice, so did the veteran cruiser C. J. Stevens, the secretary of the club. The Hamburg-American Steamship Company triced the little squadron up under the boom over the after-deck, and allowed us this as a part of our personal baggage—a courtesy which we highly appreciated. From Hamburg the boats went to Lübeck by rail, about one hour and a half; thence by steamboat directly to St. Petersburg. The whole cost per boat between Hamburg and St. Petersburg was 40 rubles, say $20, making about $10 apiece for the whole journey, including the transfers in Hamburg, Lübeck, and St. Petersburg. In parenthesis I might add that the freight charges in Germany are so low upon canoes as to make land carriage quite as cheap as water. Last year, for instance, my canoe was taken from the coast of Holland to the head-waters of the Danube by fast freight for 12.90 marks, about $3.20, at which rate I should have shipped my canoe back from St. Petersburg to Kovno for about $4.

Kovno is only about fifty miles from the Prussian frontier, on a river called Myemen by the Russians, and Memel by



A PAGE OF SKETCHES MADE ON THE NIEMEN

Germans. It was for us the only way of getting to Tilsit without touching the Baltic coast first; and being on the direct railway line between St. Petersburg and Berlin, promised the greatest speed. The express trains make the distance in thirty hours, and the ordinary ones in forty-eight, the distance being about 550 miles. In order to have no possible mistake in regard to our retreat, we accepted the kind offices of a Russian friend connected with the Foreign Office. He took us to the proper express agency, explained in detail what was to be done, arranged that the boats should go off immediately by the fast freight travelling with the passenger train, had the bill made out for us, and stipulated that we should pay on receipt of the canoes.

We gave those canoes forty-eight hours start, and found on arrival in Kovno that there was no record of them whatever. The chief of the station said he understood no French or German, but by the assistance of an intelligent young woman who operated the telegraph, we came to an understanding.

I showed him our passports and credentials, told him we expected our boats here, and asked him if he would forward them on to us when they came. He said he would.

We then asked if he wished payment on bill of lading. He said that was not necessary; the boats would be sent right on across the frontier as soon as they arrived, and the money collected at the other end.

I then left with the intelligent young telegraph operator our address, and money to defray cost of messages. She refused the money present we offered her —conclusive evidence that she was not Russian.

All this happened on June 10th. Remington and I meanwhile went down the river by steamer; made a few excursions to kill time; finally located ourselves at Trakehnen, about ten miles from the Russian frontier, only sixty miles from Kovno, and waited patiently for our canoes.

On June 11th came a Russian telegram which to us was a muddle: "If wooden boats must pay in Kovno, if metal can be paid in Trakehnen."

A high German official, whose guests we were, happened to be an intimate personal friend of the German consul in Kovno, and therefore, to simplify the whole matter, he kindly telegraphed him to pay all charges, and do everything needful to hurry the boats on. We certainly thought that this would be guarantee enough for the Russian police.

On June 13th, when we expected to be far away in our boats down the Pregel, came another Kovno cable saying that ninety-two rubles must be paid before the railway chief would let the boats start. Of course we cabled back that money was no object, that the German consul was responsible, and that we wanted the boats very badly.

We waited another twenty-four hours, and then came another vexatious cable—that Kovno would not forward the boats until they had received the bill of lading. We were now indignant, because we had offered the bill of lading once before, and it had been declined; and besides, the German consul surely was guarantee enough that we were not tramps. At last, on the 16th, came a cable from the German consul saying that the bill of lading had come, and that the charges against us amounted to 100 rubles, or 300 marks, say $70, or about double what they should have been. We cabled back to pay up and send the boats on.

We had long ago made up our minds that the Russians in Kovno were doing their best to spoil our canoe cruise by obstructions of the most unnecessary kind.

At last, after an infinite amount of worry and needless expense, the canoes reached Stettin, on the Baltic, on the 2d of July, having been on the way since the 8th of June.

At Kovno the police were curious to know what was in the boat of Remington, so they took a hammer and smashed a hole through the beautiful mahogany deck, in spite of the fact that the hatches were on purpose left unlocked.

Remington waited about Europe for a whole month, hoping from day to day that our diplomatic representative in St. Petersburg would secure, at least for him, the necessary police permit to make sketches.* He has gone home now, and left me to write the net results of this memorable railway canoe cruise—a wasted month, an empty pocket, a smashed canoe.

* It is proper here to say that after a delay of two months, and when it was no longer of use, the formal permit was accorded to both the author and artist by the Russian authorities.



THE FRONTIER GUARD AND THE CUSTOM HOUSE.



FELINE AMENITIES.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

OLD LADY to fashionable beauty (*who has recently married the general*): "And so that white-haired old darling is your husband! What a good-looking couple you must once have been!"



BEAUTY AWAKENED IN THE SLEEPING PALACE.

TENNYSON.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

IT is difficult at the present time, when Tennyson's poetry has become a part of the air we breathe, to look back into the world of literature as it existed before he came.

There is a keen remembrance, lingering ineradicably with the writer, of a little girl coming to school once upon recitation-day, with a "piece" of her own selection safely stored away in her childish memory. It was a new poem to the school, and when her turn came to recite, her soul was full of the gleam and glory of Camelot. She felt as if she were unlocking a treasure-house, and it was with unspeakable pleasure to herself that she gave, verse after verse, the entire poem of "The Lady of Shalott." Doubtless the child's voice drifted away into singsong, as her whole little self seemed to drift away into the land of faery, and doubtless also the busy teacher, who was more familiar with Jane Taylor and Cowper, was sadly puzzled. When the child at length sat down, scarcely knowing where she was in her sudden descent from the land of marvel, she heard the teacher say, to her amazement and discouragement, after an ominous pause, "I wonder if any young lady can tell me what this poem means?" There was no reply. "Can you tell us?" was the next question, pointed at the poor little girl who had just dropped out of cloudland. "I thought it explained itself," was the plaintive reply. With a slight air of depreciation, in another moment the next recitation was called for, and the dull clouds of routine shut down over the sudden glory. "Shades of the prison-house," then and there, began to close over the growing child. One joy had for the present faded from her life, that of a sure sympathy and understanding. Not even her teacher could see what she saw, nor could feel what lay deep down in her own glowing heart. Nevertheless Tennyson was henceforth a seer and a prophet to this child and to the growing world; but for some, who could never learn his language, he was born too late.

The picturesqueness of Scott and Byron, the simple piety of Cowper, had satisfied the poetic and religious nature of

the world up to this time. Shelley and Keats had indeed lived, but men had scarcely then learned generally to read them. Tennyson may be looked upon as their interpreter, in a measure, to the common world. Even Wordsworth, the mountain-top of poetry, the leader, whom Tennyson called his Master — even he failed to give the common mind, which looks for drama, any long poem which one who runs may read. This humanity in poetry is distinctly, first of all, Shakespearian, but if this quality should seem to any reader not also Tennysonian, let him re-read "Guinevere," in the "Idyls of the King," and reverse his decision.

The hearts of men were largely attuned by Tennyson, and taught to understand the affinities and symbolisms of nature. This new era in literature opened about the year 1830, when Tennyson gave a few poems to the world, which were chiefly cancelled by his later judgment. A small book, in green paper covers, lies before me as I write, "privately printed" in 1862, containing his poems printed between 1830 and 1833, and giving the first readings of some which have been sanctioned in his later editions. The volume "privately printed" has been most privately treasured lest anything should appear from it to "vex the poet's mind." For thirty years it has lain in a secret drawer, with these words inscribed upon the cover: "Not to be lent; not to be stolen; not to be given away."

Some of these poems have been rewrought until we are reminded of his own line,

"Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,"

and incorporated in his later editions, and others seem to have been gathered up by an American publisher, who, in some way, gained possession of the book. The present perfected edition, however, published by Macmillan, evidently contains all the poems Tennyson wished to have remembered. The chief interest in the small green book is in the early readings, which are a good study for those who pursue the art of poetry. We see in them the sure integrity of the master-hand.

"Isabel" was not, perhaps, one of the very earliest poems, although it stands among the early poems of character in the perfected edition. It does not appear in the green book, yet the title already stands in the table of contents. In his own revised editions it has always appeared unchanged from the first. There is a flawless loveliness in this poem which makes it especially worthy of admiration. "Isabel" possesses a peculiar interest, because it is understood to be the poet's tribute to his wife, and indeed even his imaginative eye could hardly elsewhere have found another to whom this description would so properly fit:

"The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime; a prudence to withhold;
The laws of marriage character'd in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey;
A hate of gossip parlance and of sway,—
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife."

The relation of Tennyson's life to that of other men has been but imperfectly understood. There was indeed a natural sublimity in his character which gave him, as he has himself said of the poet's mind, a power for scorn of things fit to be scorned; but his capacity for friendship has been proved to us again and again. The tree, as of old, is known by its fruits, and we need only recall the poems to James Spedding, to F. D. Maurice, to Mary Boyle, to Lord Dufferin, his correspondence with Edward Fitzgerald, and the great note of grief and consolation in "In Memoriam," to know a man capable of friendship, and one who has drawn to himself the noble lovers of his time.

There was an unconsciousness of outward things, of the furniture of life, which left him freer than most men to face the individual soul that approached him. There was also a fine consistency in his personality; no tampering with the world; no trying to serve two masters. The greatness of his presence was felt, we believe, by all who approached him; he seemed to be invested by a strange remoteness from the affairs of the world. Yet it was easy for the spirits to draw near to him who really wanted what he could give. His hospitality was large and sincere. In his own words of the "Great Duke" we read his perfect likeness:

"As the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

A friend who knew him wrote once: "Tennyson found out in the golden season of his life, his youth, just what kind of work he was fitted to do, and he never squandered an hour in search of his primary bearings. . . . There is always a gravity about him, a becoming nobleness, which reminds one of what St. Simon said of Fénélon: 'When he is present it requires an effort to cease looking at him.'"

When this friend returned after his first interview with Tennyson, many years ago, we can well recall the eagerness with which we listened. His excitement as he described the hours they had passed together was hardly less than that of his hearer. Every minute detail of the interview was impatiently demanded. "How did he look?" was asked immediately in the first pause, and "What did he say?" followed before there was quite time to speak. In reply came a full description of the tall figure, clad in a long gray dressing-gown, presenting itself in the half-opened doorway of his chambers in the Temple, and looking cautiously out at the new-comer.

"'Oh! it is you,' he said, drawing his visitor in through the narrow space with a most cordial welcome. He was sitting before the fire, with his books about him, which he put aside, and while he talked he began to toast sundry slices of bread for our repast. As for his looks, his head is a very grand one, and his voice has a deep swelling richness in it. He had just received from the printers some proof-sheets of the 'Idyls of the King,' and then and there he chanted the story of Enid and Elaine: chanted is the true word to apply to his recitations. He had a theory that poetry should always be given out with the rhythm accentuated, and the music of the verse strongly emphasized, and he did it with a power that was marvellous."

The next recollection, and one that sweeps most vividly across the memory, is that of going to Farringford for the first time, and seeing Tennyson among the surroundings so admirably suited to his tastes and necessities. The place was much more retired than at present; indeed, there was neither sight nor sound during those summer days of any intrusion. The island might have been Prospero's own it seemed so still and far away.

Beyond the gardens and the lawn the great downs sloped above the sea, and in the distance on either hand could be seen the cliffs and shores as they wound away and were lost in the dim haze that lay between us and the horizon. We found ourselves suddenly walking as in a dream, surrounded with the scenery of his poems.

It is still easy to distinguish with perfect clearness to the "inward eye" two figures rambling along the downs that lovely day, and pausing at a rude summer-house, a kind of forgotten shelter, a relic of some other life. The great world was still as only the noon of summer knows how to be; the air blew freshly up from the sea, and the figures stopped a moment to look and rest. The door of the shelter hung idly on rusted hinges, and the two entered to enjoy the shade. Turning, they saw the whole delicious scene framed in the rude doorway. "Ah," the lady said, "I have found one of your haunts. I think you must sometimes write here." Tennyson looked at her with a smile which said, "I can trust my friends"; and putting his hand up high over the door, he took from the tiny ledge a bit of pencil and paper secreted there, held them out to her for one moment, and then carefully put them back again. There was not much said, but it was an immediate revelation and a cherished bit of confidence. Perhaps on that sheet was already inscribed,

> "Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea,
> The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
> With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape";

or perhaps the page was waiting for "The Sailor-boy," or glimpses of the great "Tyntagel," or "Lyonesse."

We could not know, nor did he, what he was yet to do. We only felt—all who knew him felt—that he knew his work demanded from him the sacrifice of what the world calls pleasure. He endeavored to hold his spirit ready, and his mind trained and responsive.

His constant preoccupation with the work of his life rendered him often impatient of wasting hours in mere "personal talk." He was always eager and ready to hear of large matters of church or state from those who were competent to inform him, but it was his chief joy, when his friends were gathered about him, to read from other poets or from his own books.

In this same visit there was much talk of Milton, of whom he spoke as "the

great organist of verse, who always married sound to sense when he wrote." Surely no one ever gave the lines of that great poet as he did. It was wonderful to hear. It would be impossible to forget that grand voice as he repeated:

"The imperial ensign which full high advanced
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds."

His chanting of his own "Boädicéa" was very remarkable:

"Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated,
Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable."

But nothing could excel the effect of his rendering of "Guinevere," his voice at times tremulous with emotion, and his face turned from the light as he read,

"Let no man dream but that I love thee still,"

and all the noble context glowing with a white heat. It was easy then to find that his own ideal,

"Flos regum Arthurus,"

was not a legend to him alone, but a vision of the Holy Grail toward which he aspired.

It were easy, indeed it is a temptation, to record every detail, stamped, as they all are, on the memory after several visits at Farringford and at Aldworth, but the beautiful paper printed in these pages only a few years ago by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, now given to the world in a volume, where Tennyson stands as one of "The Light-Bearers," would make any repetition of the history of his family life worse than unnecessary. Mrs. Ritchie's friendship with the members of that household, and her familiarity with the houses and scenery which surrounded them, have given her the opportunity to do what her genius has executed.

Summer was again here, with a touch of autumn in the air—this autumn in which we write, when we last saw Tennyson at Aldworth. He was already unwell, and suffering from a cold. He sat, however, on his couch, which was drawn across the great window, where he could look off, when he turned his head, and see the broad green valley and the hills beyond, or, near at hand, could watch the terrace and his own trees, and catch a glimpse of the garden.

The great frame had lost its look of giant strength; the hands were thinner; but the habit of his mind and spirit was the same. Again we heard the voice; again we felt the uplift of his presence. He was aware that he was not to stay here much longer, and when we bowed over him and kissed his hands, we knew and he knew it was indeed "farewell." He was surrounded with deep love and tenderness and the delightful presence of his little grandchildren, and when, shortly after, his weakness increased, he doubtless heard the words sounding in his mind:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."

He asked for *Cymbeline*, that he might carry the noble lines clearly in remembrance. Later the moon shone full into the room, and in that dim splendor, and to the music of the autumn wind, his spirit passed.



Editor's Study.

I.

MAN is a creature whom it is difficult to defend. Sometimes he is worse than his conduct, and sometimes his conduct is worse than he is. His behavior is so inconsistent with his character, bad as that may be, and his attitude to life seemingly so often contradicts his nature, that it is no wonder that woman, the modern woman, regards him with such mixed feelings, that is to say, as a tyrant and an oppressor whom she devotedly and unreservedly loves. Frequently he is not worthy of such devotion, and frequently he is not conscious of being a tyrant. The matter would not be perplexing if the proposition were that in the abstract all men are tyrants, but that every woman makes an exception of one individual; or if every woman regarded the husbands of all other women in this light, and made an exception of her own; but novelists say this is not the case. However, the general impression seems to be, aside from the subtle distinctions of love and reliance and gallantry, that somehow man has got the upper hand, that he has had it for a good many centuries, and that he intends to keep it. And it is not easy to deny this. With no more endurance than woman, and not so much patience, called upon to suffer less in domestic life, working less number of hours, and shunning labors that are very nagging to flesh and spirit, he set up to be the stronger. He did the fighting. He was the executive of the law. He made the law. And the law gave him the right to exact obedience from the woman, and to chastise her, more or less moderately, into obedience. He was the army and the constabulary and the judge. Almost all the property was in his name, and he occupied all the best places, and took all the best salaries. If there was a queen at the head of affairs instead of a king, that seemed to make no difference. Man was still the boss in general. Woman was still at disadvantage. Public education was in his hands. She couldn't control her own property without his consent, not even the wages she earned. She had the slenderest hold on his property or on hers, that he "had reduced to possession," as he had by law reduced her; she was denied equal possession of the children she had borne; few employments that he cared to occupy were open to her, and when she got them her pay was only half his for doing the same work. If the rule was by the sword, he carried the sword; if the rule was by the ballot, he took the ballot. It is not asserted that man has always been cruel to woman, that he has not often been kind and yielding, and tried to shield her from the hardships of life, and that often his existence has not been a cowering fear of her. His appearance of lordship has often been only a "patent outside." But mostly he has been a Boss, and it is impossible to defend him.



And yet, it is in order to inquire how he came into this position. Did he at any time consciously or deliberately set out to be a tyrant, and to reduce woman to subjection and keep her under? Our feelings may be qualified about him if he is not a self-made monster of injustice and special privilege, but the creation of circumstances, or rather of natural evolution, in what we have the conceit of calling civilization. Did woman have anything to do in making him what the Women Conventions say he is—she and the general constitution of things? An apology could be framed for him if it shall turn out that he is in the natural order, or if his position is only an incident in the long struggle of the race to make the most of itself in this spectacular world, where everybody desires a front seat, and in which fallible man may have blundered in attempting to give women reserved seats. Privilege must be abolished if there is to be perfect equality, and equality is always broadening. It

does not suffice any more to rest upon the opinion of the conservative that we shall be, and only be, on a solid basis in this country when we have a colored woman for President. He would now say that we ought to have a colored deaf and dumb and blind woman for President.

There are grounds for believing that man's present so-called supremacy is only a phase of evolution, for which he is not wholly responsible. In barbarous times and races his position was not by any means uniformly that of headship. Although in some regions he practised polygamy, in others he had to submit to polyandry. The property was in the woman, and the descent was through the woman. In the Six Nations women were powerful in the council, and so powerful that the female elders controlled it; they sent the men out to war, and war and peace were in their hands. They had a sort of supremacy in the lodge. In those days they did not complain of exclusion from any sort of employment. They seemed to think that man was not good for much except to bring in game, go on thieving expeditions, and fight other tribes. If the truth could be arrived at, it might appear that the opinion of the woman of man then was about what it is to-day. Man, because he was physically strong (and that was not primarily his fault), was put forward to do the fighting, but the women often went along to finish up the wounded and to help torture the captives, and sometimes, bless their feminine hearts! to shield them. In the process of the evolution of society the position of the sexes changed somewhat. More manual labor was put upon man, though there is no evidence that he ruthlessly usurped the right to work. The proportion of agricultural labor, mining, carrying heavy burdens, and rough work generally taken on by man gradually began to be the test of the civilization of a community, and it is so to-day. With the growth of commerce and the necessity of a seafaring life, women, by circumstances, were shut out of another occupation—there seemed to be good reasons why women would not be dependable sailors, ready to climb the mast in a gale of wind, or make the crew for a three years' whaling voyage. Probably she never wanted to go into the navy, any more than she wanted to go into the army. The army and the navy, we trust, are only incidents in the progress of the race, but so long as they exist, man has a prominence in the affairs of life. He is the executive arm in war, as, figuring as policeman, he is in civil processes. And perhaps it was inevitable that, having this responsibility, he should make the laws regulating national life, and gradually all sorts of laws. If we could get rid of the tremendous war and governmental machinery, life would be a sort of picnic, and then women would come to the front again, for they manage a picnic much better than men can. This is the highest sort of compliment, for woman has a head for organization and details and economy, as is



sufficiently evident in the most highly civilized nation, France, where she is preeminent in business matters.

Man is a blundering creature at the best, but, considering the almost equal opportunities in barbarism, barring physical strength, it does not seem that man ought to be held solely responsible for the present state of society. We fail to find any intention on his part of making woman inferior in education and power. As we rose in the scale of living, he seemed inclined to remove heavy burdens from her shoulders, to take upon himself more and more the office of bread-winner and the rough and tumble of life, and it is right pathetic to see how anxious he was to make a sort of worship of her, to dress her finely, to surround her with luxuries, to give her a home in which she was supreme, and to shield her from the buffets and frictions of the world. It may have been all a mistake, this chivalry, but women encouraged him in it, and they ought to bear their share of the odium of it. We are all blundering along

together and learning something. Queen Elizabeth, they say, used to box Cecil's ears. Probably no President of the United States ever had the least impulse to box the ears of the wife of the Vice-President. The complaint, however, is that while men have made pets and dolls of women, they have practically shown their contempt of them by denying them substantial equality. That this is the result of a scheme of man, or anything except an evolution in which the whole race has shared, seems to us an untenable proposition. If our civilization is an advance, the fact seems to be that women have, perhaps not unnaturally, in the rough-and-tumble fight, lagged behind. But the evolution is going on. Women are taking upon themselves more employments, more education, more responsible positions. Society will probably change in consequence, and maybe for the better. But every step in civilization has accentuated the differences between the sexes, and it is not likely that any civilization will remove them. Speaking of the efforts to do this, Mr. E. L. Lowell, in his discriminating volume on *The Eve of the French Revolution*, apropos of Rousseau's theories, remarks that, "it is the usual mistake of those who in our day set themselves up as champions of woman to seek to make the sexes not coordinate and mutually helpful, but identical and competing."

Outside the Study window (this window is a most accommodating opening that looks upon country beauty and city scenes, upon ranges of hills, and upon the wide sweep of the sea) are two trees, tall, even gigantic specimens of what unhindered nature can do, sturdy of stem, and holding great masses of glossy foliage high in the blue sky. At this moment their branches are tossed in an autumnal gale. The one is an oak, a stately white oak, with its foliage woven like a crown at the top of the stem. The other is a beech, clean-limbed, supple, which sends out long lateral branches that sweep much nearer the ground than those of the oak, and wave as high in the sky. I have been interested in studying the distinct personality of these two noble trees, assailed as they are by the prince of the power of the air. In the lulls, the lance-shaped leaves of the beech are in a perpetual shiver and flutter; the broad, dentated leaves of the oak shake, but with less grace and with less sensitiveness. In the great blasts the limbs of the oak move with a certain restrained vigor and stiffness, thrashing about in a kind of rage of resistance; there is a sort of doubling up of fists at the enemy. The beech tosses all its long branches like a woman in distress — the slender arms with taper fingers fitted to sweep a wind-harp, appealing now to the earth and now to the sky, with an exquisite and even pathetic grace of motion, like an imprisoned Daphne. Both trees are rooted in the soil, immovable in their hold as if they were part of the earth itself. But the oak does not bend by so much as a hair's-breadth, and the top of its tall stem is a fixed point against the sky. The beech, as strong but more supple, sways and describes an arc like the mast of an admiral's ship in a gale. Male and female created He them. I like best to look at the beech.

II.

The ear-mark of the literature of the present is its recognition of the condition of the poor, of the squalor, if not the hunger, of the working as well as of the vicious poor. This is not only the subject of bulky tomes of reports and special pamphlets, but it enters into the substance of almost every short story and novel; not to add a touch of color from it is to leave out something that the public expects. Poverty and intemperance as motives in fiction are thoroughly appreciated, and the attempt is often made to see them from the side of the suffering. We have a conceit that this is a new view in literature. But in an old romance which is still secretly read when the critics are not looking, called *The Antiquary*, a plummet is dropped into the subject by an old fishwife, named Maggie, who replied to Mr. Oldbuck's criticism of dram-drinking: "Ay, ay—it's easy for your honor, and the like o' you gentlefolks, to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside—but an ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilt is warst ava, wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be cild ing and claise, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?" A cent's worth of tea, it is said, will take away the sense of hunger

almost as well as a dram, but it does not give the like illusion as to the "claise" and the "cauld," or scarcely "heart's-ease" about trouble that lasts the night long. Indeed, it would be a very nearly fair world if we could so arrange it that it did not need the illusion of the dram to make it appear fairly comfortable. Perhaps we can help it on to that point by giving as much energy to improving the conditions of life as we do to attacking the dram.

Perhaps the first essential in the work of improving these conditions is a comprehension of the point of view of those whose condition needs improving. We never, for instance, placed ourselves in the right position for the civilization of the American Indian, because we estimated his needs, as well as his capabilities and powers, from the height of our civilization, and not from the plane of his barbarism. Being a man, we assumed that all that was needed to make him like ourselves—to make other people like ourselves seems to be our idea of reform and improvement—was to thrust him into our conditions and force upon him our advantages. But Nature works slowly, and will not alter her types and her tendencies suddenly at the word of command. We can easily kill a savage by forcing him into our civilization, or



we can varnish him with a lacquer of culture so that he resembles ourselves, but no violent process can really transform him. In one way or another a considerable portion of men in civilization are on a low plane—it matters not whether they have fallen to it or never have climbed any higher—and they have got into a habit of being there. To change this habit is probably a slow process, and not to be compassed by an attempt to force our ideas of life upon them. We are all alike radically, good or bad. The distinction of classes is not so much in actual quality as it is in condition, and in acceptance of different conditions. The laborers among the poor and the unfortunate classes find more good, more nobility, more unselfishness, than they expect. The value of our modern literature that deals with these problems is not so much in recording suffering and misery and awakening sympathy as it is in making us comprehend the point of view of those who are at a disadvantage either in regard to the possession of wealth or the possession of ideas. We should get on a good deal better in this world if we tried more sincerely to understand each other. To make us do so is one of the offices of an honest literature. And here the ideal comes in to the true report, for all the exterior facts about a man do not give us the real man unless we know his ideals. We are commonly surprised, in any attempt to better the condition of those at disadvantage, by their want of comprehension of our intention and of the way we look at life. And we are not likely to dispel this distrust until we, to use the old phrase, put ourselves in their place.

III.

Perhaps it is a modern idea that more can be accomplished for mankind by strengthening and developing the good into more vigorous resistant life than by always attacking developed evil. It was long the notion of the medical profession that its office was the relief rather than the prevention of misery. That a change of purpose is entering into the profession was evident to those who were so fortunate as to witness the recent celebration of the hundreth anniversary of the Hartford County Medical Society in Connecticut. The change in methods as well as in theories during the last hundred years in this local society was an epitome of the whole change in modern life in a century. But perhaps the most striking fact, after all, was that the most self-sacrificing and patient labors for the benefit of mankind are apt to be unrecognized, or credited to the wrong people. Hundreds of names



of those who have made discoveries and inventions which have universally alleviated misery are absolutely unknown outside the profession. These are the obscure and unknown benefactors of the race, more truly benefactors than those great men who have attached their names to a death-dealing gun, or those who have trained the guns in war. Who remembers that the original suggester of the Asylum for Deaf-Mutes in Hartford, the first institution of the kind in America, was Dr. Mason F. Coggswell, a member of this society; or who recalls the names of other members who founded the Retreat for the Insane and the Hartford Hospital, among the first in this country? And how did it happen that one Morton got his name in the gazette in connection with the great discovery of anæsthesia, which was made by Horace Wells, of Hartford? As well ask how did Fulton get the pre-eminence over Fitch, who first applied steam to the navigation of vessels. It was Dr. Eli Todd who was influential in the creation of the Retreat for the Insane, who in 1827 anticipated a modern humanitarian movement by moving for an establishment for the care of intemperate persons. A careless but not ungrateful world accepts the benefits, and does not search out the benefactor, unless some fortuitous circumstance lifts his name into notoriety. How many people know the name of Dr. Karl Koller, a New York student of medicine experimenting in Vienna, who discovered the anæsthetic properties of cocaine? These names, worthy of all honor, are lucky if they get recalled at the centenary anniversaries.

What reason, for instance, has Monsieur Lomond to be remembered in this inventive century? He was a very ingenious and inventive mechanic, says Arthur Young, who went to call on him one evening in Paris in the autumn of 1787. There this ingenuous traveller saw something so curious that he made a note of it: "In electricity he has made a remarkable discovery: you write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate: from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance: within and without a besieged town, for instance; or for a purpose much more worthy, and a thousand times more harmless, between two lovers prohibited or prevented from any better connection. Whatever the use be, the invention is beautiful." Two things are remarkable in this statement. One is that one of the first telegraphic operators in the world was a woman, and the other is Arthur Young's sympathy with the most universal interest among mankind, which is Love. How comparatively peaceful and undisturbed we might have been if this beautiful invention had not been diverted to commercial uses, to stirring up the whole world with matters of only local interest, and had been confined, as Mr. Young suggests, to the more perfect union of the minds and hearts separated by distance or by cruel restrictions! Lovers, at any rate, ought to know and hold in great honor the name of Monsieur Lomond.

IV.

The "old soldier" is beginning to outline himself upon the public mind as a distinct character in American life. Literature has not yet got hold of him, and perhaps his evolution is not far enough advanced to make him as serviceable as the soldier of the Republic and the Empire, the relic of the Old Guard, was to Hugo and Balzac, the trooper of Italy and

Egypt, the maimed hero of Borodino and Waterloo, who expected again the coming of the Little Corporal. It takes time to develop a character, and to throw the glamour of romance over what may be essentially commonplace. A quarter of a century has not sufficed to separate the great body of the surviving volunteers in the war for the Union from the body of American citizens, notwithstanding the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, the encampments, the annual reunions, and the distinction of pensions, and the segregation in Soldiers' Homes. The "old soldier" slowly eliminates himself from the mass, and begins to take, and to make us take, a romantic view of his career. There was one event in his life, and his personality in it looms larger and larger as he recedes from it. The heroic sacrifice of it does not diminish, as it should not, in our estimation, and he helps us to keep glowing a lively sense of it. The past centres about him and his great achievement, and the whole of life is seen in the light of it. In his retreat in the Home, and in his wandering from one Home to another, he ruminates on it, he talks of it; he separates himself from the rest of mankind by a broad distinction, and his point of view of life becomes as original as it is interesting. In the Homes the battered veterans speak mainly of one thing; and in the monotony of their spent lives develop whimseys and rights and wrongs, patriotic ardors and criticisms on their singular fate, which are original in their character in our society. It is in human nature to like rest but not restriction, bounty but not charity, and the tired heroes of the war grow restless, though every physical want is supplied. They have a fancy that they would like to see again the homes of their youth, the farm-house in the hills, the cottage in the river valley, the lonesome house on the wide prairie, the street that ran down to the wharf where the fishing-smacks lay, to see again the friends whom they left there, and perhaps to take up the occupations that were laid down when they seized the musket in 1861. Alas! it is not their home any more; the friends are no longer there; and what chance is there of occupation for a man who is now feeble in body and who has the habit of campaigning? This generation has passed on to other things. It looks upon the hero as an illustration in the story of the war, which it reads like history. The veteran starts out from the shelter of the Home. One evening, toward sunset, the comfortable citizen, taking the mild air on his piazza, sees an interesting figure approach. Its dress is half military, half that of the wanderer whose attention to his personal appearance is only spasmodic. The veteran gives the military salute, he holds himself erect, almost too erect, and his speech is voluble and florid. It is a delightful evening; it seems to be a good growing-time; the country looks prosperous. He is sorry to be any trouble or interruption, but the fact is—yes, he is on his way to his old home in Vermont; it seems like he would like to taste some home cooking again, and sit in the old orchard, and perhaps lay his bones, what is left of them, in the burying-ground on the hill. He pulls out his well-worn papers as he talks; there is the honorable discharge, the permit of the Home, and the pension. Yes, Uncle Sam is generous; it is the most generous government God ever made, and he would willingly fight for it again. Thirty dollars a month, that is what he has; he is not a beggar; he wants for nothing. But the pension is not payable till the end of the month. It is entirely his own obligation, his own fault; he can fight, but he cannot lie, and nobody is to blame but himself; but last night he fell in with some old comrades at Southdown, and, well, you know how it is. He had plenty of money when he left the Home, and he is not asking for anything now, but if he had a few dollars for his railroad fare to the next city, he could walk the rest of the way. Wounded? Well, if I stood out here against the light you could just see through me, that's all. Bullets? It's no use to try to get 'em out. But, sir, I'm not complaining. It had to be done; the country had to be saved; and I'd do it again if it were necessary. Had any hot fights? Sir, I was at Gettysburg!



The veteran straightens up, and his eyes flash as if he saw again that sanguinary field. Off goes the citizen's hat. Children, come out here; here is one of the soldiers of Gettysburg! Yes, sir; and this knee—you see I can't bend it much—got stiffened at Chickamauga; and this scratch here in the neck was from a bullet at Gaines Mill; and this here, sir—thumping his chest—you notice I don't dare to cough much—after the explosion of a shell at Petersburg I found myself lying on my back, and the only one of my squad who was not killed outright. Was it the imagination of the citizen or of the soldier that gave the impression that the hero had been in the forefront of every important action of the war? Well, it doesn't matter much. The citizen was sitting there under his own vine, the comfortable citizen of a free republic, because of the wounds in this cheerful and imaginative old wanderer. There, that is enough, sir, quite enough. I am no beggar. I thought perhaps you had heard of the Ninth Vermont. Woods is my name—Sergeant Woods. I trust sometime, sir, I shall be in a position to return the compliment. Good-evening, sir; God bless your honor! and accept the blessing of an old soldier. And the dear old hero goes down the darkening avenue, not so steady of bearing as when he withstood the charge of Pickett on Cemetery Hill, and with the independence of the American citizen who deserves well of his country, makes his way to the nearest hospitable tavern. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 9th of November.—In Florida, October 4th, Henry L. Mitchell, Democrat, was elected Governor. In Georgia, on the 5th, William J. Northen, Democrat, was re-elected Governor.

On the 18th of October the Legislature of Vermont elected Redfield Proctor to represent that State in the United States Senate.

The National Presidential election, on the 8th of November, resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Democrats.

The celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America began in New York city on the 10th of October, with a parade of 25,000 school-children. On the 11th, there was a mid-day naval parade in the bay and North River. On the 12th, the celebration was concluded with a great military and civic parade during the day, and a street pageant at night. In Chicago the exercises in connection with the dedication of the buildings of the Columbian Exposition began on the 19th. On the 20th, there was a civic parade in which 75,000 persons took part. On the 21st, the ceremonies of dedication were performed in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building before an audience of 120,000 persons. Throughout the country the 21st of October was observed as a holiday.

Stringent precautions were taken throughout the United States to prevent the introduction and spread of the cholera, and although six cases were reported in New York city on the 15th of September, the further progress of the disease in this country was effectually checked. It continued to linger, but with decreasing virulence, in southwestern Russia and in some other portions of Europe.

In Mexico, on the 29th of September, General Porfirio Diaz was proclaimed President for four more years, beginning December 1, 1892.

In Venezuela, on the 9th of October, General Joaquin Crespo entered Caracas at the head of the insurgent forces, and was formally declared provisional President of that republic.

Saenz Peña was inaugurated President of the Argentine Republic October 12th.

The war in Dahomey between the French and the natives continued. The latest despatches reported that the French had reached a position within ten miles of Abomey, the capital.

The Gilbert Islands and the Union group in the Pacific Ocean were annexed by the British government September 29th.

The centennial of the French Revolution was celebrated throughout France September 22d.

DISASTERS.

September 23d.—News from Japan gave particulars of the destruction wrought by a hurricane in the Tokushina District; 42,000 houses were destroyed and 300 persons killed.

October 17th.—The steamer *Bokhara* was wrecked by a typhoon in the China Sea, and more than 100 persons were drowned.

October 28th.—The British steamship *Roumania* was wrecked off the coast of Portugal, near Peniche. Of 122 persons on board only nine were saved.

October 29th.—A fire in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, destroyed property valued at $6,000,000, and rendered 3000 persons homeless.

OBITUARY.

September 23d.—At Sandusky, Ohio, Major-General John Pope, aged seventy years.

October 2d.—In Paris, France, Joseph Ernest Renan, aged sixty-nine years.

October 3d.—At Portland, Maine, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, aged seventy-three years.

October 6th.—At Haslemere, England, Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate, aged eighty-three years.

October 20th.—In Paris, France, Camille Rousset, French historian, aged seventy-one years.

October 24th.—In Berlin, Germany, Robert Franz, musical composer, aged seventy-seven years.

October 25th.—In Washington, D. C., Caroline Lavinia Harrison, wife of the President, aged sixty years.

November 2d.—At Portland, Oregon, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, arctic explorer, aged forty-three years.—Near Ispahan, Persia, Theodore Child, of Paris, France.



Editor's Drawer.

THE PROSECUTION OF MRS. DULLET.

I WAS on a visit to my friend Dave at his mountain home, and was standing one day in the court-yard at Lexington, the county town, discussing the possibilities of his re-election to the position of commonwealth's attorney, when down the street came, at a long gallop, an old fellow mounted on a thin, ewe-necked sorrel colt, whose long, rusty tail whipped between his legs at every jump. Up to the court-yard gate he clattered, and dismounting, flung the rein over the post, in utter disregard of the large printed notice posted on it that no horses were to be hitched there. Through the turnstile and up the walk he came swinging.

"I believe that's old Dullet, from Jacksborough," said Dave. "He's a man of influence up there, and dead against me. I wonder what he wants?"

He had not long to wait, for the old fellow strode up to a group and said, "Whar's the commonwealth's attorney?"

"I am the man," said Dave. "What can I do for you, Mr. Dullet?"

"I wants you to put my wife in the penitentiary," he said.

"What!" exclaimed Dave; then recovered himself. "What do you want that for?"

"She's forged my name, and she's got to go to the penitentiary," said he.

"Well, tell me about it," said Dave, seeing the gravity of the situation; and turning, he led the way into his office, and offered chairs.

"Well, it's this way: My oldest gal Sairy is been a-wantin' to marry a feller named Torm Hackle for gwine on two years, and I wouldn't let her."

"Why?" said Dave, in a professional tone, drawing a pen and paper towards him.

"'Cause Torm's on t'other side," said Dullet.

"Oh!" said Dave, writing down something. "Go on."

"Well, I wouldn't let Torm come over on our side. I sont him word ef he did to look out. And Sairy she got kind o' sick and peaked, and my old 'ooman she wanted me to do it then, and I wouldn't, 'cause I had to sign the dockiment. Then she got kinder worser, and my wife she wanted me to go for the doctor. So day before yistiddy I went down for the doctor, and he said he'd come to-day, and I staid at Jim Miggins's store all night an' yistiddy a-waitin' for him; an' when I got home last night, my wife she said, 'Whar's the doctor?' And I said, 'He's a-comin'. How's Sairy?' And she said: 'She's done got well. She's got all the doctor she wanted. She's done married Torm Hackle.' 'How did she done it,' says I, 'and I 'ain't signed the license?' says I. 'I signed your name for it,' says she. And I said, 'You has done commit a penitentiary offence, and I kin put you in the penitentiary for it,' says I. And she bet me a dollar she hadn't and I couldn't; and I says, 'I bet you two dollars I ken and I will,' says I. And now I are gwine to do it. I kin do it, can't I?"

Dave reflected, whilst the old mountaineer sat still, perfectly passive.

"Well," he said, slowly, "there are not a great many precedents." (The old fellow's face hardened.) "But of course," he added, "forgery is a very serious thing, and, ah—" (The old fellow's eye was upon him.) "How long you been married?" he asked.

"Twenty year come next month."

Dave wrote it down.

"Wife always been good wife to you?"

"'Ain' got no fault to find wid her till now, when she forged my name an'—"

"Ever have any trouble with her?"

"Never at all, 'cept, of course, fights like all married folks has."

Dave wrote it down.

"Industrious?"

"Got no fault to find wid her about that."

"Help you save what you got?"

"Ain't a hard-workin'er, savin'er 'ooman on the mountain."

"How many children she got?"

"Nine—eight livin'. I don't count that one."

"How many dead?"

"Four."

Dave wrote laboriously.

"Wife good to 'em?"

"Jes as good as could be. Nursed 'em faithful."

"Sit up with 'em when they were sick?"

"Never went to bed at all; never took her clothes off."

"Go hard with her?"

"Went mighty hard, specially when Johnny died. He was named after me."

Dave wrote silently.

"Go hard with you?"

"Right sort o' hard."

"Sort o' lonesome after that?"

"Mighty lonesome."

"How old your youngest one now?"

"Gwine on three; that's Billy."

"Fond of his mother?"

"Can't bear her out of his sight."

"Fond of you?"

"Sort of—right smart."

"Say Sairy was your oldest?"

"Yes."

"Thought right smart of her when you didn't have any others, just at first, I reckon?"

"Umh. Might 'a' done; don't remember."

"Wife did, anyhow?"

"Yes; always fool 'bout her. Oldest—see?"

"She was young and fresh then?"

"Yes; likeliest woman on the mountain."

"Bet she was! Used to have good time sitting up to her, going to see her summer evenings, walking through the woods?"

"Yes, sir; did that."

"She thought more of first baby than you. She had more trouble with her than you—when she was a baby, I mean?"

"Oh yes! guess she did."

"Carried her round in her arms, nursed her when she was sick, made her little frocks for her?"

"Yes."

"As she did Johnny's?"

"Yes."

"And does little Billy's?"

"Yes. She's made Billy a little pair of breeches."

"With pockets in them?"

"Yes; two."

Dave laid down his pen, opened the code, and read a little to himself. "Well, I can put her in the penitentiary for you," he said. "Not less than one nor more than ten years," he read.

Dullet sat forward a little.

"How old is your wife?"

"'Bout fifty year."

"I'll draw the indictment. Let me see, the grand jury will meet when? Then the jury." He was talking to himself, with his eyes turned up to the ceiling. "There might be some of those Hackles on the jury. Umh! that would be bad." (Dullet twisted around in his chair.) "They'd send her on for the full time, though—ten years. That would be good."

Dullet leaned forward. "Are them Hackles obleeged to be on that jury?" he asked.

"No," said Dave; "not at all. Only they may be on there, that's all." He lifted his eyes again to the ceiling. "That might be all the better. They'd of course be pretty

rough on her. Ten years. She'd be about sixty when she came out. Umh! They'd have worked her pretty hard—let me see—with thieves, murderers; I suppose they'd put her with the thieves, dress her in stripes, maybe whip her." (Dullet started to give an exclamation, but stopped to listen.) "I suppose little Billy would be sorry at night at first, but he'd get used to it; or he might go down to see her once a year or so, for a few minutes, in his breeches—if she lived; he'd miss her some. If she died, she'd go to Johnny. Well, the Hackles wouldn't be sorry. Yes, I can do it, I think," he said, bringing his eyes down on Dullet's face, and speaking positively.

Dullet rose with a jump. "Look a-here, Mr. —Mr.—What's-your-name?—Moore," he said. "I'll just be durned if any of them —— Hackles can put my wife in the penitentiary; and ef anybody thinks they kin, let 'em try it!"

Dave looked at him calmly. "I agree with you," he said, "and I'll help you."

There was a pause, in which Dullet was reflecting. Then he asked, "What would you edvise me to do?"

"I don't advise you to do anything," said Dave; "but I know what I'd do if I was in your place."

"What?"

"I'd go home and send for Sairy to come over to dinner next Sunday, and tell her to bring that fellow with her—he's more Dullet now than he is Hackle; and every time my wife got uppish I'd tell her I could have put her in the penitentiary for ten years, but I was too good to her to do it."

Dullet reflected, and then said, "I'll do it. What does I owe you?"

"A good deal," said Dave; "but I want you to present it to Mrs. Dullet for me."

"Well—" He walked to the door, paused, and then said, slowly, "Th' nex' time you runs for anything, Jacksborough is a-gwine to vote for you." He went out. Dave was re-elected.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.



THEIR FIRST BOX OF PARLOR MATCHES.

PATERFAMILIAS. "You chillun keep back deah! You want you' heads blowed off'n you shouldus?"

OF COURSE.

A RATHER dilapidated but exceedingly cheerful tramp coming down the road asked Mr. Jennings for a job. Mr. Jennings had just set his reaper, preparatory to a long day's slow march up and down the big wheat field. But he was urgently needed in another part of the farm, and the farm hands having gone to town to assist the carpenters' union in a labor demonstration, he welcomed help however dubious.

"Yes, I've got a job. Two dollars a day and board, and it's yours as long as you hold it down. Can you drive?"

"Can I drive? 'Ain't I druv four harses to wanst fur a Dutchman in Cheecago, an' Jim screechin' wid a horrn on the back stip of the waggin?"

"That's all right. A reaper ain't a tally-ho; but I guess you'll do. You'll have to. Just keep agoin'. I'll be back inside of an hour. But say, I wish you'd save a little patch by the fence in the corner there, I want to try an experiment I read about in the *Journal*."

"And how do I worrk the machine?"

"You let the machine alone. It will work itself. Just you drive straight up to that corner, then turn and go across by the fence. The machine will do the cutting."

The new hand drove a few yards very carefully, then halted, looked at the mysterious thing behind him, and shouted to Mr. Jennings, who had already started to the rescue of his fruit trees.

"And do she kape a-cuttin' like this, all the time I kape agoin'?"

"Yes, yes; go ahead."

"Well, thin, how can I save the bit in the fince corner? Whin I drive up there, she'll jist cut it down annyway, and I won't have nothing to say about it."

"Why, you idiot! When you get—"

"Av coorse, av coorse! I was jist jokin'. Whin I git there, I'll jist stand still till I git past." DAVID BUDGE.

AMERICAN LIBERTY OUTRAGED.

IN front of me was the sign: "Saratoga water. All you wish for five cents." Beside me was a clerical-looking man draining a glass. He spoke to me.

"Dot's a grade land of lipperty, aind it?" he asked. "It's vot I call a land of lipperty and a half, vhere you can't get a glass of peer yet, but must choke yourselluf mit vorter."

"I beg your pardon. Were you speaking to me?"

"I say vreedom by America is a big humbuck. Der American beeples are being brought up to leat der life uf hybbercrits und frauds. Here ve been in Asbury Park, und some man named Pradley owns der blace, und says vot ve shall trink, all dere vhile, und vot time ve got to go to bed, und vot glothes ve shall put on ourselluf in der varter. Bah! dot goundry makes me sick. I am a clergyman uf der gospel, but I like my lager-peer vonce in a vhile, und in dot clorious land of lipperty some man called Pradley says he vill keep my conscience und tell me everything vot I must do."

"Come with me," I said. "If a glass of beer will make my country seem endurable, you shall have it. I happen to have some at my home."

"A-a-a-h," said the clergyman, later, as he quaffed a second glass of beer in my front parlor. "Dot's sblendid. Vhy does dot Emperor Pradley bermit you to trink peer und not me? I cannot dake back again my vords abowd America, but I vill add alretty dot you are at least a chendleman."

The second glass of beer was followed by a third, and all were accompanied by such exclamations of delight and tokens of satisfaction that I almost felt as one must feel who saves a human life.

"Now I must go back by der willage again," said my guest.

"I am glad to have been of service to you," said I. "Good-by, sir."

"But vait, uf you blease, a minute," said the man; "I vill show you someding vhere you can a real service done me. I haf here a leetle book, yet, vhich I haf written apowd der mission peezness from Europe, vhere I vos once. Der brincipal bersons by der willage haf two copies taken. For how many shall I put down your name alretty?"

Alas! for the reputed joy of doing a kindness! I had invited a book agent into my house. JULIAN RALPH.

AN ANTIQUE.

SHE gazed at the tall old clock on the stair:
'Twas a relic of days long fled,
A costly timepiece, a treasure rare,
But lately purchased and perched up there.
"A quaint old gem!" she said.

"Did you stand in some old Colonial hall,
Where the firelight flickered red
On polished floor and on carven wall,
Where fell the shadows of chair-backs tall
And straightly stiff?" she said.

"Did you look, perchance, on a winsome maid—
Alas! a century dead—
Softly demure and sweetly staid,
In a tortoise-shell comb and a gay brocade
With a very short waist?" she said.

"Did you see her lover, a comely swain,
A-bending his stately head
To touch her lips and to touch again,
Till her fair cheek warmed with a crimson stain?
O quaint old gem!" she said.

"Oh, the wondrous pictures once known to you!
And the tales that you have read!"
But the tall old clock fetched a grin to view.
"I wonder what she'd remark if she knew
I was made last week?" it said.

E. A. OTTIS.



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

ESTELLE. "Oh, papa, just see this fan! It is the very thing I wanted!"
PAPA. "It is a little fragile, I think."
ESTELLE. "That's just it. It will break before it becomes unfashionable."



MALVOLIO IN THE DUNGEON.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVI. FEBRUARY, 1893. No. DXIII.

THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENT BY ANDREW LANG.

IX.—TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE dates of most of Shakespeare's plays are questions, as a rule, of antiquarian interest. But if the date of the composition of *Twelfth Night* be really almost coincident with that of *Hamlet*, then we have considerable and welcome light on the personal character of Shakespeare. The date of the first quarto of *Hamlet*, the earlier version as printed, is 1603; the second quarto is of 1604. Now *Twelfth Night* was probably produced for the first time on January 5, 1601–2. At that time there was a barrister named John Manningham, of the Middle Temple, and this barrister kept a diary, now in the British Museum. He wrote therein: "At our feast we had a play called *Twelve Night, or what you will*, much like the *Comedy of Errors*, or *Menœchmi*, in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practice in it to make the stewart believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter as from his lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaile, and then, when he came to practise, making him believe they tooke him to be mad."

Now Manningham's diary does not positively demonstrate that *Twelfth Night* was a new play in 1601–2, but this is highly probable, while it is natural to suppose that *Hamlet* was nearly contemporary with the date of its appearance in quarto—"had then, in all probability, been recently composed," says Mr. Halliwell Phillipps. At that very date Shakespeare was obviously thriving in worldly matters, for he bought one hundred and seven acres of land near Stratford-on-Avon, and also "a poffle or pendicle" near New Place. All these combinations are interesting, if they are accurate, because they demonstrate that Shakespeare, when he composed *Hamlet*, was not in that green sickness of pessimism which is now so popular among the literary. He was not vexing his soul about the way of the world, and the ways of its Maker, and the fortunes of man, to the exclusion of a wholesome natural gladness and a healthy interest in his own affairs.

The man who wrote *Twelfth Night*, and who put his gains into land, did not despise our little life, and was not himself in Hamlet's vein. I cannot believe that Shakespeare was ever one of those lugubrious poets and romancers who see everything draped in black, and insist on fixing their dreary smoked spectacles over the eyes of the public. If in the reflections of the Prince of Denmark he was exhausting the possibilities of pessimism, he was also, in his Toby and Maria, making the gladdest and most buxom mirth that can cheer the heart of man. In truth, Shakespeare, when a tragedy was called for, made it tragic, and when a comedy was in demand, made it merry, and there was an end of it. Mr. Ruskin has attempted to convince us that *The Bride of Lammermoor* is gloomy because Scott wrote it in physical agonies which darkened his intellect. It is gloomy because the chosen topic is gloomy, and because the author wrote in sympathy with

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THE DUKE.—*Act I., Scene I.*

it, as was natural, necessary, and artistic. But, at the same time, and under the same cruel infliction, he wrote of Dugald Dalgetty, and Wamba the son of Witless, and the jolly company of Robin Hood and the holy clerk of Copmanhurst. Neither Scott nor Shakespeare yielded to the temper of Mrs. Gummidge and the mood of Mr. Augustus Moddle. Both were blithe, and were buying lands, which to both were probably much more matter of heart-felt concern than their literary performances.

Both knew what melancholy is, and had faced that sphinx, and the black veil behind which Miss Catherine Morland expected to find "the skeleton of Laurentina." But neither of them was himself gloomy, neither was detached from this life in which we are to wear a smile, and to make the best of it. They could turn from Hamlet and Ophelia, from the Master of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton, to Sir Andrew Ague-cheek and Malvolio, to the immortal Rittmeister and Friar Tuck. Nothing shall persuade me that Shakespeare had long years of bile, and the reverse is actually demonstrated, if *Twelfth Night* is contemporary with *Hamlet*. Shakespeare never was a Leopardi or a Châteaubriand. He saw life too steadily, and too much as a whole, this mellow glory of the British stage. If the public wanted "something very deep," there it was for them—a *King Lear* or an *Othello;* if a revel was called for, there was *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It*—both comedy and tragedy yielding their masks to cover the wise, the kind, the glad face which evades us, about which we only know that it was full of all wisdom and all kindness, all knowledge of human need, all sympathy with man's every emotion.

Being absolutely wedded to *As You Like It*, and ready to do battle for Rosalind with all comers, I would not go so far as Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, and call *Twelfth Night* "the perfection of English comedy, and the most fascinating drama in the language." But few will place *Twelfth Night* lower than second in their list of the master's comedies.

> "The cockpit, galleries, boxes, all are full
> To hear Malvolio, that cross-gartered gull,"

says Leonard Digges, in the verses which seem to have been meant to appear in the first folio. The piece was wonderfully popular from its first appearance, and is not only rich in the best of Shakespeare's poetry and wit, but also singularly free from those Elizabethan drolleries which we can only enjoy historically. The

mirth is of all time, with no passing contemporary stamp. The whole plot turns on that delicious discomfiture of a prig when he does not find himself taken seriously. As a rule, in comedy our sympathies are, more or less, with the duped one, with M. Pourceaugnac, with George Dandin. "Simplicity is no small part of a noble nature," and simplicity at least these unlucky characters possess. They are better and more natural than the people who make butts of them. But Malvolio is simply an example of the ideal ass, the grave, solemn, self-satisfied person who generally succeeds wondrous well in life, and gets himself taken at his own enormous estimate. He is the prize official character. In politics, in art, in literature, how many Malvolios we have known! They become mayors and cabinet ministers and editors of important reviews. They impose themselves on the world, they get into the Academy, their monstrous dull books are respectfully treated, and we sigh for Sir Toby and Maria. Shakespeare has not elsewhere let himself go so free in a fine young contempt for profound, fortunate, well-considered dulness. Verily, had it not been for Sir Toby and Maria, one knows not to what heights Malvolio might have climbed in Illyria. Everything seemed open to so rare and solemn a self-conceit, such a dignified imbecility. Then these merry, unscrupulous people pricked the bubble.



OLIVIA AND VIOLA.—*Act I., Scene V.*

Among Shakespeare's scamps, a race to which he was devoted, after Sir John, Sir Toby is the prince. Sir Toby is a gentleman, though he does not live cleanly; he is exceedingly shrewd, and endue-



MARIA, SIR ANDREW, AND SIR TOBY.—*Act I., Scene III.*

stands his world; he is brave, and ready with his sword, and he is the very soul of humor. Had I been Olivia, "a rich countess," it is not to the sighing Duke, nor to a pretty boy, that I should have given my heart, but to rare Sir Toby. He was not a marrying man, not a lady's man, he would not have been a good husband in any sense, but, *enfin*, he has given me medicines to make me love him. The paradise of people of letters will be mournfully incomplete if our favorites that never were born are not there, among the other happy shades, in raiment woven of the rose and purple of sunset. There would one be in what joyous company, *purpureo bibens ore nectar*, with the Fat Knight, and Friar John of the Funnels, with Bucklaw, and Porthos, with Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, practising that back-trick of his, and with Sir Toby! What a manly aversion from foppery is his: "These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too." Indeed they are! He defends Sir Andrew when he can. "He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria." I love his paternal and tutorial relations with Sir Andrew. He teaches him how to woo—"front her, board her, woo her, assail her." As for Sir Andrew, mankind has but one mouth for his praises. He knows his limitations. He is not exactly Crichton; he confesses it, yet is aware of his own excellences. "I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting;"—wherein he rivals Shallow. "O, had I but followed the arts!" Yet he hath his accomplishments, which he does not disdain nor conceal. "'Faith, I can cut a caper; and I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria." His modesty is delicate, but not too overpowering, not reduced to the dimensions of despondency. He does not expect to win Olivia, but neither does he despair. He reckons the odds at "four to one": "it's four to one she'll none of me." His leg, like that of Mr. Meredith's hero, the Egoist (the Legoist, one may say), is his strong point, but does Sir Andrew exaggerate it? Never! "It does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock"—no more.



THE CLOWN AND MALVOLIO.
Act I., Scene V.

With Maria, "as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria," or in Messina either, these good companions are certain to have the better of Malvolio. Him we hate from the moment he sets up as a judge of fools, and avers that he saw the clown "put down with an ordinary fool." "O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio." This is a temper far remote from Sir Andrew, who "knows not" what *diluculo surgere* means, who has no false pretensions, but an unbiassed estimate of his own perfections. "I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has." No malady of self-love here, but a generous admiration of good gifts in others.

Malvolio is probably a Puritan. It is he who is "virtuous"; it is the others who proclaim the immortality of cakes and ale. What did Shakespeare really think of Puritans? Did he foresee that we were soon to become a nation of Malvolios? Did he sympathize with Sir Toby's irony when Sir Andrew threatens to beat Malvolio "for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?" Of Shakespeare's opinions on such matters we know and can know nothing certain. He "had as lief be a Brownist as a politician." Concerning that great and glum party, long the congenial masters of England, we do not gather his personal ideas. Probably his profession itself would make him no friend to Stubbs and the rest. Like the puppet man in *Tom Jones*, he may have reasoned, "I don't care what religion comes, provided the Presbyterians are not uppermost, for they are enemies to puppet shows." However, if any Puritans went to the play, Shakespeare manages not to offend them. "The devil a Puritan that he is," says Maria, of Malvolio, "or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass," who has probably let Maria see that he thinks she loves him, hence her great revenge.

Shakespeare is very fond of scenes in which, as in the feigned revelation to Benedick and Beatrice, people watch a person who thinks himself alone, and mark the effect of their practices upon him. The scene with Malvolio is one of the most delightful of these, for, as happens often, his reflections shrewdly wound the listeners, who hear no good of themselves, as in the confessions of Parolles, and the interview of the "Duke of dark corners" with Lucio. So it fares with the conspirators.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humor of state; and after a demure travel of regard—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips, then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech."

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,—"

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One Sir Andrew."

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

The expedient which forces Malvolio to go about "still smiling," with an idiotic grin, makes one of the most delicious of stage effects, charmingly matched by Sir Toby's other excellent practice to make



SIR TOBY AND HIS COMPANIONS.
Act II., Scene III.



"COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH."—*Act II., Scene IV.*

Sir Andrew show fight. Sir Andrew, with all his many qualities, is not brave. "For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy." Among Shakespeare's many cowards, "upon instinct," like Sir John, or like Parolles, he is the most egregious, and has also a fine fancy for playing the bully when it seems perfectly safe, when he is well convinced the disguised Viola has not really been fencer to the Sophy. He needs as much urging as Sir Bingo Binks in *St. Ronan's Well*, but, unlike Sir Bingo, his "pluck" is never "up." Had it been, he would



MALVOLIO FINDS
THE LETTER.
Act II., Scene V.

have turned on Toby, as the other knight does on Captain McTurk; but as for Andrew, Sir Toby's criticism is perfectly correct. "Let me alone for swearing," he cries; but when it comes to the push, he is at his prayers rather than his oaths, and the girl who had never drawn a sword is well matched with "the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria." When Sir Andrew beats the wrong man, Sebastian instead of Viola, the stage, which is so rich in them, never exhibited better deserved *coups de bâton*, and Sir Andrew bethinks him of a truly modern expedient, his remedy at law. Meanwhile Malvolio gets a touch of the old cure for madmen, the dark cell, though even he, in the usual tolerant spirit, is to be "entreated to a peace."

"Sir Toby and the lighter people," as Malvolio calls them, are perhaps the more essential element of *Twelfth Night*, and have stored the English language with effective quotations that can hardly die while we have affectioned asses among us. But, as is usual with Shakespeare, the element of poetry, "like violets hidden in the green" of his luxuriant mirth, is almost as notable. We may not feel deeply interested in the amorous Duke or the amorous Olivia, but Shakespeare has placed his most dulcet music in their lips. Shakespeare never was afraid to begin a play with one of his rarest treasures, lest it might not be heard in the bustle as the audience settle into their seats. As the curtain rises he gives us of his best, he pours out his jewels in a prodigal fashion, "as rich men give, that care not for their gifts." Thus the very opening words of the Duke strike a rich note of love in idleness, of a pampered reflective passion:

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high-fantastical.

With the promptitude of the proverbial *coup de foudre*, the disguised Viola falls in love with the Duke, who loves Olivia, and goes from him to woo her to him:

"a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife."

Equally promptly the too proud Olivia falls in love with the wooer:

"Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes."

The appearance of the twin brother of Viola, Sebastian, wrecked with her, would at once let the audience see where the hapless passion of Olivia was to find a haven; while it is no less obvious that the Duke, with dramatic readiness, will console himself with the lovelorn Viola. The songs are among Shakespeare's sweetest imitations of these tunable melodies which "are old and plain," are "silly sooth, and dally with the innocence of love." And pretty are the arguments between Viola and the Duke, on that old theme of lovers, whether men or women be the more true and constant. Even thus they disputed long ago, Aucassin from the window of his prison cell, and Nicolette in the dark shadow of the buttress, withdrawn from the moonlit street of Beaucaire, in the Southern summer night.

"Nay, fair sweet friend," saith Aucassin, "it may not be that thou lovest me more than I love thee. Woman may not love man as man loves woman, for a woman's love lies no deeper than the glance of her eye, and the blossom of her breast, and her foot's tiptoe; but man's love is in his heart planted, whence never can it issue forth and pass away."

With Aucassin the Duke agrees:

There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much....Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know,—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history?
Viola. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought:
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,



OLIVIA AND
MALVOLIO.
Act III., Scene IV.

She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

How many forlorn maids have wetted that page with their tears, poor ladies, when, perhaps, the passion, after all, was but of a three weeks' durance, and waxed and waned with a summer moon. For women, like men, have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Viola is Rosalind's sister, tender and true, but without that gay humor and merriment of a kind heart which makes Rosalind alone and unexampled, a peerless maiden, the dearest of all the daughters of dreams. Olivia, for one, is not inclined to let concealment feed on her cheek. She has a charming frankness in her wooing:

"Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all my pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide."

The sources of the story of *Twelfth Night* are sufficiently well known. In a novel of Bandello we find a brother and sister, very beautiful and very like each other. The brother disappears in the sack of Rome. The sister goes to Aix. Here she loves one Lattantio, who is beguiled from her by Catella, who does not return his passion. The girl, Nicuola, takes service with him as a page. He sends her to woo Catella. Catella, like Olivia, loves the emissary, and mistakes for Nicuola her brother, who has returned from captivity in Italy. Then matters are harmoniously accommodated, as in the play. This Italian tale gave origin to a French one, by Belleforêt, and ultimately to Barnaby Rich's in his *Farewell to Militarie Profession* (1581). In all these versions the lady who answers to Viola does not fall in love with the Duke at first sight, but had admired him before she wore his livery. This may seem less improbable; but people do fall in love at first sight, reprehensible as is the practice, and the stage needs to crowd events together. In the novel by Rich, the lady who answers to Olivia is a widow, and Manningham, as we saw, called Olivia a widow; he may have made an error, or Shakespeare may later have substituted a brother for a husband. Olivia certainly "tells her love with widow's pride," as Mr. Calverley says. There are Italian comedies not unlike *Twelfth Night* in structure, but it owes nothing to them. The play was a favorite with James I. After the Restoration Pepys called it "but a silly play." Perhaps Samuel was in an ill humor. Mrs. Pepys had been jealous, or Knip had not been kind. Nothing less can clear Mr. Pepys's character as a critic.

WHITTIER.

NOTES OF HIS LIFE AND OF HIS FRIENDSHIPS.

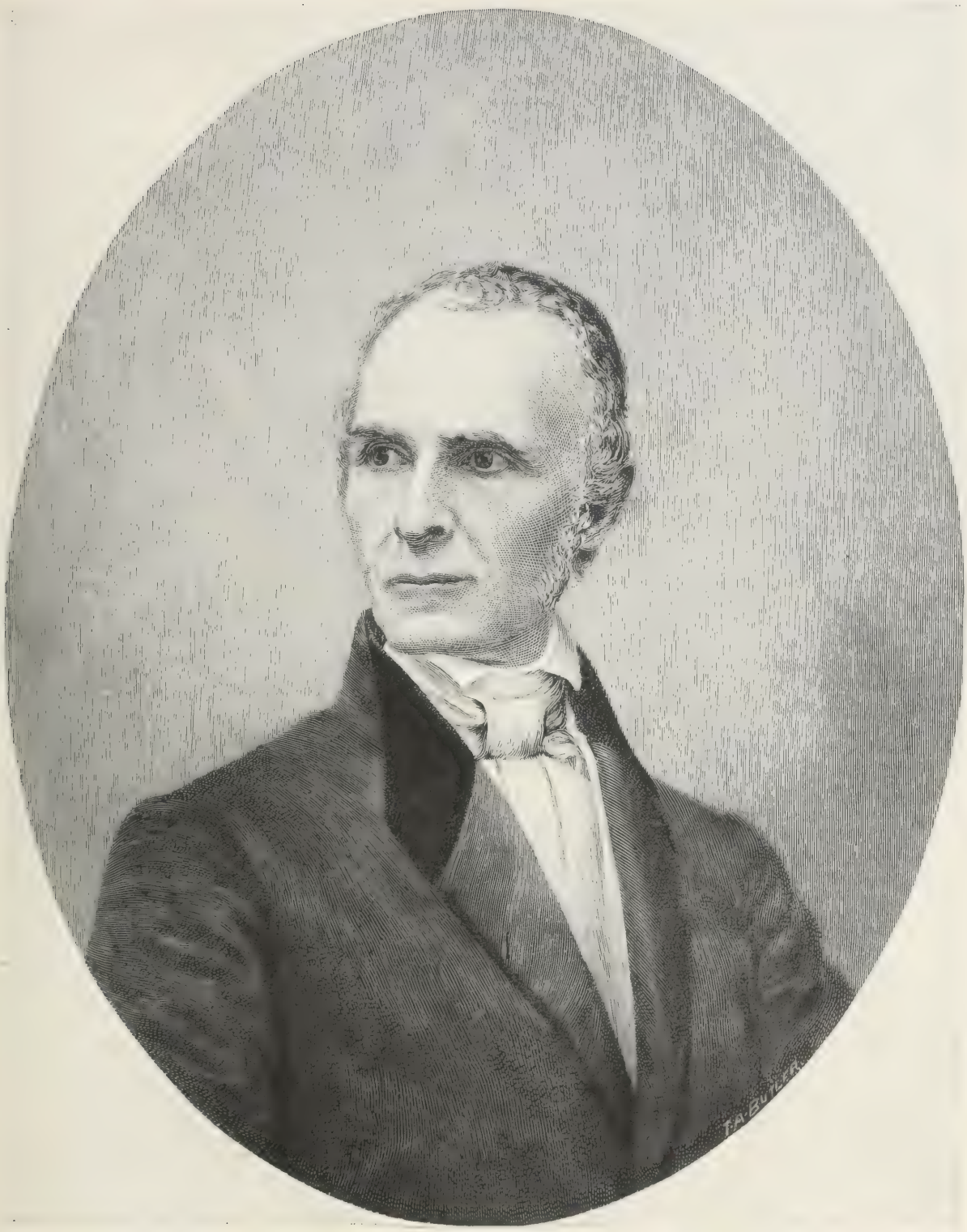
BY ANNIE FIELDS.

WHITTIER, the poet and the man, has been personally described quite as often as any of the New England authors. His private life has been searched out in every detail, until, grateful and pleased as he became in later years with all friendly recognition, he was led even in his verse to deprecate the publicity which exposed the simple manners of his homely existence.

"O living friends who love me,
O dear ones gone above me,
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.
Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases.
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?"

The testimony of Whittier's "living friends" will be gathered together from many and various hands, because he has filled a large place in the life of our republic. Remote from the field of battle, he has nevertheless been present in spirit and by his influence at many a national conflict, and has comprehended the situation of affairs from his own retired standpoint with remarkable clearness and common-sense.

The picture of his poetic figure will never be absent from the gallery of men beloved by the people of the United States. He stands holding the double crown of patriot and poet, and will be remembered in war-time with Garrison and Phillips, and in all time with Emerson and Lowell, Longfellow and Holmes. The solitary



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER AT FORTY-FIVE.

people of the world have always turned to Whittier as one whose personal experience made him peculiarly their friend.

A life of invalidism made consecutive labor of any kind an impossibility. For years he was only able to write for half an hour or less, without stopping to rest, and these precious moments were devoted to some poem or other work for the press which was almost his only source of income. His letters suffered, looked at from a literary point of view; they were brief and unstudied, and often filled to him the place of "personal talk," but they were none the less delightful to his friends; to the world of literature they are perhaps less important than those of most men who have achieved a high

place. With the advance of years, and the death of his unmarried sister, his friends became all in all to him. They were his mother, his sister, and his brother; but in a certain sense they were always friends of the imagination. He saw some of them only at rare intervals, and sustained his relations with them chiefly in his hurried correspondence.

Whittier was between twenty and thirty years of age when his family left the little farm near Haverhill, where he was born, and moved into the town of Amesbury, eight miles distant. Meanwhile he had identified himself with the antislavery cause, and had visited, in the course of his ceaseless labors for the slaves, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. These brief journeys bounded his travels in this world.

In the year 1843 he wrote anxiously to his publisher, Mr. Fields, "I send with this 'The Exiles,' a kind of John Gilpin legend. I am in doubt about it. Read it and decide for thyself whether it is worth printing."

He began at this rather late period (he was then thirty-six years old) to feel a touch of satisfaction in his comparatively new occupation of writing poetry, and to speak of it without reserve to his chosen friends. His poems were then beginning to bring him into personal relation with the reading world. Many years later, when speaking of the newspaper writing which absorbed his earlier life, he said that he had written a vast amount for the press; he thought that his work would fill nearly ten octavo volumes; but he had grown utterly weary of throwing so much out into space from which no response ever came back to him. At length he decided to put it all aside, discovering that a power lay in him for more congenial labors.

From the moment of the publication of his second volume of poems, Whittier felt himself fairly launched upon a new career, and seemed to stand with a responsive audience before him. The poems "Toussaint L'Ouverture," "The Slave-Ships," and others belonging to the same period followed in quick succession.

A homely native wit pointed Whittier's familiar correspondence. Writing in 1849, while revising his volume for publication, he speaks of one of his poems as "that rascally old ballad 'Kathleen,'" and adds that it "wants something, though it is already too long." He adds: "The weather this morning is cold enough for an Esquimaux purgatory—terrible. What did the old Pilgrims mean by coming here?"

With the years, his friendship with his publisher became more intimate. In writing him he often indulged his humor for fun and banter: "Bachelor as I am, I congratulate thee on thy escape from single (misery!) blessedness. It is the very wisest thing thee ever did. Were I autocrat, I would see to it that every young man over twenty-five and every young woman over twenty was married without delay. Perhaps, on second thought, it might be well to keep one old maid and one old bachelor in each town, by way of warning, just as the Spartans did their drunken helots."

Discussing the question of some of his "bad rhymes," and what to do about them, he wrote once: "I heartily thank thee for thy suggestions. Let me have more of them. I had a hearty laugh at thy hint of the 'carnal' bearing of one of my lines. It is now simply *rural*. I might have made some other needful changes had I not been suffering with headache all day."

Occasionally the fire which burned in him would flame out, as when he writes in 1851: "So your Union-tinkers have really caught a 'nigger' at last! A very pretty and refreshing sight it must have been to Sabbath-going Christians yesterday—that *chained* court-house of yours. And Bunker Hill Monument looking down upon all! But the matter is too sad for irony. God forgive the miserable politicians who gamble for office with dice *loaded* with human hearts!"

From time to time, also, we find him expressing his literary opinions, eagerly and simply as friend may talk with friend, and without aspiring to literary judgment. "Thoreau's *Walden* is capital reading, but very wicked and heathenish. The practical moral of it seems to be that if a man is willing to sink himself into a woodchuck he can live as cheaply as that quadruped; but, after all, for me, I prefer walking on two legs."

It would be unjust to Whittier to quote this talk on paper as his final opinion upon Thoreau, for he afterward read everything he wrote, and was a warm appreciator of his work.

His enthusiasm for books and for the writers of books never faded. "What



HOME AT AMESBURY.

do we not all owe you," he writes Mr. Fields, "for your edition of De Tocqueville! It is one of the best books of the century. Thanks, too, for Allingham's poems. After Tennyson, he is my favorite among modern British poets."

Again: "I have just read Longfellow's introduction to his 'Tales of the Inn'—a splendid piece of painting! Neither Boccaccio nor Chaucer has done better. Who wrote 'A Loyal Woman's No?' Was it Lucy Larcom? I thought it might be."

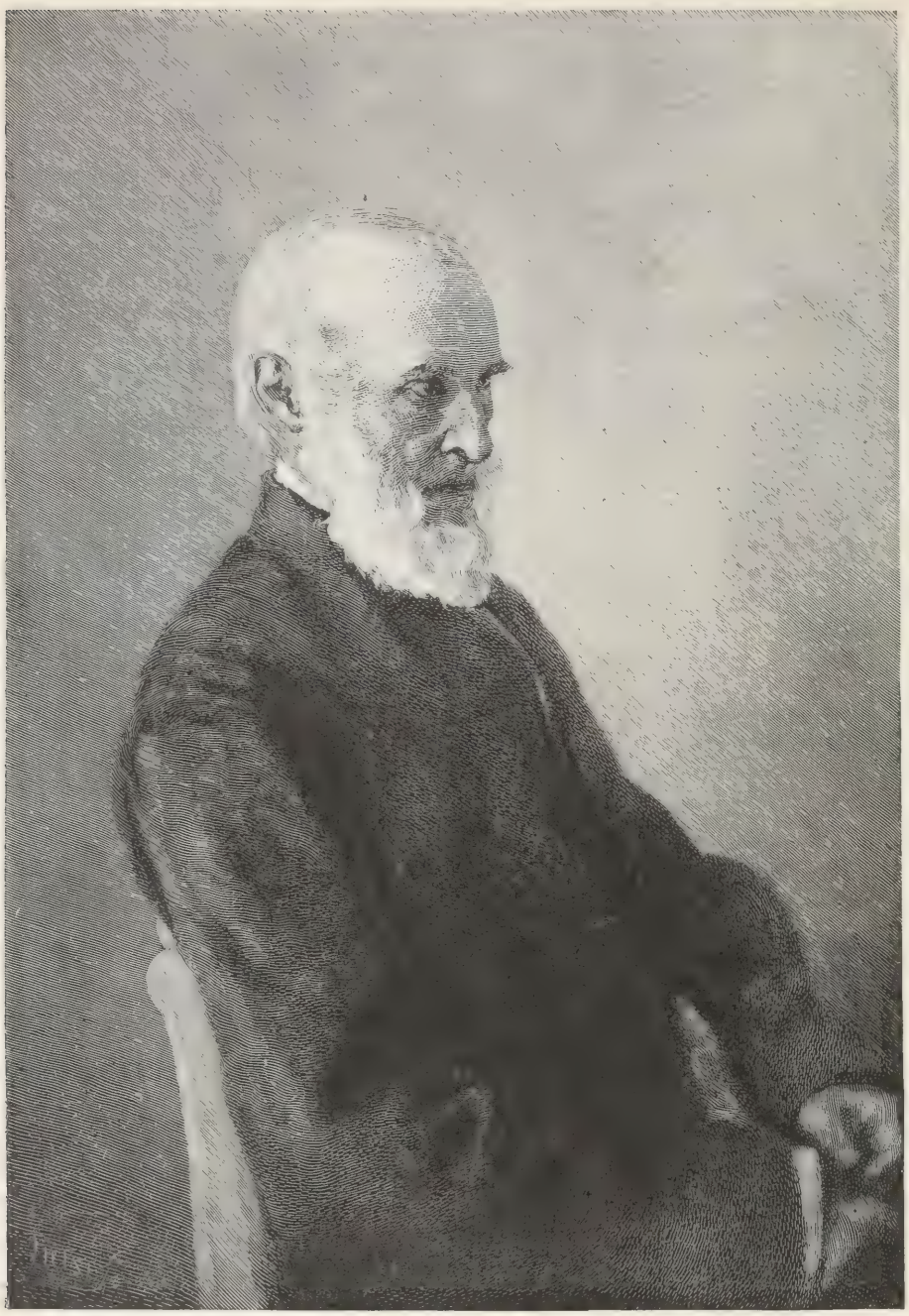
In 1866 he says: "I am glad to see 'Hosea Biglow' in book form. It is a grand book; the best of its kind for the last half-century or more. It has wit enough to make the reputation of a dozen English satirists."

This appreciation of his contemporaries was a strong feature of his character. His sympathy with the difficulties of a literary life, particularly for women, was very keen. There seem to be few women writers of his time who have failed to receive from his pen some token of recognition. Of Edith Thomas he once said in one of his notelets, "She has a divine gift, and her first book is more than a promise—an assurance." Of Sarah Orne Jewett he was fond as of a daughter, and from their earliest acquaintance his letters are filled with appreciation of her stories. "I do not wonder," he wrote one day, that *The Luck of the Bogans* is attractive to the Irish folks, and to everybody else. It is a very successful departure from New England life and scenery, and shows that Sarah is as much at home in Ireland and on the Carolina Sea Islands as in Maine or Massachusetts. I am very proud that I was one of the first to discover her." This predisposition to think well of the work of others gave him the happy opportunity in more than one instance of bringing authors of real talent before the public who might otherwise have waited long for general recognition.

This was especially the case with one of our best beloved New England writers, Lucy Larcom. As early as 1853 he wrote a letter to his publisher introducing her work to his notice. "I enclose," he says, "what I regard as a very unique and beautiful little book in MS. I don't wish thee to take my opinion, but the first leisure hour thee have, read it, and I am sure thee will decide that it is exactly the thing for publication. . . . The little prose poems are unlike anything in our literature, and remind me of the German writer Lessing. They are equally adapted to young and old. . . . The author, Lucy Larcom, of Beverly, is a novice in writing and book-making, and with no ambition to appear in print, and were I not perfectly certain that her little collection is worthy of type, I would be the last to encourage her to take even this small step to publicity. Read 'The Impression of Rain-drops,' 'The Steamboat and Niagara,' 'The Laughing Water,' 'My Father's House,' etc."

He thus early became the foster-father of Lucy Larcom's children of the brain, and, what was far more to her, a life-long friend, adviser, and supporter.

One of his most intimate personal friends for many years was Lydia Maria Child. Beginning in the earliest days of the antislavery struggle, their friendship lasted into the late and peaceful sunset



PORTRAIT FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE ASQUAM HOUSE, JULY, 1885.

of their days. As Mrs. Child advanced in years, it was her custom in the winter to leave her cottage at Wayland for a few months and to take lodgings in Boston. The dignity and independence of Mrs. Child's character were so great that she knew her friends would find her wherever she might live, and her desire to help on the good work of the world led her to practise the most austere economies.

Mrs. Child's chief pleasure in coming to town was the opportunity she found of seeing her friends. Whittier always sought her out, and their meetings at the houses of their mutual cronies were festivals indeed. They would sit side by side, while memories crowded up and filled their faces with a tenderness they could not express in words. As they told their tales and made merry, they would sit with their hands on each other's knees, and with glances in which tears and laughter were closely intermingled.

"It was good to see Mrs. Child," some one remarked after one of those interviews.

"Yes," said Whittier, "Liddy's bunnets aren't always in the fashion" (with a quaint look, as much as to say, I wonder what you think of anything so bad), "but we don't like her any the worse for that."

Shortly after Mrs. Child's death he wrote from Amesbury: "My heart has been heavy ever since I heard of dear Maria Child's death. The true, noble, loving soul! *Where* is she? *What* is she? *How* is she? The moral and spiritual economy of God will not suffer such light and love to be lost in blank annihilation. She was herself an evidence of immortality. In a letter written to me at seventy years of age she said: 'The older I grow the more I am awe-struck (not frightened, but awed) by the great mystery of an existence here and hereafter. No thinking can solve the problem. Infinite wisdom has purposely sealed it from our eyes.'"

In 1862 and '63 Whittier was in frequent correspondence with Mr. Fields. Poems suggested by the stirring times were crowding thick upon his mind.

"It is a great thing to live in these days. I am thankful for what I have lived to see and hear," he says. "There is nothing for us but the old Methodist ejaculation, 'Glory to God!'"

The volume entitled *In War-time* appeared at this period, though, as usual, he seems to have had little strength and spirit for the revision of his poems. For this, however unwillingly, he would often throw himself upon the kindness of his friend and publisher.

In writing to ask some consideration for the manuscript of an unknown lady during this year, he adds: "I ought to have sent to you about this lady's MS. long ago, but the fact is, I *hate* to bother you with such matters. I am more and more impressed with the Christian tolerance and patience of publishers, beset as you are with legions of clamorous authors, male and female. I should think you would hate the very sight of one of these *importunates*. After all, Fields, let us own the truth: *writing folks are bores*. How few of us (let them say what they will of our genius) have any common-sense! I take it that it is the Providential business of authors and publishers to torment each other."

These little friendly touches in his correspondence show us the man far more distinctly than many pages of writing about him. Some one has said that Whittier's epistolary style was perfect. Doubtless he could write as good a letter on occasion as any man who ever lived, but he sustained no such correspondence. His notes and letters were homely and affectionate, with the delightful carelessness possible in the talk of intimate friends. They present no ordinary picture of human tenderness, devotion, and charity, and these qualities gain a wonderful beauty when we remember that they come from the same spirit which cried out with Ezekiel:

"The burden of a prophet's power
Fell on me in that fearful hour;
From off unutterable woes
The curtain of the future rose;
I saw far down the coming time
The fiery chastisement of crime;
With noise of mingling hosts, and jar
Of falling towers and shouts of war,
I saw the nations rise and fall
Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall."

"The fire and fury of the brain" were his indeed; a spirit was in him to redeem the land; he was one of God's interpreters; but there was also the tenderness of divine humanity, the love and patience of those who dwell in the courts of the Lord.

Whittier's sister Elizabeth was a sensitive woman, whose delicate health was a constant source of anxiety to her brother, especially after the death of their mother, when they were left alone together in the home at Amesbury. As one of their intimate friends said, no one could tell which would die first, but they were each so anxious about the other's health that it was a question which would wear away into the grave first, for the other's sake.

It was Whittier's sad experience to be deprived of the companionship of all those most dear to him, and for over twenty years to live without that intimate household communion for the loss of which the world holds no recompense. For several years, before and after his sister Elizabeth's death, Whittier wore the look of one who was very ill. His large dark eyes burned with peculiar fire, and contrasted with his pale brow and attenuated figure. He had a sorrowful, stricken look, and found it hard enough to reconstruct his life, missing the companionship and care of his sister, and her great sympathy with his own literary work. There was a likeness between the two; the same speaking eyes marked the line from which they sprang, and their kinship and inheritance. Old New England people were quick to recognize "the Batchelder eyes," not only in the Whittiers, but in Daniel Webster, Caleb Cushing, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and William Batchelder Greene, a man less widely known than these distinguished compatriots. Mr. Greene was, however, a man of mark in his own time, a daring thinker, and one who was possessed of much brave originality, whose own deep thoughtfulness was always planting seeds of thought in others, and who can certainly never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be his friends.

These men of the grand eyes were all descended from a gifted old preacher of great fame in early colonial days, a man of true distinction and devoted service, in spite of the dishonor with which he let his name be shadowed in his latest years. It would be most interesting to trace the line still farther back into the past, but when the Batchelder eyes were by any chance referred to in Whittier's presence, he would look shyly askance, and some-

times speak, half with pride, half with a sort of humorous compassion, of his Hampton ancestor. The connection of the Whittiers of Haverhill with the Greenes was somewhat closer than with other branches of the Batchelder line. One of the poet's most entertaining reminiscences of his boyhood was the story of his first visit to Boston. Mr. William Greene's mother was an interesting woman of strong, independent character and wide interests, wonted to the life of cities, and one of the first, in spite of his boyish shyness, to appreciate her young relative. Her kind eagerness, during one of her occasional visits to the Whittiers, that Greenleaf should come to see her when he came to Boston, fell in with his own dreams, and a high desire to see the sights of the great town.

One can easily imagine how his imagination must have glorified the natural expectations of a country boy, and when the time arrived, how the whole household lent itself to furthering so great an expedition. He was not only to have a new suit of clothes, but they were, for the first time, to be trimmed with "boughten buttons," to the lad's complete satisfaction, his mind being fixed upon those as marking the difference between town and country fashions. When the preparations were made, his fresh homespun costume, cut after the best usage of the Society of Friends, seemed to him all that heart could desire, and he started away bravely by the coach to pass a week in Boston. His mother had not forgotten to warn him of possible dangers and snares; it was then that he made her a promise which, at first from principle and later from sentiment, he always most sacredly kept—that he would not enter a playhouse. As he told the story, it was easy for a listener to comprehend how many good wishes flew after the adventurer, and how much wild beating of the heart he himself experienced as the coach rolled away; how bewildering the city streets appeared when he found himself at the brief journey's end. After he had reported himself to Mrs. Greene, and been received with most affectionate hospitality, and had promised to reappear at tea-time, he sallied forth to the great business of sight-seeing.

"I wandered up and down the streets," he used to say. "Somehow it wasn't just what I expected, and the crowd was worse and worse after I got into Washington Street; and when I got tired of being jostled, it seemed to me as if the folks might get by if I waited a little while. Some of them looked at me, and so I stepped into an alleyway and waited and looked out. Sometimes there didn't seem to be so many passing, and I thought of starting, and then they'd begin again. 'Twas a terrible stream of people to me. I began to think my new clothes and the buttons were all thrown away. I staid there a good while." (This was said with great amusement.) "I began to be homesick. I thought it made no difference at all about my having those boughten buttons."

How long he waited, or what great thoughts may have come from this first glimpse at the ceaseless procession of humanity, who can say? But there was a sequel to the tale. He was invited to return to Mrs. Greene's to drink tea and meet a company of her guests. Among them were some ladies who were very gay and friendly; we can imagine that they were attracted by the handsome eyes and quaint garb of the young Friend, and by his quick wit and homely turns of speech, all the more amusing for a rustic flavor. They tried to tease him a little, but they must have quickly found their match in drollery, while the lad was already a citizen of the commonwealth of books. No doubt the stimulus of such a social occasion brought him, as well as the strangers, into new acquaintance with his growing gifts. But presently one of the ladies, evidently the favorite until this shocking moment, began to speak of the theatre, and asked for the pleasure of his presence at the play that very night, she herself being the leading player. At this disclosure, and the frank talk of the rest of the company, their evident interest in the stage, and regard for a young person who had chosen such a profession, the young Quaker lad was stricken with horror. In after-years he could only remember it with amusement, but that night his mother's anxious warnings rang in his ears, and he hastened to escape from such a snare. Somehow this pleasant young companion of the tea party hardly represented the wickedness of playhouses as Puritan New England loved to picture them; but between a sense of disappointment and homesickness and general insecurity, he could not sleep, and next

morning when the early stage-coach started forth, it carried him as passenger. He said nothing to his amazed family of the alarming episode of the playing-woman, nor of his deep consciousness of the home-made clothes, but he no doubt reflected much upon this Boston visit in the leisure of the silent fields and hills.

It is impossible to convey to those who never saw Mr. Whittier, the charm of his gift of story-telling; the exactness and simplicity of his reminiscences were flavored by his poetical insight and dramatic representation. It was a wonderful thing to hear him talk in the twilight of the scenes of his youth, and the figures that came and went in that small world; the pathos and humor of his speech can never be exceeded; and there can never be again so complete a linking of the ancient provincial lore and the new life and thought of New England as there was in him. While he was with us, his poems seemed hardly to give sufficient witness of that rich store of thought and knowledge; he was always making his horizon wider, at the same time that he came into closer sympathy with things near at hand. For him the ancient customs of a country neighborhood, the simple characters, the loves and hates and losses of a rural household, stood for a type of human life in every age, and were never trivial or narrow. As he grew older, they became less and less personal. He sometimes appeared to think of death rather than the person who had died, and of love and grief rather than of those who felt their influence. His was the life of the poet first of all, and yet the tale of his sympathetic friendliness, and his generosities and care-taking for others will never be fully told. The dark eyes had great powers of insight; they could flash scorn as well as shine with the soft light of encouragement.

He accustomed himself, of course, to more frequent visits to Boston after his sister's death, but he was seldom, if ever, persuaded to go to the Saturday Club, to which so many of his friends belonged. Sometimes he would bring a new poem for a private first reading, and for that purpose would stay to breakfast or luncheon, but late dinners were contrary to the habit of his life, and he seldom sat down to one.

In the spring of 1865 he came to Campton, on the Pemigewasset River, in New Hampshire, a very beautiful place for those who love green hills and the mystery of rivers.

We were passing a few weeks there by ourselves, and it was a great surprise and pleasure to see our friend. He drove up to the door one afternoon just as the sun was slanting to the west, too late to drive away again that day. In our desire to show him all the glories of the spot, we carried him out at once, up the hill-side, leaping across the brook, gathering penny-royal and Indian posy as we went, past the sheep, and on and up, until he, laughing, said: "Look here, I can't follow thee; besides, I think I've seen more of this life than thee have, and it isn't all so new to me! Come and sit down here; I'm tired." We sat awhile overlooking the wonderful panorama, the winding river, the hills, and fields all green and radiant, listening at times to a mountain stream which came with wild and solitary roar from its solemn home among the farther heights. Presently we returned to supper; and afterward, sitting in the little parlor which looked toward the sunset on the high hills far away, his mind seemed to rise also into a higher atmosphere. He began by quoting the last verse of Emerson's "Sphinx":

> "Uprose the merry Sphinx,
> And couched no more in stone;
> She melted into purple cloud,
> She silvered in the moon;
> She spired into a yellow flame;
> She flowered in blossoms red;
> She flowed into a foaming wave;
> She stood Monadnock's head."

He talked long and earnestly upon the subject of our spiritual existence independent of the body. I have often heard him dwell upon this subject since; but the awful glory of the hills, the dark and silence of our little parlor, the assured speech touching the unseen, of one who had thought much and suffered much, and found a refuge in the tabernacle not made with hands, were very impressive. We felt "it was good for us to be there." Speaking of his faith in the visions of others—though he did not have these visions himself, and believed they were not vouchsafed to all—he told us of a prophecy that was written down twenty-five years before by an old man in Sandwich (a village among the hills, about fifteen miles from Campton), predicting the terrible civil war which had just been raging between the North and the South.

This man was in the fields at noonday, when a darkness fell upon his vision and covered the earth. He beheld the divided nation and the freed people and the final deliverance from the terrors of war. The whole series of events was clearly detailed, and Whittier had stored them away in his memory. He said that only one was wrong. He foretold foreign intervention, from which we were happily spared. The daughter of this prophet was living; he knew her well—an excellent woman and a Friend who was often impressed to speak in meeting. "She is good," said Whittier, "and speaks from her experience, and for that reason I like to hear her; but, not knowing how to present her thoughts, she says all she has to say in fifteen minutes, but talks an hour; so I listen fifteen minutes. The rest I do not hear."

Spiritualism, as it is called in our day, was a subject which earnestly and steadily held his attention. Having lived very near to the Salem witchcraft experience in early times, the topic was one that came more closely home to his mind than to almost any one else in our century. There are many passages in his letters on this question which state his own mental position very clearly.

"I have had as good a chance to see a ghost," he once said, "as anybody ever had, but not the slightest sign ever came to me. I do not doubt what others tell me, but I sometimes wonder over my own incapacity. I should like to see some dear ghost walk in and sit down by me when I am here alone. The doings of the old witch days have never been explained, and, as we are so soon to be transferred to another state, how natural it appears that some of us should have glimpses of it here! We all feel the help we receive from the Divine Spirit. Why deny, then, that some men have it more directly and more visibly than others?"

In Robert Dale Owen he always took a strong and friendly interest; and when, late in life, reverses fell upon him in the shape of humiliating revelations of his own credulity, Whittier's relations to him were unchanged. "I have read with renewed interest," he wrote, "the paper of R. D. Owen. I had a long talk with him years ago on the subject. He was a very noble and good man, and I was terribly indignant when he was so deceived by the pretended materialized 'Katie King.' I could never quite believe in 'materialization,' as I had reason to know that much of it was fraudulent. It surely argues a fathomless depth of depravity to trifle with the yearning love of those who have lost dear ones, and 'long for the touch of a vanished hand.'

In the year 1866 a very fine portrait of Abraham Lincoln was engraved by Marshall. A copy of it was presented to Whittier, who wrote concerning it: "It was never my privilege to know Abraham Lincoln personally, and the various pictures have more or less failed to satisfy my conception of him. They might be, and probably were, what are called 'good likenesses,' so far as outline and detail were concerned; but to me they always seemed to lack one great essential of a true portrait—the informing spirit of the man within. This I find in Marshall's portrait. The old harsh lines and unmistakable mouth are there, without flattery or compromise; but over all and through all the pathetic sadness, the wise simplicity and tender humanity of the man are visible. It is the face of the speaker at Gettysburg, and the writer of the second inaugural."

It was during this year, also, that the "Tent on the Beach" was written. He had said again and again in his notes that he had this work in hand, but always declared he was far too ill to finish it during the year. Nevertheless, in the last days of December the package was forwarded to his publisher. "Tell me," he wrote, "if thee object to the personal character of it. I have represented thee and Bayard Taylor and myself living a wild tent life for a few summer days on the beach, where, for lack of something better, I read my stories to the others. My original plan was the old 'Decameron' one, each personage to read his own poems; but the thing has been so hackneyed by repetition that I abandoned it in disgust, and began anew. The result is before thee. Put it in type or the fire. I am content—like Eugene Aram, 'prepared for either fortune.'"

He had intended also to accomplish some work in prose at this period, but the painful condition of his health forbade it. "I am forbidden to use my poor head," he said, "so I have to get along as I can without it. The Catholic St. Leon, thee knows, walked alert as usual after his head was cut off."

I am tempted to quote still further from a letter of this period: "I enclose a poem of mine which has never seen the light, although it was partly in print from my first draft to spare me the trouble of copying. It presents my view of Christ as the special manifestation of the love of God to humanity.... Let me thank the publisher of Milton's prose for the compliment of the dedication. Milton's prose has long been my favorite reading. My whole life has felt the influence of his writings."

There is a delightful note on the subject of the popularity of the "Tent on the Beach," which shows his natural pleasure in success. "Think," he says, "of bagging in this tent of ours an unsuspecting public at the rate of a thousand a day! This will never do. The swindle is awful. Barnum is a saint to us. I am bowed with a sense of guilt, ashamed to look an honest man in the face. But Nemesis is on our track; somebody will puncture our tent yet, and it will collapse like a torn balloon. I know I shall have to catch it; my back tingles in anticipation."

It was perhaps in this same year, 1866, that we made an autumn visit to Whittier, which is still a well-remembered pleasure. The weather was warm and the fruit was ripening in the little Amesbury garden. We loitered about for a while, I remember, in the afternoon, among the falling pear leaves and in the sweet air, but he soon led the way into his garden-room, and fell into talk. He was an adept in the art of conversation, having trained himself in the difficult school of a New England farm-house, fit ground for such athletics, being typically bare of suggestion and of relief from outside sources. The unbroken afternoons and the long evenings, when the only hope of entertainment is in such fire as one brain can strike from another, produce a situation as difficult to the unskilled as that of an untaught swimmer when first cast into the sea. Persons long habituated to these contests could face the position calmly, and see the early "tea things" disappear and the contestants draw their chairs around the fire with a kind of zeal; but to one new to such experience there was room for heart-sinkings when preparations were made, by putting fresh sticks on the fire, for sitting from gloaming to vespers, and sometimes on again unwearied till midnight.

Mrs. Stowe and Whittier were the invincible Lancelots of these tourneys, and any one who has had the privilege of sitting by the New England hearth-stone with either of them, will be ready to confess that no playhouse, or game, or any of the distractions the city may afford, can compare with the satisfaction of such an experience. Upon the visit in question, Whittier talked of the days of his antislavery life in 1835 or '36, when the English agitator, George Thompson, first came to this country. The latter was suffering from the attack of many a mob, and was fatigued by frequent speaking and as frequent abuse. Whittier invited him to his home in the neighborhood of Haverhill, where he could find quiet and rest during the warm weather. Thompson accepted the invitation, and remained with him a fortnight. They used to rake hay together, and go about the farm unmolested. At length, however, a pressing invitation came for Thompson to go to Concord, New Hampshire, to speak in the cause of freedom, and afterward to continue on to the village of Plymouth and visit a friend in that place. Whittier was included in the invitation, and it was settled that they should accept the call. They travelled peaceably enough, in their own chaise, as far as Concord, where the speech was delivered without interruption; but when they attempted to leave the hall after the address was ended, they found it almost impossible. A crowd followed them with the apparent intention of stoning and killing them. "I understood how St. Paul felt when he was thrice stoned," said Whittier. The missiles fell around them and upon them like hail, not touching their heads, providentially, although he could still remember the sound the stones made when they missed their aim and struck the wooden fence behind them. They were made very lame by the blows, but they managed to reach their friend's house, where they sprang up the steps three at a time, before the crowd knew where they were going. Their host was certainly a brave man, for he met them at the door, and throwing it open, exclaimed, "Whoever comes in here must come over my dead body." The door was then barricaded, and the crowd rushed round to the back of the house, thinking that their victims intended to go out that way; but they waited until it was dark, when Whittier

exchanged his friend's hat for that of his host, and anything else peculiar about his dress being well disguised, the two managed to pass out unperceived by the crowd, and go on their way to Plymouth. They stopped one night on their journey at a small inn, where the landlord asked if they had heard anything of the riot in Concord. Two men had been there, he said, one an Englishman by the name of Thompson, who had been making abominable and seditious speeches, stirring up people about "the niggers"; the other was a young Quaker by the name of Whittier, who was always making speeches. He heard him lecture once himself, he said (a base lie, Whittier told us, because he had never "lectured" in his life), and it was well that active measures had been taken against them. "We heard him all through," said Whittier, "and then, just as I had my foot on the step of the chaise, ready to drive away from the door, I remarked to him, 'Wouldn't you like to see that Thompson of whom you have been speaking?' I took good care not to use 'plain' language, that is, the Quaker form. 'I rather think I should,' said the man. 'Well, this is Mr. Thompson,' I said, as I jumped into the chaise. 'And this is the Quaker, Whittier,' said Thompson, driving away as fast as he could. I looked back, and saw him standing, mouth wide open, gazing after us in the greatest astonishment."

The two kept on to Plymouth, where they were nearly mobbed a second time. Years after, Whittier said, when he was passing through Portland once, a man, seeing him go by, stepped out of his shop and asked if his name was Whittier, and if he were not the man who was stoned, years before, by a mob at Concord. The answer being in the affirmative, he said he believed a devil possessed him that night; for he had no reason to wish evil either to Whittier or Thompson, yet he was filled with a desire to kill them, and he thought he should have done so if they had not escaped. He added that the mob was like a crowd of demons, and he knew one man who had mixed a black dye to dip them in, which would be almost impossible to get off. He could not explain to himself or to another the state of mind he was in.

The next morning we walked with Whittier again in his little garden, and saw his grapes, which were a source of pride and pleasure. One vine, he told us, came up from a tiny rootlet sent to him by Charles Sumner, in a letter from Washington.

Later we strolled forth into the village street as far as the Friends' meeting-house, and sat down upon the steps while he told us something of his neighbors. He himself, he said, planted the trees around the church: they were then good-sized trees. He spoke very earnestly about the worship of the Friends. All the associations of his youth and all the canons of his education and development were grounded on the Friends' faith and doctrine, and he was anxious that they should show a growth commensurate with the age. He disliked many of the innovations, but his affectionate spirit clung to his people, and he longed to see them drawing to themselves a larger measure of spiritual life, day by day. He loved the old custom of sitting in silence, and hoped they would not stray away into habits of much speaking. The old customs of the meeting-house were very dear to him.

One cold, clear morning in January I heard his early ring. He had been ill, but was so much better that he was absolutely gay. He insisted upon blowing the fire, which, as sometimes happens, will struggle to do its worst on the coldest days; and as the flames at last began to roar, his spirits rose with them. He was rejoicing over Garibaldi's victory. The sufferings of Italy had been so terrible that even one small victory in their behalf seemed a great gain. He said that he had been trying to arouse the interest of the Friends, but it usually took about two years to thoroughly awaken them on any great topic.

He remained several hours that morning talking over his hopes for the country — of politics, of Charles Sumner, of whom he said, "Sumner is always fundamentally right"; and of John Bright, for whose great gifts he had sincere admiration. Soon afterward, at the time of this great man's death, Whittier wrote to us: "Spring is here to-day, warm, birdfull. . . . It seems strange that I am alive to welcome her when so many have passed away with the winter, and among them that stalwartest of Englishmen, John Bright, sleeping now in the daisied grounds of Rochdale, never more to move the world

with his surpassing eloquence. How I regret that I have never seen him! We had much in common in our religious faith, our hatred of war and oppression. His great genius seemed to me to be always held firmly in hand by a sense of duty, and by the practical common-sense of a shrewd man of business. He fought through life like an old knight-errant, but without enthusiasm. He had no personal ideals. I remember once how he remonstrated with me for my admiration for General Gordon. He looked upon that wonderful personality as a wild fighter, a rash adventurer, doing evil that good might come. He could not see him as I saw him, giving his life for humanity, alone and unfriended, in that dreadful Soudan. He did not like the idea of fighting Satan with Satan's weapons. Lord Salisbury said truly that John Bright was the greatest orator England had produced, and his eloquence was only called out by what he regarded as the voice of God in his soul."

When at length Whittier rose to go that winter morning, with the feeling that he had already taken too large a piece out of the day, we pressed him to stay longer, since it was already late. "Why can't you stay?" urged his host. "Because, I tell you, I don't want to," which set us all laughing, and settled the question.

Our first knowledge of his arrival in town was usually that early and punctual ring to which I have referred. He would come in looking pale and thin, but full of fire, and, as we would soon find, of a certain vigor. He became interested one morning in a plan proposed to him for making a collection of poems for young people, one which he finally completed with the aid of Miss Lucy Larcom. We got down from the shelf Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, and looked it over together. "Annie of Tharaw" was a great favorite of his, and the poem by Dirk Smit, on "The Death of an Infant" found his ready appreciation. He easily fell thus into talk of Burns, who was Whittier's master and ideal. "He lives, next to Shakespeare," he said, "in the heart of humanity."

In speaking of Rossetti and of his ballad of "Sister Helen," he confessed to being strangely attracted to this poem, because he could remember seeing his mother, "who was as good a woman as ever lived," and his aunt, performing the same strange act of melting a waxen figure of a clergyman of their time.

The solemnity of the affair made a deep impression on his mind, as a child, for the death of the clergyman in question was confidently expected. His "heresies" had led him to experience this cabalistic treatment.

There was some talk, also, of the advantages, in these restless days, accruing to those who "stay put" in this world, instead of to those who are forever beating about, searching for greater opportunities from position or circumstance. He laughed heartily over the tale, which had just then reached us, of Carlyle going to hunt up a new residence in London with a map of the world in his pocket.

We asked Whittier if he never felt tempted to go to Quebec from his well-beloved haunts in the White Mountains. "Oh no," he replied. "I know it all by books and pictures just as well as if I had seen it."

This talk of travelling reminded him of a circus which came one season to Amesbury. "I was in my garden," he said, "when I saw an Arab wander down the street, and by-and-by stop and lean against my gate. He held a small book in his hand, which he was reading from time to time when he was not occupied with gazing about him. Presently I went to talk with him, and found he had lived all his life on the edge of the Desert until he had started for America. He was very homesick, and longed for the time of his return. He had hired himself for a term of years to the master of the circus. He held the Koran in his hand, and was delighted to find a friend who had also read his sacred book. He opened his heart still further then, and said how he longed for his old, wild life in the Desert, for a sight of the palms, and the sands, but, above all, for its freedom." This interview made a deep impression, naturally, upon Whittier's mind, he, who was no traveller himself, having thus sung:

> "He who wanders widest, lifts
> No more of beauty's jealous veil
> Than he who from his doorway sees
> The miracle of flowers and trees."

The memory of a visit to Amesbury, made once in September, vividly remains with me. It was early in the month, when the lingering heat of summer seems

sometimes to gather fresh intensity from the fact that we are so soon to hear the winds of autumn. Amesbury had greatly altered of late years; "large enough to be a city," our friend declared; "but I am not fat enough to be an alderman." To us it was still a small village, though somewhat dustier and less attractive than when we first knew it.

As we approached the house, we saw him from a distance characteristically gazing down the road for us, from his front yard, and then at the first glimpse suddenly disappearing, to come forth again to meet us, quite fresh and quiet, from his front door. It had been a very hot, dry summer, and everything about that place, as about every other, was parched and covered with dust. There had been no rain for weeks, and the village street was then quite innocent of watering-carts. The fruit hung heavily from the nearly leafless trees, and the soft thud of the pears and apples as they fell to the ground could be heard on every side in the quiet house-yards. The sun struggled feebly through the mists during the noontide hours, when a still heat pervaded rather than struck the earth; and then in the early afternoon, and late into the next morning, a stirless cloud seemed to cover the face of the world. These mists were much increased by the burning of peat and brush, and, alas! of the very woods themselves, in every direction. Altogether, as Whittier said, quaintly, "it was very encouraging weather for the Millerites."

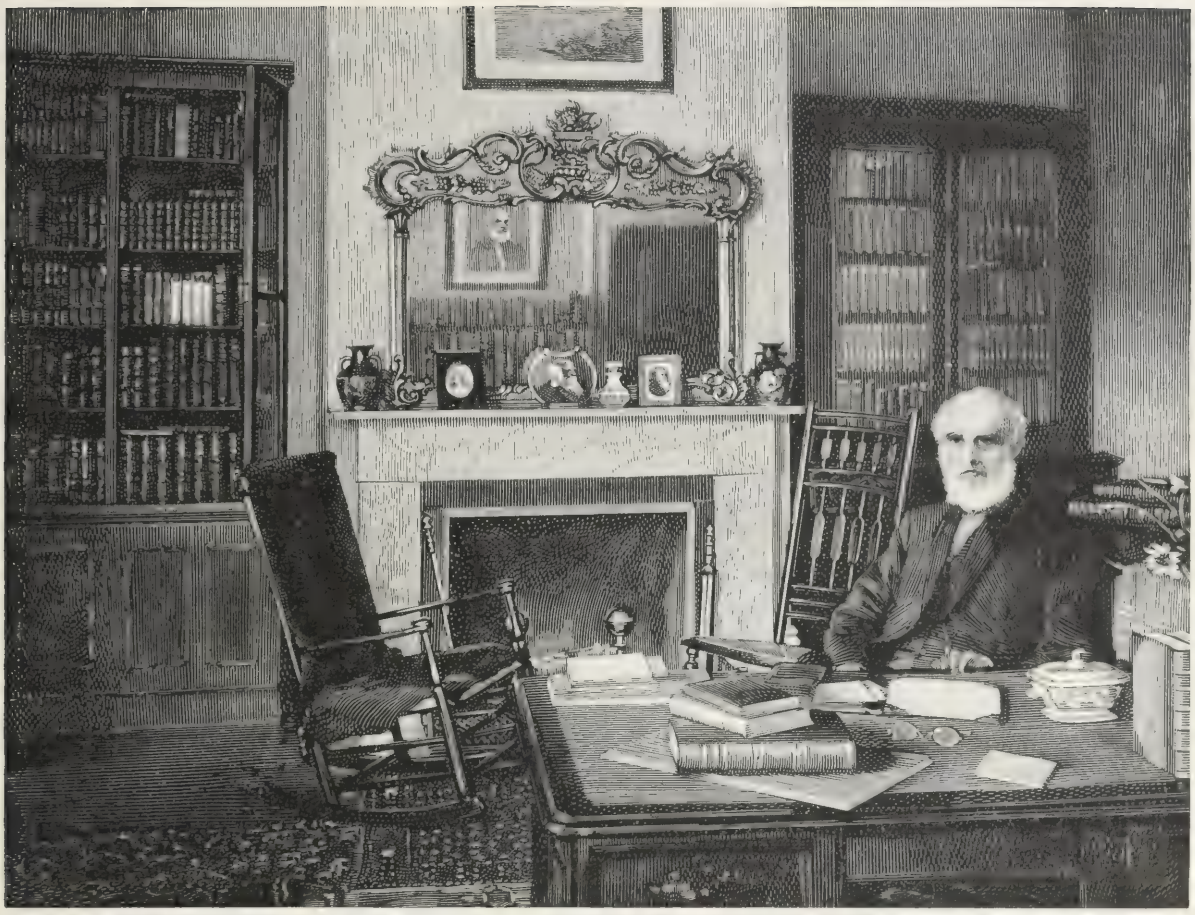
His niece, who bears the name of his beloved sister, was then the mistress of his home, and we were soon made heartily welcome inside the house, where everything was plain and neat as became a Friend's household; but as the village had grown to be a stirring place, and the house stood close upon the dusty road, such charming neatness must sometimes have been a difficult achievement. The noonday meal was soon served and soon ended, and then we sat down behind the half-closed blinds, looking out upon the garden, the faded vines, and almost leafless trees. It was a cozy room, with its Franklin-stove, at this season surmounted by a bouquet, and a table between the windows, where was a larger bouquet, which Whittier himself had gathered that morning in anticipation of our arrival. He seemed brighter and better than we had dared to hope, and was in excellent mood for talking. Referring again to the Millerites, who had been so reanimated by the mists, he said he had been deeply impressed lately with their deplorable doctrines. "Continually disappointed because we don't all burn up on a sudden, they forget to be thankful for their preservation from the dire fate they predict with so much complacency."

He had just received a proof of his poem "Miriam," with the introduction, and he could not be content until they had both been read aloud to him. After the reading they were duly commented upon, and revised until he thought he could do no more; yet twice before our departure the proofs were taken out of the hand-bag where they were safely stowed away, and again more or less altered.

Whittier's ever-growing fame was not taken by him as a matter of course. "I cannot think very well of my own things," he used to say; "and what is mere fame worth when thee is at home, alone, and sick with headaches, unable either to read or to write?" Nevertheless he derived very great pleasure and consolation from the letters and tributes which poured in upon him from hearts he had touched or lives he had quickened. "That I like," he would say; "that is worth having." But he must often have known the deeps of trouble in winter evenings when he was too ill to touch book or pen, and when he could do nothing during the long hours but sit and think over the fire.

We slept in Elizabeth's chamber. The portrait of their mother, framed in autumn leaves gathered in the last autumn of her life, hung upon the wall. Here, too, as in our bedroom at Dickens's, the diary of Pepys lay on the table. Dickens had read his copy faithfully, and written notes therein. Of this copy the leaves had not been cut; but with it lay the *Prayers of the Ages*, and volumes of poems, which had all been well read, and *Pickwick* upon the top.

In the year 1867 Charles Dickens came to America to give his famous Readings. Whittier, as we have seen, was seldom tempted out of his country home and habitual ways, but Dickens was for one moment too much for him. To our surprise, he wrote to ask if he could possibly get a seat to hear him. "I see there is a crazy rush for tickets." A favorable answer was despatched to him as soon as



WHITTIER IN HIS STUDY.
After a photograph by J. H. Thurston, Boston.

practicable, but he had already repented of the indiscretion. "My dear Fields," he wrote, "up to the last moment I have hoped to occupy the seat so kindly promised me for this evening. But I find I must give it up. Gladden with it the heart of some poor wretch who dangled and shivered all in vain in your long *queue* the other morning. I must read my *Pickwick* alone, as the Marchioness played cribbage. I would so like, nevertheless, to see Dickens, and shake that creative hand of his. It is as well, doubtless, so far as he is concerned, that I cannot do it; he will have enough and too much of that, I fear. I dreamed last night I saw him surrounded by a mob of ladies, each with her scissors snipping at his hair, and he seemed in a fair way to be 'shaven and shorn,' like the Priest in 'The House that Jack built.'"

The large events of humanity were to Whittier a portion of his own experience, his personal life being, in the ordinary sense, devoid of incident. The death of Charles Dickens, in 1871, was a personal loss, just as his life had been a living gain to this remote and invalid man. One long quiet summer afternoon shortly after, Whittier joined us for the sake of talking about Dickens. He told us what sunshine came from him into his own solemn and silent country life, and what grateful love he must ever bear to him. He wished to hear all that could be told of him as a man. Tea came, and the sun went down, and still he talked and questioned, and then, after a long silence, he said, suddenly, "What's he doing now? Sometimes I say, in Shakespeare's phrase, O for some 'courteous ghost,' but nothing ever comes to me. He was so human I should think thee must *see* him sometimes. It seems as if he were the very person to manifest himself and give us a glimpse beyond. I believe I have faith; I sometimes think I have; but this desire to see just a little way is terribly strong in me. I have expressed something of it in my verses to Mrs. Child about Loring."

He spoke also of the significance of our prayers; of their deep value to our spirit

in constantly renewing the sense of dependence; and farther, since we "surely find that our prayers are answered, what blindness and fatuity there is in neglect or abuse of our privilege!"

He was thinking of editing a new edition of John Woolman. He hoped to induce certain people who would read his own books, to read that, by writing a preface for it.

The death of Henry Ward Beecher was also a loss and a sadness to him in his solitary life. "I am saddened by the death of Beecher," he wrote; "he was so strong, so generous, so warm-hearted, and so brave and stalwart in so many good causes. It is a mighty loss. He had faults, like all of us, and needed forgiveness; and I think he could say, with David of old, that he would rather fall into the Lord's hands than into the hands of man."

It is anticipating the years and interrupting the narrative to mention here a few of the men who gladdened his later life, by their friendship, but the subject demands a brief space before we return to the current story of his days.

Matthew Arnold went to see him on his arrival, and it is needless to say that Whittier derived sincere pleasure from the visit; but Arnold's delightful recognition of Whittier's "In School Days" as one of the perfect poems which must live, gave him fresh assurance of fulfilled purpose in existence. He had followed Arnold with appreciation from his earliest appearance in the world of letters, and knew him, as it were, "by heart" long before a personal interview was possible. In a letter written after Arnold's return to England, he says: "I share thy indignation at the way our people have spoken of him—one of the foremost men of our time, a true poet, a wise critic, and a brave, upright man, to whom all English-speaking people owe a debt of gratitude. I am sorry I could not see him again."

When the end came, a few years later, he was among the first to say, "What a loss English literature has sustained in the death of Matthew Arnold!"

As I have already suggested, he kept the run of all the noteworthy people who came to Boston, quite as surely as they kept in pursuit of him.

"I hope thee will see the wonderful prophet of the Bramo Somaj, Mozoomdar, before he leaves the country. I should have seen him in Boston but for illness last week. That movement in India is the greatest event in the history of Christianity since the days of Paul.

"So the author of *Christie Johnston* is dead. I have read and re-read that charming little story with ever-increasing admiration. I am sorry for the coarseness of some of his later writings; but he was, after all, a great novelist, second only in our times to George Eliot, Dickens, and Thackeray. . . . I shall be glad to hear more about Mr. Wood's and Mrs. ——'s talks. Any hint or sign or token from the unseen and spiritual world is full of solemn interest, standing as I do on the shore of 'that vast ocean I must sail so soon.'. . . .

"You will soon have Amelia Edwards with you. I am sorry that I have not been able to call on her. Pray assure her of my sincere respect and admiration."

And again: "Have thee seen and heard the Hindoo Mohini? He seems to have really converted some people. I hear that one of them has got a Bible!"

The phrase that he is "beset by pilgrims" occurs frequently in his letters, contrasted with pleased expressions, and descriptions of visits from Phillips Brooks, Canon Farrar, Governor and Mrs. Claflin, and other friends whose faces were always a joy to him.

I have turned aside from the narrative of every-day life to mention these friends; but it is interesting to return and recall the earlier years, when he came one day to dine in Charles Street with Mr. Emerson. As usual, his coming had been very uncertain. He was never to be counted on as a visitor, but at length the moment came when he was in better health than ordinary, and the stars were in conjunction. I can recall his saying to Emerson: "I had to choose between hearing thee at thy lecture and coming here to see thee. I chose to see thee. I could not do both." Emerson was heard to say to him, solicitously, "I hope you are pretty well, sir! I believe you formerly bragged of bad health."

It was Whittier's custom, however, to make quite sure that all "lions" and other disturbing elements were well out of the way before he turned his steps to the library in Charles Street. I recall his coming one Sunday morning when

we were at church, and waiting until our return. He thought that would be a safe moment! He was full, as Madame de Sévigné says, "*de conversations infinies*," being especially interested just then in the question of schools for the freedmen, and eagerly discussed ways and means for starting and supporting them.

We were much amused by his ingenuity in getting contributions from his home town. It appears that he had taken it into consideration that there were a number of carriage-makers in Amesbury. He suggested that each one of these men should give some part of a carriage — one the wheels, one the body, one the furnishings, etc., dividing it in all among twenty workmen. When it was put together, he had a carriage which was sold for two hundred dollars, which was exactly the sum requisite for Amesbury to give.

His benefactions were ceaseless, and they were one of the chief joys of his later life. The subject of what may be done for this or that person or cause is continually recurring in his letters. Once I find this plea in verse after the manner of Burns:

> "O well-paid author, fat-fed scholar,
> Whose pockets jingle with the dollar,
> No sheriff's hand upon your collar,
> No duns to bother,
> Think on't, a tithe of what ye swallow
> Would save your brother!"

And again and again there are passages in his letters like the following: "I hope the Industrial Home may be saved, and wish I was a rich man just long enough to help save it. As it is, if the subscription needs $30 to fill it up, I shall be glad to give the mite." "I have long followed Maurice," he says again, "in his work as a religious and social reformer—a true apostle of the gospel of humanity. He saw clearly, and in advance of his clerical brethren, the necessity of wise and righteous dealing with the momentous and appalling questions of labor and poverty."

He wrote one day: "If you go to Richmond, why don't you visit Hampton and Old Point Comfort, where that Christian knight and latter-day Galahad, General Armstrong, is making his holy experiment? I think it would be worth your while."



LAWN AT OAK KNOLL, DANVERS.
After a photograph by J. H. Thurston, Boston.

General Armstrong and his brave work in founding and maintaining the Hampton School for the education, at first, of the colored people alone, and finally for the Indians also, was one of the near and living interests of Whittier's life. Often and often in his letters do we find references to the subject; either he regrets having to miss seeing the general, upon one of his Northern trips, or he rejoices in falling in with some of the teachers at Asquam Lake or elsewhere, or his note is jubilant over some new gift which will make the general's work for the year less difficult.

Once he writes: "I am grieved to hear of General Armstrong's illness. I am not surprised at it. He has been working in his noble cause beyond any mortal man's strength. He must have a rest if

it is possible for him, and his friends must now keep up the school by redoubled efforts. Ah me! There is so much to be done in this world! I wish I were younger or a millionaire."

And yet again: "I had the pleasure of sending General Armstrong at Christmas, with my annual subscription, one thousand dollars which a friend placed in my hand. I wish our friend could be relieved from the task of raising money by a hundred such donations."

The choice of the early breakfast hour for his visits was his own idea. He was glad to hit upon a moment which was not subject to interruptions, one when he could talk at his ease of books and men. These visits were always a surprise. He liked to be abroad in good season, and had rarely missed seeing the sun rise in forty years. He knew, too, that we were not late people, and that his visits could never be untimely. Occasionally, with the various evening engagements of a city, we were not altogether fit to receive him, but it was a pleasure to hear his punctual ring, and to know that we should find him in the library by the fire. He was himself a bad sleeper, seldom, as he said, putting a solid bar of sleep between day and day, and therefore often early abroad to question the secrets of the dawn. We owe much of the intimate friendship of our life to these morning hours spent in private, uninterrupted talk.

"I have lately felt great sympathy with ——," he said one morning, "for I have been kept awake one hundred and twenty hours—an experience I should not care to try again."

One of Whittier's summer pleasures, in which he occasionally indulged himself, was a visit to the Isles of Shoals. He loved to see his friend Celia Thaxter in her island home, and he loved the freedom of a large hotel. He liked to make arrangements with a group of his more particular friends to meet him there; and when he was well enough to leave his room, he might be seen in some carefully chosen corner of the great piazzas, shady or sunny, as the day invited him, enjoying the keenest happiness in the voluntary society and conversation of those dear to him. Occasionally he would pass whole days in Celia Thaxter's parlor, watching her at her painting in the window, and listening to the conversation around him. He wished to hear and know what interested others. He liked nothing better, he once said, than going into the "store" in the old days at Amesbury, when it was a common centre, almost serving the purpose of what a club may be in these later days, and sitting upon a barrel to hear "folks talk." The men there did not know much about his poetry, but they understood his politics, and he was able to put in many a word to turn the vote of the town. In Celia Thaxter's parlor he found a different company, but his relations to the people who frequented that delightful place were practically the same. He wished to understand their point of view, if possible, and then, if he could find opportunity, he would help them to a higher stand-point.

I remember one season in particular, when the idle talk of idle people had been drifting in and out during the day, while he sat patiently on in the corner of the pretty room. Mrs. Thaxter was steadily at work at her table, yet always hospitable, losing sight of no cloud or shadow or sudden gleam of glory in the landscape, and pointing the talk often with keen wit. Nevertheless, the idleness of it all palled upon him. It was Sunday, too, and he longed for something which would move us to "higher levels." Suddenly, as if the idea had struck him like an inspiration, he rose, and taking a volume of Emerson from the little library, he opened to one of the discourses, and handing it to Celia Thaxter, said:

"Read that aloud, will thee? I think we should all like to hear it."

After she ended he took up the thread of the discourse, and talked long and earnestly upon the beauty and necessity of worship—a necessity consequent upon the nature of man, upon his own weakness, and his consciousness of the Divine Spirit within him. His whole heart was stirred, and he poured himself out toward us as if he longed, like the prophet of old, to breathe a new life into us. I could see that he reproached himself for not having spoken out in this way before, but his enfranchised spirit took only a stronger flight for the delay.

We heard from him again, shortly after, under the shadow of the great hills where he always passed a part of every year. He loved them, and wrote eloquently of the loveliness of nature at Ossipee: "the Bear Camp winding down" the long green valley close by the



THE HOUSE AT HAMPTON FALLS—WHITTIER ON THE BALCONY.

door, the long Sandwich and Waterville ranges, and Chocorua filling up the horizon from west to northeast.

The frequent loneliness of his life often found expression. Once he says:

"I wish I could feel that I deserved a tithe even of the kind things said of me by my personal friends. If one could but *be* as easily as preach! The confession of poor Burns might, I fear, be made of the best of us:

> 'God knows I'm no the thing I would be,
> Nor am I even the thing I could be.'

And yet I am thankful every day of my life that God has put it into the hearts of so many whom I love and honor and reverence to send me so many messages of good-will and kindness. It is an unspeakable comfort in the lonely and darkening afternoon of life. Indeed, I can never feel quite alone so long as I know that all about me are those who turn to me with friendly interest, and, strange to say, with gratitude. A sense of lack of desert on my part is a drawback, of course; but then, I say to myself, if my friends judge me by my aim and desire, and not by my poor performance, it may be all right and just."

The painful solitude of his life after his dear niece's marriage was softened when he went to live with his cousins at Oak Knoll, in Danvers, a beautiful country-seat, sheltered and suited to his needs.

At Danvers he was able to enjoy the free open air. He loved to sit under the fine trees which distinguished the lawn, to play with the dogs, and wander about unmolested until he was tired. The ladies of the house exerted themselves to give him perfect freedom and the tenderest care. The daughter became his playmate, and she never quite grew up, in his estimation. She was his lively and loving companion. Writing from Danvers, one December, he says, "What with the child, and the dogs, and Rip Van Winkle, the cat, and a tame gray squirrel who hunts our pockets for nuts, we contrive to get through the short dark days."

He showed more physical vitality after

he went to Danvers, and his notes evince a wide interest in matters private and public outside his own library life. He still went to Portland to see his niece and her husband whenever he was able, and now and then to Boston also. But Philadelphia and the Centennial was not to be thought of. "I sent my hymn," he wrote from Amesbury in 1876, "with many misgivings, and am glad it was so well received. I think I should like to have heard the music, but probably I should not have understood. The gods have made me most unmusical."

"I have just got J. T. F.'s charming little book of *Barry Cornwall and his Friends*. It is a most *companionable* volume, and will give rare pleasure to thousands.... I write in the midst of our Quaker quarterly meeting, and our house has been overrun for three days. We had twelve to dine to-day; they have now gone to meeting, but I am too tired for preaching.

"I don't expect to visit Philadelphia. The very thought of that Ezekiel's vision of machinery and the nightmare confusion of the world's curiosity shop appalls me. I shall not venture."

He was full of excellent resolutions about going often to Boston, but he never could make a home there. "I see a great many more things in the city than thee does," he would say, "because I go to town so seldom. The shop windows are a delight to me, and everything and everybody is novel and interesting. I don't need to go to the theatre. I have more theatre than I can take in, every time I walk out."

No sketch of Whittier, however slight, should omit mention of his friendship for Bayard Taylor. Their Quaker parentage helped to bring the two poets into communion; and although Taylor was so much the younger and more vigorous man, Whittier was to see him also pass, and to mourn his loss. He took a deep interest in his literary advancement, and considered "Lars" his finest poem. Certainly no one knew Taylor's work better, or brought a deeper sympathy into his reading of it. "I love him too well to be a critic of his verse," he says, in one of his letters. "But what a brave worker he was!"

The reading of good books was, very late in life, as it had been very early, his chief pleasure. His travels, his romance, his friendships, were indulged chiefly by proxy of the printed page. "I felt very near Dr. Mulford through his writings," he said. "He was the strongest thinker of our time, and he thought in the right direction. *The Republic of God* is intellectually greater than St. Augustine's *City of God*, and infinitely nearer the Christian ideal."

"That must be a shrewd zephyr," Charles Lamb used to say, speaking of his Gentle Giantess, "that can escape her." And so we may say of Whittier and a book. "Has thee seen the new book by the author of *Mr. Isaacs?*" he asked (having sent me *Mr. Isaacs* as soon as it appeared, lest I should miss reading so novel and good a story). In the same breath he adds: "I have been reading *The Freedom of Faith*, by the author of *On the Threshold*, just published by Houghton and Co. It is refreshing and tonic as the northwest wind. The writer is one of the leaders of the new departure from ultra-Calvinism. Thank thee just here for the pleasure of reading Annie Keary's biography. What a white, beautiful soul! Her views of the mission of Spiritualism seem very much like ——'s. I do not know when I have read a more restful, helpful book.

"How good Longfellow's poem is! A little sad, but full of 'sweetness and light.' Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and myself are all getting to be old fellows, and that swan-song might serve for us all. 'We who are about to die.' God help us all! I don't care for fame, and have no solicitude about the verdicts of posterity.

> "When the grass is green above us,
> And they who know us and who love us
> Are sleeping by our side,
> Will it avail us aught that men
> Tell the world with lip and pen
> That we have lived and died?

"What we *are*, will then be more important than what we have done or said in prose or rhyme, or what folks that we never saw or heard of think of us."

Later he describes himself as listening to the *Life of Mrs. Stowe*. "It is a satisfying book, a model biography, or, rather, autobiography, for dear Mrs. Stowe speaks all through it. Dr. Holmes's letters reveal him as he is, wise, generous, chivalrous. Witness the kindliness and delicate sympathy of his letters during the Lord Byron trouble.... Miss W. has read us

some of Howells's *Hazard of New Fortunes.* It strikes me that it is a strong book. That indomitable old German, Linden—that saint of the rather godless sect of dynamiters and anarchists—is a grand figure; one can't help loving him."

Whittier never relinquished his house at Amesbury, where his kind friends Judge Cate and his wife always made him feel at home. As the end of his life drew near, it was easy to see that the village home where his mother and his sister lived and died was the place he chiefly loved; but he was more inaccessible to his friends in Amesbury, and the interruptions of a fast-growing factory town were sometimes less agreeable to him than the country life at Oak Knoll. He was a great disbeliever in too much solitude, however, and used to say, "The necessary solitude of the human soul is enough; it is surprising how great that is."

Once only he expresses this preference for the dear old village home in his letters. "I have been at Amesbury for a fortnight. Somehow I seem nearer to my mother and sister; the very walls of the rooms seem to have become sensitive to the photographs of unseen presences."

Toward the end of his days, however, he spent more and more time with his beloved cousins Gertrude and Joseph Cartland, whose interests and aims in life were so close to his own.

The habit of going to the White Mountains in their company for a few weeks during the heat of summer was a fixed one. He grew to love Asquam, with its hills and lakes, almost better than any other place for this sojourn. It was there he loved to beckon his friends to join him. "Do come, if possible," he would write. "The years speed on; it will soon be too late. I long to look on your dear faces once more."

His deafness began to preclude general conversation; but he delighted in getting off under the pine-trees in the warm afternoons, or into a quiet room upstairs at twilight and talking until bedtime. He described to us, during one visit, his first vision of the hills. His parents took him where he could see the great wooded slope of Agamenticus. As he looked up and gazed with awe at the solemn sight, a cloud drooped, and hung suspended as it were from one point, and filled his soul with astonishment. He had never forgotten it. He said nothing at the time, but this cloud hanging from the breast of the hill filled his boyish mind with a mighty wonder, which had never faded away.

Notwithstanding his strong feeling for Amesbury, and his presence there always at "quarterly meeting," he found himself increasingly comfortable at Danvers and happy in the companionship of his devoted relatives. Something nearer "picturesqueness" and "the beautiful" came to please the sense and to soothe the spirit at Oak Knoll. He did not often make record in his letters of these things; but once he speaks charmingly of the young girl in a red cloak, on horseback, with the dog at her side, scampering over the lawn and brushing under the sloping branches of the trees. The sunset of his life burned slowly down, but in spite of illness and loss of power, he possessed his soul in patience. After a period when he felt unable to write, he revived and sent a letter, in which he spoke as follows of a poem which had been sent for his revision: "The poem is solemn and tender; it is as if a wind from the Unseen World blew over it, in which the voice of sorrow is sweeter than that of gladness—a holy fear mingled with holier hope. For myself, my hope is always associated with dread, like the shining of a star through mist. I feel, indeed, that Love is the victorious, that there is no dark it cannot light, no depth it cannot reach; but I imagine that between the Seen and the Unseen there is a sort of neutral ground, a land of shadow and mystery, of strange voices and undistinguished forms. There are some, as Charles Lamb says, 'who stalk into futurity on stilts,' without awe or self-distrust. But I can only repeat the words of the poem before me. . . ."

One of the last, perhaps the very last visit he made to his friends in Boston was in the beautiful autumn weather. The familiar faces he hoped to find were absent. He arrived without warning, and the very loveliness of the atmosphere which made it possible for him to travel had tempted younger people out among the falling leaves. He was disappointed, and soon after sent these verses to rehearse his experience:

"I stood within the vestibule
Whose granite steps I knew so well,
While through the empty rooms the bell
Responded to my eager pull.



VIEW FROM WHITTIER'S WINDOW, HAMPTON FALLS.

"I listened while the bell once more
Rang through the void, deserted hall;
I heard no voice, nor light footfall,
And turned me sadly from the door.

"Though fair was Autumn's dreamy day,
And fair the wood-paths carpeted
With fallen leaves of gold and red,
I missed a dearer sight than they.

"I missed the love-transfigured face,
The glad, sweet smile so dear to me,
The clasp of greeting warm and free:
What had the round world in their place?

"O friend, whose generous love has made
My last days best, my good intent
Accept, and let the call I meant
Be with your coming doubly paid."

But even this journey was beyond his strength. He wrote: "Coming back from Boston in a crowded car, a window was opened just behind me and another directly opposite, and, in consequence, I took a bad cold, and am losing much of this goodly autumnal spectacle. But Oak Knoll woods were never, I think, so beautiful before."

In future his friends were to seek him; he could go no more to them; the autumn had indeed set in.

Now began a series of birthday celebrations, which were blessings not unmixed in his cup of life. He was in the habit of writing a brief note of remembrance on these anniversaries; in one of which, after confessing to "a feeling of sadness and loneliness," he turns to the Emerson Calendar, and says, "I found for the day some lines from his 'World Soul'—

'Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old;
Over the winter glaciers
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild piled snowdrift
The warm rose-buds blow.'

Reading them, I took heart."

On another occasion he says: "In the intervals of visitation on that day my thoughts were with dear friends who have passed from us; among whom, I need not say, was thy dearest friend. How vividly the beautiful mornings with you were recalled! Then I wondered at my age, and if it was possible that I was the little boy on the old Haverhill farm, unknown, and knowing nobody beyond my home horizon. I could not quite make the connection of the white-haired man with the black-locked boy. I could not help a feeling of loneliness, thinking of having outlived many of my life-companions; but I was still grateful to God that I had not outlived my love for them and for those still living. Among the many tokens of good-will from all parts of the country and beyond the sea, there were some curious and amazing missives. One Southern woman took the occasion

to include me in her curse of the 'mean, hateful Yankees.' To offset this, I had a telegram from the Southern Forestry Congress assembled in Florida, signed by president and secretary, informing me that 'In remembrance of your birthday, we have planted a live-oak tree to your memory, which, like the leaves of the tree, will be forever green.'"

The lines of Whittier's life stretched "between heaven and home" during the long period of eighty-four years.

It was not, however, until 1890 that we could really feel he had left the years of active service and of intellectual achievement as things of the past. He was shut out from much that gave him pleasure, but the spirit which animated the still breathing frame, though waiting and at times longing for larger opportunity, seemed to us like a loving sentinel, covering his dear ones as with a shield, and watching over the needs of humanity.

The end came, the door opened, while he was staying with the daughter of an old friend at Hampton Falls, in New Hampshire—that saintly woman whom we associate with one of the most spiritual and beautiful of his poems, "A Friend's Burial." After a serious illness in the winter of 1892 he was almost too frail for any summer journeying, but with his usual wisdom and instinctive turning of the heart toward old familiar places, he thought of the hospitable house where he seemed to gain much strength, and where he found much happiness and the quietness that he loved. His last illness was brief; he was ministered to by those who stood nearest him. And thus the waves of time passed over him and swept him from our sight.

Old age appears to every other stage of human existence as a most undesirable state. We look upon its approaches and its ravages with alarm. Death itself is far less dreadful, and "the low door," if it will only open quickly, brings little fear to the thoughtful mind. But the mystery of decadence, the long sunsetting, the loss of power—what do they mean? The Latin word *saga*, from which the French get *la sagesse*, and we "the sage," gives us a hint of what we do not always understand—the spiritual beauty and the significance even of loss, in age.

Whittier, wearing his silver crown, brought the antique word into use again, and filled it with fresh meaning for modern men.

LIDE.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

IT seemed strange to him that he should be puzzled in the streets of the city. He had lived here all his life, with the exception of the last two years, and here he was dodging along, getting out of the way of pedestrians as well as of vehicles, and gazing about him like a man in a strange place. He rounded corner after corner; he would not ride, for he wanted to take as much time as possible in getting home. He kept on in the one direction, however—the way that led toward the house. And in his heart was just one question—a question he had refused to ask these two years of his absence from home: Had the girl he loved been true to him?

Two years ago he had had faith in everybody; now there was none in whom he believed—no one. And yet he kept on in the direction of his old home.

He was almost there; another corner and he would see the towering flat, and maybe come upon some of those he had known two years back, and who would be waiting around to see him, pretending they were there by chance, and that there was nothing the matter. They would say, carelessly, "How are you, Melton?" as though they had seen him yesterday. They would look after him, and talk among themselves when he had gone by.

Well, he must put the best face on it, and act the same—as though nothing had happened. And yet there had happened that which he could never forget, and maybe something more, which should wreck him outright. Thereat a bitter cry rose up in his soul, and he was fearing, trembling at the thought that the girl he loved had not stood by him. Why should she? The world looked on him askance, and the verdict of the world is apt to be the true one, say those who pretend to know.

In this case the world's verdict was the

false one; but Carrie, even if she knew the truth, which was not likely, would be unconsciously swayed by the opinion of the majority, and the majority would never know he was an innocent man. For women want the world's respect for their husbands. Only one woman clings to a man in honor and dishonor alike, and that is the woman who brought him into the world. For sake of this very one woman, too, he must go through life a spotted man in her estimation, never clearing himself, and knowing that day after day, night after night, she agonized before God for forgiveness of a crime her son had never committed.

But he thought less of his mother than of that other woman whom he loved, and who might long ere this have told him that she loved him but for what had happened. He did not blame her for doubting him; she had not even promised him her love and fealty; and yet—Why should he go home? Why should he go there, have an emotional scene, the prospect of which made him frown even now? He might go West to-day; he had earned enough money in these two years in the barred shops, under the eyes of keepers, to take him where no one would know him, and where antecedents are reckoned less than ability to conquer what opposes to-day.

That question! Why had he not asked his mother when he had seen her for an hour last month? He knew that would be her last visit till he was free to go to her. Why had he forbidden the mention of Carrie's name by word of mouth or writing during these two years? Yet had he not had that question answered? Carrie had never written him a line in all that time, and if she cared for him, the circumstances surely warranted her writing. Though if she had been told he had interdicted her name, that might have stopped her. How did she know what she was to him? But does not a woman know when a man loves her without a word from him?

He was a coward! Yes, that must be so, for he paused before turning that last corner and coming in sight of the well-known neighborhood. Then he uttered an exclamation, for a female figure came round the corner into the full glare of the sunlight.

She was young, but looking old; all the frivolity and adornment natural to the young put away from her; her hair smoothed plainly back inside a bonnet sedate enough to complete the uniform of a sisterhood. Her features were pinched and bloodless, only the feverish eyes having any appearance of life.

She came straight up to the young man, her bright eyes full upon him.

"Charlie!" she said.

He had not seen her since the day he had been taken from home, and he was startled at the change in her. Could this be his gay, flippant sister, with cheap finery, and aspirations for the stage; his sister, who caught up all the latest street *patois*, and was beyond the control of her mother; his sister, who had engaged herself to marry that man who "played the races," and had little to recommend him save a handsome face and a glib tongue?

She partly put out her hand, then drew it back. She stood looking into his face, noting the pallor in it that was like no other pallor in the world, the change about him like no other change she knew, and her heart seemed to stop beating.

"I was watching for you," she said, with an effort. "I knew you must come this way."

Why had she known he must come that way? Why had she not thought he would seek out Carrie first?

His lips compressed, but he said not a word. She was humble before him, and he was hard with her, as he had been any time these two years, and long before that, even. He took a step toward the corner, not looking to see if she followed. Suddenly he felt a hand placed timidly on his arm.

"We don't live there any more," she said.

He wheeled around, confronting her.

"We moved a week ago," she said.

He laughed. "You couldn't bear the disgrace of having me come back where you were well known, eh?" he asked.

"We moved," she returned, "because we thought you would like it better."

"Why?"

She did not answer that, only looking into his eyes.

"Well," he said, after a moment's cogitation, "take me where mother is. It's all the same to me. Only, we will not ride. Go on. I must walk."

She turned in another direction from the one he would have taken, and he

went along beside her. They had walked perhaps fifteen minutes before either of them spoke again.

"Why didn't she come to meet me?" then he said. "I mean mother."

"She—she was afraid she couldn't bear it—to meet you in the street for the first time," she answered.

Again he laughed his unmirthful laugh. "How is she, anyway?" he asked. "You know I haven't seen her for a month."

"She is not very well. She seems to have grown old all at once. She—she has missed you so."

Was she trying to soften him? He believed that she was nerving herself to tell him something; that she had forced their mother to stay at home, and had come to meet him alone purposely, that she might tell him what she had to tell. And what could it be but that Carrie had done as any other woman would have done under the circumstances—Carrie, with her music scholars in bright prosperous homes; Carrie, the singer in a church choir, of a good if a poor family, and with the pride of a duchess? Well, Lide was preparing him, after all, and in the open street a man never lets himself out, no matter how keenly he may feel. They walked on silently for some little time more.

"Lide," he said all at once, "I want you to tell me what it is. I know there's a reason for your coming to meet me."

"Mother wanted me to."

"Mother! Bosh! As though her wants would make much difference to you!"

"They do now," she returned, quietly.

She unbuttoned her coat at the throat as though there was pain there, and looked at some workmen paving the street. They were nearing their new home, in a part of the city that had been almost country two years ago. He had played ball just about where they were now, and she had sat with her doll in the weeds watching him when she was a little child. And she must indeed tell him something. It was so hard for her to tell him that the wrong had been committed needlessly; that the man who had told her he loved her had proved worthless, pretending that her brother's imputed crime was the cause of his taking himself off. And the crime had been committed for him! She wetted her white lips once or twice.

"Charlie," suddenly she said, "you have so much to forgive me."

He looked down at her. "I think I have," he said. "I don't know that I have forgiven you."

She bowed her head. "I can never forgive myself," she went on. Then, in a burst, "Jim Slocum was a married man while he was keeping company with me."

Melton stopped short, his teeth gritting. Then she was going to tell only of her own troubles, after all.

"Yes," she pursued, fumbling at the loosened button at the neck of her coat, "I found it all out after he had left me."

"Mother told me," he replied, "that he left you when he heard I was a thief."

The button came off in her hand, and she kept picking at it. "I didn't think. Of course mother must have told you," she said. Her eyes went up to his face. "Charlie, don't you see a change in me? I'm not a bit like I used to be. I try to do all I can for mother."

"So she has told me."

"I don't think of going on the stage any more."

"No?"

"I'm keeping books for Mr. Cohen. I've got a holiday to-day; it's their day of Atonement, you know. And I typewrite at home at night. But of course mother's told you that too."

He nodded. They walked a hundred yards or so.

"I've joined church, Charlie," she said. "Did mother tell you?"

"Yes."

"Mother's joined too. You didn't know that. She joined last Sunday."

"I'm sorry for it," he said.

"Why?" she asked.

"I suppose you persuaded her—*you!*" he said.

She was trembling; she had to clutch his arm to steady herself, and he walked a little slower, thinking that he ought to have noticed before that she was not well.

"I don't blame you," she said; "but I am doing the best I can. You know I am a guilty creature; that it should be I, and not you, to come from that place to-day; that it should be I, not you, to go to mother like this."

"It would have killed her to know that you came down to the office pretending to want to see me, only to take some of the money you knew I handled," he returned, coldly. "That was why I let them think it was I took it, especially as you had hidden the money in my room when you got so frightened at what you

had done. Do you think mother could stand it to know her daughter was a thief? And why did you take the money? Why, to give it to a man who had worked on your feelings; a man I warned you against; a man rotten to the core, who told you he must have money to save him from ruin. He knew where you'd get it. You see, I've known all this for two years. I've thought it all out. You cannot say I am wrong."

She only trembled all the more.

"Well," he went on, "is that all? Is there anything more to tell? You and mother have joined church. I suppose you pray aloud for me every night, and mother must be all the time thinking of one or other of those thieves on the crosses."

"Oh, Charlie!" she cried out in pain.

"Yes," he said, "it's all right. Here I am, and I'm not sorry for my position if it has freed you of Slocum, and made you see your duty to mother, who suffered enough through father's drinking, Heaven knows. Is that all?"

He knew there was more coming, and he felt sure he was prepared for it.

"We joined the church where Carrie Armstrong sings," she said.

Still, he was not prepared for that; his refusal to hear Carrie's name mentioned had kept that from him. Now he was angered to the soul; he could imagine Carrie pitying the two forlorn women with a son and brother a culprit, and beseeching them to join the church as a solace in their distress. This took Carrie all the farther from him — her pity for them, her assistance of them.

"And," the trembling creature at his side went on, "Carrie—"

"I will not hear it," he cried. "I will not." He was sure that all this trembling and agitation meant that Carrie was married, or that she loved some man against whom there was nothing in the eyes of the world. "Are women entirely shameless? I will not hear her name, I tell you. You have made me what I am; take that thought into your church with you."

"I do, I do," she said, "every time I go there." Then she had grown calm; in an instant a calmness, even a dignity, had come to her. "I am a great sinner," she said. "If you will listen to me, I will tell you more."

"I will hear not another word about *her*."

"If you say so, no. But of myself?"

"You have told me; I know all there is to tell about you. I suppose I am glad of the change in you, if I am glad about anything, if I have not forgotten the meaning of the word. Be what you appear to be; be kind to mother; look after her when I go West and try to make something of myself."

"That is well—to go away from here," she said—"very well. But there is something more to tell about myself. I would rather tell you than let mother do it. We are almost home now, and I must hurry. I am engaged to be married—since last week."

He burst out laughing; he was wildly hilarious; he could not restrain himself. Her plain demure appearance, her settled sad face, made the thing all the more laughable.

A burning flood of color swept over the white face, though, showing possibilities there. "I am engaged to be married to a young clergyman connected with my church," she said, firmly. "He knows that you are innocent, that I am guilty; I have told him everything, and still he loves me."

His laughter dwindled, stopped. She was not unbrave, then. Carrie Armstrong had been the unbrave one. But the innocent are often daunted where the guilty are strong. So Lide posed as a martyr. All the same, he could but respect her for telling the truth to the man she loved. It could not have been easy for her to do that.

There was one man, then, who would hold out his hand to him—the man his sister had promised to marry. Lide, the guilty one, was happy. No one was unhappy but the innocent man who had suffered for the guilty. So Carrie was gone from him! See how Lide's nervousness vanished when she found she need not tell him the truth about Carrie! She was brave enough when she spoke of herself.

Here he was, then, everything taken from him, everything given to his guilty sister. If he had not suffered, Lide would have done so. If the crime had not been fastened on him and the money not been found, she might have run off with Slocum. In that case where would she be now? Out of evil cometh good indeed.

His sister had stopped. They were in front of a raw new building of cheap pretentiousness, the flat that was now their

home. Children were playing on the new patent pavement, in the newly upturned cartway where pipes were going down, around the scaffolding of the counterpart flat that was going up on the opposite side. He saw everything at once, it seemed to him—resented everything. He was in a hurry, a rush to have it all over—to see his mother, to go away from everything out to a life where he must fight for the dire necessity of living.

He motioned to Lide, and she went into the hall smelling of varnish and plaster, and up three flights of stairs, he after her.

Then she stopped and faced him. For the moment a brilliantly red spot burned in each of her cheeks.

"You will not let me tell you about Carrie?" she said, dryly.

"No," he thundered. "Not a word—not one word."

She threw open the door.

There was a cry. A faded woman setting the table dropped a dish, that broke with a sharp snap, and ran to him.

"Charlie! Charlie!" she cried. "My boy! my boy!" Her tears were wetting his lips as she kissed him. "And he is so pale, so pale!—not my great healthy son any longer. And he came straight home to me! Who says he is guilty? What is guilt? What did Christ mean by the prodigal son if guilt is to be remembered when it is repented of? And my boy has come back to me; he has come back to me, my dearie, my dearie!" She clung so tightly to him that he had to take her on his lap as he sat heavily down in a chair.

Yes, she would always liken him to that man in the Bible who ate of husks after his season of riotous pleasures, and returned to his father weak and spent. There was the table that made the illustration all the more patent. She had been spreading it with little delicacies to welcome back the son who had expiated his guilt. And she had made the room pretty with flowers, and had bought three cigars for him. There they were on the table, beside a plate he knew was meant for him.

The old well-known furniture had been newly polished, and some that he had never seen before took the place of old broken pieces he remembered well. His father's picture, as a young man, was over the mantel, and to-day a bit of trailing green vine had been thrown across the frame. Even his father was to welcome home the recalcitrant son.

Lide was over at the window, her head bent, her lips moving, though they uttered no audible sound.

He quieted his mother as best he could. He smoothed her hair, and noted how white it had become in these two years. How that bleaching hair, that feebling form, must reproach Lide! how his mother's prayers for her guilty son must have eaten into the soul of the girl like hot iron into quivering flesh!

He looked over to the window and the drooping figure there. Had his life been wasted, after all? Never had his mother loved him as she loved him now; Lide would have been miserable, disgraced, but for those two years, and not now the affianced wife of a good man, her life gliding into peaceful grooves from which nothing but blessedness would flow. He had given up much for his mother's sake, for sake of his sister's name, and he would never be proved innocent in the eyes of the world. But had the sacrifice been fruitless?

But then—Carrie!

When he could move away from his mother, he went over to the table, not that he would eat, but that some of the emotional awkwardness might be allayed. But his mother hurried after him, and clasped him with both her hands, her careworn face still streaming with tears, her hands that sought his wet with tears too.

"Not yet," she said; "we will not have dinner yet. Some one is coming—some one I love as another child. Lidie would have it so; she insisted on it. I told her we three had best be alone to-day, but she would have it so."

Again he looked over to his sister. Was it well for her to obtrude her happiness upon him at such a moment? Was it kind in her to bring here the man she loved, who would think it devolved upon him, as befitting his cloth, to improve the occasion and read homilies and repeat all the old tritenesses, altogether treat him as a child who had just come from receiving a chastisement that had scarcely been merited, but which had not been inflicted in vain?

"Oh," cried his mother, letting him go, "I must get a handkerchief! I can't help crying—indeed I can't, Lidie. I try all I can, but I can't help it," and she went into an adjoining room, drying her eyes

on her frock sleeve. Then his sister ran over to him.

"Forgive me, forgive me, Charlie," she said, in a suppressed voice, her eyes on the door of the room where their mother had gone. "Christ forgives me, and yet you hold out. I have suffered as much as you; my prison rules have been stricter than yours. And, oh, believe me, mother should have known the truth long ago if you had let me tell her —you told me that time she should never know, and I dared not tell her. What do you know of my pain? You have the satisfaction of feeling that though you have been accused, yet you are innocent. With me, I have been guilty before God, and that was the worst. But I want you to forgive me. Kiss me just once—kiss me as you used to do when I was a little girl, and I will know that you forgive me, Charlie. I have done the best I could. I have told my guilt to those who ought to know. I have kept near to one I knew that you loved. I have made her see you as you are— Oh!"

For in the doorway of the other room, beside his mother, was the visitor they waited for—a young woman in whose clear true eyes he saw a reward for all that he had undergone, in whose tender smile he read the story of what his sister had told her of him—his love for her, which he had not dared to express in words, and his vicarious suffering.

She looked at him, she could not have spoken just then, but she glided over to him, her hands held out, in her mute embracing look all that a man may wish to see in the eyes of her he will call his wife.

"Lide!" he said, brokenly. "Lide!"

He took her thin white face between both his hands, and kissed his sister on the brow. But she left the three there and went over to the window, as though she had no right to share their inner feeling, thinking that they did not need or want her. And looking up into the bright sky, her lips moved as they had moved before, though without audible sound.

"Lidie!" called her mother, sharply, "I want you," and took her into the other room. "Leave them together for a little while, and kneel here with me, girl, and thank God for sending the erring one to us, and ask that this punishment may be a chastening warning to him."

But Lide stood upright, an expression on her face her mother did not understand.

"Kneel, girl," she commanded, "and ask God to grant all happiness to your poor brother, who has been so drearily punished."

Then Lide dropped to her knees, hiding her face in her hands, as humble and earnest a petitioner as ever approached the throne of grace.

NEW ORLEANS, OUR SOUTHERN CAPITAL.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

"THE biggest little city in the country," is what an adopted citizen of New Orleans calls that town. With but little more than a quarter of a million of inhabitants, the Crescent City has most of the features of a true capital and metropolis. It is among the few towns in our country that can be compared with New York in respect of their metropolitan qualifications, but New Orleans leads all the rest, though in population it is small beside any of the others. It has an old and exclusive society, whose claims would be acknowledged in any of our cities. It supports grand opera; its clubs are fully what the term implies, and not mere empty club-houses. It has fine theatres and public and church buildings. The joys of the table, which Chesterfield ranked first among the dissipations of intellectual men, are provided not only in many fine restaurants and in the clubs, but in a multitude of homes. No city has finer markets. Its commerce is with all the world, and its population is cosmopolitan, with all which a long continuance of those conditions implies. Like the greater cities, it has distinct divisions or quarters, which offer the visiting sightseer novelty and change. Its "sights" are the accumulation of nearly two centuries, and of Spanish, French, and American origin.

It is of value to study the qualities which make the Southern capital what it is, because it is evident that it is to become the chief winter resort of those who journey southward to escape the winters

in the North. The *mardi gras* carnival is advertising its attractions to such an extent that the last occurrence of this festival found 100,000 strangers there, representing every State and large city in the Union. It is on the southern or winter route to California, it is on the way from the West and Northwest to Florida and the Georgia resorts, and it stands in the path to Texas and Mexico. It is the best of all the American winter resorts, because it has what the others possess (which is to say, warm weather and sunshine), and, in addition, it offers the theatres, shops, restaurants, crowds, clubs, and multiform entertainments of a city of the first class. It is *par excellence* a city of fun, fair women, rich food, and flowers. Its open-air surface-drainage system is about to be replaced by a different one that may not be more wholesome, but will have the advantage of being out of sight. Only one other reform must be instituted, and the carpers will be silent perforce. The local idea that a hotel which was the best in the country in 1837 will remain first class forever is an untenable proposition. A new management, fixed rates that do not bound into the realm of extortion when a crowd comes along, and a modern, million-dollar establishment would fetch more persons there, keep them longer, and send them away happier than most of the citizens have any idea of. Those other cities that are at the end of a long route of travel, out on the Pacific coast, exemplify the value of first-class hotels in all their histories. The consequence is that in a tiny city called Fairhaven, at the upper end of Puget Sound, there is a better hotel than can be found along the whole coast of the Gulf of Mexico west of Florida. The Pacific coast people have found out that tourists will pass an otherwise important place to stop in one that boasts a fine hotel. We Americans will exchange a Wyoming stage-coach for a log-cabin inn, but we will not leave a Pullman train for a bad hotel if we can help it. It is a pity that strangers arriving in New Orleans cannot all be expected to know how remarkably fine are the better class of boarding and lodging places, or how charming a mode of living it is to secure good rooms and coffee of a morning, and dine about in the restaurants, which are among the leading attractions of the hospitable city.

On *mardi gras*, the day before the beginning of Lent, is the time to be in New Orleans, particularly for a stranger, because in the scenes of the carnival is found the key to the character of the people. They are not like the rest of us. Our so-called carnivals, wherever and whenever we have tried to hold them, have been mere commercial ventures, illustrated with advertisements, carried out by hired men, and paid for by self-seeking persons, who had not the backing of any populace. But in New Orleans the carnival displays are wholly designed to amuse and entertain the pleasure-loving, light-hearted, largely Latin people who originally took part in them, but who have surrendered active participation to the leading and wealthy men of the town.

The secret carnival societies are six in number, and are named the Argonauts, Atlanteans, Krewe of Proteus, Mistick Krewe of Comus, Momus, and Rex. Business men, and those who have earned the additional title of "society men," make up the membership of the societies. If any one or two of these coteries fancy themselves of "higher social tone" than the others, the fact would be natural, but the distinction will not be pointed out here. The oldest of the societies is the Comus, which was organized in 1857 to give a night parade and ball. These it has given ever since. In 1879 the Momus Society came into being; in 1880, the Rex Society; in 1881, the Krewe of Proteus; and in 1891, the Atlanteans and Argonauts. The members pay into the treasuries of these organizations a fixed sum per annum, and this, added together and drawn upon by a treasurer, who supervises all the accounts, is used to defray the expense of the whole carnival.

The keeping of this especial festival is a very old custom of Latin and Catholic origin, like the establishment of the city itself. For many years it was entirely popular and promiscuous in the sense that it was unordered and without either head or programme. The Mistick Krewe of Comus brought order and form into the first night parade in 1857, and in 1880 the Rex Society, by taking the lead in the open-air pageantry on the day before *mardi gras*, made it possible and advantageous to do away with the promiscuous masking and merrymaking, attendant upon which had been the throwing of lime and flour, the drunkenness, and the

usual disorder which must everywhere characterize a loosely managed festival of the sort. Since then the only spontaneous masking among the people has been by children; there has never been a serious affray; there are no more tipsy persons in the streets than on any other day; and there has seldom been an occasion to make an arrest for a cause traceable to the carnival spirit.

All our cities are distinguished for the orderliness of their holiday crowds, but such absolute self-control as is shown by the people of New Orleans at *mardi gras* is a thing above and beyond what is known anywhere else in the country. To me it was inexplicable. I could understand the patient good-nature of a people trained for an occasion, but in the crowds were 100,000 strangers, many of them of the sort that would naturally be attracted to a festival that was to be followed by a prize-fight between noted pugilists. It must have been that all caught the spirit of the occasion. It is chiefly on Canal Street that the bulk of the holiday crowd assembles when there is a parade, but only ten policemen were detailed to keep order during the day parade of Rex in 1892; only seven for the greater night pageant of the Comus Society.

The actual *mardi gras* celebration is only the climax of a series of festivities lasting ten days or more. First is held the Bal des Roses, in the week before the week which precedes the public carnival. This ball is purely a "society affair," like our Patriarchs' Ball in New York.

The week which follows is one of almost daily sensations. First, on Monday, the Argonauts begin the prolonged festival with a tourney and chariot-racing. A ball at night follows. On Tuesday the Atlanteans give their ball. On Thursday Momus gives a ball, with tableaux, in costume. On Friday of this gala week is held the Carnival german. The Carnival German Club is composed of twenty-five society men, who give the german by subscription. Only seventy-five couples participate in it.

The carnival proper is celebrated with pageantry and dancing that occupy the afternoons and nights of Monday and "Fat Tuesday." Rex, the king of the carnival, comes to town on Monday afternoon. Who he is a few persons know at the time; who he was is sometimes published, as in 1891, and more often is not. What is called a royal yacht is chosen to bring him from some mysterious realm over which he rules in the Orient, to visit his winter capital in the Crescent City. Last time the royal yacht was the revenue-cutter *Galveston*, but ordinarily the societies hire one of the big river steamboats. The yacht is always accompanied by ten or fifteen other steamers, gayly decorated, crowded with men and women, and appointed with bands of music and all that makes good cheer. It is supposed that the yacht has taken the king aboard at the jetties. The fleet returns, and the royal landing is made upon the levee at the foot of Canal Street, amid a fanfaronade of the whistles of boats, locomotives, and factories, and the firing of guns. The king is met by many city officers and leading citizens, who are called the dukes of the realm, and constitute his royal court. These temporary nobles wear civilian attire, with a badge of gold, and bogus jewels as a decoration. Many persons in carriages accompany them. A procession is formed, and the principal features of the display are a gorgeous litter for the king, a litter carrying the royal keys, and a number of splendid litters in which ride gayly costumed women, representing the favorites of the harem. This the public sees and enjoys.

The king goes to the City Hall accompanied as I have described. The way is lined with tens of thousands of spectators; flags wave from every building; music is playing, the sun is shining; the whole scene, with the gorgeous pageant threading it, is magnificent. At the City Hall, the Duke of Crescent City, who is the Mayor, welcomes Rex, and gives him the keys and the freedom of the city. The king mysteriously disappears after that, presumably to his palace.

That night, the night before *mardi gras*, the Krewe of Proteus holds its parade and ball, and in extent and cost and splendor this is a truly representative pair of undertakings. "A Dream of the Vegetable Kingdom" was what the last Proteus parade was entitled. It consisted of a series of elaborate and splendid floats forming a line many blocks long, and representing whatever is most picturesque, or can be made so, among vegetable growths. The float that struck me as the most peculiar and noteworthy bore a huge watermelon, peopled, as all the devices were, with gayly costumed men and

women, and decked with nodding blossoms, waving leaves, dancing tendrils, and the glitter and sheen of metal, lustrous stones, and silk. Butterflies, caterpillars, birds, a great squirrel on the acorn float, snails, and nameless grotesque animal forms were seen upon the vegetables and their leaves, while men dressed as fairies, of both sexes, were grouped picturesquely on every one. These devices were not inartistic or tawdry. They were made by skilled workmen trained for this particular work, and were not only superior to any of the show pieces we see in other pageants elsewhere—they were equal to the best that are exhibited in theatres. They were displayed to the utmost advantage in the glare of the torches and flambeaux carried by the men who led the horses and marched beside the hidden wheels. The figures in Paris-made costumes, theatrical paint, and masks were 150 to 200 members of the Krewe—serious and earnest men of affairs during the other days of each year.

On Tuesday, *mardi gras*, Rex really made his appearance, leading a pageant called "the symbolism of colors," just such another display of the blending of strong and soft colors, but a thousandfold more difficult to render satisfactorily by daylight. The twenty enormous floats in line represented boats, castles, towers, arches, kiosks, clouds, and thrones, and one, that I thought the best of all, a great painter's palette, lying against two vases, and having living female figures recumbent here and there to represent such heaps of color as might be looked for on a palette in use. Canal Street, one of the broadest avenues in the world, was newly paved with human forms, and thousands of others were on the reviewing-stands built before the faces of the houses, over the pavements. The sight of such a vast concourse of people was as grand as the chromatic, serpentlike line of floats that wound across and across the street. That night all the people turned out once again and witnessed the parade of the Mistick Krewe of Comus, a Japanesque series of floats called "Nippon, the Land of the Rising Sun." The display was, to say the least, as fine as any of the season.

But the splendid function, one that I never saw excelled in this country, was the ball of the same society, that night, in the old French Opera-house. All the kings and their queens, representing all the carnival societies, were in the opening quadrille, all crowned and robed and with their splendid suites. Looking down upon that brilliant mass of dancers were seven rows of the belles of the city—rows unbroken by the jarring presence of a man. These ladies were all simply attired in white, pink, pale blue, and all the soft faint colors which distinguish the dress of New Orleans women. Here and there a young girl wore upon her head a narrow fillet of gold, but jewels were few and far apart—a striking omission which greatly dignified the gathering and enhanced the beauty of the spectacle. If the reader has seen the beauteous women of Spanish descent and the petite and sweet-faced French creoles of that city, let him fancy these, and the loveliest American belles, forming seven rows in a theatre of grand size—and then let him try his best to picture to himself the wondrous garden of personified flowers that was thus presented.



ON CANAL STREET.

I have said that "society" controls the

opera. This institution, regularly maintained only in New Orleans, of all the cities of our country, is almost self-supporting. It is grand opera, and it is always French, and given in the old French Opera-house, which reminds New-Yorkers of the "Academy," in Fourteenth Street. The troupe that I saw was a complete one, with a double set of leading voices, with a *corps de ballet*, and a force of *bouffe* artists for the presentation of comic opera, which is given at regular intervals, and always on Sunday nights. Many of the chief performers were from the Grand Opéra of Paris.



CREOLE TYPES.

The fashionable society of New Orleans is not in any sense a plutocracy. The wealth of those who have it is shared by or hidden from those who have it not. This is because the pride of birth and family, inherent in all our Southerners who have an excuse for it, meets an equal pride of family and name among the poorer creoles. The two combine to create a large exclusive set, among whose members the terrible ravages of the war spread a disaster that is privately understood and publicly ignored. Among the fashionables, the rich and the impoverished meet on a footing which the rich are at such pains to make equal that they are often plain in their entertainments in order that they may not hurt the sensitiveness or strain the resources of the others when it is their turn to open their houses. The men and women of this society maintain among themselves the purest, most wholesome, and honest conditions, unblemished by any hint of scandal, latitude of speech, or debatable behavior.

Again, while "society" here loves pleasure keenly, and, as we have seen, makes a business of some sorts of it, there is, nevertheless, an intellectual wing to it, with a liking for and an inclination to pursue art and literature. Several ladies, led, perhaps, by Mrs. Mollie Moore Davis, who has a marvellous gift for gathering bright folks about her in her quaint house in the French quarter, find it a pleasure to entertain and introduce such visitors as have interested them by their work. In the intervals between these gracious ministrations these ladies—with not a blue-stocking, but a host of beauties among them—entertain one another with well-written papers, wise debates, and music and recitations at meetings that only end with the fracture of a circle that has formed around a tempting display of refreshments.



IN THE OLD FRENCH QUARTER.

Though a winter resort, New Orleans is pre-eminently a summer town—a city of galleried houses, of gardens, of flowers, and of shops which open wide upon the streets. It is hot there from June to November, and during those months the Americans who can afford to do so exchange it for the mountains and the forests. The wealthy among the creoles are apt to go to France, and there are many who divide the year thus, wintering in New Orleans and summering in Paris. Those who are obliged to stay insist that it is not dreadfully hot, and that there is almost always a breeze. They have no patent on that; we say the same thing in New York and Philadelphia and Boston and St. Louis. But I suspect New Orleans has a very debilitating air in summer. The most unobservant visitor can see one general proof of its heat in its architecture, whether it be of the new or the old, the creole or the American houses. I refer to the ubiquitous balconies—"galleries" they call them there. And for every gallery you see from the streets there is at least one in the back, on the courts and gardens. Thus the creoles, having the warm weather solely in view, are like the Italians at home, who stoop over their charcoal hand-stoves during the few days when it is very chilly, suffering a little time in order to enjoy the greater part



AN OLD COURT IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.



THE CLAIBORNE COTTAGES—A SUMMER RESORT OF NEW ORLEANS IN THE PINY WOODS.

of the year. I did not hear how they dress in summer, but when I rode through the Garden District — the new part of the town — my lady friends pointed to the galleries and said: "You should see them in the summer, before the people leave or after they come back. The entire population is out-of-doors in the air, and the galleries are loaded with women in soft colors, mainly white. They have white dresses by the dozen. They go about without their hats, in carriages and the street cars, visiting up and down the streets. In-doors one must spend one's whole time and energy in vibrating a fan." They have mosquitoes there, but they have also electric fans which mosquitoes eschew.



A WINDOW IN THE OLD FRENCH QUARTER.

The water supply of the city is from the Mississippi, which has had millions expended upon the improvement of its banks, but not a cent upon its water. It is not offered in the clubs or the general run of dwellings, but they do not hesitate to serve it in the two principal hotels.

In the clubs mineral water is freely set about on the dining-tables. This is attractive to the eye, but those who have not already made the discovery will find that effervescent waters are too thin and gaseous to satisfy thirst; in fact, nothing but honest water will do that. Therefore I drank a great deal of Mississippi water, and followed the local custom of dashing a pitcher of filtered fluid over me after each bath. The residents of the American quarter use it filtered. One of the strangest and most distinctive features of New Orleans is the presence of the collecting-tanks for rain-water in almost every door-yard. Rising above the palms, the rose-trellises, and the stately magnolias are these huge, hooped, green cylinders of wood. They suggest enormous watermelons on end and with the tops cut off. The creoles keep the rain-water cool in enormous jars of pottery sitting about in their pretty courts—such jars as Ali Baba had an adventure with, in which oil was once stored, and probably is now, in the Orient. They are from half to two-thirds the size of flour-barrels, symmetrical in shape, and come from the south of France. They are painted with some light fresh color, and prettily ornament the cool, paved, jalousied courts. Nine-tenths of the water used for cooking and drinking is this cistern water, and when the cisterns get low, as they do two or three times a year, there is actual suffering in the poor districts, back from the river. The river water was not filtered

when I was there, but large filters were contracted for, and are by this time supplying an abundance of clear water.

I should think that the coolest place in New Orleans in summer must be the Boston Club. It suggests some club-houses that I have seen in the Cuban cities, but it is little like any other in this country. It is white without and light and open within. An open porch on one side, hidden from the street, serves to cool the entire house in summer, and as a pleasant retreat for card-players and smokers all through the year. There are four notable clubs in New Orleans, and they stand near one another in a row upon Canal Street. The Boston is the oldest and choicest. It was organized in 1845, and was not named in honor of the Athens of America, but after a game at cards which was popular at the time. Another game furnished the Chess Club its title, though that is but a nickname, the full title being "The Chess, Checkers, and Whist Club." The Harmony is the Jewish club, in essence, though it is not sectarian. The most modern house and most youthful club in membership and spirit is the Pickwick. Social activity centres there in quarters in which any Northern man would feel at home. Down on the ground-floor, in fact, before the men's quarters on the upper floors are reached, is a dining and reception room for ladies. This dining-room is the subject of by far the finest decorative work in the city, and is in what we in New York would call Stanford White's happiest mode. Here, after the opera or a country ride, or rout of any sort, the most brilliant beauties of the old and the new town may be seen in the softened light of electricity lunching with their cavaliers, while the usual club routine above goes on as if there were no women within a mile thereof.



THE NEW ORLEANS YACHT CLUB.



READING A DEATH-NOTICE.

The best place to see the famed belles of New Orleans is in the French Opera-house on a fashionable night at the opera. Then there are scores there—blondes with limpid blue eyes, and complexions of roses and cream; brunettes of the purest types with rounding forms, great black orbs, hair of Japanese black, and skins of softest brown; Spanish creoles with true oval faces, long narrow eyes, the same soft sun-kissed complexions, with proud bearing, and mouths like Cupid's bow. With them are our American girls from all over the country, boasting the eclectic beauty of many blended nationalities. The place is like a great bouquet. They dress almost like Parisians, and that is one great secret of the splendid fame they have won.

To a great extent the creoles even now remain apart from the Americans, in pursuance of the spirit that led their ancestors never to cross Canal Street beyond their own old quarter, and even to riot when the shipping began to collect in front of the American half of the town. But there is more and more mixing of the races, and marriages between the two grow more and more frequent, so that it is felt that another generation may break down all the false barricades between the peoples. As to the marriages, it is said to require a bold and indomitable man to court a creole, because when he calls upon her he finds the court and the parlor dark, and he waits while the servants light up the place for him. Then the parents come in, European fashion, and sit in the room while he "sparks" the ravisher of his heart. But all agree that when the end is come, and she is his bride, he is going to be envied among men, for there are no better wives or lovelier mothers than those dark-tressed, brown-skinned, graceful, soft-voiced creole women.

It gives a peculiar sensation to hear Cable abused by the creoles—and you never can hear anything but abuse of him. "George W. Cable and Benjamin Butler? Bah! Let them show themselves in New Orleans; that's all." This astonished me, though I had heard I was to expect it. It had seemed to me that they must in their hearts recognize the tenderness with which he deals with many of his heroes and heroines, the grace with which he clothes them, the soft light he turns upon most of them; and to-day I

believe that in their hearts they know that he has done for them something of what Longfellow did for the Acadians in "Evangeline." Surely he it was who lifted them to a sentimental and romantic realm, out from their walled-in courts of the French quarter. I still believe that it is only a sense of mistaken self-respect that causes them to fancy that they must assail him, because they showed me many of the places he described, and told me with poorly hidden pride that much, ay, most of what he describes is true. But he was a New Orleans man, and should not have betrayed his neighbors. Some said "he was of the South, yet he writes like an old-time abolitionist." And yet these are not the true reasons for their animosity, not the whole truth. I believe I am right when I say that what really wounds them most deeply is his mocking their broken English. As a writer, I have never been so certain of hurting the feelings of others as when I imitated their dialects, or mistakes in grammar, or awkward efforts to pronounce our words. It angers every race, and the more intelligent the race, the deeper the sting and the anger. I am the more sure this diagnosis of the case in point is correct, because the manner in which he makes his characters talk was always bitterly alluded to, if at all. "He puts negro words into our mouths; he copies the servants' talk, and puts it in the mouths of the ladies and gentlemen."

The funeral notices tacked upon the telegraph poles and awning posts interest strangers. I have heard Northern men in business in New Orleans speak in praise of this method of publishing the deaths, because, they say, these cards are read when the newspaper funeral notices might not be. I copied one or two, and will reproduce them here, with the names changed, of course:

JEANNE,

Fille de James Coudert et de Adèle Palm.

Les amis et connaissance des familles Coudert, Palm, Rochefort, et Bellecamp sont priés d'assister à ses funérailles, qui auront lieu Samedi, après-midi, à 4 heures.

Le convoi partira de la résidence des parents, No. 2091 rue Plaisant, entre St. Jacque et Couronne.

And here is one in English:

BIRMINGHAM.

DIED,

Wednesday evening, March 2, 1892, at half past six o'clock, R. L. BIRMINGHAM, aged forty-seven years.

The friends and acquaintances of the Birmingham, Smith, Robinson, and Decatur families are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, which will take place this (Thursday) evening at half past four o'clock from Trinity Church.

An eccentric gentleman, exercising the inalienable privileges of freedom, makes it his business to read all these placards, and to tear down those that have served their purpose, else no one can say what would become of the poles and posts as they accumulated. Another custom in mortuary matters there is the publication in the *Picayune* and *Times-Democrat* of eulogistic references to the dead by way of notifying the public of the sad occurrence. These obituary cards are quite as peculiar in their own way as the rhyming notices of Baltimore and Philadelphia.



THE QUEER OLD CHURCH OF ST. ROCHE.

Without turning far from the subject, it may be said that (though I do not in any degree favor the custom which leads our citizens everywhere to insist upon driving visitors to the cemeteries as first among the "sights" of our cities) it is certain that the cemeteries of New Orleans are worth a visit. They are not only unlike any



ALONG THE SHELL ROAD.

burial-yards known to the rest of the country, they are beautiful as well. The grounds are laid out much as are our own in the North, but the white shell roads and paths enhance the neat and tidy effect such places usually boast. They are truly "cities of the dead," for the tombs are houses built upon the ground, and provided with cubby-hole or drawerlike compartments, to be sealed with a marble slab as each coffin is put in place. The term "oven tombs" describes them well. I can easily believe that in no other cemeteries is seen such evidence of a great outlay of money, for these mausoleums are built of marble and granite, or, at the worst, of brick stuccoed to look like stone. Some are round-topped, but more are of the form of miniature Grecian temples. They exhibit statues, crowns, crosses, and even most elaborate panelling and carving. These buildings rise white and gray from mounds of green, beside white shell roads, beneath orange-trees laden with golden fruit, magnolias, cedars, and oaks, some of the trees being draped or bearded with pendant moss.

Of course it is understood that the burials are aboveground because of the moisture in the soil. Yet I saw earthy graves in a shabby little cemetery in the city, where also weeping-willows lent a familiar aspect to the scene. This was at the yard of the chapel of St. Roche (pronounced "Roke"), by far the strangest place of worship I have seen—even in Canada or California. Standing up tall and shallow, like a kitchen clock, is a little brick chapel whose front is all but hidden behind ivy. It has kneeling-benches but no pews, and under its altar is a recumbent life-size figure of the Saviour, unclad as He was lifted from the cross. But it is what is on the altar that is most novel. All about upon its shelves are lozenges of marble shaped like great visiting-cards. On them are carved such legends as "Thanks"; "Thanks, J. W.;" "Merci;" "Thanks, granted June 30, 1891." Hanging by ribbons on the same altar are wax casts of little baby hands, or hands and forearms, or tiny feet. One large pair of hands stands there in a glass case. All these are offerings of those for whose prayers such members have been rescued from disease or uselessness. A double score of candles burn on the altar, and as many men and women pray before it. The fourteen stations of the cross, seen in all Catholic churches, are here placed out-of-doors in little shelters of open-work wood, upon which vines creep and illuminate their foliage with blossoms. It would be difficult to find in

New Orleans anything more picturesque than is seen when hopeful women are passing from one to another of these holy emblems, to kneel at each in prayer.



AT THE OLD FRENCH OPERA-HOUSE.

A very remarkable German is in charge of this sanctuary, and unconsciously relieves the tension upon those who are awed by the funereal and religious character of the premises. He does not mean to be funny, but he is exceedingly so. He goes about hammering the virgins and saints on the figured tablets of the stations of the cross, and saying, "You see dot. Dot vos pronze from Munich; chenuwine pronze." He bustles into the chapel, past all the kneeling supplicants, and talks about the things there—even the most sacred ones—like an auctioneer. He



A BIT OF OLD ARCHITECTURE IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.

must not be harmed by my saying this, or offended, for he is certainly a zealous and dutiful man.

"Ach," he exclaimed to me, "I do vish dey vouldn't bury all der time. Efen on Sundays dey bury; all der whole vhile it goes on, und I can't get avay by mineself for a rest. In Chermany, vhere I used to been, ve took Sundays off, und tied from a bell alretty some strings to der big toe of each corpse. Sure, then, if der corpse gets alive und moves, der bell rings—eh? But here it is efery day de same—bury, bury, all der whiles. Vell, it don't matter, pecause vhen I do go avay to haf a gwiet glass of beer I get no beace. Everybody knows me, und everybody points me out und says, 'See! dot's der olt man from St. Roche's.'"

He wondered if he would ever be where people would not point him out and tell one another who he was. Alas! it will not be in heaven, good old soul. Even those whose tongues are silent in the yard you watch will find voices there to tell the others who you are.



STREET RAILWAY OF NEW ORLEANS.

I have neither the space nor the inclination to describe the French market, the cathedral, the French quarter, and those other really charming bits of the city which have been the subjects of descriptive articles and letters since our grandfathers' days. I like them none the less, and they remain powerful magnets to draw future battalions of tourists there. These are parts of the thing we call the "foreign air" of the city, and I hope that with the manifest new energy of New Orleans they will not be "improved." I suppose it cannot be expected that people will ever understand the full value of the relics of their past. The bric-à-brac we treasure is always what some one else has parted with. Here in New Orleans, as up in Montreal, the people insist upon taking visitors to see the new part of each city, among the modern residences; and the visitors persist in hastening back to the old French quarters, always and every time.

St. Charles Avenue and the Garden District are almost semi-rural, like the best parts of "the Hill" in Brooklyn, or the outlying parts of our finer cities. The large galleried houses stand back in broad gardens, with the most beautiful surroundings of lawn, banana-plants, orange-trees, clouds of roses—especially of Cher-

okee roses, which bloom in clouds—magnolias, China berries, and hedges of many sorts. Trees of pretty shapes and lordly shade-giving quality stand in ranks along the streets, and the views down the cross-streets are bowery; often they are vistas under meeting branches. There are some rambling old Southern mansions with halls through the centres, some modern stately mansions, and some little boxes of the universal sort that coquet with the tiresome memory of good Queen Anne.

Those bashful men whose courage grows weak on the door-steps where they are about to make a call would never, I am sure, get into the average house in the Garden District if they did not know any more about New Orleans customs than I did when I paid my first visit there. They would find before them a door with a handle, and no other protuberance—button, knocker, pull, handle, or anything else. Much to the delight of several very young ladies on an opposite veranda (the thought of how much pleasure I was able to give them will long console me), I fell at last to knocking with my knuckles, like a mendicant at a window. By-and-by a maid let me in.

"Oh, was that you making that funny noise?" the mistress of the house inquired. "I've been listening to it for a long while, and could not imagine what it could be."

With what pride remained to me I modestly suggested that I could not ring a bell when there was none to ring, as spirits do in table-rappers' closets. I added that I would give five dollars to the local blind asylum if any one could show me a bell anywhere on or around the front door.

"Of course there isn't any," remarked the lady; "in New Orleans we put the bell on the post of the front gate."

How on earth—who could blame—but, as she remarked, that is where they hide the front-door bells in New Orleans.

Certainly a typical Chicago man would throw up his hands in horror at the lamentable backwardness of the city, at the absence of most of the newfangled means for making modern lives automatic and mechanical. We who seek change in travel, and who are rested where others rest, love New Orleans all the better for its so-called faults. The chief beast of burden is the mule, and they have the finest mules and the sorriest horses imaginable. The horse-cars—all of which



STREET IN THE OLD FRENCH QUARTER, FROM THE HÔTEL ROYAL.

start from and fetch up at the neighborhood of Canal and St. Charles streets—are little untidy boxes that creak and jolt and wabble along, with a pair of mule's ears flapping ahead like a yacht's jibs when she sails too close to the wind. The electric lights are mounted on tall towers of iron lattice-work, just as they were in Detroit the last time I was there, and as if the object of the people was to light the clouds rather than the city.



A NEW ORLEANS POLICEMAN.

The milk-carts are worth going to see. They are little two-wheelers like our New York butcher carts, and each one has in front two gorgeous great cans bound with brass hoops that are as lustrous as jewelry. Women drive many of these carts, but when they are managed by men they dart madly about, and accidents to them are frequent. A lady friend of mine who once failed to receive the day's milk went to the door next day to dismiss the offender. She came back almost in tears, for he appeared to her with his face peeled and one arm in a sling. "Par-r-r-don me," he said; "ze 'ole business h'all tip ovaire on de street."

The hod-carriers tote the bricks on their heads, balancing heavy loads on cushions that fit upon their crowns. The dog-catchers go about snaring vagrant curs with slip-nooses at the end of short sticks. Then they pitch the dogs into strange barrel-like wagons. Such a row as a New Orleans cur sets up when he feels himself jerked up by a hind leg ought to soften the hearts of the stones under their feet. It does bring the women out from the doors and windows of several blocks of houses. Men stand about selling alligators that they keep in baskets and cages, many of the beasts being too young to know that the proper thing for an alligator is to be sluggish and slow. In their ignorance they slap about and climb and snap with their jaws with the activity and malice of so many hornets. Women sell pralines and pecan candy, of which we know nothing until we go there, and "oyster loaves" (advertised as "family peace-makers: take one with you when you go home late") are among the queer edibles of the place. I desired to taste one for the peace of my curiosity, but I never found out where I could take or what I could do with a loaf of bread stuffed with cooked oysters. Men make jewelry in the streets by curling gold wire into the forms of the written names of women, and these are worn as breastpins. Such artificers know more than wiser men, for who would dream that women would care to display their given names and pet names to the public in shining letters? But the men were kept busy as long as I was there, and I saw a two-hundred-and-twenty-pound woman fasten the word "Birdie" to the throat of her dress and walk proudly away.

The law courts are in the ancient Spanish government building, and, in keeping with that still impressive pile, the officials barricade the street in front with a chain drawn across it, to preserve quiet during the proceedings. The police, who are few in number, for there is no hoodlum or "gang" element of ruffians in the city, are dressed, like our New York firemen, in caps and coats with silver buttons. The lottery being legalized, tickets are openly displayed in the shop windows, and are sold on the sidewalks by men, women, and children. One store for the sale of these tickets bears such a legend as this on its sign: "This is lucky Number Eleven. More winning tickets sold here than anywhere else in town."

There was a drawing while I was in the city, and knowing that the lottery company was not to ask for a renewal



BAKER'S CART.

of its privileges, and that its power and the scenes and customs growing out of it were soon to become mere memories, I availed myself of the opportunity to witness its chief public operation and the historic characters who have been induced by large salaries to figure for it. The drawing took place in a theatre called "the Academy of Music," at eleven o'clock in the morning. The yellow gas-jets battled feebly with the daylight in the lobby into which the people were pressing without let or qualification. The theatre was two-thirds full at last. On the stage, set with a parlor scene, was a knot of men between two wheels. The wheel on the right was a band of silver, with sides of glass and with a door in the metal rim. A bushel of little black gutta-percha envelopes the size of dominoes had been poured into this wheel, and a white boy, blindfolded with a handkerchief, stood at the handle of the crank by which the wheel was turned. He had one arm in the door of the wheel, and with the hand of the other arm was offering a tiny envelope to General Beauregard—the last surviving general who served on either side in our late war. A fine, most gentlemanly-looking man he is, with the features of a French courtier, with snowy hair, a white mustache, a little goatee, and the pinkest skin a baby ever knew. He was faultlessly dressed. Across the stage, beside a very much larger wheel of parti-colored boards, sat Major-General Jubal A. Early—a perfect type of the conventional figure of Father Time; tall, portly, stoop-shouldered, partly bald, and with a long, heavy white beard. He was dressed all in the color of the uniform he distinguished by his valor as a soldier. Alas, for human frailty! These two heroes are said to receive $30,000 apiece each year for their duties performed at the monthly public drawings of the lottery.

By each general stood a blindfolded boy, taking numbers out of the wheels and handing them to the generals. From the big wheel to Major-General Early came the numbers of the tickets; from the little wheel to General Beauregard came the numbers of dollars that formed the prize each ticket had won. By each general stood a crier. Early read out, "Twenty-one thousand one hundred and fifty-two"; and Beauregard, having shelled the gutta-percha case off a billet, read out, "Two hundred dollars." Then the criers took the billets and cried the numbers, "Twenty-one thousand one hundred and fifty-two" from one; "Tew hundred dollars" from the other, who, by-the-way, called out tew hundred dollars at least tew hundred times. But all the prizes were not of that amount. I chanced to hear the capital prize read out.

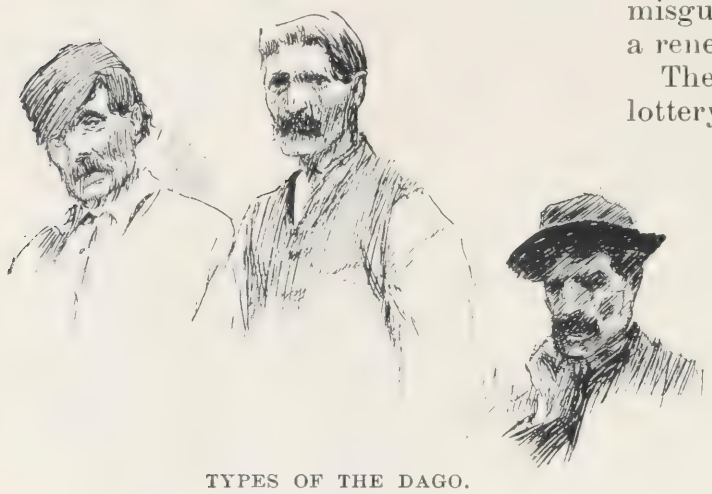


VENDER OF LOTTERY TICKETS.

"Twenty-eight thousand four hundred and thirty-nine," said Early. "Three hundred thousand dollars," said Beauregard.

The effect was startling; indeed the startled senses refused to grasp the meaning of the words. The criers repeated the figures. The people in the theatre craned forward, a hundred pencils shot over pads or bits of paper in men's and women's laps. Then a murmur of voices sounded all over the house. The routine on the

stage was halted, for the criers took the two bits of paper to some clerks, who sat at tables in the farther part of the stage, to allow them to verify the important figures. Then the routine began anew. The wheels were revolved every few minutes, and the rubber shells rattled around like coffee beans in a roasting-cylinder. The boys took off their bandages, and other boys were blindfolded and put in their places. The criers were relieved by others, and General Beauregard at last grew tired, and went out for half an hour. Among others came two criers who kept their hats on. Think of it! Their hats on, covered, in the presence of the God of Chance! It was an offence against the unities; it was making light of the solemn mystery of luck. Every man who drew a blank that month owes those rowdies a kick. I wondered whether such a thing could have happened before the passage of the postal bill which took the cream off the business and the nerve out of the misguided men who had been pressing for a renewal of the lottery charter.



TYPES OF THE DAGO.

They have a stranger thing than the lottery in New Orleans, and that is the word "lagniappe." "Take that for a lagniappe" (pronounced lan-yap), says a storekeeper as he folds a pretty calendar into the bundle of stationery you have purchased. "What are you going to give me for a lagniappe?" a child asks after ordering five cents' worth of candy. A lagniappe means something thrown in, something extra, something more than is paid for; and lagniappes are looked for in New Orleans by servants and children especially. The merchants give something, if it is only a stick of candy or a shining trinket, and he who chooses such things wisely profits in an increased business. It is the thirteen of "a baker's dozen," the "this for good measure," which we are all more or less accustomed to. I read an unlikely story to account for it in one of the New Orleans



DAGOS AND THEIR BOATS.

papers, telling how a grocer kept a long ape that annoyed him by pilfering, and how, when a child came to complain that he had not given good measure to her mother when she had bought butter that day, he threw the ape at the child, saying, "Here, take lagniappe [long ape], and be off with you." I asked many of the more intelligent men of the town, but not one who could give me the derivation of the word, the custom itself being familiar as humanity, though seldom practised so generally in a large city.

The second-hand shops in New Orleans, taken together, equal a great museum. Strangers hang around them like moths near candle-lights, for in the city are many old families that are obliged to part with heirlooms one by one, or that cease to value them, and prefer newer things. Here, then, one may buy whole sets of solid Empire and Directoire furniture and furnishings—clocks, candle-glasses, china, cut glass, andirons, tongs, snuffers, four-post canopied bedsteads, and no one knows what all.

I find that in such a paper as this there is not room to do justice to half of what is noteworthy in New Orleans. I had hoped to tell of the picturesque Italians, their occupations, their fleet of luggers, and their standing in the community since "the Mafia affair." I meant to describe the charming resorts and the beauties of the piny-woods regions, the Bayou Teche country, and the shores of Lake Pontchartrain. The delicious cooking and notable dishes peculiar to the place were in my mind when I laid out this article, and—though I had meant to confine myself to what others had not dwelt strongly upon—the educational institutions, the promise of a strong art atmosphere, and even the notable athletic, gymnastic, and yachting clubs deserved description. The excellent sport with rod and gun afforded in the neighborhood of the city also interested me, but I must leave the field to others and turn to a study of the commercial interests of the enterprising city.

Over fifty per cent. of the active business men of the city are from the North and West, and the work of so-called reconstruction is partly in the hands of nature by means of intermarriage and partly left to business in the forming of commercial partnerships. I did not happen to meet a single "hostile" there. I met only one in the course of my entire journey



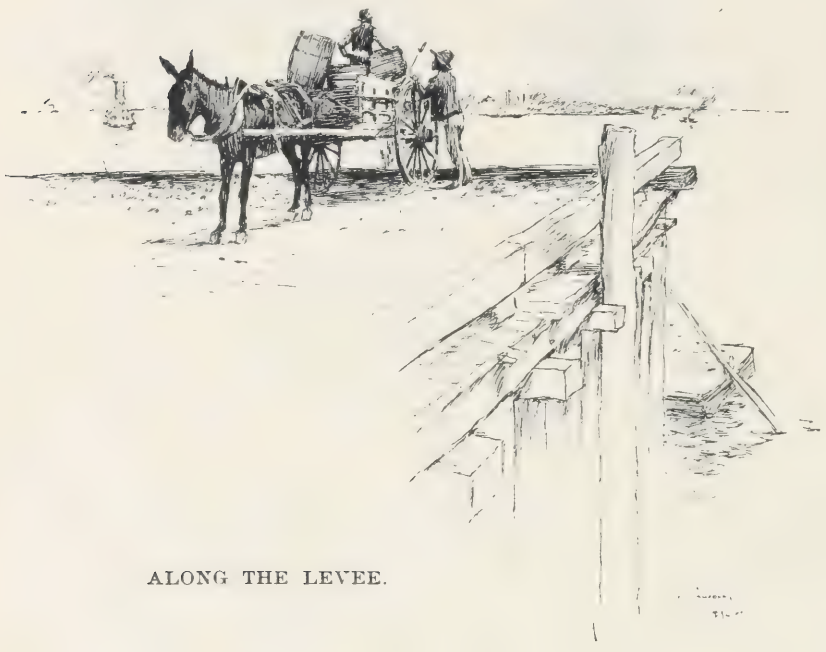
THE OLD AND THE NEW SOUTH.

from St. Louis to Florida and home again. I sympathized with that one because she was an aristocratic old lady of nearly eighty years, who had been locked up in a jail for ten days for refusing to salute the soldiers who had seized her mansion for their headquarters. I was told in New Orleans that there are a few unreconstructed men there, but no one heeds them, and they are such only because in no other way than by startling and loud talking would they be able to attract attention to themselves. On the contrary, the warmest patriotism prevails, even among the wrecks and ruins of fortunes and of futures which have turned thousands of lives into the next thing to tragedies. Northern men are made welcome there, and so heartily that in one of the leading clubs heretofore sustained by the native leaders of the people two of the three members elected as the executive committee are men from the North.

It must be remembered that, in a great measure, the original business men of the city were Northerners and foreigners, the natives in ante-war days having been land-owners, planters, and clerks. Now, as I say, the Northern men are in the

majority in trade. They tell me, what I heard everywhere in the South, that the prosperity of that most attractive section of our land will be permanently assured when cotton is grown only as a surplus crop or by-product. The planter will then be able to sell cotton for two cents a pound, but will be in a position to demand twelve cents.

New Orleans, from a commercial point of view, is new-born, or, at least, she is



ALONG THE LEVEE.

but newly recovering the relation to our great country of the present time which she bore to the smaller one of *ante-bellum* days. The constant dread of fever retarded her progress, or she might now have been one of the very great cities of the world. Now fourteen years have passed without a visit from yellow fever, and it has become evident not only that this dread disease is an exotic, but that the city is in other respects a safe and pleasant place of residence.

It has a fresh-water harbor, with a permanent twenty-six-foot channel, and solid, unchanging banks for buildings. Its inland waterways lead to the iron region of Pennsylvania, the lead mines of Missouri, and the copper region of Michigan. It is the seaport terminus of several great trunk railway lines and the supply depot for Texas, the Southwest, Mexico, and Central America. It commands 1500 miles of seaboard, and its merchants assert that the internal waterways behind it, which are navigable or can be made so, reach 18,000 miles.

The building up of populations in Texas and the Southwest, a region that is growing like a bed of weeds, is helping New Orleans as its natural depot of supplies. Mexico, the Central American states, and the country along the Southern Pacific system to California, are but slightly less tributary to it. The inland water system terminating at New Orleans affects a region extending beyond Kansas City. Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, and other Western cities now import through New Orleans, which is thus put in direct competition with New York for the foreign business with our West. The actual traffic on the Mississippi River and its tributaries is relatively small, yet it establishes low freight rates by land and water, and the more the river is improved the cheaper will be the transportation of all bulky and non-perishable freights.

Business in New Orleans is on a very solid and conservative basis. With cotton grown at a loss there have been practically no failures, that is to say, there has been no increase of failures. The main trouble has been that the capital at hand has been insufficient for the development of industries. The capital, surplus, and deposits of the New Orleans banks is about $33,000,000, and this is relied upon for the handling of from two hundred to three hundred millions of dollars' worth of crops every year.

The importation of fruit through New Orleans is a very heavy interest. Only a few years ago the city was behind New York in the volume of its banana imports, and the receipts of other tropical fruits were small, but during the year ending in the spring of 1892 that city led all the rest in the banana business, beating New York by nearly 170,000 bunches. The trade is only ten years old, but now employs several lines of steamers, bringing from three to five cargoes a week.

During 1891, in addition to an enormous mass of cocoanuts and other fruits, 3,735,481 bunches of bananas were unladen there. The reasons for this development are obvious. The run from the fruit lands to New Orleans is a short one, and is made in vessels especially fitted for the trade. The climate of the city insures the fruit against cold that would be injurious to it during its transshipment to the cars, and these cars, built especially for the trade and run on express time, quickly distribute it among all the centres of population in the West. The direct importation of fruits from the Mediterranean shores is also growing into a considerable business, which owes its increase to the constantly multiplying number of vessels that come to New Orleans to get wheat, cotton, and other return cargoes. The swift steamers in the Central American fruit trade carry back American products, and this business is seen to be growing under our reciprocity treaties, which thus operate to give New Orleans a share of this trade, that, but for the fruit business, she never would have had.

The transshipment of wheat from cars and Mississippi barges to steamers for abroad is a tremendous industry that had grown up within a year of the time when I was there (March, 1892). It is a consequence of the immense crops, of the inability of the Atlantic coast ports to handle them, and of the fact that a large number of European vessels come to New Orleans, either with cargoes or in ballast, from other ports to which they have taken cargoes. The wheat reaches this port by way of the Illinois Central, Mississippi Valley, and Texas Pacific railroads, and by the Mississippi Barge Company. The Mississippi Valley Railroad Company has an elevator that is small, but handled three millions of bushels of wheat and corn between September, 1891, and April, 1892. Another and larger elevator and a line of transatlantic steamers were contracted for by this company at that time. The Texas Pacific road was, at the same period, building an elevator with 350,000 bushels capacity. The elevator capacity of the port has alone set a limit upon the volume of this business that can be got, and it is evident that the railroads do not mean to stand in their own way in this respect. The exportation of flour had also been very considerable within the year which closed while I was there. This trade is due to our reciprocal tariff arrangements with Cuba and the South and Central American nations. As it is, the city does not yet include a flouring-mill, and that staple comes from Missouri and Kansas, always in bags, to meet the demand of the Latin countries. Flour, agricultural implements, beeves, mules, and horses are now articles of large export to those lands.

The manufacture of fertilizers is an important industry. Pebble phosphates from Florida are manufactured into marketable phosphate, but there are other fertilizer companies using potash, cotton-seed meal, and phosphate to make a product that is used on the cotton and sugar plantations. It is interesting to find that one staple of the South thus depends upon the other, for cotton-seed meal is extensively used to enrich the sugar lands. About 10,000 tons of this one product are taken off the land in one set of places to be put upon it in another. In all, 15,000 tons of fertilizers for the cotton, sugar, and



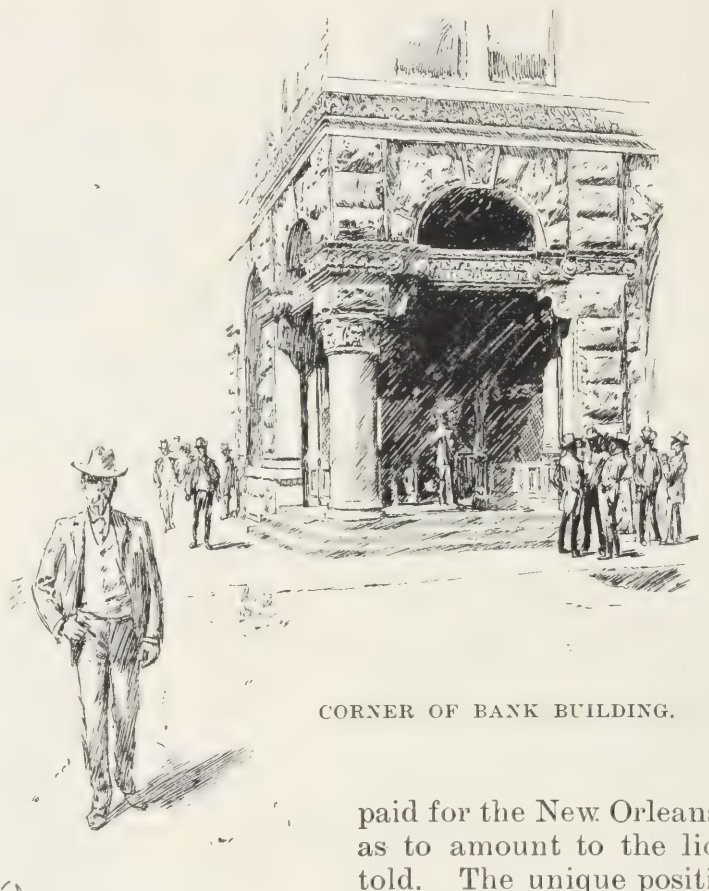
A RELIC OF THE "OLD" SOUTH.

rice plantations are annually made and sold in New Orleans. But at the same time that cotton thus helps sugar, it is in another way benefited, in turn, by sugar. The sugar is put up in sacks and bags made of cotton cloth. A very large business in cotton and burlap sacks has grown out of the sugar-refining in New Orleans. The Western people, among whom this sugar finds its consumers, prefer 100-pound sacks to barrels. The sacks are easier to handle, since they must be carried on the backs of mules and men, and then, again, the sacks are more useful after the sugar is used than barrels would be.

The refining of sugar is a notable industry in New Orleans. There are four refineries in and out of the great sugar combination, and all are kept running by night and by day. This product is made of Louisiana and West Indian crude sugar, and is marketed at home and in the West and Northwest. The business is increasing so rapidly as to lead serious men to predict that in time New Orleans will supply the entire country between the Rockies and the Mississippi.

A side industry of the Southern (cotton-seed) Oil Company is the fattening of two and three year old cattle from Texas on cotton-seed hulls and meal. This results in considerable shipments of cattle to Liverpool and to the stock-yards of the West, and is so simple and profitable an industry that in view of the quantity of such food which is obtainable, it would seem bound to grow. Cotton-seed oil-cake is a large item of the export business. It goes to England, Scotland, and Germany, to be used in the feeding of cattle. New Orleans is the birthplace of the now great cotton-seed oil industry. It has five or six mills, some that are in the trust and some that are independent, and the seed is brought from Texas, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and the Mississippi Valley.

The cotton-pressing industry is extensive enough to have tempted English capital, which was offered for the control of it while I was there. It is one of the largest businesses and fields for labor in the city. The cotton is brought to town by rail and boat. It is then classed, graded, and stored, and when sold is reclassed, weighed, and compressed for shipment. The proportion of the cost of a bale of cotton which is paid for the New Orleans labor is so large as to amount to the lion's share, I was told. The unique position of the city as the point of export for the cotton crop is well understood, and I need not enlarge upon the subject. In 1891 there was handled at that port more cotton than was handled there in any year except 1860, the net receipts being 2,270,190 bales, exclusive of receipts from or *viâ* other seaboard cities.



CORNER OF BANK BUILDING.

New Orleans has two large cotton-mills, making brown goods, sheetings, shirtings, unbleached and colored goods, and hosiery and other yarns. One mill runs 45,000 spindles, and the other 16,000. The city also has a very large brewing interest, maintaining fourteen large breweries, and supplying not only the city and surrounding country, but a heavy demand from Central and South America.

Four large cigar and cigarette factories employ 2500 hands. The tobacco in use

is obtained from Cuba, Mexico, and Sumatra, and from Connecticut, Florida, and Wisconsin. The cigars and cigarettes are sold largely in Texas and California, but find a strong market in Chicago, and, to a less extent, in New York and Philadelphia. One house turns out 36,000,000 of cigars a year, and the total output of all the factories is 54,000,000 cigars a year. One hundred and fifty millions of cigarettes are made there annually. The output of manufactured tobaccos is small.

No foreign ice now goes to New Orleans. The eight or ten large factories, run with the ammonia process, supply a great section of country around the Louisiana metropolis, going to the cities and small towns far out on the railroads. Mississippi River water, filtered, is that which is used. This making of artificial ice was begun ten or twelve years ago, but has greatly increased in the last half-dozen years. The people there used to pay $14 and $15 a ton for ice, but it is now sold for $5 or $6 a ton.

Another industry that has grown amazingly in the last three to five years is the manufacture of ready-made clothing. The city has an advantage over its competitors in being able to draw upon an extra-intelligent class of workers on these goods—the creoles and the more intelligent and industrious negroes. Many of these, especially the creoles, will not work in factories, but perform the labor at home, and do much better work for less money than can be obtained in the North. New Orleans supplies the South and Southwest, and is even beginning to ship clothing to the North.

All the rough rice raised in Louisiana is milled in New Orleans in twelve or fifteen mills. A trust has been organized there, and has taken in most of these establishments. The rice is of a high grade, and is sold all over the country. There is a small but swelling business in the making of boots and shoes. The fisheries employ 2000 men, the oyster business 3000 men, and the catching and canning of shrimps almost 1000 men. There are more than sixty firms handling Spanish moss, which is used in mattresses and upholstering work.

Olive oil is being made in New Orleans from the fruit of an olive orchard in Mississippi, eighty-four miles from the city. This is thought to be the beginning of a future industry of great extent. It is ten years since olives were first planted by the present experimenter, and he has found that the trees will bear all over southern Louisiana, and that frosts which will destroy oranges will not harm this fruit. This gentleman, one of the shrewdest business men in the city, now has 1500 trees, whose fruit he last season pressed into oil. The trees will bear in five years after they are planted. The fruit ripens in August and September, and the crop is thus ready for picking three to five months before olives are gathered in southern Europe. The fresh American oil will have that advantage over the European oil, besides the saving of freight and the customs tax. The American trees are seen to be prolific bearers, and the fruit is of a large size, and of a quality to compete with any in the world. This gentleman says that the soil of the entire Gulf coast from Florida to Texas is suitable for the cultivation of olives.

Louisiana exempts from license and taxation all establishments employing not less than five hands in the manufacture of textile fabrics, leather, shoes, harness, saddlery, hats, flour, machinery, fertilizers, and chemicals, furniture and all articles of wood, marble and stone, soap, stationery, ink and paper, boats, and chocolate.

They say in New Orleans that the mortality among the colored residents is so much greater than among the same proportion of whites that the published death-tables do not fairly represent the character of the city as a place of residence for the last-named race. I cut from the *Picayune* the death-table for the second week in March, 1892, and found that the deaths among the whites numbered 79, or 22.33 per 1000 per annum, while of negroes 66 died, or 49.55 per 1000 per annum. Of the causes, phthisis pulmonalis and pneumonia led the list.

The signal-service records yield this account of the temperature of the seasons:

Season.	Temperature—deg. Fahr.			Normal rainfall—inches.	Per cent of sunshine.	Mean relative humidity—per cent.
	Normal mean.	Mean maximum.	Mean minimum.			
Winter.....	56	63	49	13.09	47	71
Spring.....	69	77	62	13.67	53	70
Summer.....	81	88	76	17.95	54	73
Autumn.....	70	76	62	11.94	58	72

THE RED-BIRD.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

RED clouds and reddest flowers,
And now two redder wings
Swim through the rosy hours—
Red wings among the flowers—
And now the red-bird sings.

God gives the red clouds ripples
Of flame that seem to split
In rubies and in dripples
Of rose where rills and ripples
The singing flame that lit.

Red clouds of sundered splendor;
God whispered one small word,
Rich, rare, and sweet and tender....
Straight in the vibrant splendor
The word became a bird.

He flies beneath the garnet
Of clouds that flame and float,—
When summer hears the hornet
Hum round the plum turned garnet,—
Heaven's music in his throat.

TIO JUAN.

BY MAURICE KINGSLEY.

"POOR little human, he ain't no bigger nor a flittermouse! Let him in here, you long-legged, sleek-hided Pedro, you! Come here, sonny. What ails ye?" And *Diamond Brand* Bill, *alias* Bill, *alias* William Irwin, whilom King of the Mexico-Texan border, "uncoiled" part of his length from the monte game, and motioning aside the others, beckoned up to his knee—where it stood, a little unclad brown figure—a boy of scarce ten years old.

There was nothing strange in such an apparition at the famous monte deal at Ojo Caliente just after the big "round-up" of the Encinillas Valley. General Terazas, owner of the valley, and ex-Governor of the state of Chihuahua, had ordered the "round-up," and to it came all the wild characters of the border. The Apaches were pretty bad at the time, but what did that matter?

"We're a short time living, and a long time dead," as Bill sagely remarked; and consequently under the western branches of the willows that fringed the clear stream welling out from the hill-side—the only water for miles round—sat or lounged a miscellaneous throng.

The monte table was only a sarapé spread on the arid yellow dust of the sand waste—not very inviting; but the fame of the Terazas "round-up" had gone forth far and wide, and at it might be seen many a well-known Southwestern face. Even Denver had sent down Gentleman Jim, a poor cousin, and decidedly lower type, of our old friend "Mr. John Oakhurst."

El Paso was represented by a would-be-respectable Jew; but whose diamond-studded fingers had been a leetle—just a leetle—too well known in Leadville the year before.

From Chihuahua came a young gentleman got up in all the gorgeous paraphernalia of Mexican ranchero dress—a black jacket laden down with silver buckles and clasps; an equally magnificent pair of trousers, so tight-fitting at knee, calf, and ankle that they seemed to have "growed on him when he was young." These topped by a sombrero bedight and begirt with gold braid, gold lace, and gold fringe. However, these gems of the gambling nobility were few and far between; almost all were Mexican and border vaqueros in native picturesqueness of buckskins and heavy goat or jaguar skin overalls, sitting cross-legged and saturnine, whose only motion was to fling aside the enveloping sarapé and "rake down" or "put up" "onzas," five-dollar bills, or little piles of silver dollars clean and bright from the Chihuahua mint. Outside of the calls of the game—"Rey en la Puerta!" "Copo al siete!" etc., etc.—hardly a word was uttered. The great game of the meeting had just been lost and won, and even Bill was thankful for a change, when he espied the strange figure across the sarapé.

All, possibly, in the front row had noticed the face, but no attention was paid to it till Bill's exclamation, and across the sarapé glided the little brown figure, clad only in an old sheepskin tied round



THE MONTE DEAL AT OJO CALIENTE.

the neck, which, after resting a trembling hand on his knee, looked first into his kindly face, and then glared hollow-eyed round the circle as might some wild animal.

Not till then was any real interest aroused, and a chorus of "Who is he?" "What is it?" "Where does he come from?" broke out in tones betokening more a sense of coming danger than of surprise.

"What is it, sonny?" again asked Bill, patting the matted black-brown head.

"Tio Juan," whispered the child. "He is dead! The *Brujo* came and stampeded the sheep and goats, and I hid—and—and—and—" sobbed the child.

"The *Brujo!* Who the devil's he? And how did Tio Juan die, you poor little starved sinner? Here you, Pedro, there, get some water and a tortilla. The child's 'most dead of drouth, and his little drum's that 'cinched up' it hain't had no more in it nor a cayote these three days, I'll bet! Why, gosh dern my buckskins if the child hain't fainted!"

As Bill took the body in his arms and strode through the crowd to the adobe ranch, twenty-five yards away, in search of some of the "wimmin folk," many were the conjectures hazarded as to what had happened. The child was a stranger, evidently half dead of hunger and thirst; but whence or where? Who was Tio Juan, and how he had died, no one could imagine, till some one said, "Los Apaches."

The Apaches! The words were hardly spoken when every hand felt for its accustomed weapon, and a hasty look was given round the evening horizon of long dead plain northward, followed by a general movement towards the horses in or tied outside the corral; while those whose tamer mounts were trying to pick up a scant living in the sage-brush started on a run to bring them in.

"Los Apaches! Los Apaches!" ran from mouth to mouth, and not a man amongst them but remembered some personal encounter, or sad tales of the long-haired devils swooping down on to a friend's ranch and away again, to leave behind nor trace nor sign save a scene too revoltingly brutal to tell. And few present but cursed the "round-up," and its subsequent three days' gamble and debauch, at the thought of wives and children on many a lone ranch of northern Chihuahua that might be pasturing the little flock of goats and brown-woolled sheep this evening, or—?

"Vamonos! Let us go! To the ranches!" was the cry. "Hold on! Hold on! Who said it was the Apaches? Let's see Bill! Let's see the child first! Perhaps it is only a scare!" And they crowded into the ranch to find the poor child lying at the end of the room, while the Big Bill—Bill, that terror of men—was bathing its head as tenderly as the Mexican woman in whose lap it lay moaning.

Not till near morning could the little thing give its story, and then only in disjointed fragments; but with such effect that at sunup fifty well-armed men were mounted and away under *Diamond Brand* Bill to avenge the murder of Tio Juan.

Of all the dreary lives that God in His wisdom has allotted to mortals, dull and unchanging from day to day, on the dreariest wastes of this continent, the worst by far is that of the Mexican sheep-herder, whether on the American or Spanish side of the border, from southern Colorado to Zacatecas. To such a life had Tio Juan been born; in such he had existed (one can hardly say "lived") for sixty years, pasturing his master's herd of long-legged black, white, and mottled sheep and many-colored goats, oblivious of all save his herd. A human pariah by force of circumstances, not from other cause; making his little camp of brush where grass was earliest in spring, and moving slowly to more sheltered quarters in the fall, only to move again the next spring. Months might pass and he would never see a strange human face.

One afternoon, close to the Laguna de los Patos, a squad of Gringo cavalry, guided by Mexicans, came up to him suddenly as he was waking from siesta, and he learnt that the Apaches had been raiding along the border, and that a war of extermination against them had been waging for a year around him.

His son had become his helper, had died, and a grandson—our little waif who broke up the monte game at Ojo Caliente—had only been brought into the world, 'twould seem, to follow, in his turn, the unending round of lifeless life, with the old man among the sheep and goats on that wide desert.

He was only a little animal, herding



"HE BURROWED UNDER THE SCANT BRANCHES OF A LOW SAGE-BUSH."

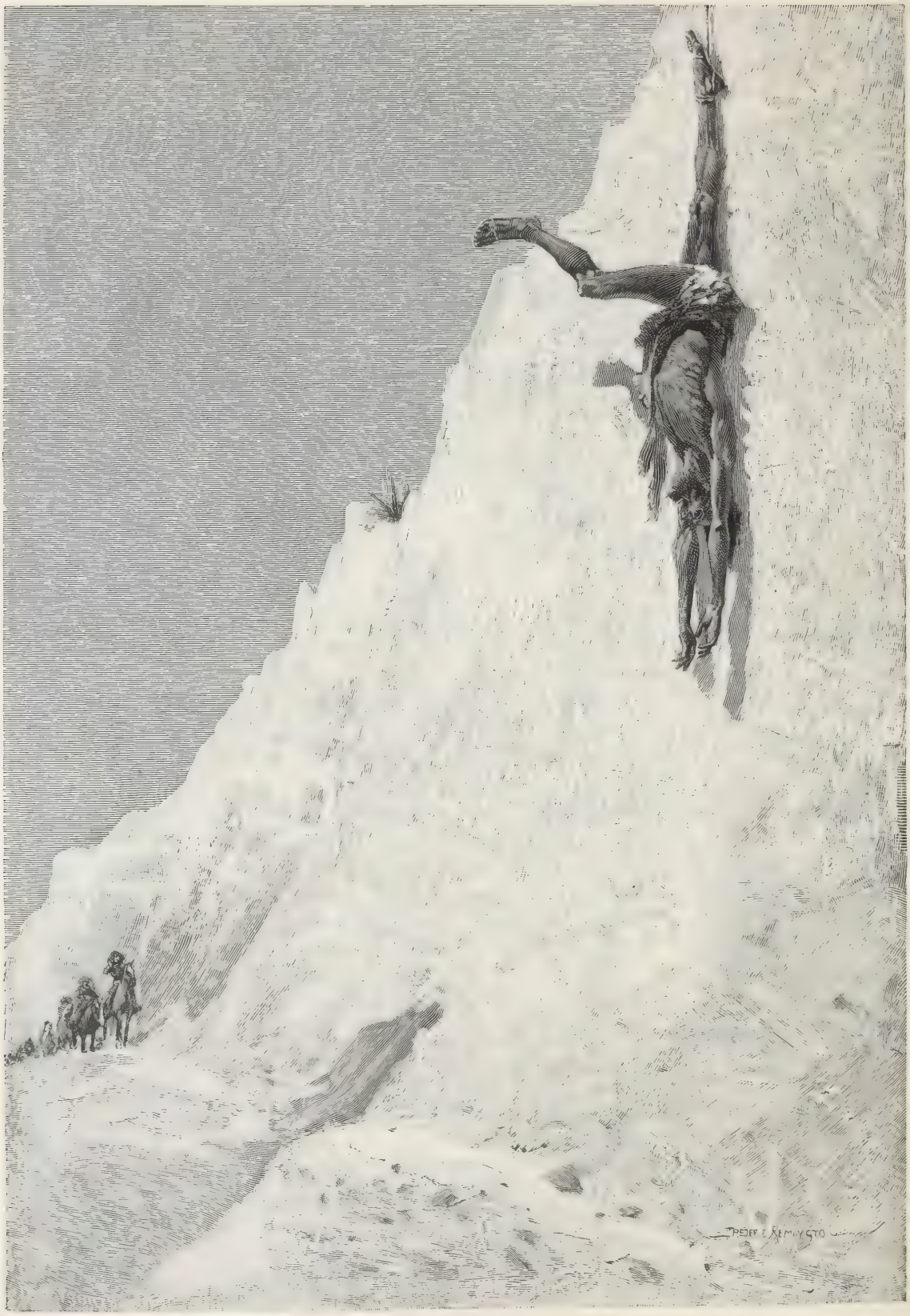
with the beasts he herded, and with as little knowledge of an outside world. All he felt was the great plain below, broken in places by rocky hills and mesas, and the great sky above; and the sensations—alas! too often realized—of heat, cold, hunger, and thirst. He burrowed under the scant branches of a low sage-bush to escape the noonday glare; and watched, panting, the great yellow columns of sand whirls towering skyward, wandering to and fro across the desert; and put up a prayer of thanks that the herd was lying quietly round him to "La Santisima Virgen"; of whom he had vaguely heard as a beautiful lady in the cathedral of Chihuahua. Half an hour after, looking at his nearly empty gourd of warm, semiputrid water, he shook it to see if it would last out the day, and wondered why, away under the eastern sky, should appear and disappear, yet not exist in truth, those wide pools and lagoons of clear water, with animals standing among the reeds on the banks—such lagoons as Tio Juan had told him was the "Laguna de los Patos," miles to the northward, whence every year, just before the cold season, his grandfather brought a bundle of reeds to weave into a rough mat for a sparse shelter from the cold Norther sweeping down over the plain, and driving herder and herded shivering to the lee side of the rocks, where all snuggled together for mutual warmth.

Hunger! How well he knew it! 'Twas bad enough every day tramping weary and often foot-sore behind the sheep, munching at intervals a piece of dry tortilla; but worse, every three months, when Tio Juan overstaid his time drinking at Ojo Caliente and forgot the poor boy eking out the last of the tortillas and frijoles and counting each morsel as it disappeared. Tio Juan, though, was very kind, and they had lots to eat for a month or so when the old man came back again.

He was almost companionless. The two shaggy short-tailed dogs, Lobo and Linda, bearlike and wolfish, did not make very good friends.

What he did really like were the fluffy long-eared white and gray jack-rabbits with black boots, which danced queer dances on their hind legs among the sage-brush every April.

Coyotes, the only other denizens of the



"TIO JUAN HANGING THERE DEAD!"

waste, he hated naturally. They slunk through the brush, one ear cocked, the other drooped cunningly, picking up the toads, lizards, and beetles that ought to have served Lobo and Linda for supper. And if a lamb chanced to be left behind, and neither one of the old he-goats or the dogs scented them, they cut its throat and drank the hot blood, and then came to camp at night, wailing, chuckling, chattering, in hideous glee. They were the *Brujos* (witches) of the desert—children, Tio Juan said, of the great "cattle devil,"* who, when the vaqueros were lying asleep by their cattle, would creep silently up to a bullock, and whisper something in its ear that started it in sudden fright, and in a second more the whole herd would dash madly over the plain in wild unreasoning stampede, regardless of watch-fires, vaqueros, and horses trampled out of existence at the cruel bidding of the "cattle devil."

Such and such like had been the daily round of life and thought of our poor little waif from four years old till about ten days before our story opens, when he was lying under a sheepskin one morning on the open plain, and watching the figure of Tio Juan, half lying, half sitting, by the fire of sage roots sputtering under the gray dawn, with Lobo and Linda yawning on the other side.

Hist! What is it? The dogs listen, and spring up growling; the flock is aroused and on foot; a dull noise 'way out in the darkness! What can it be? No cattle are pasturing near, yet it sounds like the gallop of cattle or horses. A moment more, and then a wild exclamation from his grandfather, "Run, my son! run! To the rocks! Away—hide, and don't come out till I call! Away!" All is commotion, and the child dives and doubles through the brush and cactus for a mile to the rocky point at the mouth of the cañon, into which he burrows like a rock-rabbit, too frightened to know or listen to what is happening behind.

Anxiously he waits Tio Juan's call. The gray rocks begin to glow with light. The mesas each side of the cañon grow yellow, red, and then white under the summer sun. 'Tis weary waiting. He is hungry and thirsty, and the sun now strikes down from directly overhead. Only in the crevice he has chosen is a little nook of shade, growing less and less, less and less.

The sun is westering now, and the heat from the rocks unbearable. More he cannot stand; and so, faint and frightened, he peeps over the rocks and across the plain.

Mustering courage, he creeps over rock after rock, and then, taking advantage of every little shrub, glides out towards the place he had left before dawn. By the way he finds a few sheep, and drives them tremblingly on; but close to camp an old ewe in the lead stops short, stamps, and with a frightened bleat scurries off to the right, followed by the others. 'Tis no use chasing them, and with a growing fear of disaster, he creeps straight forward. What is that shaggy brown thing lying under a shrub? What is snarling beyond? Another step; he sees it is old Lobo, stiff and grinning in death. He pulls the little knife from his girdle, puts a stone in his sling, and soon can make out the deserted camp-fire, by which coyotes are tearing at two dead sheep. There are others beyond. The fire is out, and by the little broken-down arbor of branches he finds the frijol pot upturned and empty. The brush is trampled down all round. Where is Tio Juan? He calls aloud. A sheep bleats here and there in answer; coyotes chatter and howl. He calls Linda and waits.

Lobo is dead, and there is no Tio Juan, no Linda! Perhaps they are getting together the flock scattered by the *Brujo*. He will run down to the pool to get some water, and cook something against their return. Those two sheep the coyotes were eating will make a good roast, and the *Patron* always allows Tio Juan to eat the sheep killed by mischance. The pool is all trampled in with hoof-marks, and it is hard work to fill his little gourd and pot. Returning, he takes the flint and steel from his waistband, and soon has a fire started with some sage-brush roots. But on pulling back the boughs of the arbor to get at the corn and frijoles—Why, what is this? The hole in which they were stored is open and empty! Hardly a grain of either remains, and yet it is a full month before Tio Juan can go again to Ojo Caliente to draw

* This is a universal superstition amongst the vaqueros, inspired, probably, from the suddenness of stampedes, which mostly happen without known cause or reason. The "cattle devil" of the cowboy is called "*Brujo de Los Ganados*" (witch of the flocks) by Mexicans.

more rations. Where can Tio Juan be? The flock must be dreadfully scattered by the *Brujo*. He will cache the meat in the hole, and round up all of them he can.

By nightfall he has perhaps one-fourth of them collected together, though he has seen many more out on the plain, but too far off to follow that night. Starting the fire again, he lies down by it to wait Tio Juan's coming.

What can have happened to Tio Juan? He was so wise. He knew all the trails far south to Chihuahua, and away up the great road to the *Médanos* (sand dunes), and where the first grass grew in the spring, and the best shelters and latest grass in the fall.

There was no use waiting longer, though, that night, so the half-famished lad broils a piece of meat, and lies down to doze till about midnight, when the coyotes return, chattering and snarling, and have to be driven away, and the sheep quieted down again.

The moon is going down, and it is very lonely. Even the pale moon was something cheering. And now there is nothing but the cold white stars, blinking like *Brujos*' eyes.

At last there only remained one little morsel of sheep meat. Nearly three-quarters of the whole flock had been rounded up. To stay here was to starve. To-morrow he would drive them southward, through the cañon into the Encinillas Valley, and borrow something to eat from the nearest ranch till Tio Juan came back.

There was nothing to pack up next morning. The frijol pot, his gourd, flint and steel, and sling were all his Lares and Penates. The last bit of meat had been eaten overnight; and, breakfastless, the boy at dawn headed the flock towards the cañon. They were not accustomed to feed that way, and gave trouble; the goats especially, racing over the point of rocks and turning back on to the plain. At last a steady old ewe headed up the pass, a few more followed her, and then the mass of the herd, while the goats skirted the sides of the cañon, jumping from rock to rock.

What would Tio Juan say if he came back and did not find them? 'Twould be best to leave the flock at the head of the valley, and hurry on alone, so as to get back to camp, if possible, next evening.

The cañon closes in, and the gray western wall lights up under the sun in dazzling whiteness. What is that black thing at the head of the pass, hanging on the face of the rock? There is an old dead maguey-plant in a crevice just over it at the top of the wall. What can that black thing be? He creeps nearer and nearer. Holy Virgin! It is a man's body tied by one ankle to the maguey, and hanging over the cliff. Who can it be? Nearer and nearer he crouches. His heart stops beating. That old sheepskin waist-cloth he knows well. Can it be? Yes, it is—my God, it is!—Tio Juan hanging there dead!

With a wild wailing cry the boy turned and fled down the pass and out on to the wide plain northward, without an idea of where he was going in his grievous horror, till the project at last began shaping itself in his small brain to reach Ojo Caliente, and get the people there to come back and bury Tio Juan.

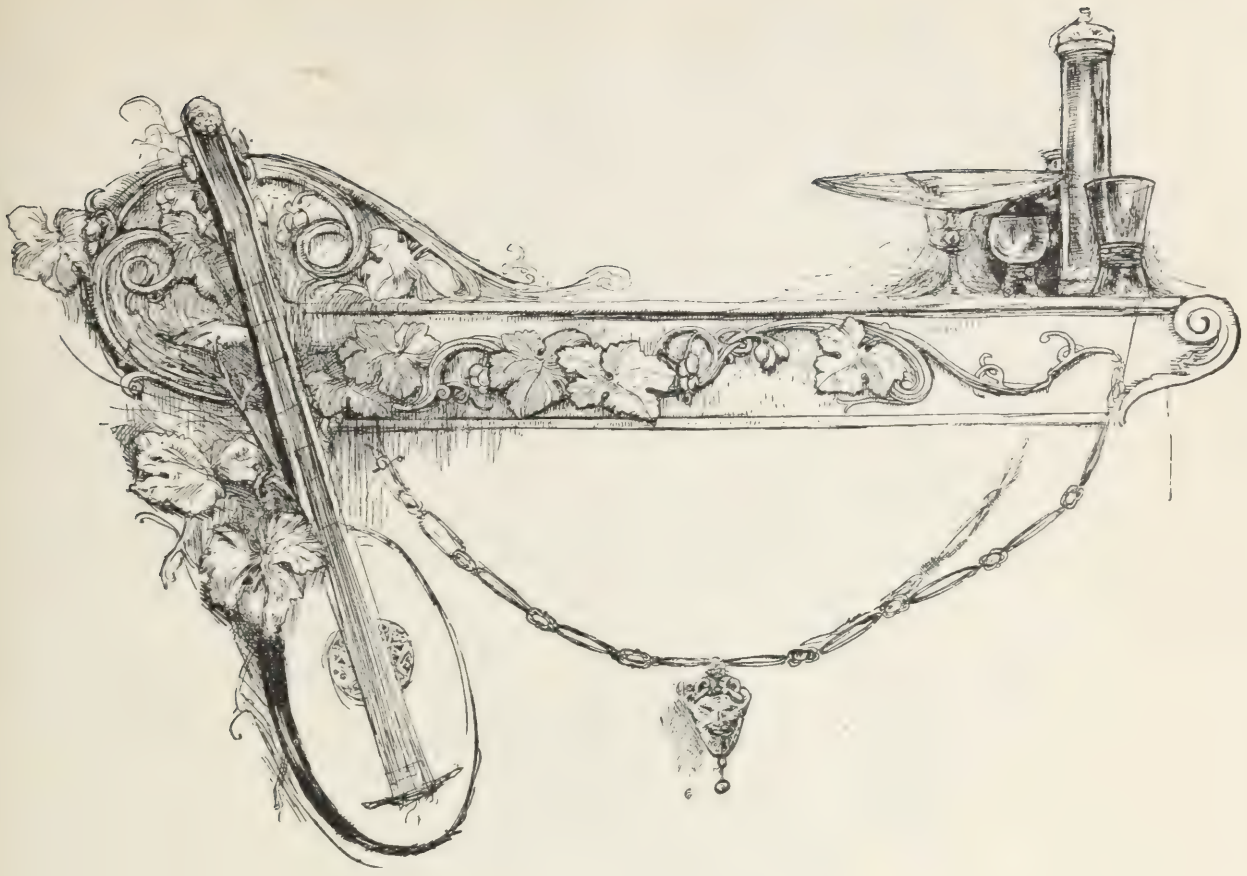
From the miscellaneous crowd gathered round the sarapé at Ojo Caliente an equally motley one started down the big road southward next morning to find the body of Tio Juan, under command of old Bill Irwin.

The cañon was reached by evening; and there, sure enough, was the brown body hanging, ghastly, against the white cliff. A couple of riatas were knotted together, and the poor corpse, baked and shrivelled in the fierce heat of that ovenlike atmosphere, was passed down to those below.

'Twas no "cattle devil" conceived such a death. One ankle, cut through flesh and sinew to the very bone, sustaining the whole weight of the body by the rawhide dangling from the old maguey-plant, showed it had been suspended there alive. This was Apache work. Well did they know his trade-marks!

It was turned over carefully, nay, reverently; and then the mummy form, with eyeless sockets and drawn parchmentlike skin, drained of blood and moisture, was placed under a pile of stones by the roadside, surmounted by a rude cross, that each passing Mexican might heap a stone and say an "Ave" over the grave of Tio Juan, and each vaquero might echo the words of *Diamond Brand* Bill as he musingly turned away:

"Trail branded for the kingdom come!"



L'ORDRE DE BON-TEMPS.

PORT ROYAL, 1606.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

"Nous paſſames ceſt yuer fort ioyeuſement, & fiſmes bonne chere, par le moyen de l'ordre de bon-temps que i'y eſtablis, qu'vn chacun trouua utile pour la ſanté, & plus profitable que toutes ſortes de medicines, dont on eust peu vſer. Ceſte ordre eſtoit vne chaine que nous mettions auec quelques petites ceremonies au col d'vn de nos gens, luy donnant la charge pour ce iour d'aller chaſſer; le lendemain on la bailloit à vn autre, & ainſi conſecutiuement: tous leſquels s'efforçoient à l'enuy à qui feroit le mieux & aporteroit la plus belle chaſſe: Nous ne nous en trouuaſmes pas mal, ny les ſauuages qui eſtoient auec nous."

—CHAMPLAIN VOYAGES, v. III., p. 120.

BELEAGUERED in their frail redoubt
By all that Winter's force can bring,
Champlain and Poutrincourt hold out
For succor from returning Spring.

And now, when Winter's glooms invade
The stoutest hearts with deadening fear,
Champlain has founded for their aid
The joyous "Order of Good Cheer."

The long low room is set with care;
The table stands in snowy white;
Upon the hearth the great logs flare,
And fill the scene with warmth and light.

From glass and silver on the board
The flames are thrown on answering walls,
Where breastplate, morion, and sword
Flash back the light in wavering falls.

Three sounding knocks; the doors unfold;
With solemn step, but laughing eye,
Champlain, with staff and chain of gold,
Leads in the joyous company,

Each bearing high a mighty dish
Heaped with the spoil of flood or field:
They've ta'en the river's bravest fish;
They've trapped the forest's choicest yield.

A blessing said, each takes his seat;
Beside Champlain is Membertou;
With laugh and jest and gay conceit
The merry dinner rattles through.

Now at a sign the board is clear;
The wine-jug moves, nor tarries long;
Champlain calls out, "L'Escarbot, here!
Come cap this triumph with a song."
Then Maître Marc, their Poet, laughs,
And trolls this ditty as he quaffs:

O, all ye lie-a-beds at home,
Ne'er be ye cozened from your ease
By lying tales of them that roam
And vaunt the wonders over-seas.
Ah, over-seas, far over-seas,
What fate hath blown me over-seas!

O, all ye lie-a-beds at home
Whose only care is care to please,
Fresh perfumed from the barber's comb,
Your life is one long gaillardise.
Ah, gaillardise, sweet gaillardise,
What hours I've spent in gaillardise!

O, all yé lie-a-beds at home,
Whether ye cry "Navarre" or "Guise,"
Or swear by Ivry, or by Rome,
The Devil damn you at his ease!
Ah, little boots "Navarre" or "Guise,"
What time he damns you at his ease!

A mighty shout of laughter drowns
The sighing of the low refrain;
Champlain 'mid cheers and bravos crowns
The Poet with his golden chain.

Then tale and story run their course,
Until Champdoré, brave with scars,
Lifts up his rugged voice, grown hoarse
With loud command in thunderous wars:

Ah, Paris is a sorry place,
Where thieves and wantons thrive,
Where Vice stalks with a brazen face,
While Virtue wears a gyve;
And yet—I pity not his case
Who's distanced in that merry race—
Better be lost in her embrace
Than buried here alive,
Alive,
Than buried here alive!

"Ho! treason, treason! Fine, a fine!"
They cry. Champdoré shakes his head:
"No treason. Reason! Well—more wine,
And here's another stave instead:"

I've served 'neath great commanders
Abroad and eke at home;
I've trailed a pike in Flanders;
I've stormed the walls of Rome;
I've lived through storm and riot,
Through capture and release—
Yet never sighed for quiet,
Nor longed for days of peace.

Then let who will sigh "Hollow"
When Glory whispers "Come!"
My heart cries "Follow! follow!"
To sound of rolling drum.

Give me but War and Glory
While life doth lend me breath!
And when I end my story,
Give me a soldier's death!
The locks that once glowed on me
Have whitened 'neath the snows,
For Age has crept upon me
Whilst watching other foes.

Then let who will sigh "Hollow"
When Glory whispers "Come!"
My heart cries "Follow! follow!"
To sound of rolling drum.

Each in his order sings his song,
Or fights his battles o'er again,
Till Poutrincourt calls out, "How long
Before we list the Sieur Champlain?"

Then he—"Olivier Basselin sang thus
Adown the Valley of the Vire:
He might have writ the words for us,
Or other Order of Good Cheer:

'What time a good companion drinks,
The evil days go by:
I'll drink to thee with all my heart
Until my cup run dry.

I've drunk my share, as all may see—
No hiding that, Perdy!
Now, here's to him who drinks with grace—
A Royal health, say I!
What time a good companion drinks,
The evil days go by.'"

And so the evening flies apace—
Old songs are sung, old stories told—
Until the Master leaves his place,
And, taking staff and chain of gold,

Calls forth the Master who succeeds,
  Drains first with him the Loving-Cup,
Says, "In your hands we place our needs,"
  And gives his badge of office up.

A grace returned—another round—
  Then forth in order march the throng,—
Right merrily their footsteps sound
  To measure of Champdoré's song:

Then let who will sigh "Hollow"
  When Glory whispers "Come!"
My heart cries "Follow! follow!"
  To sound of rolling drum.



THE REFUGEES.*

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART I.—THE OLD WORLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RISING SUN.

THE rooms which were inhabited by the lady who had already taken so marked a position at the court of France were as humble as were her fortunes at the time when they were allotted to her, but with that rare tact and self-restraint which were the leading features in her remarkable character, she had made no change in her living with the increase of her prosperity, and forbore from provoking envy and jealousy by any display of wealth or of power. In a side wing of the palace, far from the central salons, and only to be reached by long corridors and stairs, were the two or three small chambers upon which the eyes, first of the court, then of France, and finally of the world, were destined to be turned. In such rooms had the destitute widow of the poet Scarron been housed when she had first been brought to court by Madame de Montespan as the governess of the royal chamber, and in such rooms she still dwelt, now that she had added to her maiden Françoise d'Aubigny the title of Marquise de Maintenon, with the pension and estate which the King's favor had awarded her. Here it was that every day the King would lounge, finding in the conversation of a clever and virtuous woman a charm and a pleasure which none of the professed wits of his sparkling court had ever been able to give to

* Begun in January number, 1893.

him, and here, too, the more sagacious of the courtiers were beginning to understand, was the point, formerly to be found in the magnificent salons of De Montespan, whence flowed those impulses and tendencies which were so eagerly studied, and so keenly followed up by all who wished to keep the favor of the King. It was a simple creed, that of the court. Were the King pious, then let all turn to their missals and their rosaries. Were he rakish, then who so rakish as his devoted followers? But woe to the man who was rakish when he should be praying, or who pulled a long face when the King wore a laughing one! And thus it was that keen eyes were ever fixed upon him, and upon every influence that came near him, so that the wary courtier, watching the first subtle signs of a coming change, might so order his conduct as to seem to lead rather than to follow.

The young guardsman had scarce ever exchanged a word with this powerful lady, for it was her taste to isolate herself, and to appear with the court only at the hours of devotion. It was therefore with some feelings both of nervousness and of curiosity that he followed his guide down the gorgeous corridors, where art and wealth had been strewn with so lavish a hand. The lady paused in front of the chamber door, and turned to her companion.

"Madame wishes to speak to you of what occurred this morning," said she. "I should advise you to say nothing to madame about your creed, for it is the only thing upon which her heart can be hard." She raised her finger to emphasize the warning, and tapping at the door, she pushed it open. "I have brought Captain de Catinat, madame," said she.

"Then let the Captain step in." The voice was firm, and yet sweetly musical.

Obeying the command, De Catinat found himself in a room which was no larger and but little better furnished than that which was allotted to his own use. Yet, though simple, everything in the chamber was scrupulously neat and clean, betraying the dainty taste of a refined woman. The stamped-leather furniture, the La Savonnière carpet, the pictures of sacred subjects, exquisite from an artist's point of view, the plain but tasteful curtains, all left an impression half religious and half feminine but wholly soothing. Indeed, the soft light, the high white statue of the Virgin in a canopied niche, with a perfumed red lamp burning before it, and the wooden prie-dieu with the red-edged prayer-book upon the top of it, made the apartment look more like a private chapel than a fair lady's boudoir.

On each side of the empty fireplace was a little green-covered arm-chair, the one for madame and the other reserved for the use of the King. A small three-legged stool between them was heaped with her work-basket and her tapestry. On the chair which was furthest from the door, with her back turned to the light, madame was sitting as the young officer entered. It was her favorite position, and yet there were few women of her years who had so little reason to fear the sun, for a healthy life and active habits had left her with a clear skin and delicate bloom which any young beauty of the court might have envied. Her figure was graceful and queenly, her gestures and pose full of a natural dignity, and her voice, as he had already remarked, most sweet and melodious. Her face was handsome rather than beautiful, set in a statuesque classical mould, with broad white forehead, firm, delicately sensitive mouth, and a pair of large serene gray eyes, earnest and placid in repose, but capable of reflecting the whole play of her soul, from the merry gleam of humor to the quick flash of righteous anger. An elevating serenity was, however, the leading expression of her features, and in that she presented the strongest contrast to her rival, whose beautiful face was ever swept by the emotion of the moment, and who gleamed one hour and shadowed over the next like a corn field in the wind. In wit and quickness of tongue it is true that De Montespan had the advantage, but the strong commonsense and the deeper nature of the elder woman might prove in the end to be the better weapon. De Catinat, at the moment, without having time to notice details, was simply conscious that he was in the presence of a very handsome woman, and that her large pensive eyes were fixed critically upon him, and seemed to be reading his thoughts as they had never been read before.

"I think that I have already seen you, sir, have I not?"

"Yes, madame, I have once or twice had the honor of attending upon you,

though it may not have been my good fortune to address you."

"My life is so quiet and retired that I fear that much of what is best and worthiest at the court is unknown to me. It is the curse of such places that evil flaunts itself before the eye and cannot be overlooked, while the good retires in its modesty, so that at times we scarce dare hope that it is there. You have served, monsieur?"

"Yes, madame. In the Lowlands, on the Rhine, and in Canada."

"In Canada! Ah! What nobler ambition could woman have than to be a member of that sweet sisterhood which was founded by the holy Marie de l'Incarnation and the sainted Jeanne le Ber at Montreal? It was but the other day that I had an account of them from Father Godet des Marais. What joy to be one of such a body, and to turn from the blessed work of converting the heathen to the even more precious task of nursing back health and strength into those of God's warriors who have been struck down in the fight with Satan!"

It was strange to De Catinat, who knew well the sordid and dreadful existence led by these same sisters, threatened ever with misery, hunger, and the scalping-knife, to hear this lady at whose feet lay all the good things of this earth speaking enviously of their lot.

"They are very good women," said he, shortly, remembering Mademoiselle Nanon's warning, and fearing to trench upon the dangerous subject.

"And doubtless you have had the privilege also of seeing the holy Bishop Laval?"

"Yes, madame, I have seen Bishop Laval."

"And I trust that the Sulpitians still hold their own against the Jesuits?"

"I have heard, madame, that the Jesuits are the stronger at Montreal, and the others at Quebec."

"And who is your own director, monsieur?"

De Catinat felt that the worst had come upon him. "I have none, madame."

"Ah, it is too common to dispense with a director, and yet I know not how I could guide my steps in the difficult path which I tread if it were not for mine. Who is your confessor, then?"

"I have none. I am of the Reformed Church, madame."

The lady gave a gesture of horror, and a sudden hardening showed itself in mouth and eye. "What, in the court itself," she cried, "and in the neighborhood of the King's own person!"

De Catinat was lax enough in matters of faith, and held his creed rather as a family tradition than from any strong conviction, but it hurt his self-esteem to see himself regarded as though he had confessed to something that was loathsome and unclean. "You will find, madame," said he, sternly, "that members of my faith have not only stood around the throne of France, but have even seated themselves upon it."

"God has for His own all-wise purposes permitted it, and none should know it better than I, whose grandsire, Théodore d'Aubigny, did so much to place a crown upon the head of the great Henry. But Henry's eyes were opened ere his end came, and I pray—oh, from my heart I pray—that yours may be also."

She rose, and throwing herself down upon the prie-dieu, sunk her face in her hands for some few minutes, during which the object of her devotions stood in some perplexity in the middle of the room, hardly knowing whether such an attention should be regarded as an insult or as a favor. A tap at the door brought the lady back to this world again, and her devoted attendant answered her summons to enter.

"The King is in the Hall of Victories, madame," said she. "He will be here in five minutes."

"Very well. Stand outside, and let me know when he comes. Now, sir," she continued, when they were alone once more, "you gave a note of mine to the King this morning?"

"I did, madame."

"And, as I understand, Madame de Montespan was refused admittance to the *grand lever*?"

"She was, madame."

"But she waited for the King in the passage?"

"She did."

"And wrung from him a promise that he would see her to-day?"

"Yes, madame."

"I would not have you tell me that which it may seem to you a breach of your duty to tell. But I am fighting now against a terrible foe, and for a great stake. Do you understand me?"

De Catinat bowed.

"Then what do I mean?"

"I presume that what madame means is that she is fighting for the King's favor with the lady you mentioned."

"As Heaven is my judge, I have no thought of myself. I am fighting with the devil for the King's soul."

"'Tis the same thing, madame."

The lady smiled. "If the King's body were in peril, I could call on the aid of his faithful guards, and not less so now, surely, when so much more is at stake. Tell me, then, at what hour was the King to meet the Marquise in her room?"

"At four, madame."

"I thank you. You have done me a service, and I shall not forget it."

"The King comes, madame," said Mademoiselle Nanon, again protruding her head.

"Then you must go, Captain. Pass through the other room, and so into the outer passage. And take this. It is Bossuet's statement of the Catholic faith. It has softened the hearts of others, and may yours. Now, adieu!"

De Catinat passed out through another door, and as he did so he glanced back. The lady had her back to him, and her hand was raised to the mantel-piece. At the instant that he looked she moved her neck, and he could see what she was doing. She was pushing back the long hand of the clock.

Chapter IX.

LE ROI S'AMUSE.

Captain de Catinat had hardly vanished through the one door before the other was thrown open by Mademoiselle Nanon, and the King entered the room. Madame de Maintenon rose with a pleasant smile and courtesied deeply, but there was no answering light upon her visitor's face, and he threw himself down upon the vacant arm-chair with a pouting lip and a frown upon his forehead.

"Nay, now this is a very bad compliment," she cried, with the gayety which she could assume whenever it was necessary to draw the King from his blacker humors. "My poor little dark room has already cast a shadow over you."

"Nay; it is Father La Chaise and the Bishop of Meaux who have been after me all day like two hounds on a stag, with talk of my duty and my position and my sins, with judgment and hell-fire ever at the end of their exhortations."

"And what would they have your Majesty do?"

"Break the promise which I made when I came upon the throne, and which my grandfather made before me. They wish me to recall the Edict of Nantes, and drive the Huguenots from the kingdom."

"Oh, but your Majesty must not trouble your mind about such matters."

"You would not have me do it, madame?"

"Not if it is to be a grief to your Majesty."

"You have, perchance, some soft feeling for the religion of your youth?"

"Nay, sire; I have nothing but hatred for heresy."

"And yet you would not have them thrust out?"

"Bethink you, sire, that the Almighty can Himself incline their hearts to better things if He is so minded, even as mine was inclined. May you not leave it in His hands?"

"On my word," said Louis, brightening, "it is well put. I shall see if Father La Chaise can find an answer to that. It is hard to be threatened with eternal flames because one will not ruin one's kingdom. Eternal torment! I have seen the face of a man who had been in the Bastille for fifteen years. It was like a dreadful book with a scar or a wrinkle to mark every hour of that death in life. But eternity!" He shuddered, and his eyes were filled with the horror of his thought. The higher motives had but little power over his soul, as those about him had long discovered, but he was ever ready to wince at the image of the terrors to come.

"Why should you think of such things, sire?" said the lady, in her rich, soothing voice. "What have you to fear, you who have been the first son of the Church!"

"You think that I am safe, then?"

"Surely, sire."

"But I have erred, and erred deeply. You have yourself said as much."

"But that is all over, sire. Who is there who is without stain? You have turned away from temptation. Surely, then, you have earned your forgiveness."

"I would that the Queen were living

once more. She would find me a better man."

"I would that she were, sire."

"And she should know that it was to you that she owed the change. Oh, Françoise, you are surely my guardian angel, who has taken bodily form! How can I thank you for what you have done for me!" He leaned forward and took her hand, but at the touch a sudden fire sprang into his eyes, and he would have passed his other arm round her had she not risen hurriedly to avoid the embrace.

"Sire!" said she, with a rigid face and one finger upraised.

"You are right, you are right, Françoise. Sit down and I will control myself. Still at the same tapestry, then! My workers at the Gobelins must look to their laurels." He raised one border of the glossy roll, while she, having reseated herself, though not without a quick questioning glance at her companion, took the other end into her lap and continued her work.

"Yes, sire. It is a hunting scene in your forests at Fontainebleau. A stag of ten tines, you see, and the hounds in full cry, and a gallant band of cavaliers and ladies. Has your Majesty ridden today?"

"No. How is it, Françoise, that you have such a heart of ice?"

"I would it were so, sire. Perhaps you have hawked, then?"

"No. But surely no man's love has ever stirred you! And yet you have been a wife."

"A nurse, sire, but never a wife. See the lady in the park! It is surely Mademoiselle. I did not know that she had come up from Choisy."

But the King was not to be distracted from his subject.

"You did not love this Scarron, then?" he persisted. "He was old, I have heard, and as lame as some of his verses."

"Do not speak lightly of him, sire. I was grateful to him; I honored him; I liked him."

"But you did not love him."

"Why would you seek to read the secrets of a woman's heart?"

"You did not love him, Françoise?"

"At least, I did my duty towards him."

"Has that nun's heart never yet been touched by love, then?"

"Sire, do not question me."

"Has it never—"

"Spare me, sire, I beg of you!"

"But I must ask, for my own peace hangs upon your answer."

"Your words pain me to the soul."

"Have you never, Françoise, felt in your heart some little flicker of the love which glows in mine?" He rose with his hands outstretched, a pleading monarch, but she, with half-turned head, still shrank away from him.

"Be assured of one thing, sire," said she, "that even if I loved you as no woman ever loved a man, yet I should rather spring from that window on to the stone terraces beneath than ever by word or sign confess as much to you."

"And why, Françoise?"

"Because, sire, it is my highest hope upon earth that I have been chosen to lift up your mind towards loftier things—that mind the greatness and nobility of which none know more than I."

"And is my love so base, then?"

"You have wasted too much of your life and of your thoughts upon woman's love. And now, sire, the years steal on and the day is coming when even you will be called upon to give an account of your actions, and even of the innermost thoughts of your heart. I would see you spend the time that is left to you, sire, in building up the Church, in showing a noble example to your subjects, and in repairing any evil which that example may have done in the past."

The King sunk back into his chair with a groan. "Forever the same," said he. "Why, you are worse than Father La Chaise and Bossuet."

"Nay, nay," said she, gayly, with the quick tact in which she never failed. "I have wearied you, when you have stooped to honor my little room with your presence. That is indeed ingratitude, and it were a just punishment if you were to leave me in solitude to-morrow, and so cut off all the light of my day. But tell me, sire, how go the works at Marly? I am all on fire to know whether the great fountain will work."

"Yes, the fountain plays well, but Mansard has thrown the right wing too far back. I have made him a good architect, but I have still much to teach him. I showed him his fault on the plan this morning, and he promised to amend it."

"And what will the change cost, sire?"

"Some millions of livres, but then the

view will be much improved from the south side. I have taken in another mile of ground in that direction, for there were a number of poor folk living there, and their hovels were far from pretty."

"And why have you not ridden today, sire?"

"Pah! it brings me no pleasure. There was a time when my blood was stirred by the blare of the horn and the rush of the hoop, but now it is all wearisome to me."

"And hawking too?"

"Yes; I shall hawk no more."

"But, sire, you must have amusement."

"What is so dull as an amusement which has ceased to amuse? I know not how it is. When I was but a lad, and my mother and I were driven from place to place, with the Fronde at war with us and Paris in revolt, with our throne and even our lives in danger, all life seemed to be so bright, so new, and so full of interest. Now that there is no shadow, and that my voice is the first in France, as France's is in Europe, all is dull and lacking in flavor. What use is it to have all pleasure before me, when it turns to wormwood when it is tasted?"

"True pleasure, sire, lies rather in the inward life, the serene mind, the easy conscience. And then, as we grow older, is it not natural that our minds should take a graver bent? We might well reproach ourselves if it were not so, for it would show that we had not learned the lesson of life."

"It may be so, and yet it is sad and weary when nothing amuses. But who is there?"

"It is my companion knocking. What is it, mademoiselle?"

"Monsieur Corneille, to read to the King," said the young lady, opening the door.

"Ah yes, sire; I know how foolish is a woman's tongue, and so I have brought a wiser one than mine here to charm you. Monsieur Racine was to have come, but I hear that he has had a fall from his horse, and he sends his friend in his place. Shall I admit him?"

"Oh, as you like, madame, as you like," said the King, listlessly. At a sign from Mademoiselle Nanon a little peaky man with a shrewd petulant face, and long gray hair falling back over his shoulders, entered the room. He bowed profoundly three times, and then seated himself nervously on the very edge of the stool, from which the lady had removed her workbasket. She smiled and nodded to encourage the poet, while the monarch leaned back in his chair with an air of resignation.

"Shall it be a comedy, or a tragedy, or a burlesque pastoral?" Corneille asked, timidly.

"Not the burlesque pastoral," said the King, with decision. "Such things may be played, but cannot be read, since they are for the eye rather than the ear."

The poet bowed his acquiescence.

"And not the tragedy, monsieur," said Madame de Maintenon, glancing up from her tapestry. "The King has enough that is serious in his graver hours, and so I trust that you will use your talent to amuse him."

"Ay, let it be a comedy," said Louis; "I have not had a good laugh since poor Molière passed away."

"Ah, your Majesty has indeed a fine taste," cried the courtier poet. "Had you condescended to turn your own attention to poetry, where should we all have been then?"

Louis smiled, for no flattery was too gross to please him.

"Even as you have taught our generals war and our builders art, so you would have set your poor singers a loftier strain. But Mars would hardly deign to share the humbler laurels of Apollo."

"I have sometimes thought that I had some such powers," answered the King, complacently; "though amid my toils and the burdens of state I have had, as you say, little time for the softer arts."

"But you have encouraged others to do what you could so well have done yourself, sire. You have brought out poets as the sun brings out flowers. How many have we not seen—Molière, Boileau, Racine, one greater than the other. And the others, too, the smaller ones—Scarron, so scurrilous and yet so witty— Oh, holy Virgin! what have I said?"

Madame had laid down her tapestry, and was staring in intense indignation at the poet, who writhed on his stool under the stern rebuke of those cold gray eyes.

"I think, Monsieur Corneille, that you had better go on with your reading," said the King, dryly.

"Assuredly, sire. Shall I read my play about Darius?"

"And who was Darius?" asked the King, whose education had been so neglected by the crafty policy of Cardinal Mazarin that he was ignorant of everything save what had come under his own personal observation.

"Darius was King of Persia, sire."

"And where was Persia?"

"It is a kingdom of Asia."

"Is Darius still King there?"

"Nay, sire; he fought against Alexander the Great."

"Ah, I have heard of Alexander. He was a famous king and general, was he not?"

"Like your Majesty, he both ruled wisely and led his armies victoriously."

"And was King of Persia, you say?"

"No, sire; of Macedonia. It was Darius who was King of Persia."

The King frowned, for the slightest correction was offensive to him.

"You do not seem very clear about the matter, and I confess that it does not interest me deeply," said he. "Pray turn to something else."

"There is my *Pretended Astrologer*."

"Yes, that will do."

Corneille commenced to read his comedy, while Madame de Maintenon's white and delicate fingers picked among the many-colored silks which she was weaving into her tapestry. From time to time she glanced across, first at the clock and then at the King, who was leaning back, with his lace handkerchief thrown over his face. It was twenty minutes to four now, but she knew that she had put it back half an hour, and that the true time was ten minutes past.

"Tut! tut!" cried the King, suddenly. "There is something amiss there. The second last line has a limp in it, surely." It was one of his foibles to pose as a critic, and the wise poet would fall in with his corrections, however unreasonable they might be.

"Which line, sire? It is indeed an advantage to have one's faults made clear."

"Read the passage again."

"Et si, quand je lui dis le secret de mon âme,
Avec moins de rigueur elle eût traité ma flamme,
Dans ma façon de vivre, et suivant mon humeur,
Une autre eût eu bientôt le présent de mon cœur."

"Yes, the third line has a foot too many. Do you not remark it, madame?"

"No; but I fear that I should make a poor critic."

"Your Majesty is perfectly right," said Corneille, unblushingly. "I shall mark the passage, and see that it is corrected."

"I thought that it was wrong. If I do not write myself, you can see that I have at least got the correct ear. A false quantity jars upon me. It is the same in music. Although I know little of the matter, I can tell a discord where Lully himself would miss it. I have often shown him errors of the sort in his operas, and I have always convinced him that I was right."

"I can readily believe it, your Majesty." Corneille had picked up his book again, and was about to resume his reading, when there came a sharp tap at the door.

"It is his highness the minister, Monsieur de Louvois," said Mademoiselle Nanon.

"Admit him," answered Louis. "Monsieur Corneille, I am obliged to you for what you have read, and I regret that an affair of state will now interrupt your comedy. Some other day perhaps I may have the pleasure of hearing the rest of it." He smiled in the gracious fashion which made all who came within his personal influence forget his faults and remember him only as the impersonation of dignity and of courtesy.

The poet, with his book under his arm, slipped out, while the famous minister, tall, heavily wigged, eagle-nosed, and commanding, came bowing into the little room. His manner was that of exaggerated politeness, but his haughty face marked only too plainly his contempt for such a chamber and for the lady who dwelt there. She was well aware of the feeling with which he regarded her, but her perfect self-command prevented her from ever by word or look returning his dislike.

"My apartments are indeed honored to-day," said she, rising with outstretched hand. "Can monsieur condescend to a stool, since I have no fitter seat to offer you in this little doll's house? But perhaps I am in the way, if you wish to talk of state affairs to the King. I can easily withdraw into my boudoir."

"No, no, nothing of the kind, madame," cried Louis. "It is my wish that you should remain here. What is it, Louvois?"

"A messenger arrived from England with despatches, your Majesty," answered

the minister, his ponderous figure balanced upon the three-legged stool. "There is very ill feeling there, and there is some talk of a rising. The letter from Lord Sunderland wished to know whether in case the Dutch took the side of the malcontents, the King might look to France for help. Of course, knowing your Majesty's mind, I answered unhesitatingly that he might."

"You did what!"

"I answered, sire, that he might."

King Louis flushed with anger, and he caught up the tongs from the grate with a motion as though he would have struck his minister with them. Madame sprang from her chair, and laid her hand upon his arm with a soothing gesture. He threw down the tongs again, but his eyes still flashed with passion as he turned them upon Louvois.

"How dared you!" he cried.

"But, sire—"

"How dared you, I say! What! You venture to answer such a message without consulting me! How often am I to tell you that I am the state—I alone; that all is to come from me; and that I am answerable to God only! What are you? My instrument! my tool! And you venture to act without my authority!"

"I thought that I knew your wishes, sire," stammered Louvois, whose haughty manner had quite deserted him, and whose face was as white as the ruffles of his shirt.

"You are not there to think about my wishes, sir. You are there to consult them and to obey them. Why is it that I have turned away from my old nobility, and have committed the affairs of my kingdom to men whose names have never been heard of in the history of France, such men as Colbert and yourself? I have been blamed for it. There was the Duc de St. Simon, who said, the last time that he was at the court, that it was a bourgeois government. So it is. But I wished it to be so, because I knew that the nobles have a way of thinking for themselves, and I ask for no thought but mine in the governing of France. But if my bourgeois are to receive messages and give answers to embassies, then indeed I am to be pitied. I have marked you of late, Louvois. You have grown beyond your station. You take too much upon yourself. See to it that I have not again to complain to you upon this matter."

The humiliated minister sat as one crushed, with his chin sunk upon his breast. The King muttered and frowned for a few minutes, but the cloud cleared gradually from his face, for his fits of anger were usually as short as they were fierce and sudden.

"You will detain that messenger, Louvois," he said at last, in a calm voice.

"Yes, sire."

"And we shall see at the council meeting to-morrow that a fitting reply be sent to Lord Sunderland. It would be best perhaps not to be too free with our promises in the matter. These English have ever been a thorn in our sides. If we could leave them among their own fogs with such a quarrel as would keep them busy for a few years, then indeed we might crush this Dutch prince at our leisure. Their last civil war lasted ten years, and their next may do as much. We could carry our frontier to the Rhine long ere that. Eh, Louvois?"

"Your armies are ready, sire, on the day that you give the word."

"But war is a costly business. I do not wish to have to sell the court plate, as we did the other day. How are the public funds?"

"We are not very rich, sire. But there is one way in which money may very readily be gained. There was some talk this morning about the Huguenots, and whether they should dwell any longer in this Catholic kingdom. Now, if they were driven out, and if their property were taken by the state, then indeed your Majesty would at once become the richest monarch in Christendom."

"But you were against it this morning, Louvois?"

"I had not had time to think of it, sire."

"You mean that Father La Chaise and the Bishop had not had time to get at you," said Louis, sharply. "Ah, Louvois, I have not lived with a court round me all these years without learning how things are done. It is a word to him, and so on to another, and so to a third, and so to the King. When my good fathers of the Church have set themselves to bring anything to pass, I see traces of them at every turn, as one traces a mole by the dirt which it has thrown up. But I will not be moved against my own reason to do wrong to those who, however mistaken they may be, are still the subjects whom God has given me."

"I would not have you do so, sire," cried Louvois, in confusion. The King's accusation had been so true that he had been unable at the moment even to protest.

"I know but one person," continued Louis, glancing across at Madame de Maintenon, "who has no ambitions, who desires neither wealth nor preferment, and who can therefore never be bribed to sacrifice my interests. That is why I value that person's opinions so highly." He smiled at the lady as he spoke, while his minister cast a glance at her which showed the jealousy which ate into his soul.

"It was my duty to point this out to you, sire, not as a suggestion, but as a possibility," said he, rising. "I fear that I have already taken up too much of your Majesty's time, and I shall now withdraw." Bowing slightly to the lady, and profoundly to the monarch, he walked from the room.

"Louvois grows intolerable," said the King. "I know not where his insolence will end. Were it not that he is an excellent servant, I should have sent him from the court before this. He has his own opinion upon everything. It was but the other day that he would have it that I was wrong when I said that one of the windows in the Trianon was smaller than any of the others. It was the same size, said he. I brought Le Nôtre with his measures, and of course the window was, as I had said, too small. But I see by your clock that it is four o'clock. I must go."

"My clock, sire, is half an hour slow."

"Half an hour!" The King looked dismayed for an instant, and then began to laugh. "Nay, in that case," said he, "I had best remain where I am, for it is too late to go, and I can say with a clear conscience that it was the clock's fault rather than mine."

"I trust that it was nothing of very great importance, sire," said the lady, with a look of demure triumph in her eyes.

"By no means."

"No state affair?"

"No, no; it was only that it was the hour at which I had intended to rebuke the conduct of a presumptuous person. But perhaps it is better as it is. My absence will in itself convey my message, and in such a sort that I trust I may never see that person's face more at my court. But, ah, what is this?"

The door had been flung open, and Madame de Montespan, beautiful and furious, was standing before them.

Chapter X.

AN ECLIPSE AT VERSAILLES.

Madame de Maintenon was a woman who was always full of self-restraint and of cool resource. She had risen in an instant, with an air as if she had at last seen the welcome guest for whom she had pined in vain. With a frank smile of greeting, she advanced with outstretched hand.

"This is indeed a pleasure," said she.

But Madame de Montespan was very angry, so angry that she was evidently making strong efforts to keep herself within control, and to avoid breaking into a furious outburst. Her face was very pale, her lips compressed, and her blue eyes had the set stare and the cold glitter of a furious woman. So for an instant they faced each other, the one frowning, the other smiling, two of the most beautiful and queenly women in France. Then De Montespan, disregarding her rival's outstretched hand, turned towards the King, who had been looking at her with a darkening face.

"I fear that I intrude, sire."

"Your entrance, madame, is certainly somewhat abrupt."

"I must crave pardon if it is so. Since this lady has been the governess of my children I have been in the habit of coming into her room unannounced."

"As far as I am concerned, you are most welcome to do so," said her rival, with perfect composure.

"I confess that I had not even thought it necessary to ask your permission, madame," the other answered, coldly.

"Then you shall certainly do so in the future, madame," said the King, sternly. "It is my express order to you that every possible respect is to be shown in every way to this lady."

"Oh, to *this* lady!" with a wave of her hand in her direction. "Your Majesty's commands are of course our laws. But I must remember that it *is* this lady, for sometimes one may get confused as to which name it is that your Majesty has picked out for honor. To-day it is De Maintenon; yesterday it was Fontanges;

to-morrow— Ah, well, who can say who it may be to-morrow?"

She was superb in her pride and her fearlessness as she stood, with her sparkling blue eyes and her heaving bosom, looking down upon her royal lover. Angry as he was, his gaze lost something of its sternness as it rested upon her round full throat and the delicate lines of her shapely shoulders. There was something very becoming in her passion, in the defiant pose of her dainty head, and the magnificent scorn with which she glanced at her rival.

"There is nothing to be gained, madame, by being insolent," said he.

"Nor is it my custom, sire."

"And yet I find your words so."

"Truth is always mistaken for insolence, sire, at the court of France."

"We have had enough of this."

"A very little truth is enough."

"You forget yourself, madame. I beg that you will leave the room."

"I must first remind your Majesty that I was so far honored as to have an appointment this afternoon. At four o'clock I had your royal promise that you would come to me. I cannot doubt that your Majesty will keep that promise in spite of the fascinations which you may find here."

"I should have come, madame, but the clock, as you may observe, is half an hour slow, and the time had passed before I was aware of it."

"I beg, sire, that you will not let that distress you. I am returning to my chamber, and five o'clock will suit me as well as four."

"I thank you, madame, but I have not found this interview so pleasant that I should seek another."

"Then your Majesty will not come?"

"I should prefer not."

"In spite of your promise!"

"Madame!"

"You will break your word!"

"Silence, madame; this is intolerable."

"It is indeed intolerable!" cried the angry lady, throwing all discretion to the winds. "Oh, I am not afraid of you, sire. I have loved you, but I have never feared you. I leave you here. I leave you with your conscience and your—your lady confessor. But one word of truth you shall hear before I go. You have been false to your wife, and you have been false to your mistress, but it is only now that I find that you can be false also to your word." She swept him an indignant courtesy, and glided, with head erect, out of the room.

The King sprang from his chair as if he had been stung. Accustomed as he was to his gentle little wife, and the even gentler La Vallière, such language as this had never before intruded itself upon the royal ears. It was like a physical blow to him. He felt stunned, humiliated, bewildered, by so unwonted a sensation. What odor was this which mingled for the first time with the incense amid which he lived? And then his whole soul rose up in anger at her, at the woman who had dared to raise her voice against him. That she should be jealous of and insult another woman, that was excusable. It was, in fact, an indirect compliment to himself. But that she should turn upon *him*, as if they were merely man and woman, instead of monarch and subject, that was too much. He gave an inarticulate cry of rage, and rushed to the door.

"Sire!" Madame de Maintenon, who had watched keenly the swift play of his emotions over his expressive face, took two quick steps forward, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I will go after her."

"And why, sire?"

"To forbid her the court."

"But, sire—"

"You heard her! It is infamous! I shall go."

"But, sire, could you not write?"

"No, no; I shall see her." He pulled open the door.

"Oh, sire, be firm, then!" It was with an anxious face that she watched him start off, walking rapidly, with angry gestures, down the corridor. Then she turned back, and dropping upon her knees on the prie-dieu, bowed her head in prayer for the King, for herself, and for France.

De Catinat, the guardsman, had employed himself in showing his young friend from over the water all the wonders of the great palace, which the other had examined keenly, and had criticised or admired with an independence of judgment and a native correctness of taste natural to a man whose life had been spent in freedom amid the noblest works of nature. Grand as were the mighty fountains and the artificial cascades, they had no overwhelming effect on one who had travelled up from Erie to Ontario,

and had seen the Niagara River hurl itself over its precipice, nor were the long level swards so very large to eyes which had rested upon the great plains of the Dakotas. The building itself, however, its extent, its height, and the beauty of its stone, filled him with astonishment.

"I must bring Ephraim Savage here," he kept repeating. "He would never believe else that there was one house in the world which would weigh more than all Boston and New York put together."

De Catinat had arranged that the American should remain with his friend Major de Brissac, as the time had come round for his own second turn of guard. He had hardly stationed himself in the corridor when he was astonished to see the King, without escort or attendants, walking swiftly down the passage. His delicate face was disfigured with anger, and his mouth was set grimly, like that of a man who had taken a momentous resolution.

"Officer of the guard," said he, shortly.

"Yes, sire."

"What! You again, Captain de Catinat? You have not been on duty since morning?"

"No, sire. It is my second guard."

"Very good. I wish your assistance."

"I am at your command, sire."

"Is there a subaltern here?"

"Lieutenant de la Tremouille is at the side guard."

"Very well. You will place him in command."

"Yes, sire."

"You will yourself go to Monsieur de Vivonne. You know his apartments?"

"Yes, sire."

"If he is not there, you must go and seek him. Wherever he is, you must find him within the hour."

"Yes, sire."

"You will give him an order from me. At six o'clock he is to be in his carriage at the east gate of the palace. His sister, Madame de Montespan, will await him there, and he is charged by me to drive her to the Château of Petit Bourg. You will tell him that he is answerable to me for her arrival there."

"Yes, sire." De Catinat raised his sword in salute, and started upon his mission.

The King passed on down the corridor, and opened a door which led him into a magnificent anteroom, all one blaze of mirrors and gold, furnished to a marvel with the most delicate ebony and silver suite, on a deep red carpet of Aleppo, and soft and yielding as the moss of a forest. In keeping with the furniture was the sole occupant of this stately chamber—a little negro boy in a livery of velvet picked out with silver tinsel, who stood as motionless as a small swart statuette against the door which faced that through which the King entered.

"Is your mistress there?"

"She has just returned, sire."

"I wish to see her."

"Pardon, sire, but she—"

"Is every one to thwart me to-day?" snarled the King, and taking the little page by his velvet collar, he hurled him to the other side of the room. Then, without knocking, he opened the door, and passed on into the lady's boudoir.

It was a large and lofty room, very different to that from which he had just come. Three long windows from ceiling to floor took up one side, and through the delicate pink-tinted blinds the evening sun cast a subdued and dainty light. Great gold candelabra glittered between the mirrors upon the wall, and Le Brun had expended all his wealth of coloring upon the ceiling, where Louis himself, in the character of Jove, hurled down his thunder-bolts upon a writhing heap of Dutch and Palatine Titans. Pink was the prevailing tone in tapestry, carpet, and furniture, so that the whole room seemed to shine with the sweet tints of the inner side of a shell, and when lit up, as it was then, formed such a chamber as some fairy hero might have built up for his princess. At the further side, prone upon an ottoman, her face buried in the cushion, her beautiful white arms thrown over it, the rich coils of her brown hair hanging in disorder across the long curve of her ivory neck, lay, like a drooping flower, the woman whom he had come to discard.

At the sound of the closing door she had glanced up, and then, at the sight of the King, she sprang to her feet and ran towards him, her hands out, her blue eyes bedimmed with tears, her whole beautiful figure softening into womanliness and humility.

"Ah, sire," she cried, with a pretty little sunburst of joy through her tears, "then I have wronged you! I have wronged you cruelly! You have kept your promise. You were but trying my

faith! Oh, how could I have said such words to you—how could I pain that noble heart! But you have come after me to tell me that you have forgiven me!" She put her arms forward with the trusting air of a pretty child who claims an embrace as her due, but the King stepped swiftly back from her, and warned her away from him with an angry gesture.

"All is over forever between us," he cried, harshly. "Your brother will await you at the east gate at six o'clock, and it is my command that you wait there until you receive my further orders."

She staggered back as if he had struck her. "Leave you!" she cried.

"You must leave the court."

"The court! Ay, willingly, this instant! But you! Ah, sire, you ask what is impossible."

"I do not ask, madame; I order. Since you have learned to abuse your position, your presence has become intolerable. The united kings of Europe have never dared to speak to me as you have spoken to-day. You have insulted me in my own palace—me, Louis, the King. Such things are not done twice, madame. Your insolence has carried you too far this time. You thought that because I was forbearing, I was therefore weak. It appeared to you that if you only humored me one moment, you might treat me as if I were your equal the next, for that this poor puppet of a king could always be bent this way or that. You see your mistake now. At six o'clock you leave Versailles forever." His eyes flashed, and his small upright figure seemed to swell in the violence of his indignation, while she leaned away from him, one hand across her eyes and one thrown forward, as if to screen her from that angry gaze.



"AT SIX O'CLOCK YOU LEAVE VERSAILLES FOREVER."

"Oh, I have been wicked!" she cried. "I know it, I know it!"

"I am glad, madame, that you have the grace to acknowledge it."

"How could I speak to you so! How could I! Oh, that some blight may come upon this unhappy tongue! I, who have

had nothing but good from you! I to insult you, who are the author of all my happiness! Oh, sire, forgive me, forgive me; for pity's sake forgive me!"

Louis was by nature a kind-hearted man. His feelings were touched, and his pride also was flattered by the abasement of this beautiful and haughty woman. His other favorites had been amiable to all, but this one was so proud, so unyielding, until she felt his master-hand. His face softened somewhat in its expression as he glanced at her, but he shook his head, and his voice was as firm as ever as he answered.

"It is useless, madame," said he. "I have thought this matter over for a long time, and your madness to-day has only hurried what must in any case have taken place. You must leave the palace."

"I will leave the palace. Say only that you forgive me. Oh, sire, I cannot bear your anger. It crushes me down. I am not strong enough. It is not banishment, it is death to which you sentence me. Think of our long years of love, sire, and say that you forgive me. I have given up all for your sake—husband, honor, everything. Oh, will you not give your anger up for mine? My God, he weeps! Oh, I am saved, I am saved!"

"No, no, madame," cried the King, dashing his hand across his eyes. "You see the weakness of the man, but you shall also see the firmness of the King. As to your insults to-day, I forgive them freely, if that will make you more happy in your retirement. But I owe a duty to my subjects also, and that duty is to set them an example. We have thought too little of such things. But a time has come when it is necessary to review our past life, and to prepare for that which is to come."

"Ah, sire, you pain me. You are not yet in the prime of your years, and you speak as though old age were upon you. In a score of years from now it may be time for folk to say that age has made a change in your life."

The King winced. "Who say so?" he cried, angrily.

"Oh, sire, it slipped from me unawares. Think no more of it. Nobody says so. Nobody."

"You are hiding something from me. Who is it who says this?"

"Oh, do not ask me, sire."

"You said that it was reported that I had changed my life not through religion, but through stress of years. Who said so?"

"Oh, sire, it was but foolish court gossip, all unworthy of your attention. It was but the empty common talk of cavaliers who had nothing else to say to gain a smile from their ladies."

"The common talk!" Louis flushed crimson. "Have I, then, grown so aged? You have known me for nearly twenty years. Do you see such changes in me?"

"To me, sire, you are as pleasing and as gracious as when you first won the heart of Mademoiselle Tonnay-Charente."

The King smiled as he looked at the beautiful woman before him.

"In very truth," said he, "I can say that there has been no such great change in Mademoiselle Tonnay-Charente either. But still it is best that we should part, Françoise."

"If it will add aught to your happiness, sire, I shall go through it, be it to my death."

"Now that is the proper spirit."

"You have but to name the place, sire—Petit Bourg, Chargny, or my own convent of St. Joseph in the Faubourg St. Germain. What matter where the flower withers, when once the sun has forever turned from it? At least the past is my own, and I shall live in the remembrance of the days when none had come between us, and when your sweet love was all my own. Be happy, sire, be happy, and think no more of what I said about the foolish gossip of the court. Your life lies in the future. Mine is in the past. Adieu, dear sire, adieu!" She threw forward her arms, her eyes dimmed over, and she would have fallen had Louis not sprung forward and caught her in his arms. Her beautiful head drooped upon his shoulder, her breath was warm upon his cheek, and the subtle scent of her hair was in his nostrils. His arm, as he held her, rose and fell with her bosom, and he felt her heart, beneath his hand, fluttering like a caged bird. Her broad white throat was thrown back, her eyes almost closed, her lips just parted enough to show the line of pearly teeth, her beautiful face not three inches from his own. And then suddenly the eyelids quivered, and the great blue eyes looked up at him, lovingly, appealingly, half deprecating,

half challenging, her whole soul in a glance. Did he move? or was it she? Who could tell? But their lips had met in a long kiss, and then in another, and plans and resolutions were streaming away from Louis like autumn leaves in the west wind.

"Then I am not to go! You would not have the heart to send me away, would you?"

"No, no; but you must not annoy me, Françoise."

"I had rather die than cause you an instant of grief. Oh, sire, I have seen so little of you lately! And I love you so! It has maddened me. And then that dreadful woman—"

"Who, then?"

"Oh, I must not speak against her. I will be civil for your sake even to her, the widow of old Scarron."

"Yes, yes, you must be civil. I cannot have any unpleasantness."

"But you will stay with me, sire?" Her supple arms coiled themselves round his neck. Then she held him for an instant at arm's-length to feast her eyes upon his face, and then drew him once more towards her. "You will not leave me, dear sire. It is so long since you have been here."

The sweet face, the pink glow in the room, the hush of the evening, all seemed to join in their sensuous influence. Louis sank down upon the settee.

"I will stay," said he.

"And that carriage, dear sire, at the east door?"

"I have been very harsh with you, Françoise. You will forgive me. Have you paper and pencil, that I may countermand the order?"

"They are here, sire, upon the side table. I have also a note which, if I may leave you for an instant, I will write in the anteroom."

She swept out with triumph in her eyes. It had been a terrible fight, but all the greater the credit of her victory. She took a little pink slip of paper from an inlaid desk, and dashed off a few words upon it. They were, "Should Madame de Maintenon have any message for his Majesty, he will be for the next few hours in the room of Madame de Montespan." This she addressed to her rival, and it was sent on the spot, together with the King's order, by the hands of the little black page.

Chapter XI.

THE SUN REAPPEARS.

For nearly a week the King was constant to his new humor. The routine of his life remained unchanged, save that it was the room of the frail beauty, rather than of Madame de Maintenon, which attracted him in the afternoon. And in sympathy with this sudden relapse into his old life, his coats lost something of their sombre hue, and fawn-color, buff-color, and lilac began to replace the blacks and the blues. A little gold lace budded out upon his hats also and at the trimmings of his pockets, while for three days on end his prie-dieu at the royal chapel had been unoccupied. His walk was brisker, and he gave a youthful flourish to his cane as a defiance to those who had seen in his reformation the first symptoms of age. Madame had known her man well when she threw out that artful insinuation.

And as the King brightened, so all the great court brightened too. The salons began to resume their former splendor, and gay coats and glittering embroidery which had lain in drawers for years were seen once more in the halls of the palace. In the chapel, Bourdaloue preached in vain to empty benches, but a ballet in the grounds was attended by the whole court, and received with a frenzy of enthusiasm. The Montespan anteroom was crowded every morning with men and women who had some suit to be urged, while her rival's chambers were as deserted as they had been before the King first turned a gracious look upon her. Faces which had been long banished the court began to reappear in the corridors and gardens unchecked and unrebuked, while the black cassock of the Jesuit and the purple soutane of the bishop were less frequent colors in the royal circle.

But the Church party, who, if they were the champions of bigotry, were also those of virtue, were never seriously alarmed at this relapse. The grave eyes of priest or of prelate followed Louis in his escapade as wary huntsmen might watch a young deer which gambols about in the meadow under the impression that it is masterless, when every gap and path is netted, and it is in truth as much in their hands as though it were lying bound before them. They knew how short a time it would be before some ache, some pain,

some chance word, would bring his mortality home to him again, and envelop him once more in those superstitious terrors which took the place of religion in his mind. They waited, therefore, and they silently planned how the prodigal might best be dealt with on his return.

To this end it was that his confessor, Père La Chaise, and Bossuet, the great Bishop of Meaux, waited one morning upon Madame de Maintenon in her chamber. With a globe beside her, she was endeavoring to teach geography to the lame Duc du Maine and the mischievous little Comte de Toulouse, who had enough of their father's disposition to make them averse to learning, and of their mother's to cause them to hate any discipline or restraint. Her wonderful tact, however, and her unwearying patience had won the love and confidence even of these little perverse princes, and it was one of Madame de Montespan's most bitter griefs that not only her royal lover, but even her own children, turned away from the brilliancy and riches of her salon to pass their time in the modest apartment of her rival.

Madame de Maintenon dismissed her two pupils, and received the ecclesiastics with the mixture of affection and respect which was due to those who were not only personal friends, but great lights of the Gallican Church. She had suffered the minister Louvois to sit upon a stool in her presence, but the two chairs were allotted to the priests now, and she insisted upon reserving the humbler seat for herself. The last few days had cast a pallor over her face which spiritualized and refined the features, but she wore unimpaired the expression of sweet serenity which was habitual to her.

"I see, my dear daughter, that you have sorrowed," said Bossuet, glancing at her with a kindly and yet searching eye.

"I have indeed, your Grace. All last night I spent in prayer that this trial may pass away from us."

"And yet you have no need for fear, madame—none, I assure you. Others may think that your influence has ceased; but we, who know the King's heart, we think otherwise. A few days may pass, a few weeks at the most, and once more it will be upon your rising fortunes that every eye in France will turn."

The lady's brow clouded, and she glanced at the prelate as though his speech were not altogether to her taste. "I trust that pride does not lead me astray," she said. "But if I can read my own soul aright, there is no thought of myself in the grief which now tears my heart. What is power to me? What do I desire? A little room, leisure for my devotions, a pittance to save me from want—what more can I ask for? Why, then, should I covet power? If I am sore at heart, it is not for any poor loss which I have sustained. I think no more of it than of the snapping of one of the threads on yonder tapestry frame. It is for the King I grieve—for the noble heart, the kindly soul, which might rise so high, and which is dragged so low, like a royal eagle with some foul weight which ever hampers its flight. It is for him and for France that my days are spent in sorrow and my nights upon my knees."

"For all that, my daughter, you are ambitious."

It was the Jesuit who had spoken. His voice was clear and cold, and his piercing gray eyes seemed to read into the depths of her soul.

"You may be right, father. God guard me from self-esteem. And yet I do not think that I am. The King, in his goodness, has offered me titles—I have refused them; money—I have returned it. He has deigned to ask my advice in matters of state, and I have withheld it. Where, then, is my ambition?"

"In your heart, my daughter. But it is not a sinful ambition. It is not an ambition of this world. Would you not love to turn the King towards good?"

"I would give my life for it."

"And there is your ambition. Ah, can I not read your noble soul? Would you not love to see the Church reign pure and serene over all this realm—to see the poor housed, the needy helped, the wicked turned from their ways, and the King ever the leader in all that is noble and good? Would you not love that, my daughter?"

Her cheeks had flushed, and her eyes shone as she looked at the gray face of the Jesuit, and saw the picture which his words had conjured up before her. "Ah, that would be joy indeed!" she cried.

"And greater joy still to know, not from the mouths of the people, but from the voice of your own heart in the privacy of your chamber, that you had been the cause of it, that your influence had

"MARRY THE KING!"

brought this blessing upon the King and upon the country."

"I would die to do it."

"We wish you to do what may be harder. We wish you to live to do it."

"Ah!" She glanced from one to the other with questioning eyes.

"My daughter," said Bossuet, solemnly, leaning forward, with his broad white hand outstretched and his purply pastoral ring sparkling in the sunlight, "it is time for plain-speaking. It is in the interests of the Church that we do it. None hear, and none shall ever hear, what passes between us now. Regard us, if you will, as two confessors, with whom your secret is inviolable. I call it a secret, and yet it is none to us, for it is our mission to read the human heart. You love the King."

"Your Grace!" She started, and a warm blush, mantling up in her pale cheeks, deepened and spread until it tinted her white forehead and her queenly neck.

"You love the King."

"Your Grace—father!" She turned in confusion from one to the other.

"There is no shame in loving, my daughter. The shame lies only in yielding to love. I say again that you love the King."

"At least I have never told him so," she faltered.

"And will you never?"

"May Heaven wither my tongue first!"

"But consider, my daughter. Such love in a soul like yours is Heaven's gift, and sent for some wise purpose. This human love is too often but a noxious weed which blights the soil it grows in, but here it is a gracious flower, all fragrant with humility and virtue."

"Alas! I have tried to tear it from my heart."

"Nay; rather hold it firmly rooted there. Did the King but meet with some tenderness from you, some sign that his own affection met with an answer from your heart, it might be that this ambition which you profess would be secured, and that Louis, strengthened by the intimate companionship of your noble nature, might love in the spirit as well as in the forms of the Church. All this might spring from the love which you hide away as though it bore the brand of shame."

The lady half rose, glancing from the prelate to the priest with eyes which had a lurking horror in their depths.

"Can I have understood you!" she gasped. "What meaning lies behind these words? You cannot counsel me to—"

The Jesuit had risen, and his spare figure towered above her.

"My daughter, we give no counsel which is unworthy of our office. We speak for the interests of Holy Church, and those interests demand that you should marry the King."

"Marry the King!" The little room swam round her. "Marry the King!"

"There lies the best hope for the future. We see in you a second Jeanne d'Arc who will save both France and France's King."

Madame sat silent for a few moments. Her face had regained its composure, and her eyes were bent vacantly upon her tapestry frame as she turned over in her mind all that was involved in the suggestion.

"But surely—surely this could never be," she said at last. "Why should we plan that which can never come to pass?"

"And why?"

"What King of France has married a subject? See how every princess of Europe stretches out her hand to him. The Queen of France must be of queenly blood, even as the last was."

"All this may be overcome."

"And then there are the reasons of state. If the King marry, it should be to form a powerful alliance, to cement a friendship with a neighbor nation, or to gain some province which may be the bride's dowry. What is my dowry? A widow's pension and a work-box." She laughed bitterly, and yet glanced eagerly at her companions, as one who wished to be confuted.

"Your dowry, my daughter, would be those gifts of body and of mind with which Heaven has endowed you. The King has money enough, and the King has provinces enough. As to the state, how can the state be better served than by the assurance that the King will be saved in future from such sights as are to be seen in this palace to-day?"

"Oh, if it could be so! But think, father, think of those about him—the Dauphin, Monsieur his brother, his ministers. You know how little this would please them, and how easy it is for them to sway his mind. No, no; it is a dream, father, and it can never be."

The faces of the two ecclesiastics, who had dismissed her other objections with a smile and a wave, clouded over at this, as though she had at last touched upon the real obstacle.

"My daughter," said the Jesuit, gravely, "that is a matter which you may leave to the Church. It may be that we too have some power over the King's mind, and that we may lead him in the right path, even though those of his own blood would fain have it otherwise. The future only can show with whom the power lies. But you? Love and duty both draw you one way now, and the Church may count upon you."

"To my last breath, father."

"And you upon the Church. It will serve you, if you in turn will but serve it."

"What higher wish could I have?"

"You will be our daughter, our Queen, our champion, and you will heal the wounds of the suffering Church."

"Ah, if I could!"

"But you can. While there is heresy within the land there can be no peace or rest for the faithful. It is the speck of mould which will in time, if it be not pared off, corrupt the whole fruit."

"What would you have, then, father?"

"The Huguenots must go. They must be driven forth. The goats must be divided from the sheep. The King is already in two minds. Louvois is our friend now. If you are with us, then all will be well."

"But, father, think how many there are!"

"The more reason that they should be dealt with."

"And think, too, of their sufferings should they be driven forth."

"Their cure lies in their own hands."

"That is true. And yet my heart softens for them."

Père La Chaise and the bishop shook their heads. Nature had made them both kind and charitable men, but the heart turns to flint when the blessing of religion is changed to the curse of sect.

"You would befriend God's enemies, then?"

"No, no; not if they are indeed so."

"Can you doubt it? Is it possible that your heart still turns towards the heresy of your youth?"

"No, father; but it is not in nature to forget that my father and my grandfather—"

"Nay, they have answered for their own sins. Is it possible that the Church has been mistaken in you? Do you then refuse the first favor which she asks of you? You would accept her aid, and yet you would give none in return."

Madame de Maintenon rose with the air of one who has made her resolution. "You are wiser than I," said she, "and to you have been committed the interests of the Church. I will do what you advise."

"You promise it?"

"I do."

Her two visitors threw up their hands together. "It is a blessed day," they cried, "and generations yet unborn will learn to deem it so."

She sat half stunned by the prospect which was opening out in front of her. Ambitious she had, as the Jesuit had surmised, always been — ambitious for the power which would enable her to leave the world better than she found it. And this ambition she had already to some extent been able to satisfy, for more than once she had swayed both King and kingdom. But to marry the King—to marry the man for whom she would gladly lay down her life, whom in the depths of her heart she loved in as pure and as noble a fashion as woman ever yet loved man—that was indeed a thing above her utmost hopes. She knew her own mind, and she knew his. Once his wife, she could hold him to good, and keep every evil influence away from him. She was sure of it. She should be no weak Maria Theresa, but rather, as the priest had said, a new Jeanne d'Arc, come to lead France and France's King into better ways. And if, to gain this aim, she had to harden her heart against the Huguenots, at least the fault, if there were one, lay with those who made this condition rather than with herself. The King's wife! The heart of the woman and the soul of the enthusiast both leaped at the thought.

But close at the heels of her joy there came a sudden revulsion to doubt and despondency. Was not all this fine prospect a mere day dream? and how could these men be so sure that they held the King in the hollow of their hand? The Jesuit read the fears which dulled the sparkle of her eyes, and answered her thoughts before she had time to put them into words.

"The Church redeems its pledges

swiftly," said he. "And you, my daughter, you must be as prompt when your own turn comes."

"I have promised, father."

"Then it is for us to perform. You will remain in your room all evening."

"Yes, father."

"The King already hesitates. I spoke with him this morning, and his mind was full of blackness and despair. His better self turns in disgust from his sins, and it is now when the first hot fit of repentance is just coming upon him that he may best be moulded to our ends. I have to see and speak with him once more, and I go from your room to his. And when I have spoken, he will come from his room to yours, or I have studied his heart for twenty years in vain. We leave you now, and you will not see us, but you will see the effects of what we do, and you will remember your pledge to us." They bowed low to her, both together, and left her to her thoughts.

An hour passed, and then a second one, as she sat in her fauteuil, her tapestry before her, but her hands listless upon her lap, waiting for her fate. Her life's future was now being settled for her, and she was powerless to turn in one way or the other. Daylight turned to the pearly light of evening, and that again to dusk, but she still sat waiting in the shadow. Sometimes as a step passed in the corridor she would glance expectantly towards the door, and the light of welcome would spring up in her gray eyes, only to die away again into disappointment. At last, however, there came a quick sharp tread, crisp and authoritative, which brought her to her feet with flushed cheeks and her heart beating wildly. The door opened, and she saw outlined against the gray light of the outer passage the erect and graceful figure of the King.

"Sire! One instant, and mademoiselle will light the lamp."

"Do not call her." He entered and closed the door behind him. "Françoise, the dusk is welcome to me, because it screens me from the reproaches which must lie in your glance, even if your tongue be too kindly to utter them."

"Reproaches, sire! God forbid that I should utter them!"

"When I last left you, Françoise, it was with a good resolution in my mind. I tried to carry it out, and I failed—I failed. I remember that you warned me. Fool that I was not to follow your advice!"

"We are all weak and mortal, sire. Who has not fallen? Nay, sire, it goes to my heart to see you thus."

He was standing by the fireplace, his face buried in his hands, and she could tell by the catch of his breath that he was weeping. All the pity of her woman's nature went out to that silent and repenting figure dimly seen in the failing light. She put out her hand with a gesture of sympathy, and it rested for an instant upon his velvet sleeve. The next he had clasped it between his own, and she made no effort to release it.

"I cannot do without you, Françoise," he cried. "I am the loneliest man in all this world, like one who lives on a great mountain-peak, with none to bear him company. Who have I for a friend? Whom can I rely upon? Some are for the Church; some are for their families; most are for themselves. But who of them all is single-minded? You are my better self, Françoise; you are my guardian angel. What the good father says is true, and the nearer I am to you the further am I from all that is evil. Tell me, Françoise, do you love me?"

"I have loved you for years, sire." Her voice was low but clear—the voice of a woman to whom coquetry was abhorrent.

"I had hoped it, Françoise, and yet it thrills me to hear you say it. I know that wealth and title have no attraction for you, and that your heart turns rather towards the convent than the palace. Yet I ask you to remain in the palace, and to reign there. Will you be my wife, Françoise?"

And so the moment had in very truth come. She paused for an instant, only an instant, before taking this last great step; but even that was too long for the patience of the King.

"Will you not, Françoise?" he cried, with the ring of fear in his voice.

"May God make me worthy of such an honor, sire!" said she. "And here I swear that if Heaven double my life, every hour shall be spent in the one endeavor to make you a happier man!"

She had knelt down, and the King, still holding her hand, knelt down beside her.

"And I swear too," he cried, "that if my days also are doubled, you will now and forever be the one and only woman for me."

And so their double oath was taken, an oath which was to be tested in the future, for each did live almost double their years, and yet neither broke the promise made hand in hand on that autumn evening in the shadow-girt chamber.

Chapter XII.

THE KING RECEIVES.

It may have been that Mademoiselle Nanon, the faithful confidante of Madame de Maintenon, had learned something of this interview, or it may be that Père La Chaise, with the shrewdness for which his order is famous, had come to the conclusion that publicity was the best means of holding the King to his present intention, but whatever the source, it was known all over the court next day that the old favorite was again in disgrace, and that there was talk of a marriage between the King and the governess of his children. It was whispered at the *petit lever*, confirmed at the *grand entrée*, and was common gossip by the time that the King had returned from chapel. Back into wardrobe and drawer went the flaring silks and the feathered hats, and out once more came the sombre coat and the matronly dress. Scudéry and Calpernedi gave place to the missal and St. Thomas à Kempis, while Bourdaloue, after preaching for a week to empty benches, found his chapel packed to the last seat with weary gentlemen and taper-bearing ladies. By mid-day there was none in the court who had not heard the tidings, save only Madame de Montespan, who, alarmed at her lover's absence, had remained in haughty seclusion in her room, and knew nothing of what had passed. Many there were who would have loved to carry her the tidings; but the King's changes had been frequent of late, and who would dare to make a mortal enemy of one who might, ere many weeks were past, have the lives and fortunes of the whole court in the hollow of her hand?

Louis, in his innate selfishness, had been so accustomed to regard every event entirely from the side of how it would affect himself, that it had never struck him that his long-suffering family, who had always yielded to him the absolute obedience which he claimed as his right, would venture to offer any opposition to his new resolution. He was surprised, therefore, when his brother demanded a private interview that afternoon, and entered his presence without the complaisant smile and humble air with which he was wont to appear before him.

Monseigneur was a curious travesty of his elder brother. He was shorter, but he wore enormously high boot heels, which brought him to a fair stature. In figure he had none of that grace which marked the King, nor had he the elegant hand and foot which had been the delight of sculptors. He was fat, waddled somewhat in his walk, and wore an enormous black wig, which rolled down in rows and rows of curls over his shoulders. His face was longer and darker than the King's, and his nose more prominent, though he shared with his brother the large brown eyes which each had inherited from Anne of Austria. He had none of the simple and yet stately taste which marked the dress of the monarch, but his clothes were all tagged over with fluttering ribbons, which rustled behind him as he walked, and clustered so thickly over his feet as to conceal them from view. Crosses, stars, jewels, and insignia were scattered broadcast over his person, and the broad blue ribbon of the Order of the Holy Ghost was slashed across his coat, and was gathered at the end into a great bow, which formed the incongruous support of a diamond-hilted sword. Such was the figure which rolled towards the King, bearing in his right hand his many-feathered beaver, and appearing in his person, as he was in his mind, an absurd burlesque of the monarch.

"Why, Monsieur, you seem less gay than usual to-day," said the King, with a smile. "Your dress, indeed, is bright, but your brow is clouded. I trust that all is well with Madame and with the Duc de Chartres?"

"Yes, sire, they are well; but they are sad like myself, and from the same cause."

"Indeed! and why?"

"Have I ever failed in my duty as your younger brother, sire?"

"Never, Philippe, never!" said the King, laying his hand affectionately upon the other's shoulder. "You have set an excellent example to my subjects."

"Then why set a slight upon me?"

"Philippe!"

"Yes, sire, I say it is a slight. We are of royal blood, and our wives are of royal blood also. You married the Princess of Spain; I married the Princess of Bavaria.

It was a condescension, but still I did it. My first wife was the Princess of England. How can we admit into a house which has formed such alliances as these a woman who is the widow of a hunchback singer, a mere lampooner, a man whose name is a byword through Europe?"

The King had stared in amazement at his brother, but his anger now overcame his astonishment.

"Upon my word!" he cried; "upon my word! I have said just now that you have been an excellent brother, but I fear that I spoke a little prematurely. And so you take upon yourself to object to the lady whom I select as my wife!"

"I do, sire."

"And by what right?"

"By the right of the family honor, sire, which is as much mine as yours."

"Man," cried the King, furiously, "have you not yet learned that within this kingdom I am the fountain of honor, and that whomsoever I may honor becomes by that very fact honorable? Were I to take a cinder-wench out of the Rue Poissonnière, I could at my will raise her up until the highest in France would be proud to bow down before her. Do you not know this?"

"No, I do not," cried his brother, with all the obstinacy of a weak man who has at last been driven to bay. "I look upon it as a slight upon me and a slight upon my wife."

"Your wife! I have every respect for Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, but how is she superior to one whose grandfather was the dear friend and comrade in arms of Henry the Great? Enough! I will not condescend to argue such a matter with you! Begone, and do not return to my presence until you have learned not to interfere in my affairs."

"For all that, my wife shall not know her!" snarled Monseigneur; and then, as his brother took a fiery step or two towards him, he turned and scuttled out of the room as fast as his awkward gait and high heels would allow him.

But the King was to have no quiet that day. If Madame de Maintenon's friends had rallied to her yesterday, her enemies were active to-day. Monseigneur had hardly disappeared before there rushed into the room a youth who bore upon his rich attire every sign of having just arrived from a dusty journey. He was pale-faced and auburn-haired, with features which would have been strikingly like the King's if it were not that his nose had been disfigured in his youth. The King's face had lighted up at the sight of him, but it darkened again as he hurried forward and threw himself down at his feet.

"Oh, sire," he cried, "spare us this grief!—spare us this humiliation! I implore you to pause before you do what will bring dishonor upon yourself and upon us!"

The King started back from him, and paced angrily up and down the room.

"This is intolerable!" he cried. "It was bad from my brother, but worse from my son. You are in a conspiracy with him, Louis. Monseigneur has told you to act this part."

The Dauphin rose to his feet and looked steadfastly at his angry father.

"I have not seen my uncle," he said. "I was at Meudon when I heard this news—this dreadful news—and I sprang upon my horse, sire, and galloped over to implore you to think again before you drag our royal house so low."

"You are insolent, Louis."

"I do not mean to be so, sire. But consider, sire, that my mother was a Queen, and that it would be strange indeed if for a step-mother I had a—"

The King raised his hand with a gesture of authority which checked the word upon his lips.

"Silence!" he cried, "or you may say that which would forever set a gulf between us. Am I to be treated worse than my humblest subject, who is allowed to follow his own bent in his private affairs?"

"This is not your own private affair, sire; all that you do reflects upon your family. The great deeds of your reign have given a new glory to the name of Bourbon. Oh, do not mar it now, sire! I implore it of you upon my bended knees!"

"You talk like a fool!" cried his father, roughly. "I propose to marry a virtuous and charming lady of one of the oldest noble families of France, and you talk as if I were doing something degrading and unheard of. What is your objection to this lady?"

"That she is the daughter of a man whose vices were well known, that her brother is of the worst repute, that she has led the life of an adventuress, is the widow of a deformed scribbler, and that

she occupies a menial position in the palace."

The King had stamped with his foot upon the carpet more than once during this frank address, but his anger blazed into a fury at its conclusion.

"Do you dare," he cried, with flashing eyes, "to call the charge of my children a menial position? I say that there is no higher in the kingdom. Go back to Meudon, sir, this instant, and never dare to open your mouth again on the subject. Away, I say! When, in God's good time, you are King of this country, you may claim your own way, but until then do not venture to cross the plans of one who is both your parent and your monarch."

The young man bowed low, and walked with dignity from the chamber; but he turned with his hand upon the door:

"The Abbé Fénélon came with me, sire. Is it your pleasure to see him?"

"Away! away!" cried the King, furiously, still striding up and down the room with angry face and flashing eyes. The Dauphin left the cabinet, and was instantly succeeded by a tall thin priest, some forty years of age, strikingly handsome, with a pale refined face, large well-marked features, and the easy deferential bearing of one who has had a long training in courts. The King turned sharply upon him, and looked hard at him with a distrustful eye.

"Good-day, Abbé Fénélon," said he. "May I ask what the object of this interview is?"

"You have had the condescension, sire, on more than one occasion, to ask my humble advice, and even to express yourself afterwards as being pleased that you had acted upon it."

"Well? Well? Well?" growled the monarch.

"If rumor says truly, sire, you are now at a crisis when a word of impartial counsel might be of value to you. Need I say that it would—"

"Tut! tut! Why all these words?" cried the King. "You have been sent here by others to try and influence me against Madame de Maintenon."

"Sire, I have had nothing but kindness from that lady. I esteem and honor her more than any lady in France."

"In that case, abbé, you will, I am sure, be glad to hear that I am about to marry her. Good-day, abbé. I regret that I have not longer time to devote to this very interesting conversation."

"But, sire—"

"When my mind is in doubt, abbé, I value your advice very highly. On this occasion my mind is happily *not* in doubt. I have the honor to wish you a very good day."

The King's first hot anger had died away by now, and had left behind it a cold, bitter spirit which was even more formidable to his antagonists. The abbé, glib of tongue and fertile of resource as he was, felt himself to be silenced and overmatched. He walked backwards, with three long bows, as was the custom of the court, and departed.

But the King had little breathing-space. His assailants knew that with persistence they had bent his will before, and they trusted that they might do so again. It was Louvois, the minister, now who entered the room, with his majestic port, his lofty bearing, his huge wig, and his aristocratic face, which, however, showed some signs of trepidation as it met the baleful eye of the King.

"Well, Louvois, what now?" he asked, impatiently. "Has some new state matter arisen?"

"There is but one new state matter which has arisen, sire, but it is of such importance as to banish all others from our mind."

"What, then?"

"Your marriage, sire."

"You disapprove of it?"

"Oh, sire, can I help it?"

"Out of my room, sir! Am I to be tormented to death by your importunities? What! You dare to linger when I order you to go!" The King advanced angrily upon the minister, but Louvois suddenly flashed out his rapier. Louis sprang back with alarm and amazement upon his face, but it was the hilt and not the point which was presented to him.

"Pass it through my heart, sire!" he cried, falling upon his knees, his whole great frame in a quiver with emotion. "I will not live to see your glory fade!"

"Great Heaven!" shrieked Louis, throwing the sword down upon the ground, and raising his hands to his temples, "I believe that this is a conspiracy to drive me mad. Was ever a man so tormented in this life? This will be a private marriage, man, and it will not affect the state in the least degree. Do you hear me?



"PASS IT THROUGH MY HEART, SIRE!"

Have you understood me? What more do you want?"

Louvois gathered himself up, and shot his rapier back into its sheath.

"Your Majesty is determined?" he asked.

"Absolutely."

"Then I say no more. I have done my duty." He bowed his head as one in deep dejection when he departed, but in truth his heart was lightened within him, for he had the King's assurance that the woman whom he hated would, even though his wife, not sit on the throne of the Queens of France.

These repeated attacks, if they had not shaken the King's resolution, had at least irritated and exasperated him to the utmost. Such a blast of opposition was a new thing to a man whose will had been the one law of the land. It left him ruffled and disturbed, and without regretting his resolution, he still, with unreasoning petulance, felt inclined to visit the inconvenience to which he had been put upon those whose advice he had followed. He wore accordingly no very cordial face when the usher in attendance admitted the venerable figure of Father La Chaise, his confessor.

"I wish you all happiness, sire," said the Jesuit, "and I congratulate you from my heart that you have taken the great step which must lead to content both in this world and the next."

"I have had neither happiness nor contentment yet, father," answered the King, peevishly. "I have never been so pestered in my life. The whole court has been on its knees to me to entreat me to change my intention."

The Jesuit looked at him anxiously out of his keen gray eyes.

"Fortunately, your Majesty is a man of strong will," said he, "and not to be so easily swayed as they think."

"No, no, I did not give an inch. But still, it must be confessed that it is very unpleasant to have so many against one. I think that most men would have been shaken."

"Now is the time to stand firm, sire; Satan rages to see you passing out of his power, and he stirs up all his friends and sends all his emissaries to endeavor to detain you."

But the King was not in a humor to be easily consoled.

"Upon my word, father," said he, "you do not seem to have much respect for my family. My brother and my son, with the Abbé Fénélon and the Minister of War, are the emissaries to whom you allude."

"Then there is the more credit to your Majesty for having resisted them. You have done nobly, sire. You have earned the praise and blessing of Holy Church."

"I trust that what I have done is right, father," said the King, gravely. "I should be glad to see you again later in the evening, but at present I desire a little leisure for solitary thought."

Father La Chaise left the cabinet with a deep distrust of the King's intentions. It was obvious that the powerful appeals which had been made to him had shaken if they had failed to alter his resolution. What would be the result if more were made? And more would be made; that was as certain as that darkness follows light. Some master-card must be played now which would bring the matter to a crisis at once, for every day of delay was in favor of their opponents. To hesitate was to lose. All must be staked upon one final throw.

The Bishop of Meaux was waiting in the anteroom, and Father La Chaise in a few brief words let him see the danger of the situation, and the means by which they should meet it. Together they sought Madame de Maintenon in her room. She had discarded the sombre widow's dress which she had chosen since her first coming to court, and wore now, as more in keeping with her lofty prospects, a rich yet simple costume of white satin with bows of silver serge. A single diamond sparkled in the thick coils of her dark tresses. The change had taken years from a face and figure which had always looked much younger than her age, and as the two plotters looked upon her perfect complexion, her regular features, so calm and yet so full of refinement, and the exquisite grace of her figure and bearing, they could not but feel that if they failed in their ends, it was not for want of having a perfect tool at their command.

She had risen at their entrance, and her expression showed that she had read upon their faces something of the anxiety which filled their minds.

"You have evil news!" she cried.

"No, no, my daughter." It was the Bishop who spoke. "But we must be on our guard against our enemies, who would turn the King away from you if they could."

Her face shone at the mention of her lover. "Ah, you do not know!" she cried. "He has made a vow. I would trust him as I would trust myself. I know that he will be true."

But the Jesuit's intellect was arrayed against the intuition of the woman.

"Our opponents are many and strong," said he, shaking his head. "Even if the King remain firm, he will be annoyed at every turn, so that he will feel his life is darker instead of lighter, save, of course, madame, for that brightness which you cannot fail to bring with you. We must bring the matter to an end."

"And how, father?"

"The marriage must be at once!"

"At once!"

"Yes. This very night, if possible."

"Oh, father, you ask too much. The King would never consent to such a proposal."

"It is he that will propose it."

"And why?"

"Because we shall force him to. It is only thus that all opposition can be stopped. When it is done, the court will accept it. Until it is done, they will resist it."

"What would you have me do, then, father?"

"Resign the King."

"Resign him!" She turned as pale as a lily, and looked at him in bewilderment.

"It is the best course, madame."

"Ah, father, I might have done it last month, last week, even yesterday morning. But now—oh, it would break my heart!"

"Fear not, madame. We advise you for the best. Go to the King now, at once. Say to him that you have heard that he has been subjected to much annoyance upon your account, that you cannot bear to think that you should be a cause of dissension in his own family, and that therefore you will release him from his promise, and will withdraw yourself from the court forever."

"Go now? At once?"

"Yes, without loss of an instant."

She cast a light mantle about her shoulders.

"I follow your advice," she said. "I believe that you are wiser than I. But, oh, if he should take me at my word!"

"He will not take you at your word."

"It is a terrible risk."

"But such an end as this cannot be gained without risks. Go, my child, and may Heaven's blessing go with you!"

Chapter XIII.

THE KING HAS IDEAS.

The King had remained alone in his cabinet, wrapped in somewhat gloomy thoughts, and pondering over the means by which he might carry out his purpose and yet smooth away the opposition which seemed to be so strenuous and so universal. Suddenly there came a gentle tap at the door, and there was the woman who was in his thoughts, standing in the twilight before him. He sprang to his feet and held out his hands with a smile which would have reassured her had she doubted his constancy.

"Françoise! You here! Then I have at last a welcome visitor, and it is the first one to-day."

"Sire, I fear that you have been troubled."

"I have indeed, Françoise."

"But I have a remedy for it."

"And what is that?"

"I shall leave the court, sire, and you shall think no more of what has passed between us. I have brought discord where I meant to bring peace. Let me retire to St. Cyr, or to the Abbey of Fontevrault, and you will no longer be called upon to make such sacrifices for my sake."

The King turned deathly pale, and clutched at her shawl with a trembling hand, as though he feared that she was about to put her resolution into effect that very instant. For years his mind had accustomed itself to lean upon hers. He had turned to her whenever he needed support, and even when, as in the last week, he had broken away from her for a time, it was still all-important to him to know that she was there, the faithful friend, ever forgiving, ever soothing, waiting for him with her ready counsel and sympathy. But that she should leave him now, leave him altogether, such a thought had never occurred to him, and it struck him with a chill of surprised alarm.

"You cannot mean it, Françoise," he cried, in a trembling voice. "No, no, it is impossible that you are in earnest."

"It would break my heart to leave you, sire, but it breaks it also to think that for my sake you are estranged from your own family and ministers."

"Tut! Am I not the King? Shall I not take my own course without heed to them? No, no, Françoise, you must not leave me! You must stay with me and be my wife." He could hardly speak for agitation, and he still grasped at her dress to detain her. She had been precious to him before, but was far more so now that there seemed to be a possibility of his losing her. She felt the strength of her position, and used it to the utmost.

"Some time must elapse before our wedding, sire. Yet during all that interval you will be exposed to these annoyances. How can I be happy when I feel that I have brought upon you so long a period of discomfort?"

"And why should it be so long, Françoise?"

"A day would be too long, sire, for you to be unhappy through my fault. It is a misery to me to think of it. Believe me, it would be better that I should leave you."

"Never! You shall not! Why should we even wait a day, Françoise? I am ready. You are ready. Why should we not be married now?"

"At once! Oh, sire!"

"We shall. It is my wish. It is my order. That is my answer to those who would drive me. They shall know nothing of it until it is done, and then let us see which of them will dare to treat my wife with anything but respect. Let it be done secretly, Françoise. I will send in a trusty messenger this very night for the Archbishop of Paris, and I swear that, if all France stand in the way, he shall make us man and wife before he departs."

"Is it your will, sire?"

"It is; and, ah, I can see by your eyes that it is yours also! We shall not lose a moment, Françoise. What a blessed thought of mine, which will silence their tongues forever! When it is ready they may know, but not before. To your room, then, dearest of friends and truest of women! When we meet again, it will be to form a band which all this court and all this kingdom shall not be able to loose."

The King was all on fire with the excitement of this new resolution. He had lost his air of doubt and discontent, and he paced swiftly about the room with a smiling face and shining eyes. Then he touched a small gold bell, which summoned Bontems, his private body-servant.

"What o'clock is it, Bontems?"

"It is nearly six, sire."

"Hum!" The King considered for some moments. "Do you know where Captain de Catinat is, Bontems?"

"He was in the grounds, sire, but I heard that he would ride back to Paris to-night."

"Does he ride alone?"

"He has one friend with him."

"Who is this friend? An officer of the guards?"

"No, sire; it is a stranger from over the seas, from America, as I understand, who has staid with him of late, and to whom Monsieur de Catinat has been showing the wonders of your Majesty's palace."

"A stranger! So much the better. Go, Bontems, and bring them both to me."

"I trust that they have not started, sire. I will see." He hurried off, and was back in ten minutes in the cabinet once more.

"Well?"

"I have been fortunate, sire. Their horses had been led out and their feet were in the stirrups when I reached them."

"Where are they, then?"

"They await your Majesty's orders in the anteroom."

"Show them in, Bontems, and give admission to none, not even to the minister, until they have left me."

To De Catinat an audience with the monarch was a common incident of his duties, but it was with profound astonishment that he learned from Bontems that his friend and companion was included in the order. He was frantically endeavoring to whisper into the young American's ear some precepts and warnings as to what to do and what to avoid, when Bontems reappeared and ushered them into the presence.

It was with a feeling of curiosity, not unmixed with awe, that Amos Green, to whom Governor Dongan, of New York, had been the highest embodiment of human power, entered the private chamber of the greatest monarch in Christendom. The magnificence of the antechamber in which he had waited, the velvets, the paintings, the gildings, with the throng of gayly dressed officials and of magnificent guardsmen, had all impressed his imagination, and had prepared him for some wondrous figure robed and crowned, a fit centre for such a scene. As his eyes fell upon a quietly dressed, bright-eyed man, half a head shorter than himself, with a trim dapper figure and an erect carriage, he could not help glancing round the room to see if this were indeed the monarch, or if it were some other of those endless officials who interposed themselves between him and the outer world. The reverent salute of his companion, however, showed him that this must indeed be the King, so he bowed, and then drew himself erect with the simple dignity of a man who had been trained in nature's school.

"Good-evening, Captain de Catinat," said the King, with a pleasant smile. "Your friend, as I understand, is a stranger to this country. I trust, sir, that you have found something here to interest and to amuse you?"

"Yes, your Majesty. I have seen your great city, and it is a wonderful one. And my friend has shown me this palace, with its woods and its grounds. When I go back to my own country I will have much to say of what I have seen in your beautiful land."

"You speak French, and yet you are not a Canadian."

"No, sire; I am from the English provinces."

The King looked with interest at the powerful figure, the bold features, and the free bearing of the young foreigner, and his mind flashed back to the dangers which the Comte de Frontenac had foretold from these same colonies. If this were indeed a type of his race, they must in truth be a people whom it would be better to have as friends than as enemies. His mind, however, ran at present on other things than statecraft, and he hastened to give De Catinat his orders for the night.

"You will ride into Paris on my service. Your friend can go with you. Two are safer than one when they bear a message of state. I wish you, however, to wait until nightfall before you start."

"Yes, sire."

"Let none know your errand, and see that none follow you. You know the house of Archbishop Harlay, prelate of Paris?"

"Yes, sire."

"You will bid him drive out hither and be at the northwest side postern by midnight. Let nothing hold him back.

Storm or fine, he must be here to-night. It is of the first importance."

"He shall have your order, sire."

"Very good. Adieu, Captain. Adieu, monsieur. I trust that your stay in France may be a pleasant one." He waved his hand, smiling with the fascinating grace which had won so many hearts, and so dismissed the two friends to their new mission.

Chapter XIV.

THE LAST CARD.

Madame de Montespan still kept her rooms, uneasy in mind at the King's disappearance, but unwilling to show her anxiety to the court by appearing among them, or by making any inquiry as to what had occurred. While she thus remained in ignorance of the sudden and complete collapse of her fortunes, she had one active and energetic agent who had lost no incident of what had occurred, and who watched her interests with as much zeal as if they were his own. And indeed they were his own; for her brother, Monsieur de Vivonne, had gained everything for which he yearned, money, lands, and preferment, through his sister's notoriety, and he well knew that the fall of her fortunes must be very rapidly followed by that of his own. By nature bold, unscrupulous, and resourceful, he was not a man to lose the game without playing it out to the very end with all the energy and cunning of which he was capable. Keenly alert to all that passed, he had, from the time that he first heard the rumor of the King's intention, haunted the antechamber and drawn his own conclusions from what he had seen. Nothing had escaped him—the disconsolate faces of Monsieur and of the Dauphin, the visit of Père La Chaise and Bossuet to the lady's room, her return, the triumph which shone in her eyes as she came away from the interview. He had seen Bontems hurry off and summons the guardsman and his friend. He had heard them order their horses to be brought out in a couple of hours' time, and finally from a spy whom he employed among the servants he learned that an unwonted bustle was going forward in Madame de Maintenon's room, that Mademoiselle Nanon was half wild with excitement, and that two court milliners had been hastily summoned to madame's apartment. It was only, however, when he heard from the same servant that a chamber was to be prepared for the reception that night of the Archbishop of Paris that he understood how urgent was the danger.

Madame de Montespan had spent the evening stretched upon a sofa, in the worst possible humor with every one around her. She had read, but had tossed aside the book. She had written, but had torn up the paper. A thousand fears and suspicions chased each other through her head. What had become of the King, then? He had seemed cold yesterday, and his eyes had been forever sliding round to the clock. And to-day he had not come at all. Was it his gout, perhaps? Or was it possible that she was again losing her hold upon him? Surely it could not be that! She turned upon her couch and faced the mirror which flanked the door. The candles had just been lit in her chamber, twoscore of them, each with silver sconces which threw back their light until the room was as bright as day. There in the mirror was the brilliant chamber, the deep red ottoman, and the single figure in its gauzy dress of white and silver. She leaned upon her elbow, admiring the deep tint of her own eyes with their long dark lashes, the white curve of her throat, and the perfect oval of her face. She examined it all carefully, keenly, as though it were her rival that lay before her, but nowhere could she see a scratch of Time's malicious nails. She still had her beauty, then. And if it had once won the King, why should it not suffice to hold him? Of course it would do so. She reproached herself for her fears. Doubtless he was indisposed, or perhaps he would come still. Ha! there was the sound of an opening door and of a quick step in her anteroom. Was it he, or at least his messenger with a note from him!

But no, it was her brother, with the haggard eyes and drawn face of a man who is weighed down with his own evil tidings. He turned as he entered, fastened the door, and then striding across the room, locked the other one which led to her boudoir.

"We are safe from interruption," he panted. "I have hastened here, for every second may be invaluable. Have you heard anything from the King?"

"Nothing." She had sprung to her feet, and was gazing at him with a face which was as pale as his own.

"The hour has come for action, Françoise. It is the hour at which the Mortemarts have always shown at their best. Do not yield to the blow, then, but gather yourself to meet it."

"What is it?" She tried to speak in her natural tone, but only a whisper came to her dry lips.

"The King is about to marry Madame de Maintenon."

"The *gouvernante!* The widow Scarron! It is impossible!"

"It is certain."

"To marry? Did you say to marry?"

"Yes, he will marry her."

The woman flung out her hands in a gesture of contempt, and laughed loud and bitterly.

"You are easily frightened, brother," said she. "Ah, you do not know your little sister. Perchance if you were not my brother you might rate my powers more highly. Give me a day, only one little day, and you will see Louis, the proud Louis, down at the hem of my dress to ask my pardon for this slight. I tell you that he cannot break the bonds that hold him. One day is all I ask to bring him back."

"But you cannot have it."

"What?"

"The marriage is to-night."

"You are mad, Charles."

"I am certain of it." In a few broken sentences he shot out all that he had seen and heard. She listened with a grim face, and hands which clinched ever tighter and tighter as he proceeded. But he had said the truth about the Mortemarts. They came of a contentious blood, and were ever at their best at a moment of action. Hate rather than dismay filled her heart as she listened, and the whole energy of her nature gathered and quickened to meet the crisis.

"I shall go and see him," she cried, sweeping towards the door.

"No, no, Françoise. Believe me you will ruin everything if you do. Strict orders have been given to the guard to admit no one to the King."

"But I shall insist upon passing them."

"Believe me, sister, it is worse than useless. I have spoken with the officer of the guard, and the command is a stringent one."

"Ah, I shall manage."

"No, you shall not." He put his back against the door. "I know that it is useless, and I will not have my sister make herself the laughing-stock of the court, trying to force her way into the room of a man who repulses her."

His sister's cheeks flushed at the words, and she paused irresolute.

"Had I only a day, Charles, I am sure that I could bring him back to me. There has been some other influence here, that meddlesome Jesuit or the pompous Bossuet, perhaps. Only one day to counteract their wiles! Can I not see them waving hell-fire before his foolish eyes, as one swings a torch before a bull to turn it? Oh, if I could but balk them to-night! That woman! that cursed woman! The foul viper which I nursed in my bosom! Oh, I had rather see Louis in his grave than married to her! Charles, Charles, it must be stopped; I say it must be stopped! I will give anything, everything, to prevent it!"

"What will you give, my sister?"

She looked at him aghast. "What! you do not wish me to buy you?" she said.

"No; but I wish to buy others."

"Ha! You see a chance, then!"

"One, and one only. But time presses. I want money."

"How much?"

"I cannot have too much. All that you can spare."

With hands which trembled with eagerness she unlocked a secret cupboard in the wall in which she concealed her valuables. A blaze of jewelry met her brother's eyes as he peered over her shoulder. Great rubies, costly emeralds, deep ruddy beryls, glimmering diamonds, were scattered there in one brilliant shimmering many-colored heap, the harvest which she had reaped from the King's generosity during more than fifteen years. At one side were three drawers, the one over the other. She drew out the lowest one. It was full to the brim of glittering louis d'ors.

"Take what you will!" she said. "And now your plan! Quick!"

He stuffed the money in handfuls into the side pockets of his coat. Coins slipped between his fingers and tinkled and wheeled over the floor, but neither cast a glance at them.

"Your plan?" she repeated.

"We must prevent the Archbishop from arriving here. Then the marriage would be postponed until to-morrow

night, and you would have time to act."

"But how prevent it?"

"There are a dozen good rapiers about the court which are to be bought for less than I carry in one pocket. There is De la Touche, young Turberville, old Major Despard, Raymond de Carnac, and the four Latours. I will gather them together, and wait on the road."

"And waylay the Archbishop?"

"No; the messengers."

"Oh, excellent! You are a prince of brothers! If no message reach Paris, we are saved. Go; go; do not lose a moment, my dear Charles."

"It is very well, Françoise; but what are we to do with them when we get them? We may lose our heads over the matter, it seems to me. After all, they are the King's messengers, and we can scarce pass our swords through them."

"No?"

"There would be no forgiveness for that."

"But consider that before the matter is looked into I shall have regained my influence with the King."

"All very fine, my little sister, but how long is your influence to last? A pleasant life for us if at every change of favor we have to fly the country! No, no, Françoise; the most that we can do is to detain the messengers."

"Where can you detain them?"

"I have thought of that. There is the castle of the Marquis de Montespan at Portillac."

"Of my husband!"

"Precisely."

"Of my most bitter enemy! Oh, Charles, you are not serious."

"On the contrary, I was never more so. The Marquis was away in Paris yesterday, and has not yet returned. Where is the ring with his arms?"

She hunted among her jewels and picked out a gold ring with a broad engraved face.

"This will be our key. When good Marceau, the steward, sees it, every dungeon in the castle will be at our disposal. It is that or nothing. There is no other place where we can hold them safe."

"But when my husband returns?"

"Ah, he may be a little puzzled as to his captives. And the complaisant Marceau may have an evil quarter of an hour. But that may not be for a week, and by that time, my little sister, I have confidence enough in you to think that you really may have finished the campaign. Not another word, for every moment is of value. Adieu, Françoise! We shall not be conquered without a struggle. I will send a message to you to-night to let you know how fortune uses us." He took her fondly in his arms, kissed her, and then hurried from the room.

For hours after his departure she paced up and down with noiseless steps upon the deep soft carpet, her hands still clinched, her eyes flaming, her whole soul wrapped and consumed with jealousy and hatred of her rival. Ten struck, and eleven, and midnight, but still she waited, fierce and eager, straining her ears for every footfall which might be the herald of news. At last it came. She heard the quick step in the passage, the tap at the anteroom door, and the whispering of her black page. Quivering with impatience, she rushed in and took the note herself from the dusty cavalier who had brought it. It was but six words scrawled roughly upon a wisp of dirty paper, but it brought the color back to her cheeks and the smile to her lips. It was her brother's writing, and it ran, "The Archbishop will not come to-night."





IN THE KING'S SERVICE.

Chapter XV.

THE MIDNIGHT MISSION.

De Catinat in the mean while was perfectly aware of the importance of the mission which had been assigned to him. The secrecy which had been enjoined by the King, his evident excitement, and the nature of his orders, all confirmed the rumors which were already beginning to buzz round the court. He knew enough of the intrigues and antagonisms with which the court was full to understand that every precaution was necessary in carrying out his instructions. He waited, therefore, until night had fallen before ordering his soldier-servant to bring round the two horses to one of the less public gates of the grounds. As he and his friend walked together to the spot, he gave the young American a rapid sketch of the situation at the court, and of the chance that this noctural ride might be an event which would affect the future history of France.

"I like your King," said Amos Green, "and I am glad to ride in his service. He is a slip of a man to be the head of a

great nation, but he has the eye of a chief. If one met him alone in a Maine forest, one would know him as a man who was different to his fellows. Well, I am glad that he is going to marry again, though it's a great house for any woman to have to look after."

De Catinat smiled at his comrade's idea of a queen's duties.

"Are you armed?" he asked. "You have no sword or pistols?"

"No; if I may not carry my gun, I had rather not be troubled by tools that I have never learned to use. I have my knife. But why do you ask?"

"Because there may be danger."

"And how?"

"Many have an interest in stopping this marriage. All the first men of the kingdom are bitterly against it. If they could stop *us*, they would stop *it*, for to-night at least."

"But I thought it was secret?"

"There is no such thing at a court. There is the Dauphin, or the King's brother, either of them, or any of their friends, would be right glad that we should be in the Seine before we reached the Archbishop's house this night. But who is this?"

A burly figure had loomed up through the gloom on the path upon which they were going. As it approached, a colored lamp dangling from one of the trees shone upon the blue and silver of an officer of the guards. It was Major de Brissac, of De Catinat's own regiment.

"Hullo! Whither away?" he asked.

"To Paris, Major."

"I go there myself within an hour. Will you not wait, that we may go together?"

"I am sorry, but I ride on a matter of urgency. I must not lose a minute."

"Very good. Good-night, and a pleasant ride."

"Is he a trusty man, our friend the Major?" asked Amos Green, glancing back.

"True as steel."

"Then I would have a word with him." The American hurried back along the way they had come, while De Catinat stood chafing at this unnecessary delay. It was a full five minutes before his companion joined him, and the fiery blood of the French soldier was hot with impatience and anger.

"I think that perhaps you had best ride into Paris at your leisure, my friend," said he. "If I go upon the King's service I cannot be delayed whenever the whim takes you."

"I am sorry," answered the other, quietly. "I had something to say to your Major, and I thought that maybe I might not see him again."

"Well, here are the horses," said the guardsman as he pushed open the postern-gate. "Have you fed and watered them, Jaques?"

"Yes, my Captain," answered the man who stood at their head.

"Boot and saddle, then, friend Green, and we shall not draw rein again until we see the lights of Paris in front of us."

The soldier-groom peered through the darkness after them with a sardonic smile upon his face. "You won't draw rein, won't you?" he muttered as he turned away. "Well, we shall see about that, my Captain; we shall see about that."

For a mile or more the comrades galloped along, neck to neck and knee to knee. A wind had sprung up from the westward, and the heavens were covered with heavy gray clouds, which drifted swiftly across, a crescent moon peeping fitfully from time to time between the rifts. Even during these moments of brightness the road, shadowed as it was by heavy trees, was very dark, but when the light was shut off it was hard, but for the loom upon either side, to tell where it lay. De Catinat at least found it so, and he peered anxiously over his horse's ears, and stooped his face to the mane in his efforts to see his way.

"What do you make of the road?" he asked at last.

"It looks as if a good many carriage wheels had passed over it to-day."

"What! Mon Dieu! Do you mean to say that you can see carriage wheels there?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Why, man, I cannot see the road at all."

Amos Green laughed heartily. "When you have travelled in the woods by night as often as I have," said he, "when to show a light may mean to lose your hair, one comes to learn to use one's eyes."

"Then you had best ride on, and I shall keep just behind you. So! Hola! What is the matter now?"

There had been the sudden sharp snap of something breaking, and the American had reeled for an instant in the saddle.

"It's one of my stirrup leathers. It has fallen."

"Can you find it?"

"Yes; but I can ride as well without it. Let us push on."

"Very good. I can just see you now."

They had galloped for about five minutes in this fashion, De Catinat's horse's head within a few feet of the other's tail, when there was a second snap, and the guardsman rolled out of the saddle on to the ground. He kept his grip of the reins, however, and was up in an instant at his horse's head, sputtering out oaths as only an angry Frenchman can.

"A thousand thunders of heaven!" he cried. "What was it that happened then?"

"Your leather has gone too."

"Two stirrup leathers in five minutes? It is not possible."

"It is not possible that it should be chance," said the American, gravely, swinging himself off his horse. "Why, what is this? My other leather is cut, and hangs only by a thread."

"And so does mine. I can feel it when I pass my hand along. Have you a tinder-box? Let us strike a light."

"No, no; the man who is in the dark is in safety. I let my enemy strike lights. We can see all that is needful to us."

"My rein is cut also."

"And so is mine."

"And the girth of my saddle."

"It is a wonder that we came so far with whole bones. Now, who has played us this little trick?"

"Who could it be but that rogue, Jaques? He has had the horses in his charge. By my faith, he shall know what the strappado means when I see Versailles again."

"But why should he do it?"

"Ah, he has been set on to it. He has been a tool in the hands of those who wished to hinder our journey."

"Very like. But they must have had some reason behind. They knew well that to cut our straps would not prevent us from reaching Paris, since we could ride bareback, or, for that matter, could run it if need be."

"They hoped to break our necks."

"One neck they might break, but scarce those of two, since the fate of the one would warn the other."

"Well, then, what do you think that they meant?" cried De Catinat, impatiently. "For Heaven's sake, let us come to some conclusion, for every minute is of importance."

But the other was not to be hurried out of his cool, methodical fashion of speech and of thought.

"They could not have thought to stop us," said he. "What did they mean, then? They could only have meant to delay us. And why should they wish to delay us? What could it matter to them if we gave our message an hour or two sooner or an hour or two later? It could not matter."

"For Heaven's sake—" broke in De Catinat, impetuously.

But Amos Green went on hammering the matter slowly out.

"Why should they wish to delay us, then? There's only one reason that I can see. In order to give other folk time to get in front of us and stop us. That is it, Captain. I'd lay you a beaver-skin to a rabbit-pelt that I'm on the track. There's been a party of a dozen horsemen along this ground since the dew began to fall. If we were delayed, they would have time to form their plans before we came."

"By my faith, you may be right," said De Catinat, thoughtfully. "What would you propose?"

"That we ride back, and go by some less direct way."

"It is impossible. We should have to ride back to the Meudon cross-roads, and then it would add ten miles to our journey."

"It is better to get there an hour later than not to get there at all."

"Pshaw! we are surely not to be turned from our path by a mere guess. There is the St. Germain cross-road about a mile below. When we reach it we can strike to the right along the south side of the river, and so change our course."

"But we may not reach it."

"If any one bars our way we shall know how to treat with them."

"You would fight, then?"

"Yes."

"What! with a dozen of them?"

"A hundred, if we are on the King's errand."

Amos Green shrugged his shoulders.

"You are surely not afraid?"

"Yes, I am, mighty afraid. Fighting's good enough when there's no help for it. But I call it a fool's plan to ride straight into a trap when you might go round it."

"You may do what you like," said De Catinat, angrily. "My father was a gentleman, the owner of a thousand arpents of land, and his son is not going to flinch in the King's service."

"My father," answered Amos Green, "was a merchant, the owner of a thousand skunk-skins, and his son knows a fool when he sees one."

"You are insolent, sir," cried the guardsman. "We can settle this matter at some more fitting opportunity. At present I continue my mission, and you are very welcome to turn back to Versailles if you are so inclined." He raised his hat with punctilious politeness, sprang on to his horse, and rode on down the road.

Amos Green hesitated a little, and then mounting, he soon overtook his companion. The latter, however, was still in no very sweet temper, and rode with a rigid neck without a glance or a word for his comrade. Suddenly his eyes caught something in the gloom which brought a smile back to his face. Away in front of them, between two dark tree clumps, lay a vast number of shimmering, glittering yellow points, as thick as flowers in a garden. They were the lights of Paris.

"See!" he cried, pointing. "There is the city, and close here must be the St. Germain road. We shall take it, so as to avoid any danger."

"Very good! But I should not ride too fast, when your girth may break at any moment."

"Nay, come on; we are close to our journey's end. The St. Germain road opens just round this corner, and then we shall see our way, for the lights will guide us."

He cut his horse with his whip, and the two galloped together round the curve. Next instant they were both down in one wild heap of tossing heads and struggling hoofs, De Catinat partly covered by his horse, and his comrade hurled twenty paces, where he lay silent and motionless in the centre of the road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRISTOL IN THE TIME OF CABOT

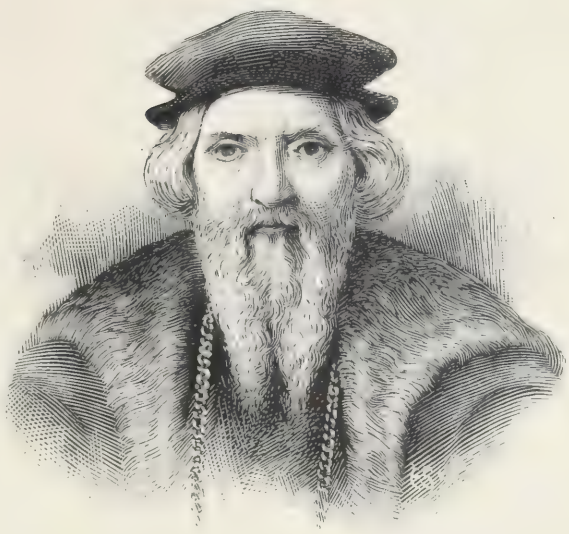
BY JOHN B. SHIPLEY.

TO the traveller from newer countries and younger civilizations across the sea, journeying from city to city as though on pilgrimage to the various shrines of the old mother-country, each town has its own peculiar associations, and while traversing its streets and gazing curiously on its ancient buildings, he finds himself transported as in a dream to some far-away period in history, when those antique structures, now resting after their fight with the centuries, were alive with the bold deeds and high aspirations of their indwellers, and saw the making of what to us is ancient history.

We go to York, and think of its greatest son, the Emperor Constantine; of Danish invaders and Norman conquerors. We go to Chester, and think of Alfred's daughter and her Mercian husband, who rebuilt the wasted city of the legions of old Rome; of Edgar, rowed upon the Dee by six subject princes; of Edward, the Hammer of the Scotch and conqueror of the Welsh; of Charles the First standing upon the old tower to see his army routed on Rowton Heath; and of the constant stream of adventurers hurrying to Ireland to seek fame or fortune from the subjugation of that unhappy country, or flying back in hot haste before a rising of Desmond or O'Neale.

But at Bristol the memories that haunt us are more directly connected with the finding and settlement of America, for

this is the port that sent out John and Sebastian Cabot to discover lands that had long ago been familiar to the Scandinavian settlers of Iceland and Greenland, and of which Bristol sailors had heard wonderful tales during their commerce with Iceland. The voyages of the Cabots resulted in nothing less than the discovery, in 1497, of Newfoundland and Labrador, and in the following year of the whole North American coastline, from the arctic circle to Chesapeake Bay. It is not our present purpose to go into the details of these voyages, but to give some account of the ancient seaport that could accomplish so considerable a work of exploration. Its importance need not be insisted on. It is evident to every one that as the colonization of North America by England was based on the prior rights arising from this discovery, the United States and Canada trace back to the Cabots as the discoverers who first led the way to their shores.

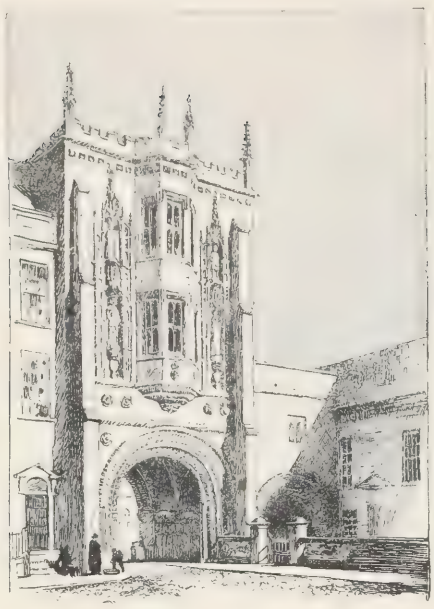


"Sebastian Cabote tould me that he was borne in Brystowe, and that at iiii yeares owld he was caried with his father to Venice, and so returned ageyne into England with his father after certeyne yeares, whereby he was thought to have bin borne in Venice."
EDENS Decades of the New World, 1555 fol. 255

The essential requisites of a great seaport in the Middle Ages were safety from attack by sea, and good highway communication with the interior of the country. Safety was secured by placing it some distance within the mouth of a river; the farther inland the better, because water carriage was cheap, and there were no railroads. It is the advent of the latter means of communication within the present century that has reversed the condition, and made it an advantage in point of time to have the sea passage reduced as much as possible. Formerly, if ships of all sizes then made could enter with the flood-tide and leave with the return flow, it mattered little how far it was from the sea. The first bridge was a bar to shipping, and the road that crossed it was an important factor in the prosperity of the town that sprang up at either end



GORGE OF THE AVON WITH ST. VINCENT'S ROCKS.



COLLEGE GATE.

of the bridge. Such a situation had London, Chester, and many other ports of the period. Bristol, however, besides these advantages, had the further one of a position better fitted to command the trade of the open seas, while the other ports named were more or less restricted by their position to the trade of the North and Irish seas respectively. There is little wonder, therefore, that Bristol was for ages the second port of the kingdom, until the increased size of shipping drew the trade of Bristol and Chester to the new and rising port of Liverpool. But this was not until centuries after the times of the Cabots. Of late years Bristol has done much to recover her ancient prestige by clearing the course of the Avon, and her fine docks at the mouth of the river enable her to do a thriving trade with both the Old and New worlds. Had England been colonized from America, or had her earliest connections been with countries to the westward, there can be little doubt that her capital port would have been on the Avon instead of on the Thames.

Against attack by sea, Bristol was well protected by the tortuous channel of the Avon. Even for friendly traders the approach was difficult, if not dangerous, for ships entering the port had to wait near the mouth until the water covered a certain rock, giving the assurance that the rising tide would carry them safely over the "Ledges," a reef of rocks which barred the stream, stretching from cliff to cliff, almost beneath the spot where the suspension-bridge now hangs like a fairy cobweb across the fine gorge, and close to where Ghyston Cliffs, named from a terrible but legendary giant, rose sheer from the water's edge, holding in a tiny cavity in their bold front the hermitage and chapel of St. Vincent, from which in more modern times they have received their name of St. Vincent's Rocks. As the tide ran out, the Ledges caused a sudden fall in the river, dangerous to ships coming down, while those coming up were in danger of being carried by the tide against a rock to which was given the significant name of "Breakfaucet." After passing these obstacles, which have given way to modern science, leaving the eight miles of channel perfectly safe at high tide, the rest of the approach was easy. Bristol lay on a slight eminence on the north bank of the Avon, and around it flowed a small tributary stream, the Frome. (It may be well to remark that both these rivers have namesakes in other parts of England, with which they must not be confused.) The Frome



APARTMENT IN RISING SUN INN.

served a threefold end. It supplied the Castle moat, which also communicated with the Avon; it protected, as by a fosse, the whole north side of the city, and had formerly done the same to the west side, until in 1247 a new course was cut for it to the Avon, of sufficient width to form a more convenient harbor than the river, with its constant ebbing and flowing current, could afford. Into this harbor came ships from Spain, Portugal, the French ports, Iceland, Ireland, and other parts. Ships from South Wales, Tintern Abbey, and other places on the Wye, as well as from the ports of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, kept along the Avon and unloaded near Bristol Bridge, where a crane was erected for the purpose. Before the bridge was built they probably came still further up the river, and when they brought goods or provisions for the Castle they entered through a fortified water-gate, and lay in the moat of the stronghold itself. Into this private or "secret port" some Bristol men once beguiled the ship that was conveying the daughter of Simon de Montfort to her betrothed, Llewellyn, Prince of Wales. The lady was seized by King Edward, and held in courteous captivity (for she was his own niece) until a favorable peace was concluded with the prince. This exploit of the Bristolians is commemorated on their seal, which originally bore the device of a ship following the beckoning of a warder on the tower over the water-gate. This device has been modified in later times so that its significance is obscured.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AT ST. JOHN'S ARCH IN 1574.

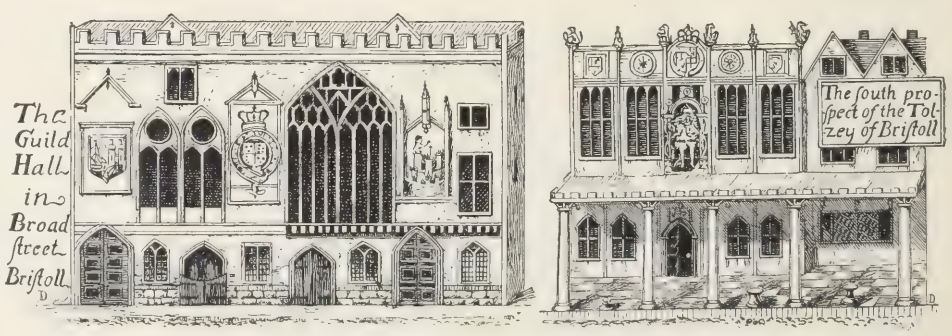
At the present day, by a new channel cut for the Avon to the south of the city, the old course of the river has been converted into a harbor for shipping, and a constant level maintained by means of locks. The old harbor of 1247 forms a branch of this, and between these two portions of the "Floating Harbor," as it is called, lies the centre and kernel of Bristol, the old town out of which the present spreading city has grown. In the time of Cabot it was a city of many towers, for not only was it girt about with a double line of wall, but stately churches, convents, and chapels reared their lofty heads above the battlements. Beyond the walls the city was encircled by an outer ring of great religious houses, with their fine churches and extensive gardens skirting the hills to north and south of the town. From the Augustine Monastery, now the Cathedral, the estab-



OLD HIGH CROSS.

lishments of the Gaunts, the Carmelites, the Franciscans, the Benedictines, and the Dominicans formed an almost unbroken chain, their garden walls being in most cases only separated by the narrow lanes leading to the open hills beyond, where were the archery and tilting grounds for the exercise of soldiers, knights, and citizens. Between St. James's Benedictine Priory and the convent of the Black Friars, or Friars Preachers, as the Dominicans were called, was situated the only important suburb that had grown up without the walls of this closely packed city. This lay on each side of the thoroughfare still called Broadmead, and further east lay the then open meadows of Earlsmead, with Horfield and Ridingfield to the north. Another small suburb lay east of the Castle, by which it was cut off from the rest of the town. It was built around the broad street still called Old Market Street, from the fact that a market was held there for the convenience of the garrison and inhabitants of the Castle. This suburb was defended by a gate at its eastern end, close to which was a hospital endowed by a wealthy Bristol merchant, Walter Barstaple. South of the river the circle of religious houses was completed by a similar chain of friaries, hospitals, churches, and hermitages.

Gone are the walls, though their circuit can still be traced by the narrow lanes, whose windings follow exactly the old lines of defence; vanished is the Castle, once the largest keep in England, not excepting its brother the White Tower of London; no longer are the streets paced by friars black, white, and gray, bedesmen and chantry priests, guild brethren and free craftsmen. Many of the churches in which they worshipped remain to this day; others have shared the fate that overtook the religious houses at the Reformation. One has had a curious fate; it has been taken down and set up again, stone for stone, in the outskirts of the city. But in spite of these changes the trade of Bristol is greater than ever; and ships still come up to Bristol Bridge, and to the Stone Bridge over the Frome, just as they did 400 years ago, although splendid new docks have been built at the mouth of the Avon to accommodate the larger traffic with the West Indies and other parts of America, with France and Spain, and other countries of the Old World. Still left to us are many precious memorials of old days, and in the centre of the city much remains to suggest to us its appearance in 1497, the year of the first voyage from England to the New World, the voyage that first opened the American continent to European knowledge, and one that was followed in the next year by the discovery of the United States coast from Maine to Virginia. Not long before this time the learned and painstaking William Worcester, a native of Bristol, had amused his leisure, on his return to his native city, by pacing up and down its streets, and taking note of the number of steps or paces each street con-



THE GUILDHALL AND TOLZEY.

tained in length and width. His rough note-book is still extant, and in it he has jotted down many little pieces of information, from which we can build up a picture of the aspect of the city in his day, that is to say, in 1480.

Let us stand at this corner, in the heart of the ancient city, where four ways meet, and the High Cross stood. The arrangement irresistibly reminds us of Chester and other Roman cities, and although history is silent as to Bristol having been a Roman town, it is possible that the similarity is more than an accidental coincidence. We find our analogy in the liberties and privileges of Bristol, for these correspond with the rights accorded to Roman towns, and recognized even by the grasping Saxon, who, as a rule, thought no tax too heavy to impose on commerce. All these privileges were the birthright of the Bristol citizen. Among them was the right to impose tolls on goods bought by foreigners, who were further restricted from staying in the city for more than forty days, and from selling anything except through a Bristol broker. At one period it was the seat of a mint, a distinction only conferred on important places. The freedom of Coventry was purchased, according to the beautiful old legend, by the splendid devotion of Godiva; but Bristol could claim from time immemorial to be toll-free, and subject to no lord but the king. From successive monarchs it purchased charters granting it ever more extended rights, and when impecunious kings had no more privileges to sell, they raised money by imposing a fine, by way of a "benevolence," of £500, on account of the costliness of the citizens' dress; "and every man worth £200 to pay 20*s*., because men's wives went so sumptuously apparelled." This was in 1490, and it is notable that in 1486, only four years before, the merchants of Bristol had bitterly complained to the same monarch, the newly crowned Henry VII., of the losses they had sustained and the damage done to their trade by the long and fierce Wars of the Roses. It is a remarkable instance of the marvellous elasticity of the city's resources, and of the profits made by renewed trade, that during these four years not only had distress given way to ostentation, but all the streets had been newly paved, each man being responsible for the portion which lay before his own house. The "backs" and quays along the river had been put in repair at great expense some few years previously. Two peculiarities are noted about Bristol streets: no coaches or wheeled carriages or carts were used in them, but only sledges, probably owing to the existence of very extensive cellarage beneath them; and the city was remarkable for its system of underground drainage, in which respect it was far in advance of most towns of that day.



ST. JOHN'S GATE.

The four chief streets led from the central point above spoken of to the principal gates of the city, one of which, St. John's Gate, is still standing, and piously supports the tower and spire of the church from which it takes its name. At the intersection of the streets no less than three parish churches, two of which remain, looked down on the High Cross, now, after many vicissitudes, carefully preserved in private grounds at some distance from Bristol. Though lost to the city, a reproduction of it adorns the open space by the cathedral, and marks the spot where the original cross was erected after the exigencies of traffic necessitated its removal from the city's central point. Attached to the wall of one of the neigh-



SWEARING IN THE MAYOR, 1476.

boring churches stood an edifice forming a sort of exchange for the merchants of Bristol. This was the Tolzey, or Tollsell, and with its successor—for it was rebuilt in 1583—served the same purpose, until superseded in 1740 by the present Exchange.

The street leading southward from the High Cross formerly passed under a gate beneath the chancel of St. Nicholas Church, and then crossed the Old Bridge, a structure of singular interest and remarkable construction. Like London Bridge, it had houses on each side and a chapel in the centre, but in this case the chapel spanned the roadway, and even projected beyond the line of houses, a separate pier being built for it on the eastern or up-river side of the bridge proper. Over the archway by which the road passed under the chapel a tower of four lofty stories rose to a total height of 108 feet. The houses over the shops on each side of the road were four and five stories in height, and were occupied by some of the wealthiest tradesmen in the city. The fronts of the houses rested on the main structure of the bridge; the backs rested on a sort of subsidiary bridge, or rather a wall supported on arches, on each side of the main bridge, while the partition walls and flooring were carried on beams laid across the intervening space. Nothing, therefore, but these beams and floors separated the shops of the merchants from the current below, and curious accidents resulted from this singular arrangement. In the words of an eye-witness, "it has indeed occurred that a mast of a vessel came through the kitchen window, and even rose up through the shop floor, and that the utensils of the cellar were afloat, and that an ox forced his way through the shop window behind and fell into the river, and the like." The cellars alluded to were formed in the piers of the bridge, under the roadway.

Crossing the bridge and turning to the left, we are in the quarter in which was carried on the manufacture to which the wealth of Bristol was primarily due. Tucker Street was the special street of the "tuckers," or cloth-workers, and the great merchant family of Canynges, of whom we shall have to speak later, had their origin in this street. As they acquired wealth, they began to export their own cloth, and from this they embarked on a general carrying trade, sending ships into all seas, from Iceland to the Levant. This may be taken as an example of the manner in which many other merchants amassed the wealth that enabled them to do so much for the adornment of their native parishes and to found extensive charities for the poor. In the fourteenth



TEMPLE STREET AND CHURCH.

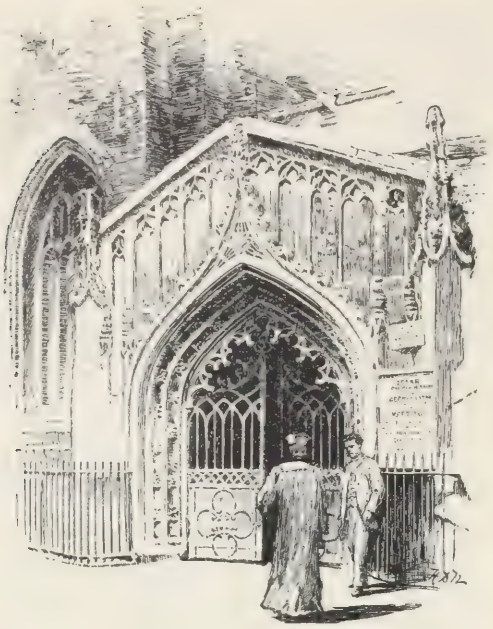
century Thomas Blankett was a manufacturer and introducer, if not the inventor, of the useful article that bears his name. The cloth trade was divided into many branches, each having its own guild, but the chief and representative of these was that of the merchant tailors, which survived until the present century, and its hall, with a handsomely carved doorway, still remains. As Bristol was one of the Staple Towns, where woollen goods could be sold to foreigners, and the duties thereon paid to the crown, the Mayor of Bristol being also Mayor of the Staple, and responsible for the collection of this tax, it was enacted in the reign of Edward III. that the Mayor should first have served as one of the four aldermen elected by the weavers to supervise their craft. This shows the close connection between the guild of weavers and the government of the city, as well as the importance of the office of Mayor, and the care taken to have none but a duly qualified person elected to that office. The annual swearing in of the Mayor was a most interesting and imposing formality, and there is a curious drawing illustrating the ceremony in an old MS. book in the possession of the corporation, known as "The Mayor's Kalendar." It represents the Guildhall hung with blue cloth, and emblazoned on the windows are the arms of the city, of England in the reign of Henry VI., and the cross of St. George. The old Mayor hands the Bible to his successor, while the town clerk, below, reads him the oath. The sword-bearer is there, with the Mayor's state sword and cap of office; the aldermen and other officers stand round the table, on which are inkstand and pen-case, a bag of money, and a leather case for the Bible. The various gowns are gorgeous with color and trimmed with rich fur. The duties of the Mayor were very numerous, including the supervision of the various crafts, auditing the accounts of the charities, and attending the various churches in state on the days of their respective saints. He had to regulate the prices of ale and fuel, and all this in addition to holding a daily court of justice.

Resuming our survey of the city, we find ourselves not far from Temple Church, held by the Hospitallers of St. John in succession to the Templars. The tower leans, and it was only a few years before the date of our survey (in 1460) that the parishioners had ventured to build it up to its present height, and a trefoil band still marks the original battlements. Temple Street brings us to Temple Gate, not far from the present railway station, and farther west was Redcliffe Gate, with its barbican, probably similar to those



REDCLIFFE CHURCH.

at York. Outside the old line of walls stands the celebrated Redcliffe Church, called by Queen Elizabeth "the fairest, the goodliest, and most famous parish church in England." The spire, at that time reduced to a mere stump by a great storm in 1445, has now been restored to its original height and elegance. The fall of the spire, however, was scarcely a misfortune, for it led to the rebuilding of the nave—which had been greatly damaged by the accident—in the present magnificent style. This work was done at the expense of William Canynges, one of the greatest of Bristol's merchants, who was Mayor five several times, and received special favors from the kings of England and Denmark. There is a story that the king wished to marry him to a lady of the court, and that it was for this reason that he retired to the College of Westbury, which he had benefited, and of which he became dean. On his death he was buried in the church he rebuilt,

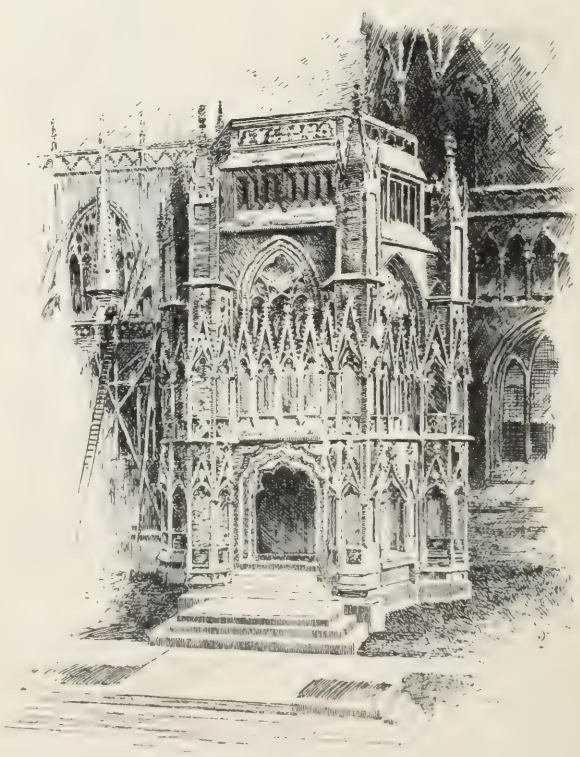


PORCH OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

and with which his name is inseparably connected. Except for the restoration of the spire, we see it almost exactly as he left it; the north and south porches are particularly fine, and the windows are remarkable for the effect produced by the use of tracery of thinner stone dividing the main compartments into smaller ones, producing a rich appearance without the use of elaborate detail. In this church is preserved an interesting memorial of the Cabots, in the form of a whale's rib, which was brought home by them from their voyage in 1497, and set up in this church by order of the corporation. As John Cabot was a foreigner, he probably dwelt in the district to the south of this church, outside the city, where his son and codiscoverer, Sebastian, was presumably born.

Returning over Bristol Bridge to the main part of the city, we turn down the water-side to Cloth Hall, built by Richard Le Spicer, and formerly occupied by Robert Sturmye, another wealthy merchant, who greatly aided the foreign commerce of the port by his hospitality to all merchants, whether English or from abroad, who came to the city on business. He was well known all over Europe; at one time the Genoese had to pay a heavy fine for molesting his vessels; at another, a chapel was built on the coast of Greece to the memory of some pilgrims who had been drowned there on their return from the Holy Land in one of his ships.

Near the junction of the Frome and the Avon, outside the walls, was a great open space called the Marsh, which seems to have been used for rope-making and other crafts connected with shipping and requiring extended space. On the side next the Frome was a ship-yard, where Canynges had not long since had a dozen ships built, and where a vessel of unusual size had been turned out for John Burton. From this point the quay stretched along the Frome to the north gate of the city, overlooked by the walls and towers, some of which latter had been converted into commodious houses for the great merchants, from which they could see their ships loading or unloading at the quay below. Here were the houses of Vyell, Pavye, and Shipward, the last the builder of the strikingly handsome tower of St. Stephen's Church, with its crown of lacelike battlements, the pride and wonder of the city. Other churches in Bristol testified in like manner to the wealth and munificence of the merchants, such as St. Werburgh's, built by Walter Derby, and now removed to the suburbs, and St. John's Church, mentioned above as having under its tower the only remaining gate of the city, built by Walter Frampton. Other rich merchants might be instanced were it necessary to enlarge on the prosperity of Bristol, such as May,



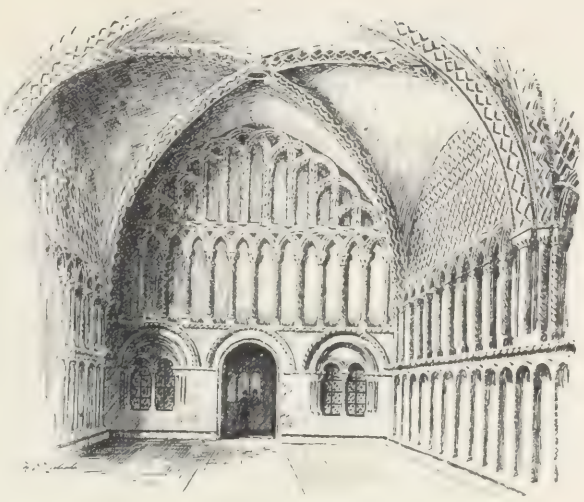
NORTH PORCH OF REDCLIFFE CHURCH.

Young, and Spelly, the builder of the chapel on the bridge, but we have only space to speak of John Jay, who in 1480 sent out two ships under the command of the most scientific mariner in England, one Thlyde, or Lloyd, in search of the much-talked-of Isle of Brasil, supposed to lie to the west of Ireland. This is the first recorded expedition from England to discover America, and it was followed by numerous others; but until the year 1497 none of these voyages was continued sufficiently far to be crowned with success. The connection with America thus begun has continued to the present day. In 1609 some Bristol merchants attempted to colonize Newfoundland. At this time Virginia was being settled, and Virginian tobacco became later, and still is, an important article of Bristol commerce. A noted tobacco firm possesses a letter from George Washington relative to a consignment of "the weed" from his estates in Virginia.

We have spoken of the chain of religious houses with which the city was encompassed. One of these, now the Cathedral, merits a glance at its fine Norman chapter-house, and the gateway of similar age leading to the inner precincts. Previous to the end of the fifteenth century it had a Norman nave, which was then demolished in order to build it more in conformity with the choir. But this purpose was not destined to be carried out for nearly 400 years, for it is only within a couple of decades that the nave has been rebuilt, following the plans of the fourteenth-century architect of the rest of the church.

Of the Castle of Bristol it is not necessary to say more than that the great tower, the royal hall, with its stone table, and the adjoining chapel and kitchens, all of which have entirely disappeared, were standing in Cabot's day, but in a state of ruinous disrepair. The Castle had not been used as a royal residence since Richard II. had kept there his last Christmas as a king, before the Castle was besieged by Bolingbroke, as narrated in Shakespeare.

Almost under the shadow of the great keep, just outside the walls of the fortress, lived a family who for many years had been of importance in Bristol. At the close of the fifteenth century the home of the Nortons was



NORMAN CHAPTER-HOUSE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

already old, and a portion of it still remains to show us what a house of the fourteenth century was like. Here lived Thomas Norton, a reputed "perfect master" of alchemy, who impoverished himself and his friends, instead of enriching them, by his search for the philosopher's stone. The western portion of the house was refronted and another story added about the time of the settling of Virginia. for it bears the date 1612. In the course of the alterations the hall of the older house, which was open to the ornamental timber roof, was divided into two rooms, one of which was adorned,



OLD FIREPLACE, WELSH BACK.



ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL.

after the fashion of the period, with one of the beautifully decorated ceilings of which Bristol contains numerous examples, and the Gothic arch of the fireplace was surmounted by a richly ornamented chimney-front. This latter adornment is also frequently to be met with in Bristol, for the city is particularly rich in antiquities of the early seventeenth century. The old roof of the hall still exists above the ceiling, showing that the house was planned similarly to those of Sturmye, already mentioned, and Canynges, whose hall still exists in Redcliffe Street. Norton's house is now known as St. Peter's Hospital.

In these halls the merchants of Bristol displayed a state and a magnificence almost baronial. Besides their own woollen cloth of "Bristol Red," "Coventry True Blue," and other colors, they had all the silks and velvets and other fine fabrics that could be brought from Genoa and the far East. The time we have been describing was the division of two epochs of civilization; with the end of the century came the end of the Middle Ages, and the seeds of a new *régime* germinated with the opening of a new era. The Canynges, the Sturmyes, and the Jays were the forerunners, if not the authors, of that glorious page in England's history which tells how, bursting the ocean bounds of her island home, she opened for the world the continent of North America, and thus inaugurated at once her own importance as a colonial power, and the fortunes of the vast country of which she then laid the foundations.

NOTE.—For the illustrations accompanying this article I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. L. Acland Taylor, of Bristol.

HORACE CHASE.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. FRANKLIN was a widow, her husband, Jared Franklin, having died in 1860. Franklin, a handsome, hearty man, who had enjoyed every day of his life, had owned and edited a well-known newspaper in one of the large towns on the Hudson River. This paper had brought him a good income, which he had spent in his liberal way, year after year. The Franklins were not extravagant; but they lived generously, and they all had what they wanted. Their days went on happily, for they were fond of each other, they had the same sense of humor, and they took life easily, one and all. But when Jared Franklin died (after a sudden and short illness), it was found that he at least had taken it too easily,

* Begun in January number, 1893.

for he had laid aside nothing, and there were large debts to pay. As he had put his only son, the younger Jared, into the navy, the newspaper was sold. But it did not bring in so much as was expected, and the executors were forced in the end to sell the residence also; when the estate was finally cleared, the widow found herself left with no home, and, for income, only the small sum which had come to her from her father, Major Seymour, of the army. In this condition of things her thoughts turned towards the South.

For her mother, Mrs. Seymour, was a Southerner of Huguenot descent, one of the L'Hommedieu family. And Mrs. Seymour's eldest sister, Miss Dora L'Hommedieu, had bequeathed to the niece (now Mrs. Franklin), who had been named after her, all she had to leave. This was not much. But the queer obstinate old woman did own two houses, one for the summer among the mountains of North Carolina, one for the winter in Florida; for she believed that she owed her remarkable health and longevity to a careful change of climate twice each year; and, accompanied by an old negress as cross-grained as herself, she had arrived in turn at each of these residences for so many seasons that it had seemed as if she would continue to arrive forever. In 1859, however, her migrations ceased.

At that date the Franklins were still enjoying their prosperity, and this legacy of the two ramshackle L'Hommedieu abodes, far away in the South, was a good deal laughed at by Jared Franklin, who laughed often. But when, soon afterwards, the blow came, and his widow found herself homeless and bereft, these houses seemed to beckon to her. They could not be sold while the war lasted, and even after that great struggle was over, no purchasers appeared. In the mean time they were her own; they would be a roof, two roofs, over her head; and the milder climate would be excellent for her invalid daughter. In addition, their reduced income would go much further there than here. As soon after the war, therefore, as it could be arranged, she had made the change, and now for seven years she had been living in old Dora's abodes, very thankful to have them.

Mrs. Franklin herself would have said that they lived at Asheville; that their visits to Florida were occasional only. It was true that she had made every effort to dispose of the Florida place. "For sale—a good coquina house on the bay," had been a standing advertisement in the St. Augustine *Press* year after year. But her hopes had been disappointed, and as the house still remained hers, she had only once been able to withstand the temptation of giving Dolly the benefit of the Florida climate in the winter, little as she could afford the additional expense; in reality, therefore, they had divided their year much as Miss L'Hommedieu had divided hers, the only exception having been the preceding winter, that of 1872–3, which they had spent at Asheville.

The adjective ramshackle, applied at random by Jared Franklin, had proved to be appropriate enough as regarded the Asheville house, which old Dora had named L'Hommedieu, after herself. L'Hommedieu was a rambling wooden structure surrounded by verandas; it had been built originally by a low-country planter who came up to these mountains in the summer; but old Miss L'Hommedieu had let everything run down. She had, in truth, no money for repairs. When the place, therefore, came into the hands of her niece, it was much dilapidated. And in her turn Mrs. Franklin had done very little in the way of renovation, beyond stopping the leaks of the roof. Her daughter-in-law, Genevieve, was distressed by the aspect of everything, both without and within. "You really ought to have the whole house done over, mamma," she had said more than once. "If you will watch all the details yourself, it need not cost so very much: see what I have accomplished at the cottage."

"In time, in time," Mrs. Franklin had answered. But in her heart she was not fond of Genevieve's cottage; she preferred the low-ceilinged rooms of L'Hommedieu, shabby though they might be. These rooms had, in fact, an air of great cheerfulness. Anthony Etheridge was accustomed to say that he had never seen anywhere a better collection of easy-chairs. "There are at least eight with the long seat which holds a man's body comfortably as far as the knees, as it ought to be held; not ending skimpily half-way between the knee and the hip in the usual miserable fashion!" Mrs. Franklin had saved three of these chairs from the wreck of her Northern home, and the others had been made, of less expensive materials, under her own eye. Both she

and her husband had by nature a strong love of ease; their children inherited the same disposition, in addition to the habit of indulging it; it could be said that as a family they made themselves comfortable, and kept themselves comfortable all day long.

They did this at present in the face of obstacles which would have made some minds forget the very name of comfort; for they were far from their old home, they were cramped as to money, there was Dolly's suffering to reckon with, and there was a load of debt. The children, however, were ignorant in a great measure of this last difficulty; whatever property there was belonged to Mrs. Franklin personally, and she kept her cares to herself. The fresh debts had been incurred by the mother's deliberate act—an act of folly or of beauty, according to the point from which one views it; after her husband's death she had borrowed money in order to give to her daughter Dora every possible aid and advantage in her contest with fate—the long struggle which the girl made to ignore illness, to baffle pain. These sums had never been repaid, and when the mother thought of them, she was troubled. But she did not think of them often; when she had succeeded (with difficulty) in paying the interest each year, she was able to dismiss the subject from her mind, and return to her old habit of taking life easily; for neither her father, the army officer, nor her husband, the liberal-handed editor, had ever taught her with any strictness the importance of a well-balanced account. Dolly's health had always been uncertain. But when her childhood was over, her mother's tender care had kept her up in a determined attempt to follow the life led by other girls of her age. A mother's love can do much. But heredity, coming from the past, blind and deaf to all appeal, does more, and the brave effort failed. The elder Miss Franklin had now been for years an invalid, and an invalid for whom no improvement could be expected; sometimes she was able, with the aid of her cane, to take a walk of a mile's length, or more, and often several weeks would pass in tolerable comfort; but sooner or later the pain was sure to come on again, and it was a pain very hard to bear. But although Dolly was an invalid, she was neither sad nor dull. Both she and her mother were talkers by nature, and they never seemed to reach the end of their interest in each other's remarks. The Franklins, indeed, were always sufficiently entertained with their own conversation and their own jokes; on the stormy days when they could expect no visitors they enjoyed life, on the whole, rather more than they did when they had guests—though they were fond of company also.

One evening, a week after the masquerade at the rink, Mrs. Franklin, leaning back in her easy-chair with her feet on a footstool, was peacefully reading a novel, when she was surprised by the entrance of Miss Breeze; she was surprised because Billy had paid her a visit in the afternoon. "Yes, I thought I would come in again," began Billy, vaguely. "I thought perhaps—or rather I thought it would be better—"

"Take off your bonnet and jacket, won't you?" interposed Ruth.

"Why, how smart you are, Billy!" remarked Mrs. Franklin, as she noted her guest's best dress, and the pink ribbon round her throat above the collar.

"Yes," began Billy, "I thought I might as well—it seemed better—"

"Dolly," interrupted Ruth, "this will be a good time for the spirits to make mince-meat of Miss Billy's character!" And she gave her sister a glance which said: "Head her off. Or she will let it all out!"

Dolly comprehended. She motioned Miss Breeze solemnly to a chair near her table, and taking the planchette from its box, she arranged the paper under it.

"I don't like it! I don't like it!" protested Mrs. Franklin.

"His Grand, if you don't like it, beat it," said Ruth. "Give it a question too hard to answer. Why not go to the dining-room and do something—anything you like? Then planchette shall tell us—or try to—what it is."

"A good idea," said Mrs. Franklin, significantly. And with her light step she left the room. The mother was as active as a girl; no one was ever deterred, therefore, from asking her to rise or to move about by any idea of age. She was tall, with aquiline features, bright dark eyes, and thick silvery hair. As she was thin, her face showed the lines and fine wrinkles which at fifty-eight offset a slender waist. But when she was animated, these lines disappeared, for at such

moments her color rose, the same beautiful color which Ruth had inherited.

Dolly had tried to prevent this test. Now that she had failed, she sat with her hands on the little heart-shaped board, pondering what she should say; for her familiar spirit was simply her own quick invention. But while it would have been easy to select mystifying adjectives to apply to Miss Billy, it was not easy to imagine what her mother, a distinctly hostile element, might do for the especial purpose of perplexing her; for although Mrs. Franklin knew perfectly well that her daughter invented all of planchette's replies, she remained nevertheless strongly opposed to even this pretended occultism. Dolly therefore pondered. But as she did so she was saying to herself that it was useless to ponder, and that she might as well select something at random, when suddenly there sprang into her mind a word, a word apropos of nothing at all, and, obeying an impulse, she wrote it; that is, planchette wrote it under the unseen propelling power of her long fingers. Then Ruth pushed the board aside, and they read the word; it was "grinning."

"Grinning?" repeated Ruth. "How absurd! Imagine mother grinning!"

She opened the door, and called, "What did you do, His Grand?"

"Wishing to expose that very skilful pretender, Miss Dora Franklin, I did the most unlikely thing I could think of; I went to the mirror, and standing in front of it, I grinned at my own image; grinned like a Cheshire cat."

Miss Billy looked at Dolly with frightened eyes. Dolly herself was startled; she crumpled the paper and threw it hastily into the waste-basket.

Mrs. Franklin, returning through the hall, was met by Anthony Etheridge, who had entered without ringing, merely giving a preliminary tap on the outer door with his walking-stick. Dolly began to talk as soon as they came in, selecting a subject which had nothing to do with planchette.

"Commodore, I have something to tell you. It is for you especially, for I have long known your secret attachment. From the window of my room upstairs I can see that field behind the Mackintosh house. Imagine my beholding Maud Muriel opening the gate this afternoon, crossing to the big bush in the centre, seating herself behind it, taking a common clay pipe from her pocket, filling it, lighting it, and smoking it!"

"No!" exclaimed Etheridge, breaking into a resounding laugh. "Could she make it go?"

"Not very well, I think. I took my opera-glass and watched her. Her face, as she puffed away, was exactly as rigid as it is when she models her deadly busts."

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared Etheridge again. "Ladies, do excuse me; I have always thought that girl might be a genius if she could only get drunk! Perhaps the pipe is a beginning."

While he was saying this, Horace Chase was ushered in. A moment later there came another ring, and the Rev. Mr. Hill appeared, followed by Achilles Larue.

"Why, I have a party!" said Mrs. Franklin, smiling, as she welcomed the last comer.

"Yes, His Grand, it *is* a party," said Ruth; "now you may know, since they are here and you cannot stop it. I invited them all myself late this afternoon; and it is a molasses-candy-pulling; Dolly and I have arranged it. We did not tell you beforehand, because we knew you would say it was sticky."

"Sticky it is," replied Mrs. Franklin.

"Vilely sticky!" added Etheridge, emphatically.

"And then we knew, also, that you would say that you could not arrange for a supper in so short a time," Ruth went on. "But Zoe has had her sister to help her, and ever so many nice things are all ready; chicken salad, for instance; and—listen, His Grand—a long row of macaroon custards, each cup with *three* macaroons dissolved in madeira!" And then she intoned the family chant, Dolly joining in from her easy-chair:

> "Mother Franklin thinks,
> That General Jackson,
> Jared the Sixth,
> Macaroon custards,
> And Bishop Carew,
> Are per-*fec*-tion!"

"What does she mean by that?" said Chase to Miss Billy.

"Oh, it is only one of their jokes; they have so many! Dear Mrs. Franklin was brought up by her father, I believe, to admire General Jackson, and Dolly and Ruth pretend that she thinks he is still

at the White House! And Jared the Sixth means her son, you know. And they say she is fond of macaroon custards; that is, *fondish*," added Miss Billy, getting in the "ish" with inward satisfaction. "And she is much attached to Bishop Carew. But, for that matter, so are we all."

"A Roman Catholic priest?" inquired Chase.

"He is the Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina," answered Miss Breeze, surprised.

"Oh! I didn't know. I'm a Baptist myself. Or at least my parents were," explained Chase.

The kitchen of L'Hommedieu was large and low, with the beams showing overhead; it had a huge fireplace with an iron crane. This evening a pot dangled from the crane; it held the boiling molasses, and Zoe, brilliant in a new scarlet turban in honor of the occasion, was stirring the syrup with a long-handled spoon. One of the easy-chairs had been brought from the parlor for Dolly. Mr. Hill seated himself beside her; he seemed uneasy, and he kept his hat in his hand. "I did not know that Mr. Chase was to be here, Miss Dolly, or I would not have come," he said to his companion, in an undertone. "I can't think what to make of myself—I'm becoming a regular cormorant. Strange to say, instead of being satisfied with all he has given to the Mission, I want more! I keep thinking of all the good he might do in these mountains if he only knew the facts; and I have fairly to hold myself in when he is present, to keep from flattering him and asking for further help. Yes, it's as bad as that! Clergymen, you know, are always accused of paying court to rich men, or rather to liberal men. For the first time in my life I understand the danger. It's a dreadful temptation—it is indeed! And I really think, Miss Dolly, that I had better go."

"No, you needn't. I'll see to you," answered Dolly. "If I notice you *creeping* up too near him, I'll give a loud ahem. Stay and amuse yourself; you know you like it."

And Malachi Hill did like it. In his mission-work he was tirelessly energetic, self-sacrificing, devoted; on the other hand, he was as fond of merrymaking as a boy. He pulled the candy with glee, but also with eager industry, covering platter after platter with his braided sticks. His only rival in diligence was Chase, who also showed great energy. Dolly pulled; Mrs. Franklin pulled; even Etheridge helped. Ruth did not accomplish much, for she stopped too often; but when she did work she drew out the fragrant strand to a greater length than any one else attempted, and she made wheels of it, and silhouettes of all the company, including Mr. Trone. Miss Billy had begun with much interest; then seeing that Larue had done nothing beyond arranging the platters and plates in mathematical order on the table, she stopped, slipped out, and went up stairs to wash her hands. When she returned, fortune favored her; the only vacant seat was one near him, and, after a short indecision, she took it. Larue did not speak; he was looking at Ruth, who was now pulling candy with Horace Chase, drawing out the golden rope to a yard's length, and throwing the end back to him gayly.

Finally, when not even the painstaking young missionary could scrape another drop from the exhausted pot, Dolly, taking her violin, played a waltz. The uncarpeted floor was tempting, and after all the sticky hands had been washed, the dancing began—Ruth with Chase, Etheridge with Miss Billy, then Etheridge with Mrs. Franklin, while Miss Billy returned quickly to her precious chair.

"But these dances do not compare with the old ones," said Mrs. Franklin, when they had paused to let Dolly rest. "There was the mazurka; and the varsovienne—how pretty that was! La-la-la, la, *la!*" And humming the tune, she took a step or two lightly. Etheridge, who knew the varsovienne, joined her.

"Go on," said Ruth. "I'll whistle it for you." And sitting on the edge of a table, clearly as a flute she whistled the tune, while the two dancers circled round the kitchen, looking extremely well together.

"Whistling girls, you know," said Chase, warningly.

He had joined Ruth, and was watching her as she performed her part as flute. She kept on, undisturbed by his jests, bending her head a little to the right and to the left in time with the music as her whistling reached the end of the figure.

"And then there was the heel and toe polka. Surely you remember that, Com-

modore," pursued Mrs. Franklin, with inward malice.

For the heel and toe was a very ancient memory. It was considered old when she herself had seen it as a child.

"Never heard of it in my life," answered Etheridge. "Hum—ha."

"Oh, I know the heel and toe," cried Ruth. "I learned it from mother ages ago, just for fun. Are you rested, Dolly? Play it, please, and mother and I will show them."

Dolly began, and then Mrs. Franklin and Ruth, tall slender mother and tall slender daughter, each with one arm round the other's waist, and the remaining arm held curved above the head, danced down the long room together, taking the steps of the queer Polish dance with perfect grace and precision.

"Oh, *dear* Mrs. Franklin, so young and cheerful! So pleasant to see her, is it not? So lovely! Don't you think so? And dancing is so interesting in so many ways! Though, of course, there are other amusements equally to be desired," murmured Miss Billy, timorously, to Larue.

"Now we will have a quadrille, and I will improvise the figures," said Ruth. "Mother and the Commodore; Miss Billy and Mr. Larue; Mr. Chase with me; and we will take turns in making the fourth couple."

"Unfortunately, I don't dance," observed Larue.

"Spoil-sport!" said Ruth, annihilatingly.

"You got it that time," remarked Chase, condolingly, to the other man.

"Miss Ruth. I can take the Senator's place, if you like," said Malachi Hill, springing up good-naturedly.

Since the termination of the candy-pulling, he had been sitting contentedly beside Dolly, watching her play, and regaling himself meanwhile with a stick of the fresh compound, its end carefully enveloped in a holder of paper.

"Excellent," said Ruth. "Please take Miss Billy, then."

Poor Miss Billy, obliged to dance—not for the mission this time, but a real dance—with a misguided clergyman! He already smoked; the next step certainly would be cards and horse-racing! While she was taking her place, Rinda ushered in a new guest.

"Maud Muriel—how lucky!" exclaimed Ruth. "You are the very person we need, for we are trying to get up a quadrille, and have not enough persons. I know you like to dance."

"Yes, I like it very much—for hygienic reasons principally," responded the newcomer.

"Please take my place, then," Ruth went on. "This is Mr. Chase. Mr. Chase, Miss Maud Mackintosh. Now we will see if our generic geologist and sensational Senator will refuse to dance with *me*." And sinking suddenly on her knees before Larue, Ruth extended her hands in petition.

"What is all that she called him, Miss Maud?" inquired Chase, laughing.

"Miss Mackintosh," said his partner, correctively. "They are simply alliterative adjectives, Mr. Chase, rather indiscriminately applied. Ruth is apt to be indiscriminate."

Larue had risen, and Ruth triumphantly led him to his place. He knew that she was laughing at him; in fact, as he went through the figures calmly, his partner mimicked him to his face. But he was indifferent alike to her laughter and her mimicry; what he was noticing was her beauty. If he had been speaking of her, he would have called her "prettyish"; but as he was only thinking, he allowed himself to note the charm of her eyes for the moment, the color in her cheeks and lips. For he was sure that it was only for the moment. "The coloring is evanescent," was his mental criticism. "Her beauty will not last. For she is handsome only when she is happy, and happiness for her means doing exactly as she pleases, and having her own way unchecked. No woman can do that forever. By the time she is thirty she may be absolutely plain."

Maud Muriel had laid aside her hat and jacket. She possessed a wealth of beautiful red hair, whose thick mass was combed so tightly back from her forehead that it made her wink; her much-exposed countenance was not at all handsome, though her hazel eyes were large, calm, and clear. She was a spinster of thirty-six—tall, with large bones. And from her hair to her heels she was abnormally, extraordinarily straight. She danced with much vigor, scrutinizing Chase, and talking to him in the intervals between the figures. These intervals, however, were short, for Ruth improvised with rapidity; finally, she kept them all flying

round in a circle so long that Mrs. Franklin, breathless, signalled that she must pause.

"Now we are all hungry," said Ruth. "Zoe, see to the coffee as quickly as you can. And, Rinda, you may make ready here. We won't go to the dining-room, His Grand; it's much more fun in the kitchen."

Various inviting dishes were soon arrayed upon a table. And then Ruth, to pass away the time until the coffee should be ready, began to sing. All the Franklins sang; Miss Billy had a sweet soprano, Maud Muriel a resonant contralto, and Malachi Hill a tenor of great power; Etheridge, when he chose, could add bass notes.

"The floating scow of ole Virginny,
I've rowed it many a day,
A-fishing among de oyster-beds;
To me it was but play.
An' now I'm growin' very ole,
An' cannot work any more,
So carry me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore."

Horace Chase took no part in the song; he sat looking at the others. It was the Franklin family who held his attention—the mother singing with light-hearted animation; Dolly playing the air on her violin, and singing it also; and Ruth, who, with her hands clasped behind her head, was carolling like a bird. To Chase's mind it seemed odd that a woman so old as Mrs. Franklin, a woman with silver hair and grown-up children, should like to dance and sing. Dolly was certainly a very "live" invalid! And Ruth—well, Ruth was enchanting. Horace Chase's nature was always touched by nature; he was open to its influences, and had been so from boyhood. What he admired was not regularity of feature, but simply the seductive sweetness of rich womanhood. And young as she was, Ruth Franklin's face was full of this charm. He looked at her again as she sat singing the chorus:

"O carry me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore."

Then his gaze wandered round the kitchen. From part of the wall the plastering was gone; it had fallen, and had never been replaced. The housewives whom he had hitherto known, so he said to himself, would have preferred to have their walls repaired, and spend less, if necessary, upon dinners. Suppers, too! (Here he noted the rich array on the kitchen table.)

This array was completed presently by the arrival of the coffee, which filled the room with its fragrant aroma. The supper was consumed amid much merriment. When the clock struck twelve, Maud Muriel rose abruptly (but no one dared to make a joke about Cinderella in the presence of her elongated double-soled shoes). "We must be going," she said. "Wilhelmina, I came for you; that is what brought me. When I learned at the hotel that you were here, I followed for the purpose of seeing you home."

"Allow me the pleasure of accompanying you both," said Chase.

"That is not necessary; I always see to Wilhelmina," answered Miss Mackintosh, as she put on her hat.

"Yes; she is so kind," murmured Miss Billy. But Miss Billy in her heart believed that in some way or other Achilles Larue would yet be her escort (though he never had been that, or anything else, in all the years of their acquaintance). He was still in the house, and so was she; something might happen!

What happened was that Larue took leave of Mrs. Franklin and went off alone.

Then Billy said to herself: "On the whole, I'm glad he didn't propose it. For it is only a five minutes' walk to the hotel, and if he had gone with me it would have counted as a call, and then he needn't have done anything more for a long time. So I'm glad he did not come. Very."

"Maud Muriel," said Dolly, "why select a *clay* pipe?"

"Oh, did you see me?" inquired Miss Mackintosh, composedly. "I use a clay pipe, Dolly, because it is cleaner; I can always have a new one. Smoking is said to insure the night's rest, and so I thought it best to learn it, as my brother's children are singularly active at night. I have been practising for three weeks, and I generally go to the woods, where no one can see me; but to-day I did not have time."

Chase broke into a laugh. Malachi Hill, however, was not moved to mirth; he gazed at Maud Muriel almost with awe. Etheridge had emitted another ho, ho, ho! Then he got up and gave Maud a jovial tap on her hard shoulder. "My dear young lady, don't go to the woods. Let

me come with another clay pipe, and be your protector."

"I have never needed a protector in my life," replied Miss Mackintosh. "I don't know what that feeling is, Commodore. I secrete myself simply because I think that people might not fully understand my motives; that is all. Are you ready, Wilhelmina?"

As the two ladies opened the outer door and stepped forth into the darkness, Chase, not at all deterred by the rebuff he had received from the stalwart escort, passed her, and offered his arm to the gentler Miss Billy. And then the Rev. Mr. Hill, feeling that he must, advanced to act as attendant to the remaining lady.

"Manikin!" pronounced Maud Muriel, in a low but distinct tone.

The missionary fled. He did not actually run, but his steps were rapid until he had turned a corner and was out of sight.

Etheridge was the last to take leave. "Well, you made a very merry party for your bubbling friend," he said to Mrs. Franklin.

"It wasn't for *him*," she answered.

"He is not mother's bubbling friend, and he is not Dolly's either," said Ruth; "he is mine. Mother and Dolly do not in the least appreciate him."

"Is he worth much appreciation?" inquired Etheridge, noting her beauty as Larue had noted it. "How striking she grows!" he thought. And forgetting for the moment what they were talking about, he looked at her as Chase had looked.

Meanwhile Ruth was answering, girlishly: "Much appreciation? *All*, Commodore—all. Mr. Chase is splendid!"

Chapter IV.

Nothing could exceed the charm of the early summer in this high valley. The amphitheatre of mountains had taken on fresher robes of green; the air was like champagne. It would have been difficult to say which river danced more gayly along its course, the beautiful foam-flecked French Broad, its clear water open to the sunshine, or the little Swannanoa, frolicking through the forest in the shade.

One morning, a few days after the candy-pulling at L'Hommedieu, even Maud Muriel was stirred to admiration as she threw open the blinds of her bedroom at her usual early hour. "No humidity. And great rarefaction," she said to herself, as she tried the atmosphere with a snort. Maud Muriel lived with her brother, Thomas Mackintosh; that is, she had a room under his roof and a seat at his table. But she did not spend much time at home, rather to the relief of Mrs. Thomas Mackintosh, an easy-going Southern woman, with several young children, including an obstreperous pair of twins. Maud Muriel, dismissing the landscape, took a conscientious sponge-bath, partially attired herself, and then went through her morning gymnastics — arms high above the head, four times; arms stretched out horizontally, four times; arms meeting behind, four times; finally, eight tremendous sweeps of the whole body forward, as though she were plunging into the sea. Then, with a scarlet countenance, she put on her dress and went down to breakfast. After breakfast, on her way to her studio, she stopped for a moment to see Miss Billy. "At any rate, I *walk* well," she had often thought with pride. And to-day, as she approached the hotel, she was so straight that her shoulders tipped backward, and so stiff that her legs moved as if they were made of oak, without joint at the knee.

The Asheville hotel bore the name "The Old North State," the loving title given by native North-Carolinians to their commonwealth—a commonwealth which, in its small long-settled towns, its old farms, and in the names of its people, shows less change in a hundred years than any other portion of the Union. The Old North, as it was called, was a wooden structure painted white, with outside blinds of green; in front of it extended a row of magnificent maple-trees. Miss Billy had a small sitting-room on the second floor. Maud Muriel, paying no attention to the negro servants, went up the uncarpeted stairway. As she opened the door of the sitting-room, her friend was discovered in the act of carefully rolling a waste bit of string into a small ball.

"Too late. I saw you," said the visitor (for Miss Billy had tried to hide the ball). Stalking forward, she opened the drawer of the table, and revealed fifteen or twenty similar little wads, arranged in graded rows. "Very childish, Wilhelmina!" Then closing the drawer, she seated herself. "I have stopped on my

way to the barn to tell you two things. One is that I do *not* like your 'Mountain Walk.'" Here she took a roll of delicately written manuscript, tied with blue ribbons, from her pocket, and placed it on the table. "It is supposed to be about trees, isn't it? But you do not describe a single one with the least accuracy; all you do is to impute to them various allegorical meanings which no tree—a purely vegetable production—ever had."

"It was only a beginning—leading up to a study of the pre-Adamite trees, which I hope to make later," Miss Billy answered. "Ruskin, you know—"

"You need not quote Ruskin to me—a man who attempts to criticise art without the least knowledge of even the first principles of human anatomy. Ignorance in drawing is the thing he most admires. In the future avoid his books, Wilhelmina. They will only increase your predisposition to weak sentimentalism. You sat up too late last night."

"Why, how do you know?" said Miss Billy, guiltily conscious of midnight reading.

"By the deep line between your eyebrows. You must see to that, or you will be misjudged by scientific minds. For marked, lined, or wrinkled foreheads indicate criminal tendencies. The statistics of prisons prove it. To-night put on two pieces of strong sticking-plaster at the temples to draw the skin back. The other thing I had to tell you is that the result of my inquiries of a friend at the North who keeps in touch with the latest investigations of Liébeault and the Germans is that there may, after all, be something in the subject you mentioned to me, namely, the possibility of influencing a person not present by means of an effort of will. So we will try it now—for five minutes. Fix your eyes steadily upon that figure of the carpet, Wilhelmina"—she indicated a figure with her parasol—"and I will do the same. As subject we will take my sister-in-law. And we will will her to whip the twins. Are you ready?" She took out her watch. "Begin, then."

Miss Billy, though secretly disappointed in the choice of subject, tried hard to fix her mind upon the proposed castigation. But in spite of her efforts her thoughts would stray to the carpet itself, to the pattern of the figure, and its reds and greens.

"Time's up," announced Maud, replacing her watch in the strong pocket on the outside of her skirt. "I'll tell you whether the whipping comes off. Do you think it is decent, Wilhelmina, to be dressing and undressing yourself whenever you wish to know what time it is?" For Miss Billy, who tried to follow the fashions to some extent, was putting her own watch back in her bodice, which she had unbuttoned for the purpose.

"I think I will go with you as far as L'Hommedieu," suggested Billy, ignoring the subject of the watch-pocket (an old one). "I have some books to take, so I may as well." She put on her hat, and piled eight dilapidated paper-covered volumes on her arm.

"Are you still collecting vapid literature for that feather-headed woman?" inquired Maud. For Billy went all over Asheville, to every house she knew, and probed in old closets and bookcases, in search of novels for Mrs. Franklin. For years she had performed this office. When Mrs. Franklin had finished reading one set of volumes, Billy carried them back to their owners, and then roamed and foraged for more.

"If you do go as far as L'Hommedieu, you must stop there definitely; you must not go on to the barn," Maud Muriel announced, as they went down the stairs. "For if you do, you will stay. And then I shall be going back with you, to see to you. And then you will be coming part way back with me. And thus we shall be going home with each other all the rest of the day." She passed out, and crossed the street. She did this in the face of the leaders of a team of six horses attached to one of the huge high mountain wagons which are shaped like boats tilted up behind; for two files of these wagons, heavily loaded, were coming slowly up the street. Miss Billy started to cross also, but after three or four steps she turned and hurried back to the curb-stone. Then, unexpectedly, she started again, and ran first in one direction, then in another, until, finding herself hemmed in by wheels, she shrieked loudly. The drivers drew rein, and stretched their necks round the corners of the canvas hoods erected, like Shaker bonnets, over their high-piled loads, in order to see what was the matter. But they could see nothing; and as Miss Billy continued to yell, the whole procession, and with it the entire traffic

of the main street, came slowly to a pause. The pause was not long. Maud Muriel, jerking up the heads of two of the leaders, made a dive, caught hold of her friend, and drew her out by main strength. The horses whom she attacked thus vigorously shook themselves. "Hep!" called their driver. "Hep!" called the other drivers, in various keys. And then, one by one, with a jerk and a creak, the great wains started on again.

When the friends reached L'Hommedieu, Miss Billy was still trembling.

"I'd better take them in, then, for you," said Maud Muriel, referring to the load of books which she was carrying for her companion. They found Dolly in the parlor, winding silk for her next pair of stockings. "Here are some volumes which Wilhelmina is bringing to Mrs. Franklin," said Maud Muriel, depositing the pile on a table.

"More novels?" said Dolly. "I'm so glad. Thank you, Miss Billy. For mother really has nothing for to-day. The one she had yesterday was very dreary; she said she was 'worrying' through it. It was a story about female suffrage—as though any one could care for that!"

"Care for it or not, it is sure to come," declared Miss Mackintosh.

"Yes, in A.D. 5000."

"Sooner, much sooner. We may not see it," pursued Maud Muriel, putting up her finger impressively. "But, mark my words, our *children* will."

Miss Billy listened to this statement with the deepest interest.

"Well, yourself, Maud Muriel, Miss Billy, and myself as parents—that certainly *is* a new idea!" Dolly replied.

Ruth came in. At the same moment Maud Muriel turned to go, and, unconsciously, Billy made a motion as if about to rise also.

"Wilhelmina, you are to *stay*," said Maud, departing.

"Yes, Miss Billy, please stay. I want you," said Ruth. "I want you to go with me to see Genevieve."

"Genevieve?" repeated Dolly, surprised.

"Yes. She has bought another new dress for me, and this time she is going to fit it herself, she says, so that there may be no more bagging," answered Ruth, laughing. "I know she intends to *squeeze* me up. And so I want Miss Billy to come and say it's dangerous!"

Ruth was naturally what is called short-waisted; this gave her the long step which in a tall slender woman is so enchantingly graceful. Genevieve did not appreciate grace of this sort; she was near-sighted, and saw only effects which were close to her eyes. In her opinion Ruth's waist was too large. If she had been told that it was the waist of Greek sculpture, the statement would not have altered her criticism; she had no admiration for Greek sculpture; the few life-sized casts from antique statues which she had seen had appeared to her highly unpleasant objects. Her ideas of feminine shape were derived, in fact, from the season's fashion plates. Her own costumes were always of one unbroken tint, the same from head to foot, and they were exquisitely plain. To men's eyes, therefore, her attire had an air of great simplicity. Women perceived at once that this unvarying effect was not obtained without thought, and Genevieve herself would have been the last to disclaim such attention. For she believed that it was each woman's duty to dress as becomingly as was possible, because it increased her attraction; and the greater her attraction, the greater her influence. If she had been asked, "influence for what?" she would have replied unhesitatingly, "influence for good!" Her view of dress, therefore, being a serious one, she was disturbed by the entire indifference of her husband's family to the subject, both generally and in detail. She had the most sincere desire to assist them, to improve them; most of all she longed to improve Ruth (she had given up Dolly), and more than once she had denied herself something, and taken the money it would have cost, to buy a new costume for the heedless girl, who generally ruined the gifts (in her sister-in-law's opinion) by careless directions, or no directions at all, to the Asheville dressmaker.

Ruth bore Miss Billy away. But as they crossed the garden towards the cottage she said: "I may as well tell you—there will be no fitting. For Mr. Chase is there; I have just caught a glimpse of him from the upper window."

"Then why go now?" inquired Miss Billy, who at heart was afraid of Genevieve.

"To see Mr. Chase. I wish to thank him for my philopena, which came late

last night. Mother and Dolly are not pleased. But I am, ever so much." She took a morocco case from her pocket, and opening it, disclosed a ring of very delicate workmanship, the gold circlet hardly more than a thread, and enclosing a diamond, not large, but very pure and bright.

"Oh-ooh!" said Miss Billy, with deep admiration.

"Yes; isn't it lovely? Mother and Dolly say that it is too much. But I have never seen anything in the world yet which I thought too much! I should like to have ever so many rings, each set with one gem only, but that gem perfect. And I should like to have twenty or thirty bracelets, all of odd patterns, to wear on my arms above the elbow. And I should like close rows of jewels to wear round my throat. And clasps of jewels for the belt; and shoe-buckles too. I have never had a single ornament, except one dreadful silver thing. Let me see; it's on now!" And feeling under her sleeve, she drew off a thin silver circlet, and threw it as far as she could across the grass.

"Oh, your pretty bracelet!" exclaimed Miss Billy.

"Pretty? Horrid!"

Horace Chase had called at the cottage in answer to a note from Genevieve offering to take him to the Colored Home. "As you have shown so much kindly interest in the Mission, I feel sure that this second good work of ours will also please you," she wrote.

"I think I won't go to-day, Gen, if it's all the same to you," said Chase, when he entered. "For my horses came day before yesterday, and I ought not to delay any longer about making some arrangements for them."

"Any other time will do for the Home," answered Genevieve, graciously. "But can't you stay for a little while, Horace? Let me show you my house."

Chase had already seen her parlor, with its velvet carpet, its set of furniture covered with green, its pictures arranged according to the size of the frames, with the largest below on a line with the eye, and the others above in pyramidical gradations, so that the smallest were near the cornice; at that distance the subjects of the smaller pictures were more or less indistinguishable, but at least the arrangement of the frames was full of symmetry. In the second story, at the end of the house, was "Jay's smoking-room." "Jay likes to smoke; it is a habit he acquired in the navy; I have therefore fitted up this room on purpose," said Jay's wife.

It was a small chamber, with a sloping ceiling, a single window overlooking the kitchen roof, oil-cloth on the floor, one table, and one chair.

"Do put in *two* chairs," suggested Chase, jocularly. For though he thought the husband of Genevieve a fortunate man, he could not say that his smoking-room was a cheerful place.

"Oh, *I* never sit here," answered Genevieve. "Now come down and take a peep at my kitchen, Horace. I have been kneading the bread; there it is on the table. I prefer to knead it myself, though I hope that in time Susannah will be able to do it according to my method" (with a glance towards the negro servant, who returned no answering smile). "And this is my garden. I can never tell you how glad I am that we have at last a fixed home of our own, Horrie. No more wandering about! Jay is able to spend a large part of his summers here, and, later, when he has made a little more money, he will come for the whole summer—four months. And I go to Raleigh to be with him in the winter; I am hoping that we can have a winter home there too very soon. We are *so* much more comfortable in every way than we used to be. And looking at it from another point of view, it is inexpressibly better for Jay himself to be out of the navy. It always worried me—such a limited life!"

Jared Franklin, when an ensign, had met Genevieve Gray, fallen in love with her, and married her in the short space of three months. He had remained in the navy throughout the war, and for two years longer; then, yielding at last to his wife's urgent entreaties, he had resigned. After his resignation he had been for a time a clerk in Atlanta. Now he was in business for himself in a small way at Raleigh; it was upon his establishment there that Genevieve had started this summer home in Asheville. "Our prospects are so much brighter," she went on, cheerfully; "for at present we have a future. No one has a future in the navy; no one can make money there. But now there is no reason why Jay should not succeed, as other men have

succeeded; that is what I often tell him. And I am not thinking only of ourselves, Horrie, as I say that; when Jay is a rich man my principal pleasure in it will be the power which we shall have to give more in charity, to do more in all good works." And in saying this, Genevieve Franklin was entirely sincere.

"You must keep me posted about the railroad," she went on, as she led the way across the garden.

"Oh yes, if we do take hold of it you shall be admitted into the ring," answered Chase—"the inside track."

"I could buy land here beforehand—quietly, you know."

"You've got a capital head for business, haven't you, Gen? Better than any one has at your mother-in-law's, I reckon."

"They are not clever in that way; I try to see to them a little. But they are very amiable."

"Not that Dolly!"

"Yes, she is—under her jesting. She jests too much. But my principal feeling for poor Dolly, of course, is simply pity. This is my little dairy, Horrie; come in. I have been churning butter this morning."

Ruth and Miss Billy, finding no one in the house, had followed to the dairy, and they entered in time to hear this last phrase.

"She does churning and everything else, Mr. Chase, at three o'clock in the morning," said Ruth, with great seriousness.

"Not quite so early," Genevieve corrected.

The point was not taken up. The younger Mrs. Franklin, a fresh, strong, equable creature, who woke at dawn as a child wakes, liked an early breakfast as a child likes it. She found it difficult to understand her mother-in-law's hour of nine or half past nine. "But you lose so much time, mamma," she had remarked during the first weeks of her own residence at Asheville.

"Yes," Dolly answered. (It was always Dolly who answered Genevieve; Dolly delighted in it.) "We do lose it at that end of the morning—the raw end, Genevieve. But when we are once up, we remain up, available, get-at-able, and occupied, until nearly midnight; we do not go off and seclude ourselves impregnably for an hour or two in the middle of the day." Dolly was aware that it was her sister-in-law's habit to retire to her room immediately after her dinner and take a nap; often a long one.

"Do you wish to see something pretty, Genevieve?" said Ruth, giving her the morocco case. "Thank you, Mr. Chase, I have wanted a ring so long; you can't think how long!"

"Have you?" said Chase, smiling.

"Yes. And this is such a beautiful one."

"Well, to me it seemed rather small. I wrote to a friend of mine to get it in New York: it was my partner, in fact, Mr. Willoughby. I told him that it was for a young lady. That's his taste, I suppose."

"The taste is perfect," said Miss Billy. For poor Miss Billy, browbeaten though she was by almost everybody, possessed a very delicate and true perception in all such matters.

"I have been *perfectly* happy ever since it came," Ruth declared, as she took the ring, slipped it on her finger, and looked at the effect.

"You make me proud, Miss Ruth."

"Don't you want to be a little prouder?" and she came up to him coaxingly. "I am sure Genevieve has been asking you to go with her to the Colored Home." This quick guess made Chase laugh. "For it is the weekly reception day, and all her old women have on their clean turbans. The Colored Home is excellent, of course, but it won't fly away; there'll be more clean turbans next week. Meanwhile, *I* have something very pressing. I have long wanted Maud Muriel to make a bust of Petie Trone, Esq. And she won't, because she thinks it is frivolous. But if you will go with me, Mr. Chase, and speak of it as a fine thing to do, she will be impressed, I know; for she has a sort of liking for you." Chase made a grimace. "I don't mean anything fiery; it is a reasonable scientific feeling like herself. She is at the barn now: won't you come? For Petie Trone, Esq., is not a young dog any longer. He is more than eight years old," concluded the girl, mournfully, her eyes growing misty.

Genevieve, who had been greatly struck by the ring, glanced at Chase with inward despair as her sister-in-law made this ineffective conclusion. They had left the dairy and were standing in the garden, and her despair renewed itself as in the brighter light she noted Ruth's faded dress

and the battered garden hat, whose half-detached feather had been temporarily secured with a large white pin.

But Chase was not looking at the hat. "Of course I'll go," he answered. "We'll have the little scamp in bronze, if you like. Don't worry about his age, Miss Ruth; he is so tremendously lively that he will see us all out yet."

"Come, then," said Ruth, exultingly. She linked her arm in Miss Billy's. "You must go too, Miss Billy, so that you can assure mother that I did not tease Mr. Chase *too* hard—that I played fair."

Maud Muriel's studio was in an unused hay-barn. Here, ranged on rough shelves, were her "works," as Miss Billy called them—many studies of arms, and ten finished portrait-busts in clay. The subjects of the busts appeared to have been selected, one and all, for their strictly commonplace aspect; they had not even the distinction of ugliness. There were three old men with ordinary features, and no marked expression of any kind; there were four women, each with the type of face which one forgets the moment after seeing it; and there were three uncompromisingly uninteresting little boys. The modelling was conscientious, and it was evident in each case that the likeness was extraordinarily faithful.

"But Petie Trone, Esq., is a *pretty* dog," objected the sculptress, when Ruth had made her request, backed up by Chase, who described the "dogs and animals of all sorts" which he had seen in bronze and marble in the galleries abroad. No one laughed as the formal title came out from Maud's compressed lips; Asheville had long ago accepted the name; Petie Trone, Esq., was as well known as Mount Pisgah.

"Don't you like pretty things?" Chase asked, gazing at the busts, and then at the studies of arms and hands—scraggy arms with sharp elbows and thin fingers, withered old arms with clawlike phalanges, lean arms of growing boys with hands like paws, hard-worked arms with distorted muscles—every and any human arm and hand save a beautiful one.

"Prettiness is the exception," replied Maud Muriel, "and not the rule. I prefer to model only the usual, the average; for in that direction, and in that only, lies truth."

"Yes; and I suppose that if I should make a usual cur of Petie Trone, Esq., cover him with average mud, and beat him so that he would cower and slink in his poor little tail, *then* you would do him?" said Ruth, indignantly.

"See here, Miss Mackintosh, your principles needn't be upset by one small dog. Come, do him; not his bust, but the whole of him. A life-sized statue," added Chase, laughing. "He must be about eleven inches long! Do him for me," he went on, boldly, looking at her with secret amusement; for he had never seen such a wooden bearing as that of this Asheville virgin.

Maud Muriel did not relax the tension of her muscles; in fact, she could not. The condition called "clinched," which with most persons is occasional only, had with her become chronic. Nevertheless, somehow she consented.

"I'll get the darling this minute," cried Ruth, hurrying out. And Chase followed her.

"Well, here you are again! What did I tell you?" said the sculptress to Miss Billy when they were left alone.

"I did not mean, Maud Muriel—I really did not intend—"

"What place, Wilhelmina, is *paved* with good intentions?"

"You will go with me to get Petie Trone, Esq., won't you, Mr. Chase?" said Ruth, as they left the barn. "Because, if you are not there, she may change her mind."

"Not she. She is no more changeable than a telegraph pole. I am afraid I must leave you now, Miss Ruth; the men are waiting to see me about the horses."

"Whose horses?"

"Mine."

"Did you send for them? Oh, I love horses too. Where are they?"

"For the present at the Old North stables. So you like horses? I'll drive the pair round, then, in a day or two, to show them to you; they are strong, suitable for the rough mountain roads about here." And after shaking hands with her—Chase always shook hands—he went towards the village; for Maud Muriel's barn was on the outskirts. In figure he was tall, thin, and muscular. He never appeared to be in haste; all his movements were leisurely, even his words coming out with deliberation. His voice was pitched in a low key; his articulation was extremely distinct; sometimes,

when amused, he had a slight humorous drawl.

Ruth looked after him for a moment. Then she went in search of her dog.

A little later Anthony Etheridge paid his usual morning visit to the post-office. On his return, when near his own abode, he met Horace Chase.

"A mail in?" inquired Chase, surprised, as he saw the letters.

"No; they came last night. I am never in a hurry about mails," answered Etheridge. "You younger fellows have not learned, as I have, that among every seven letters, say, four at least are sure to be more or less disagreeable. Well, have you decided? Are you coming to my place?" For Etheridge had rooms in a private house, where he paid for a whole wing in order that his night's rest should not be disturbed by other tenants, who might perhaps bring in young children; with his usual thriftiness, he had offered his lower floor to Chase.

"Well, no, I guess not; I'm thinking of coming here," Chase answered, indicating the hotel near by with a backward turn of his thumb. "My horses are here already; I'm making some arrangements for them now."

Anthony Etheridge cared more for a good horse than for anything else in the world. In spite of his title of Commodore, sailing had only a second place in his list of tastes. He had commanded a holiday squadron only, a fleet of yachts. Some years before he had resigned his commandership in the Northern club. But he was still a Commodore almost in spite of himself, for he had again been elected, this time by the winter yacht club of St. Augustine. At the word "horses" his face had become eager. "Can I have a look at them?" he said, quickly.

"Oh yes; they're round here. I'll take you."

The three horses were beautiful specimens of their kind. "The pair I intend to drive. I found that there was nothing in Asheville, and as I'm going to stay a while longer (for the air is bringing me right up), I had to have something," remarked Chase. "The mare is for riding."

"She looks like a racer."

"Well, she has taken one prize. But I shall never race her again; I don't care about it. I remember when I thought a race was just heaven! When I wasn't more than nineteen, I took a prize with a trotter; 'twas a very small race, to be sure, but a big thing to me. Not long after that there was another prize offered for a well-matched pair, and by that time I had a pair—temporarily—bays. One of them, however, had a white spot on his nose. Well, sir, I painted his nose!" He broke into a laugh.

"Was that before you invented the Bubble powder?" inquired Etheridge.

In this question there was a tinge of superciliousness. Chase did not suspect it. In his estimation a baking-powder was as good a means as anything else. The only important thing was the success. But even if he had perceived the tinge, it would only have amused him; with his far-stretching plans, his extensive business interests and broad ambitions, criticism from this obscure old man would have seemed comical. Anthony Etheridge was not so obscure a personage as Chase fancied. But he was not known in the world of business or of speculation, and he had very little money. This last fact Chase had immediately divined. For he recognized in Etheridge a man who would never have denied himself luxury unless forced to do it, a man who would never have been at Asheville if he could have afforded Newport; the talk about "nature undraped" was simply an excuse. And he had discovered also another secret which no one (save Mrs. Franklin) suspected, namely, that the handsome Commodore was in reality far older than his gallant bearing would seem to indicate.

"*I* didn't invent the Bubble," he had answered; "I only bought it. Then the inventor and I ran it together, in a sort of partnership, as long as he lived. 'Twas as good as a silver mine for a while. Nothing could stand against it, sir—nothing."

But Etheridge was not interested in the Bubble. "I should like greatly to see your mare go," he said. "Here, boy, isn't that track in the field in pretty fair condition still?"

"Yes, boss," answered the negro, whom he had addressed.

"Why not let her go round it, Chase? It will do her good to stretch her legs this fine morning."

Here a shadow in the doorway caused them both to turn their heads. It was Ruth Franklin.

"Good heavens, Ruth, what are you doing here in the stables?" said Etheridge, astonished.

"I have come to see the horses," answered Ruth, confidently. She addressed Chase. She had already learned that she could count upon indulgence from him, no matter what fancies might seize her.

"Here they are, then," Chase answered. "Come closer. This is Peter, and that is Piper. And here is the mare, Kentucky Belle. Your friend the Commodore was urging me, as you came in, to send Kentucky round a race-course you have here somewhere."

"Yes, I know; the old ring," said Ruth. "Oh, please do! Please have a real race."

"But there's nothing to run against her, Miss Ruth. The pair are not racers."

"You go to Cyrus Jaycox," said Etheridge to the negro, "and ask him for—for" (he could not remember the name) — "for the colt," he concluded, in an enraged voice.

"Fer Tipkinoo, sah? Yassah."

"Tell him to come himself."

"Yassah." The negro started off on a run.

"It's the landlord of the Old North," Etheridge explained. "He has a promising colt, Tippecanoe" (he brought it out this time sonorously). "No match, of course, for your mare, Chase. Still, it will make a little sport." His color had risen; his face was young with anticipation. "Now, Ruth, go home; you have seen the horses, and that is enough. Your mother would be much displeased if she knew you were here."

For answer Ruth looked at Chase. "I won't be the least trouble," she said, winningly.

"Oh, do be! I like trouble—feel all the better for lots of it," he answered. "Come along with me. And make all the trouble you can."

Three little negro boys, highly excited, had already started off to act as pilots to the field. Ruth put her hand in Chase's arm; for if the owner of Kentucky Belle wished to have her with him, or at least if he had the appearance of wishing it, there was less to be said against her presence. They led the way, therefore. Then came Chase's man with the mare, Etheridge keeping close to the beautiful beast, and watching her gait with critical eyes. All the hangers-on of the stable brought up the rear. The field, where an amateur race had been held during the preceding year, was not far distant; its course was a small one. Some minutes later their group was completed by the arrival of Cyrus Jaycox with his colt Tippecanoe.

"But where is Groves?" said Chase to his men. "Groves is the only one of you who can ride her properly." It turned out, however, that Groves had gone to bed ill; he had taken a chill on the journey.

"I didn't observe that he wasn't here," said Chase. (This was because he had been talking to Ruth.) "We shall have to postpone it, Commodore."

"Let her go round with one of the other men just once, to show her action," Etheridge urged.

"Yes, please, please," said Ruth.

The mare, therefore, went round the course with the groom Cartright, followed by the Asheville colt, ridden by a little negro boy, who clung on with grins and goggling eyes.

"There is Mr. Hill watching us over the fence," said Ruth. "How astonished he looks!" And she beckoned to the distant figure.

Mr. Hill, who had been up the mountain for a mile to pay a visit to a family in bereavement, had recognized them, and stopped his horse in the road to see what was going on. In response to Ruth's invitation, he found a gate, opened it by leaning from his saddle, and came across to join them. As he rode up, Etheridge was urging another round. "If I were not such a heavy weight, I'd ride the mare myself!" he declared, with enthusiasm. Cyrus Jaycox offered a second little negro as jockey. But Chase preferred to trust Cartright, unfitted though he was. In reality he consented not on account of the urgency of Etheridge, but solely to please the girl by his side.

There was trouble about this second start; the colt, not having been trained, boggled and balked. Kentucky Belle, on her side, could not comprehend such awkwardness. "I'll go a few paces with them, just to get them well off," suggested Malachi Hill, and touching Daniel with his whip, he rode forward, coming up behind the other two.

Mr. Hill's Daniel was the laughing-stock of the irreverent; he was a very tall, ancient horse, lean and rawboned, with a rat tail. But he must have had a spark of youthful fire left in him somewhere, or else a long-thwarted ambition, for he made more than the start which his rider had intended; breaking into a pounding pace, he went round the entire

course, in spite of the clergyman's efforts to pull him up. The mare, hearing the thundering sound of his advance behind her, began to go faster. Old Daniel passed the Asheville colt as though he were nothing at all; then, stretching out his gaunt head, he went in pursuit of the steed in front like a mad creature, the dust of the ring rising in clouds behind him. Nothing could now stop either horse. Cartright was powerless with Kentucky Belle, and Daniel paid no heed to his rider. But the second time round it was not quite clear whether the clergyman was trying to stop or not. The third time there was no question—he would not have stopped for the world; his flushed face showed all the excitement of the deepest delight.

Meanwhile people had collected as flies collect round honey; the negroes who lived in the shanties behind the Old North had come running to the scene in a body, the big children "toting" the little ones, and down the lane which led from the main street had rushed all the whites within call, led by the postmaster. After the fourth round, Kentucky Belle decided to stop of her own accord. She was, of course, ahead. But not very far behind her, still thundering along with his rat tail held stiffly out, came old Daniel, in his turn ahead of Tippecanoe.

As Daniel drew near, exhausted but still ardent, there rose loud laughter and cheers. "Oh, good gracious!" murmured the missionary, as he quickly dismounted, pulled his hat straight, and involuntarily tried to hide himself between Etheridge and Chase. "What *have* I done!"

His perturbation was genuine. "Come," said Chase, who had been laughing uproariously himself; "we'll protect you." He gave his arm to Mr. Hill, and with Ruth (who still kept her hold tightly) on his left, he made with his two companions a stately progress back to the hotel, followed by the mare led by Cartright, with Etheridge as body-guard; then by Cyrus Jaycox with Tippecanoe; and finally by all the spectators, who now numbered nearly a hundred. But at the head of the whole file (Chase insisted upon this) marched old Daniel, led by the other groom.

"Go round to the front," called Chase. And round they all went to the main street, amid the hurrahs of the accompanying crowd, white and black. At the door of the Old North, Ruth escaped and took refuge within, followed by Mr. Hill, and, a moment later, by Chase and Etheridge also. Ruth had led the way to Miss Billy's sitting-room. Miss Billy received her guests with wonder; Maud Muriel was with her (for her prophecy had come true; the two had already begun the going home with each other).

"We have had the most exciting race, Miss Billy," explained Ruth. "A real horse-race round the old track out in the field. And Mr. Hill came in second, on Daniel!"

The eyes of Miss Billy, turning to the clergyman with horror, accompanied by the basilisk gaze of Maud, moved Chase to fresh laughter. "I say—why not all stay and dine with me?" he suggested; "to celebrate Daniel's triumph, you know? I am coming here to stay, so I might as well begin. The dinner hour is two o'clock, I know, and it is almost that, now. We can have a table to ourselves, and perhaps they can find us some champagne."

"That will be fun; I'll stay," said Ruth. "And the Commodore will, I'm sure. Mr. Hill too."

"Thanks, no. I must go. Good-day," said the missionary, hastening out.

Chase pursued him. "Why, you are the hero of the whole thing," he said; "the man of the hour. We can't bring old Daniel into the dining-room. So we must have you, Hill."

"I am sorry to spoil it; but you will have to excuse me," answered the other man, hurriedly. Then, with an outburst of confidence: "It is impossible for me to remain where Miss Mackintosh is present. There is something perfectly awful to me, Mr. Chase, in that woman's eye!"

"Is that all? Come back; I'll see to her," responded Chase. And see to her he did. Aided by Etheridge, who liked nothing better than to assail the sculptress with lovelorn compliments of the deepest hue, Chase paid Maud Muriel such devoted attention that for the moment she forgot poor Hill, or rather she left him to himself. He was able, therefore, to eat his dinner. But he still said, mutely, "Good gracious!" at intervals, and taking out his handkerchief, he furtively wiped his brow.

The Old North had provided for its patrons that day roast beef, spring chickens, potatoes, and apple puddings. All

the diners at the other tables asked for "a dish of gravy." A saucer containing gravy was then brought, and placed by the side of each plate. Small hot biscuits were offered instead of bread, and eaten with the golden mountain butter. Mrs. Jaycox, stimulated by the liberal order for champagne, sent to Chase's table the additional splendors of three kinds of fresh cake, peach preserves, and a glass jug of cream.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE OF SIMPKINSVILLE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

"I'VE been kissed once-t—with a reg'lar beau kiss—by Teddy Brooks."

The puffs of smoke from old lady Sarey Mirandy Simpkins's pipe came faster after she had spoken.

"But I never kissed back. Hev you ever been kissed that a-way, 'th a reg'lar beau kiss, sis' Sophia Falena?" she continued, turning toward her sister, who sat, also smoking, beside her.

"Twice-t."

"Who by?"

"Once-t by Jim Halloway, time he spoken the word fo' me to marry 'im, an'—an' by another person for a far'well."

"An' you kep' two all these years an' never told 'em out, an' here I felt guilty a-hidin' one. Who was that various secon' smartie what done it to you, sis?"

"He weren't no smartie, Sarey Mirandy. He were Jim Dooley, an' it were time he 'listed in the army."

"Did you kiss back, Sophia Falena?"

"*Yas—I—did!* But what put kissin' into yo' head to-night, sis? It's mighty funny, 'cause I was a-settin' here thinkin' 'bout kissin' too—an' I can't tell when I've studied about sech a thing befo'."

"I dunno. I was jest a-thinkin'. Sometimes it do me good to set an' think 'way back."

"Well, I tell you how I reckon kissin' come into *my* head. I was jest a-thinkin' *s'posin'*."

"S'posin' what, sis?"

"Well, s'posin' all 'round. S'posin' Jim Dooley had of came back from the wah, fo' one thing."

A faint blush suffused the thin face of the speaker at the very audacity of that which her supposition implied.

"An' s'posin' Sonny hadn't of taken to birds—an' died. An' s'posin' the bank hadn't o' failed. Why, sis, I could set here an' s'pose things in five minutes thet 'd make everything different. S'posin' time Teddy Brooks give you thet special an' pertic'lar kiss, *you* had jest—ef not to say kissed back, not *drawed away* neither. S'posin' that?"

"Well, sis, since we got on the subjec', I've supposened it more'n once-t—pertic'lar sence I see how ol' an' rundown the pore feller is. Sally Ann Jones 'ain't been even to say a half-way wife to 'im. Seem like ev'ry time she lays a new baby in the cradle fo' him to rock she gets fatter an' purtier an' mo' no' 'count; an' pore Teddy he sets an' rocks the flesh clean off'n his bones. Yas, sis, I've thought o' *that* s'posin' many a time, but it's a vain an' foolish thought—ef not a ongodly one. But the one I've s'posened about most is Sonny."

Both women sighed. "Somehow I can't get used to thinkin' 'bout Sonny dyin', noways. No two girls ever had a better brother'n Sonny. Sonny was a born genius, ef th' ever was one. Perfesser Sloane down to Spring Hill say hisself they warn't a young man in the county thet helt a candle to Sonny fo' head-learnin'—not to speak o' Sonny's manners. An' when I set an' look at this houseful o' stuffed birds in glass cases an' think o' what Sonny might 'a' been—Well, maybe it was God's will for Sonny to take to birds, 'stid o' drink or card-shufflin' like some brothers."

"It's mighty funny, sis, for you an' me to be sett'n' up here s'posin' an' lookin' back at this pertic'lar time, when it so p'intedly behooves us to be lookin' ahead. Lemme see that paper ag'in. Yas, here it is in plain 'Merican: 'Failure of the Cotton King's Bank of Little Rock'—a whole colume. Nobody to read that would think of its sett'n' two ol' women to studyin' 'bout kissin', now, would they? What you reckon we better do, sis?"

"God on'y knows—an' He 'ain't tol' me—yet. 'Twouldn't be no use to try takin' boa'ders, would it?"

"'Twouldn't be right, sis. They ain't nobody in town *to* boa'd out but them as

are boa'din' a'ready, an' 'twould be jest the same as askin' 'em to leave an' come to us—'special as we got the fines' house."

"'Twould look that a-way, wouldn't it? I thought about takin' in quiltin', but there ag'in, you know, th' ain't mo' quiltin' give out to be did than Mis' Gibbs can do—an' she half crippled, too. No, no. 'Fore I'd give out thet you an' me'd take in quiltin', I'd starve—*that* I would."

"I taken notice to a pertic'lar word you spoke jest now, sis, 'bout 'God knows.' You recollec' what the hymn say?

> 'Hev we trial or temptation,
> Take it to the Lord in prayer.'

Seem to me like our trial's been followed by two temptations a'ready. It's mos' nine o'clock, an' I'm goin' to read my chapter, an' then lay this case o' you an' me out clear, on my knees, befo' the Lord; an' do you do the same, sis, an' I b'lieve we'll be d'rected."

Lighting her candle, old lady Sophia passed noiselessly into her own room. Her sister sat for some time longer in thought, then she too, after shovelling some ashes over the coals upon the hearth, took her candle and went to bed.

The Misses Simpkins were twins, and at the time of the civil war they had been fair blooming country maidens, both, and they were now, since the death, a year ago, of "Sonny," their bachelor brother, the sole representatives of a family that had stood with the best in the Arkansas community in which they lived; a family whose standards and traditions had been religiously observed in all things by the twin daughters upon whose frail maiden shoulders had developed responsibilities hitherto unknown to the women of the name of Simpkins. Their mother and grandmother had had slaves at their call, and by frugal care had accumulated what here in those days was counted as wealth.

They had worn their inherited frugality itself threadbare in the determination to "live like pa an' ma would like to have us live," and thus far they had succeeded.

Sonny, whose life, viewed retrospectively, seemed even to their loving eyes a failure, had been, when living, their pride and joy. Sonny was, in truth, a gentleman. His one year at college, which he left for the army in '61, had sufficed to introduce him into new realms of thought, and, it may be, had diverted activity from his hands to his brain. Certain it is that he never practically grasped the changed situation after the war, and the sisters and he had finally sold all the farm lands, reserving only the few acres surrounding the homestead. The proceeds, deposited in the failing bank, had yielded an income quite adequate to their modest needs.

Sonny had called himself a naturalist; and so he was—in a sweeter, broader sense than he knew. He was, as nature had made him, a true-hearted unsophisticated gentleman. For more than twenty years he had been satisfied to pursue his chosen study, and take no note of time.

But Sonny was found one day, with a live bird still grasped in his hand, lying dead beneath a tree. Presumably he had climbed and fallen.

And now to the lonely sisters had come a second trial. Into their shadowed door had stalked unbidden and unexpected the informal guest called Poverty, with her startling command of "Work!"

It was dinner-time on the day following the conversation recorded before they reverted to the theme again.

"Well," said Miss Sarey Mirandy, "hev anything come to you, sis, thet we can do?"

"Hev anything come to you, sis Sarey dear?"

"Yas, it has. An' I'm 'fraid it's small comfort. Th' ain't but two things I can do, an' them's sewin' an' cookin'. Th' ain't any more sewin' needin' to be did in Simpkinsville 'n them as are a'ready doin' it can do, an' as fo' cookin', you know how much chance they is in that—'less'n a person'd hire out, which I *can't* do—not while ma and pa's ile-painted po'trait looks down from that chimbly at you an' me. Tell the truth, sis, what *to* do I *don't* know. Hev you thought 'bout it consider'ble?"

"Yas, I have, sis. You can cook an' sew, an' I can ca'culate figgurs, an' we got a-plenty o' house-room, an' we're right on the public road, an'—"

"In the name o' goodness, sis hun, 're you wanderin', or what 're you drivin' at?"

"Well, they's jest this much to it, sis Sarey Mirandy: I've got a idee; an' *my* idee is thet it's *the* idee—an' that's all they is *to* it."

Miss Sarey Mirandy readjusted her spectacles and scrutinized her sister's face. "Well, go on, honey. You've done got me wrought up!"

"Why, it's this—and I'd never o' thought o' sech a thing if it hadn't o' been for my trip to the city, along with me subscribin' to that magazine, both of which, you know, hun, you pretty solemn discountenanced. I seen it tried in the city, an' the magazine is continual tellin' how it works everywhere."

"But for gracious sakes alive, sis, what is the thing?"

"*It's a Woman's Exchange*—that's what it is!"

"But, sis hun, we 'ain't got nothin' to start it with."

"That's jest the beauty of it. They get started on nothin'. We jest give out thet the Exchange *is started*, an' everybody who does any sort o' work to sell sends it in, an' we sell it for her an' *de*duc' ten pre cent. You see?"

"Well, I dunno as I do."

"Well, here: S'posin' ol' Mis' Gibbs, 'stid o' totin' her heavy comforters all 'round the county, an' losin' maybe two whole days' time a-sellin' one for two dollars, jest sends 'em in here, an' we sell 'em for her. She gets—ten from one dollar leaves ninety cents, an' nine an' nine's eighteen, eight an' carry one—She gets—"

"You don't mean she gets eight dollars? 'Twouldn't never do in the world. People wouldn't pay it. An', besides, I thought you said she wouldn't have to carry none?"

"Don't put me out, sis; I'm all frustrated—'f I jest had a slate! Now I got it! You don't carry at all. Ought's a ought, an' nine an' nine's eighteen. She'd get a dollar 'n' eighty cents, an' we'd get the two dimes. Then you could put any kind o' cooked things in an' sell 'em. Them lemon pies o' yours 'd sell like hot cakes."

"An' who'd get the pre cent. on them, sis?"

"Well, reely, hun, I—I hardly know. We got to deal fair. We might give it to charity. How'd it do to give it to Miss Gibbs to make up the *de*duc' on the comforts?"

"That might do—if it's got to be give; but look 's if it would nachelly *b'long* somewheres, don't it?"

"It do seem so. Maybe we might keep that fo' rent o' the room."

"Well, I dunno. Ef we do, we had ought to give it out, so every person 'd understand."

"That's so. Of course. Well, how'll we start, hun?"

"Why not hev it called out in church? It's a good helpful work."

And so it was done.

When, on Sunday following, the minister stepped aside to read the notice, Miss Sophia Falena grew so flurried that she untied her bonnet strings and fanned vigorously. Her sister, however, though sniffling vociferously herself, nudged her, and she tied them again, and only cleared her throat at short intervals. The notice simply called a meeting of all interested in the project, which was duly set forth, on the next day at the Simpkins residence.

The response was most encouraging, all the chairs in the house and one from the kitchen being called into requisition to seat the attendants. Miss Sophia's voice trembled distinctly, as did the hand that held the paper from which she read, standing in the midst of the assembly, her "idees on the subjec'," which she had thought best to commit to paper.

The meeting was in all respects a success. Besides the assorted bits of advice which all gave freely on the spot, each promised to "enter" something. While Miss Sophia Falena, an atlas balanced upon her knee, made a note of articles promised, Miss Sarey Mirandy passed around raspberry-vinegar and crullers on an old silver-plated tray.

The two were similarly attired in gowns of shiny black silk, whose swishing sound at every movement seemed, with the clink of the high goblets against the silver waiter, reminiscent of a by-gone and more prosperous period.

The change wrought in the Simpkins household by the new enterprise was marvellous.

It was as if time had turned backward and they were young again, so quickly did they move about, so animatedly discuss the numerous details of preparation.

After considerable parley, they decided to use the mahogany centre table for cakes and articles of special showiness, while fancy-work could be advantageously displayed on the piano. If the time should come again when they cared to hear music in the house, they could move the things. Miss Sophia, who had been from home more than her sister, hated to open the old piano anyway. Indeed, she was once heard to say: "When that *pi*ano is shut an' kivered up, a person

can look at it an' think music, 'cause the shape seems to favor it; but jest open it, an' I declare Methusalem ain't nowheres. It makes a person ponder on death an' eternity."

The Exchange opened briskly. The centre table fairly groaned beneath its burden of cakes: "White Mountain," "Lady Washington," "Confederate layer," "Marble," "Dolly Varden," "General Lee," and a score of others, iced, and decorated with reckless elaboration; while in the centre, completing the effect of a spread feast, stood—under glass, it is true—a glowing pyramid of wax fruits.

The piano was a bazar of many-hued zephyrs, from the miniature sacques and stockings of shrimp pink and kindred raw tints relegated by provincial taste to the adorning of babes, to the chinchilla and purple capes suggestive of grandmothers' rheumatic shoulders.

On a side table, wrapped in snowy linen, were heaped loaves of home-made bread, buns, rolls, lemon pies—the home contribution.

A stream of people were coming all day, examining things, pricing, but rarely buying. Indeed, nearly all had something in stock *to sell*.

The two old ladies flitted briskly about, ever and anon putting their heads together, only to dart off in other directions, as busy and buzzy as two happy house flies on a sunny day, only the bright red spots on their cheeks testifying to the unusual agitation of their minds. That they had need of tact, discretion, and judgment, not to mention patience, a bit of conversation caught up at random will perhaps best illustrate:

"An' who in the Kingdom sent in this curious cake, Miss Simpkins?" The querist was a patroness of influence.

"Kate Clark sent in that'n, Mis' Blanks. It's a 'Will-o'-the-wisp,' made out'n five-times sifted flour, 'n' whites of eggs. She says she *made it up*, name an' all."

"Seem to me she'd have 'bout all she could do makin' up rhymin' po'try. What price does she put on it?"

"She wouldn't name no sum. She says she never prices the work of her mind in money, an' thet cake is jest the same to her as a po'try verse. She'll be grateful for whatever it 'll fetch."

"Well, I vow! Time a person taken to writin' po'try, seem like they all but lose what little sense they got. How you goin' to sell it, 'thout no price?"

"Well, we 'lowed thet anybody thet 'd wanted it 'd deal *fair*. I s'pose, bein' as they's nothin' but eggs, an' only the half o' them, in it, they mus' be consider'ble flour. An' *siftin'* it five times, you know that's worrisome work. An' the eggs is well beat; you can see that. Don't you reck'n it's wuth two bits?"

"Maybe it is for them as are willin' to buy a quarter's wuth o' wind. When I want air, I'll go out dohs an' sniff it! That's all I'm askin' fo' mine, an' it iced all over, an' eight whole eggs in it, an' them beat sep'rate, an' a cup o' butter, not mentionin' the other things, nur the *extrac'*. They's a spoonful o' v'nilla extrac' in my cake if they's a drop, for I dashed it in by my eye—an' I've got what you call big eyes, come to measurin' food stuffs."

The speaker's little blue eyes snapped sharply, and she sniffed twice in hesitation, ere she proceeded, with some embarrassment:

"If you goin' to charge twenty-five cents fo' Kate Clark's pile o' baked bubbles—you can lift it an' see it's nothin' else—you better rub that twenty-five off o' my iced cake, an' put a forty on it. That's it, a four an' a ought, an' whoever buys *mine* gets four dimes' wuth o' good nour'shment, if I do say it." She moved on apace. "I see Kitty Baker's sent in a lot o' things. Well, them as want to eat after Kitty *can*—that's all *I* got to say."

"Kitty's a well-meanin' girl, Mis' Blanks, an' needy, too. S'posin' you don't say nothin' like that to nobody. I see the flour *is* caked some 'roun' the edges of her cakes, but that ain't sayin' they's anything wrong with her cookin'."

"Why, Miss Sarey *Mi*-randy Simpkins! I'm a perfessin' Christian, as you know—an' tryin' to live up to my lights.. I wouldn't say nothin' to injure Kitty *fo' nothin'*. These remarks I make to you is jest 'twix' you an' me an' the bedpos'. One o' my motters is 'live an' let live,' an' another one," she added, with a laugh, "'what don't pizen fattens.' What you askin' fo' yo' lemon pies, Miss Simpkins?"

"Twenty-five cents, Mis' Blanks."

"Mh-hm! I s'pose they're made by yo' ma's ol' receipt—three eggs to the pie, savin' out the whites to whip up fo' the top?"

"'Deed, Mis' Blanks, sis made 'em, an'

I couldn't tell you jest how she po'tioned 'em, but I know she ca'culated thet they come to eighteen cents apiece, not countin' firewood, which, sence pore Sonny's gone, we hev to hire to have cut."

"Cert'n'y; an' yet I'd think a little thing like a pie you could slip in whils' other things are bakin'."

"That's so; we do; an' yet— Do you think two bits is too much for 'em, Mis' Blanks?"

"Law, child, the idee! I was jest a-thinkin' *this*. You know business is business, Miss Simpkins, an' I was jest a-thinkin'—they *can't noways* be more'n *five* eggs in a pie, even if they was guinea eggs—an' they's eight in my cake, *an' it iced an'* flavored. Jest rub out that *four*, please, 'm, an' put a *five* on my cake, will you? 'Cordin' to the gen'ral valliation it's wuth a half a dollar if it's wuth a cent. Well, I mus' be goin'. What you chargin' fo' yo' bread, Miss Simpkins?"

The old lady addressed scarcely found voice to answer. "Ten cents a loaf, Mis' Blanks."

"Well, you better gimme a loaf, please, 'm. You see, makin' cake an' bringin' it to the Exchange, I didn't bake to-day. I s'pose you make with salt risin', don't you?"

"No, Mis' Blanks, we raise with 'eas'-cakes."

"Jest so it don't tas'e hoppy, I ain't pertic'lar; but from hoppy bread *de*liver me! Well, good-by, Mis' Sarey Mirandy, honey—*good*-by, an' I'm going to pray for you to succeed. Lemme know who buys my cake. I do wish I could be there to see it cut. Well, good-by again. Law! here comes Mis' Brooks with a bundle big as a Chris'mas tree. I *must* stop an' see what she's fetchin'. I do declare this here Woman's *Ex*change does tickle me all but *to* death. Simpkinsville 'ain't been so stirred up sence the fire. Howdy, Mis' Brooks? I see you keepin' the ball a-movin'!"

"You better b'lieve I wasn't goin' to be outdid by all you smart seamsters an' fancy cooks."

And Teddy Brooks's wife, drawing off their loose wrappings of paper, set upon the table a gorgeous pair of old crystal candelabra.

"How's them for antics?" she exclaimed, resting her hands upon her fat hips, and stepping backward.

These candelabra had been the proudest possession of Teddy's mother to the day of her death. To sell them seemed sacrilege to the loyal mind of Miss Sarey Mirandy.

"Are they—for sale?" she asked, with an effort at composure.

"Why, yes, indeedy; of course they're for sale, Miss Simpkins. 'Ain't nobody else brought in no antics? They're the special speci*al*ities they sell *in* Exchanges, antics are. I wanted to fetch over Teddy's ma's gran'ma's belluses. The wind's all out of 'em, an' they're no good 'cept'n' *as* antics, which I nachelly *de*spise. But Teddy taken it so hard I had to leave 'em, to keep the peace. You ask if these 're fo' sale—ain't everything here fo' sale, Miss Simpkins?"

"Ev'rything thet *is* is, of co'se, but they's somethings thet *ain't*. Sonny's birds ain't, nor pa's an' ma's ile-painted po'traits, nor none o' them things which them thet are gone seem to stan' guard over."

"Well, the way I look at that is, if the spirits thet stan' guard over things, as you say, would jest keep 'em dusted an' cobwebbed off, so's we could be sure they *was* keepin' up with 'em, they'd be some sense in it. Teddy took on some over sellin' the ol' things, but I tol' him he hisself was the only Brooks antic I cared to keep. How much you reck'n I ought to get for 'em, Miss Simpkins?"

"I'm 'feerd I was too ol' a frien' to ol' Mis' Brooks, Sally Ann, to put a price on them candelabras, but you're at liberty to put whatever tag you like on 'em; an' sis an' me'll do our part, fair and square. I see they's one dangle missin' on this one."

"Yes; I give it to the baby to cut 'is eye-teeth on, an' he dropped it, an' it snapped. The things 're no manner of account. They cost a hundred dollars, an' I doubt if I'll get ten for 'em, but I'm goin' to start' em at that, anyway. I'm dyin' for a swingin' silver-plated ice-pitcher, an' have it I will. I've got the price all to seven dollars. Teddy laid it by to have the children's pictures took, but I told him the young ones could see their pictures in the side o' the ice-pitcher." And Mrs. Brooks laughed heartily at her own humor. "When I can swing back in my red plush rockin'-chair an' tilt ice-water out of a silver-plated pitcher, I'll feel like some. I see you've got lots o'

goodies for sale. I'm bound to have *somethin'* from th' Exchange for supper. What kinds have you got?" She slipped a piece of licorice-root from her pocket to her mouth as she began a circuit of the room, chewing vigorously the while. "Better do up that choc'late layer for me, Miss Simpkins," she said, finally. "Teddy don't eat choc'late, but I don' know but he's better off 'thout cake anyway. Jes' charge it, please, to Teddy—Mr. Theodore Brooks; that's it. Might's well open a 'count here first as last 'f you're goin' to have choc'late fixin's—that's the one thing I c'd get up in my sleep to eat. An' I don' know's I'll bother bakin', if you're goin' to have bread. Jest lay by a couple o' loaves every day, please."

When Mrs. Brooks passed out, the sisters, from their opposite corners of the room, managed to exchange glances, and both sighed.

When the first day was over, all the bread and rolls were sold; indeed, nearly all the housewives who had taken this first step in bread-winning went home with bought loaves under their arms.

It was only after some days, when the gorgeous array of sweets was growing stale, that the sisters and their patrons began to realize that there were no buyers of luxuries in their frugal little village.

Besides several purchases of Mrs. Brooks there had been but one cake sold. The "Will-o'-the-wisp" had passed on the second day into the possession of a certain pale young telegraph operator—the same who was "keeping company" with its poetic fabricator.

Perhaps the materialistic circle of housewives, whose substantial contributions were further solidifying before their eyes, should be pardoned for the numerous pleasantries expended on this purchase. That the objects of their mirth, two ethereal young persons dealing professionally in commodities so unsubstantial as poetry and electricity, should choose "wind-cake" for nourishment, was a combination too prolific of humor to be passed by. The portly contributor of the still unsold eight-egg cake waxed especially facetious over it; and on the occasion of a unanimous vote of the "stockholders" to send the entire stale lot as a donation to the inmates of the poorhouse, she even went so far as to withdraw hers from them, and to bear it in her own hands as a gift to her friend the poetess, who, she declared, should have "one good bite o' solid substance if she never had another."

The exclusion of confections, excepting those supplied to order, practically converted the Exchange into a bakery; for the fancy department, after passing through a fading process, had shrunken through many withdrawals, until a single glass case—an unused one among Sonny's possessions—held the entire stock.

Screened from the odium of professional bread-making by the prestige of the "Exchange," the Misses Simpkins were thus enabled to earn in this simple manner a modest living. True, the vocation had its trials, but there were compensations.

If their delicate wrists and arms were decorated with a succession of bracelets in the shape of burns from the oven doors, if they agonized many nights over the intricacies of numerous receipts sent in by kind advisers, and were oft disquieted in spirit by the vicissitudes of salt rising, compressed yeast, or potato leaven, it was yet a new youth-restoring life to be always professedly and really busy with work that left no time for repinings.

It was a sweet secret pleasure to Miss Sarey Mirandy to make the loaves Teddy Brooks paid for as large as she dared without attracting notice. And sometimes, on anniversaries—which perhaps she alone cherished—of their young days, it pleased her tender maiden heart to slip a few raisins into his loaf, with a suspicion of cinnamon, in loving memory of his boyish fancies.

For some time she was tortured with a dread that some one should offer to buy the candelabra. Should such a time come, she would calmly reply that they were already sold, when from an old stocking she would produce one of the ten-dollar coins that represented her own funeral expenses. It should buy Teddy's wife a swinging pitcher, and the chandeliers would descend by will at her death to Teddy's daughter—his mother's namesake.

For a long time she scarcely left the house, fearing her sister should sell them during her absence. Indeed, at times she was in such a state of suppressed panic over the matter that she would gladly have bought them outright were it not for gossip. People would talk. In her calm moments she knew that no one in Simpkinsville would pay half the amount for useless old-fashioned bric-à-brac that

they had seen all their lives. In fact, she had often heard the women jokingly wonder who would buy "Mis' Brooks's antics," and "if because she'd visited in Washington"—a distant town in the State, noted for its social distinction—"she was the only person in Simpkinsville who knowed about swingin' ice-pitchers." When they "had change to fling away, they'd buy ice-pitchers for themselves, an' not swap it off for glass Noah's-ark dingle-dangles."

So in time Miss Sarey grew to feel pretty secure about the chandeliers, and at night, when her sister knitted or nodded beside her, she would often half close her eyes, and looking thus at the crystal pendants, seem to see, as the fire sparkled from the prisms, bright memory pictures of her youthful days. Herself, a rosy-faced girl with curls, often smiled at the retrospective old woman from the familiar scenes; and Teddy was there, and Sonny, and another—a boy who had not come home from the war—and every one was young, and the trees were green, producing nuts, berries, persimmons, or sustaining grape-vine swings, as reminiscence required. Only the missing dangle, on which Sally Ann's baby had cut his teeth, made a painful gap in the panorama. In this vacant place Teddy, grown pale-faced and weary, seemed, somehow, always to stand, and while she looked at it, all the other pictures went out. So she would turn the defective side to the wall.

When the winter had passed, the Exchange had gone through some changes, shaping itself to the needs of the community by contraction or extension, according to indication. A few who seemed especially fitted to become at once its patrons and beneficiaries had resented its overtures as an insult, as did Mrs. Gibbs, the respected quilter of comfortables. From every point of view the Exchange was an offence unto her sensitive nostrils. To its bid for her patronage she had protested with a sniffle that "she hed never ast no mo'n they was wuth fo' her quilts, an' the day she took off two dimes on one, she'd own that she owed jest that much to every person as ever bought one. As fo' totin' the quilts around the country, she didn't know as 'twas anybody's business in special. The roads was free, and she reckoned her rheumatism was her own—not but what she'd be glad to give it to anybody that was honin' to take care of it. As to her time, she hadn't bound herself out to nobody but the good Lord, an' she 'lowed to claim the time He give her till He changed it for eternity, when she guessed she'd take that too, if the Simpkinsville folks didn't have no objections. The only visitin' she ever done was takin' orders in the spring o' the year and deliverin' her money's wuth *to a cent* in the fall. Them that thought she gadded too much was welcome to do 'thout comforts an' freeze, jest to give her the hint."

The truth was that the social side of Mrs. Gibbs's profession was her very life. A habit of spending a day with her patrons at both ends of each transaction kept her in touch with the home lives of the people. If she had conducted her business through an agent, she would long ago have shrivelled out of existence. There was much in her work to develop an interest in what to outsiders might seem trifles, such, for instance, as which among her patrons' families kicked in their sleep; and in her social rounds it became her pleasure to discover whether the solution lay in the eating of hot suppers or in guilty consciousnesses.

If the Exchange failed to fulfil all its possibilities in some directions, it did unforeseen duty in others, especially supplying an oft-felt want in the open door which it soon offered to the passing stranger.

Simpkinsville had never boasted a hotel, and so it naturally came about that, in the common parlance of the village, travellers understood that "at the Exchange they could get comfortably et an' slep'" for a reasonable consideration. This was robbing no one, as previously it had been an unwritten law of hospitality of the town that strangers be entertained gratis. It seemed odd that its leading family, that which not only lent the dignity of its solitary gabled front to its highest eminence, but had bequeathed to Simpkinsville its name and traditions, should have been first to put a price on the bread broken with a stranger, but such is the irony of fate; for, with a sensitiveness revealed to the close observer by the slight pursing of their lips, which perhaps the wayfarer interpreted as having a mercenary meaning, these two old ladies did actually charge him twenty-five cents who consumed a hearty meal, reducing the bill with minute scrupulousness to

fifteen, and even to ten cents, to such as failed in appetite. Further their most rigorous consciences did not lead them, as they agreed it was "wuth a dime to cook things an' then not see 'em et."

That they were sensitive to their changed social relations through the ever-present atmosphere of trade was evinced by a conversation one night, when Miss Sophia Falena broke a long silence by saying: "Sis hun, I been figurin' to see how we can contrive to move the Exchange out'n the parlor. When we *do* have outside comp'ny, I declare I hate to set 'em 'round that centre table piled up with sech as we been raised to offer our comp'ny free—an' it fo' sale. Time the Jenkses come in last week, an' we sat round so solemcholy, every now 'n' ag'in glancin' at the table which was covered up with mosquito-nettin', I vow if the thing didn't seem to me like some sort o' corpse, an' 's if we were someway holdin' a wake over it, an' oughtn't to laugh out loud."

Her sister chuckled nervously: "It's funny, sis, but, d'you know, I thought about that too—an' maybe I oughtn't to say it, but it 'minded me o' pore Sonny's buryin'—an' ma's an' pa's. But I don't see how we can help it. We might clear off the table entire, an' put the bread and rolls on shelves. I never knew of no dead person bein' laid on a shelf—not literal, though the way they're forgot they might 's well be."

"Let's do it, sis, an' get shet o' that ghostly covered table. Maybe you didn't take notice to it, but last Sadday when ol' Mis' Perkins sidled up to the table so stately an' raised up the nettin', she said the identical pertic'lar word that she said time she taken a last look at Sonny. 'Jes' as nachel as life,' says she, jest so. Of co'se she was referrin' to Inez Bowman's case o' wax fruits, but it gimme the cold shivers to see her standin' there ag'in a-sayin' them same words. An' they's another thing strikes me, sis. When a day or a night boa'der *do* drop in, it seems to me the house mus' seem sort o' gloomy with nobody in it but a lot o' dead glass-eyed stuffed birds an' two old ladies—which you know to outsiders we are, sis—an' them dressed in black solid as Egyp'. Seem to me it's enough to sort o' take away a travellin' man's appetite. How'd it do fo' you an' me to baste a little white ruchin' in the neck an' sleeves o' our black comp'ny dresses—not meanin' no disrespec's to the dead, but in compliment to the livin'?"

"Well, ef you say so, sis hun. Seem like our first duty *is* to the livin'. Maybe ef we *do* lighten our mo'nin' a little these worldly drummers an' sech won't feel called to talk religion to us like they do. I can see it comes purty hard on 'em."

"An' I declare, maybe it's foolish, but I *do* wish Tom wasn't a black cat. He looks mighty doleful layin' asleep on the hearth of evenin's. A pink ribbon 'roun' his neck wouldn't look too worldly, would it—not for the pore soulless beast, hun, of course, but for us?"

"Why, no, I reck'n not—or a blue one. The blue bow on my valedict'ry is purty faded, but ef you think it 'd do, why, th' ain't no use in keepin' it no longer. Ef Sonny had o' lived, an' married—which, for a man, as long as they's life they's hope—they might in time o' been sech as would care for they ol' auntie's valedict'ry. That ribbon cost five dollars a yard, in Confed'rit money, an' 'tain't all silk, neither—but for a cat—"

"'Tain't any too good fo' Tom, sis. He's been a faithful ol' cat. But they's another p'int on my mind. Don't you think maybe we better open up Sonny's room, an' sun it good, an' reg'late it, so's ef we're pushed fo' room we could let comp'ny go up there to sleep. As 'tis, we can't sleep mo'n three strangers *no* way, an' if a crowd *was* to come—not thet they're likely—but I b'lieve ef we'd do it, we'd be relieved ourselves. As long as we keep it shet tight, jest the way Sonny left it, we'll feel like death is locked in—an' I don't know as it's Christian. What you say, sis?"

"Well, maybe you're right, dearie. S'pose we go up in the mornin' together. I've done started up there three times a'ready, an' my knees trembled so they give way under me—but if you was with me, maybe— You don't s'pose strangers would mind sleepin' with so many birds, do you?"

"Cert'n'y not. Why should they, less'n maybe they was high-strung, an' their minds got excited? Ef so, they *might* imagine they was all singin' at once-t, quick as the light was out. If *sech* a person was to try to sleep there—well, I dunno. They's thirty-one hundred an' sixty-three stuffed birds in that garret room, an' all in sight o' the bed."

"Shucks, sis! you're talkin' *re*dic'lous —I vow ef you ain't! D'you s'pose any right-minded man would think o' sech as that? Of course we ain't goin' to put no skittish person to sleep in Sonny's room noway—jest reel gen'lemen, an' only them ef we're pushed."

"It cert'n'y do behoove us to take in all we can, hones', sis, for seem like the Exchange money don't mo'n, to say, hardly pay our boa'd somehow."

The truth was, the profits of bread-making were steadily shrinking. Not only did Teddy Brooks's loaves grow larger and larger as he waxed paler and more careworn, but among the "customers" of the Exchange there was scarce one whose circumstances did not seem to the old ladies an appeal for generosity—hardly one who was not, as they said, "mo' in need 'n we are."

It would have been a hopelessly weary business but for its rich perquisites in opportunities of sympathy and helpfulness.

The spacious garret chamber was thrown open none too soon, as only a week later it was called into unexpected requisition through the arrival, late one evening, of a party of five dust-begrimed travellers, whom the ladies would have feared to receive had they not been accompanied by a neighbor, who had taken charge of their horses, and who, in a whispered aside, announced them as "Uncle Sam's men, with a-plenty o' greenbacks," adding, *sotto-voce*, with a wink: "Kill the fatted calf for 'em, an' then charge 'em with a cow."

While the strangers sat at supper that night it was pathetic to see the solicitous scrutiny with which their hostesses scanned their faces in turn, eager for some sign by which to decide who of them all should be counted worthy to sleep in Sonny's bed. A chance remark settled the question.

"Well," said one, "I believe we are in the land of the myrtle and orange."

"Hardly," rejoined another; "but, better yet, we are in the country of the night-singing mocking-bird. Do you ladies ever hear them at night?" he added.

"From the upstairs bedroom," replied both sisters at once, while Miss Sophia continued:

"The winders open ri-ight out into the maginolia-trees, where they set and sing all night long some ni-ights."

The stranger's eyes beamed. "How delightful! If one might be so fortunate!" he replied, with a rising inflection, smiling.

"It's yore room, sir, for the night," said Miss Sophia, exchanging glances with her sister; "with whichever one o' the other gentlemen you choose. They's a wide easy-sleepin' bed in it, a-plenty broad fo' two."

"An' if you want to hear the birds sing," added Sarey Mirandy, "jest open any winder you like. They's four, not countin' the dormers, and they all open into trees, an' every tree's full of birds' nests."

"Isn't that rather remarkable? Are all the trees here full of nests?" the stranger asked.

"No, sir. Sonny—Mr. Stephen Decatur Simpkins, our brother thet's passed away —he had a gift. He got 'em to nestin' there."

"He was a lover of birds—do I understand?"

The sisters exchanged glances again, and Miss Sarey answered, simply, "Yas, sir. He was a nachelist."

"Ah, indeed!"

Around the speaker's mouth played that ghost of a smile which, being interpreted, means amused incredulity, while the conversation, becoming general, passed to other things.

With such an introduction, an hour later Mr. John Saunders, of the Smithsonian Institution, of Washington city, accompanied by his associate, Ezra Cox, proceeded, candle in hand, to the modest roof chamber that held the life-work of Stephen Decatur Simpkins, naturalist.

The next morning, though the twins appeared at breakfast in their spick white-ruched dresses, and Tom sauntered around the table resplendent in a blue neck ribbon, the ends of which hung to his knees, a distinct depression marked the spirit of the household. Despite their best efforts in the direction of cheerfulness, the twins were haggard and wan. The eyes of their guests, on the contrary, beamed with pleasure.

In the first interval of silence, after serving the dishes, Miss Sarey Mirandy, turning to the occupants of the room above, asked, timidly,

"May I ask, sir, what perfession you gen'lemen perfess?"

"Certainly, madam," replied Saunders, his eye twinkling. "The three at your left, Messrs. Green, Brown, and Black—men of color, you perceive—are members of the National Geological Survey, whom Congress has sent out here to



"TO SEE HER STANDIN' THERE AGAIN, A-SAYIN' THEM SAME WORDS."

hunt up some mineral specimens. My friend here, Mr. Cox, and I—my name is Saunders—are from the Smithsonian Institution at Washington city, at present loafers, as we are off on a vacation. We are called scientists, I believe. Naturalists is a name we like better, but really" —he hesitated for a moment as if to gain entire seriousness—"here, in the presence of your brother's beautiful work, we should appropriate the name timidly, with heads uncovered. Is this collection of birds known in the State, may I ask?"

"Well, yes, sir. I reck'n 'tis. 'Tain't never been to say *hid*. It's been right here. Th' ain't nobody, black nur white, in the county, but *knows* they're here."

"It is not registered. I know of all the important recorded collections in America. I wonder if you ladies realize what a treasure you possess? My friend and I studied it until our candle burned out. Then we crept down and begged those of our friends, and burned them up—besides one we found in the dining-room. I hope we didn't disturb you ladies?"

The sisters exchanged glances and colored.

"Th' wasn't to say 'xactly noise enough to disturb nobody, sir, ef we'd knew what it was, but th' ain't nobody slep' up in Sonny's room sence he passed away tell now, an' the sound of every footfall seemed like him back ag'in. So we nachelly kep' listenin' for 'em to stop, an', to tell the whole truth, sir, when we heard 'em so late, not knowin' nothin' 'bout you gentlemen, we got nervous an' scared like, 'n' we got up an' dressed, an' set up the live night long, 'th our vallibles all in reach—not thet you gentlemen look like peddlers, which even if you was, you might be hones'."

The professional gentlemen present thought it unsafe to look at one another, while they expressed the sincere sorrow they felt at so unfortunate a misunderstanding. The occasion of their late hours, however, soon became the absorbing theme, resulting in a full restoration of confidence. Saunders's enthusiasm was genuine.

"I actually counted sixty-one beautiful specimens not existing in any registered collection," he said, addressing his companions.

"An' they wasn't all easy got, neither," replied Miss Sophia. "Why, Sonny slep' in a crape-myrtle tree ev'ry night for a week once-t, jest to find out how a little he bird conduct hisself—ef he changed places with his settin' wife, or jest entertained 'er sett'n' on a limb beside her."

Her interlocutor smiled. "And how was it—do you remember?"

"Well, reely—how was it, sis?"

"'Deed, sir, I disremember. Either he did 'r he didn't—one. I clean forget, but—but it's put down in the book."

"So there is a book?"

"They's five leather-backed books, sir, with nothin' but sech as that *in* 'em. Sis an' me've read in 'em some, an' for anybody that *cared* for sech, I s'pose it's good readin'. They's *one* thing, it's *true*, an' thet's more'n you can say fo' the triflin' novels thet folks pizens their minds *an'* principles with."

"You have indeed a valuable possession here, ladies. Have you ever thought of selling it?"

"Sellin' Sonny's birds? No, sir. No mo'n we'd sell pa an' ma's ile-painted po'traits, or Sonny's Confed'rit clo'es, *ragged* as they be."

"No, sir. They's some things thet money don't tech. We wouldn't sell them birds, not if we got ten cents a head for 'em, an' that's mo'n most of 'em 'd be wuth even if they was baked in a pie—'n' the crust an' gravy throwed in."

"But, my dear ladies," said Mr. Cox, "they are worth far more than that. As a collection they are worth considerably more than a dollar apiece—"

"Sis," said Miss Sarey Mirandy, "the gentleman don't understand. Them birds, sir, ain't nothin' but feathers an' skin, an' it full o' rank pizen arsenic. Th' ain't a blessed thing in 'em but raw cotton, an' it physicked, an' nine out'n every ten of 'em never was no 'count for either cookin' nur singin'. We wouldn't deceive you *'bout* 'em. But if they was birds o' Paridise, caught before the fall o' Adam, jest swooned away, an' li'ble to come back to life any minute, 'n' you offered us the United States Mint for 'em, even so, th' ain't for sale—*noways*."

This was somewhat of a rebuff to the first overture of the Washington scientist, who indeed seriously meant that the Institution should become possessed of the new-found treasure, if possible. He had inserted the edge of a wedge, however, and was satisfied to wait before pressing it.

Breakfast over, it was but natural that Miss Sophia should follow the visitors into the parlor, while she, with evident and pathetic pride, exhibited the additional specimens there. When, a half-hour later, she rejoined her sister in the kitchen, she was so full to overflowing of this tender theme that some time elapsed before she remarked, in a tone betraying a secondary interest,

"Well, I reck'n Sally Ann 'll have her swingin' pitcher, after all, 'cause I've done sol' the candelabras."

Miss Sarey stood kneading dough, with her back to her sister. She came near falling for a moment.

"Wh—what you say, honey? H—who bought—*what?*"

She kept on kneading, and did not turn.

"That slim, light-complected one, I say, has done bought ol' Mis' Brooks's candelabras, 'n' I mus' say I never sol' a thing with a worse grace. I'm a-puttin' the ten dollars which he give for 'em here in this pink vase on the dinin'-room mantel, an' do you give it to Sally Ann, honey. I don't want nothin' to do *with* it, nor with her neither. She gets me riled enough to all but backslide 'th her 'xtravagance 'n' super*flu*ousniss!"

Miss Sarey had not realized until now how attached she had herself become to the old candlesticks. Their shimmering prisms were crystallized memories. Themselves, their long-familiar fantastic shapes, were friends antedating in association any surviving friendship.

When she had completed her task, great beads of perspiration stood upon her pale brow. Passing out, she nervously seized the ten dollars and hastened to the parlor. The purchaser stood admiring his new possession. Laying the money before him, she said, with a masterful effort at composure:

"They's been a mistake made, sir. Them candelabras is already sold."

"Indeed? I'm sorry," he said, bowing; and as she moved away, he added, "I should be glad to give five times the price —if they could be secured."

Miss Sarey Mirandy hesitated. "Sir?"

There was something almost tragic in the apprehension expressed in this one word.

The offer was repeated.

Fifty dollars! Half her secret hoard! In a twinkling the sum resolved itself into a difference in the quality of a shroud and coffin. Without apparent hesitation she replied, firmly: "The lady thet's bought 'em don't ca'culate to sell 'em. Thank you, sir." And, her old heart thumping absurdly, she went out.

Declining the fifty dollars had seemed a simple matter of decision and principle at the moment, and the offer a bribe to her loyalty; but all day, as she moved about the house, her secret kept growing, first naturally from the germ, as the extravagance seemed to grow in enormity, and then by accretion, as one by one the sundry deceptions it would involve gathered about it.

Of course she would deal fair. Sally Ann should have the fifty dollars. But this soon became the slightest consideration. She must not be known as the purchaser, not even to her sister. If she hadn't told her of that long-ago kiss, it would be different. Sally Ann would naturally tell every one the price she got, and she would ask questions.

For the first time in her life she was shamefaced and afraid, responding even to her sister's enthusiastic remarks about Sonny in an incoherent manner. In the midst of her greatest apprehension the front gate was heard to slam, and Sally Ann Brooks did actually appear coming up the path. Seeing her enter, however, Miss Sophia said:

"Sis, you set Sally Ann down in the parlor and talk to her, honey. I'm 'feard if I'd see her tickled over that ten dollars I might not be perlite. Maybe, if a more Christian spirit comes to me, I'll come in after whiles; but it's mos' supper-time, anyhow."

As she passed through the parlor to receive Mrs. Brooks, Miss Sarey was astounded to perceive the "red-complected" coveter of the candelabra still standing before them. If the devious ways of deceit had been an old-travelled road to her, her dilemma would have been less trying. Not to introduce those who chanced to meet in her parlor would be a social dereliction of which she was incapable. To do so in the present instance would invite disaster.

She did not hesitate. Come what would, she would be a lady worthy the name of Simpkins. What she said at the door was, "Walk right in the parlor, Sally Ann, an' I'll make you 'quainted with a gen'leman that's here from the North."

"Law, Miss Simpkins!" exclaimed Teddy's wife, shrinking back. "I 'ain't got on no corset nor nothin'. I jest run over in my Mother Hubbard as I was. I wouldn't go before a strange gentleman the way I am, nohow, for nothin'."

Miss Sarey Mirandy was saved. Trembling within, and with two solferino spots upon her thin cheeks, she invited her guest into her own room.

"We hear you've got a house full o' Yankees," said the guest, taking a rocking-chair; "but Mr. Jakes says they're real ni-ice, an' he says the way they're a-praisin' up Mr. Sonny Simpkins roun' town you'd think he might o' been George Washin'ton, or maybe Jef Davis hisself."

"Yas, Sally Ann. It's been mighty gratifyin' to sis an' me to hear them a-praisin' of Sonny. One of 'em's been a-studyin' over Sonny's books the livelong day."

"Is that so? If they read them books, they mus' shorely be educated. Kitty Clark's beau says they been a-telegraphin' all day to Washin'ton city—an' he says the name o' Simpkins has gone over the wire more'n once-t, though neither he nor she nor I got any right to tell it. Three of 'em, you know, 's been out to Mr. Jakes's farm all day a-spyin' dug-up things with a spy-glass. Mr. Jakes is diggin' a new cow-pond, an' they do say he's dug up enough to undo the whole Bible. That's the way the talk's a-goin', but I'm thankful to say I was raised a good 'Piscopal Church woman—not sayin' nothin' 'ginst the Baptists, Miss Simpkins—an' the Prayer-book don't, in no place *I* ever opened it, make no mention o' Mr. Jakes's cow-pond, nor the ins an' outs of it. An' talkin' 'bout the Church, Miss Simpkins, fetches me to what brought me here—not that I needed any excuse;

but this is Lent, you know, in our Church, an' we're 'xpected to make some sort o' sacrerfice—if not fastin', some other—an' I thought, 'stid o' denyin' myself spring onions or maybe choc'let, since Teddy's mind seems to run on 'em consider'ble, I'd come over an' get them candelabras o' his ma's an' set 'em back on the mantel where she left 'em. Don't you think the Lord might take that the way it's meant, for a Lenten off'rin'?"

"I do indeed, Sally Ann, an' a good one." And she added, in a moment, "'Cause you know, honey, they *might* o' sold for what 'd fetch considerable worldly vanities."

"Yes, 'm, so they might, tho' I doubt if th' ever would."

A moment's silence followed, broken finally by Miss Sarey.

"But I'd advise you, Sally Ann, child, to examine yore deed purty close-t before you offer it to the dear Lord, 'cause you know, honey, He sees the inside *inness* o' all our purposes. Suppose somebody, now, was to offer to buy them candelabras 'n' pay a big price, cash down. How 'bout Lent, honey?"

The old lady's heart was thumping furiously.

"Well, Miss Simpkins, tell the truth, *they couldn't get 'em*—not if they offered me the first price of 'em." Teddy Brooks's wife's eyes filled with tears as she continued: "Teddy seems right porely these days, Miss Simpkins. An' another thing I come to ask you was if you had any more o' that blackberry wine o' yores left. It helped him a heap las' spring. Some days I get so worreted the way he seems a-failin'. Seem like if he'd get good 'n' strong, I wouldn't care fo' nothin' else."

When Miss Sarey went for the wine, she moved with the alacrity of a happier and younger woman than she who had entered the room ten minutes before.

For the first time in years she kissed Teddy's wife at parting, and bade her "keep good heart, an' not forgit the good Lord loved her an' hers." And as she turned to go in, she drew a long free breath as she said to herself, "An' yet some folks 'll set up an' say th' ain't no sech a thing as a special providence."

The entertaining of five strange college-bred men, who talked familiarly of things beyond their ken, albeit the bird theme was a bond of sympathy between them, was a somewhat formidable undertaking to these old timid women of narrow and hitherto protected lives, though they had congratulated themselves many times today that "the household was perpared for 'em, even down to Tom."

When supper was over to-night, and Mr. Saunders, with a formality that was significant, begged an interview with the ladies in the parlor, they were seized anew with a vague mistrust.

These Yankee men who wore the United States initials "promiscuous" about their persons, and made so free with the telegraph, might be—what? Spies? Detectives?

Neither confided to the other what, in truth, was but a suspicion of a suspicion, as they repaired together to their chambers to secure their turkey-tail fans and fresh hem-stitched handkerchiefs, and slip bits of orris root into their mouths.

The gentlemen were already assembled, and the meeting lost nothing, but rather gained, in formality on the entrance of the twins, who, bowing slightly, proceeded to seat themselves side by side upon the sofa.

"Ladies," said Mr. Saunders, rising, "yesterday a party of tired men came to your door asking for supper and a night's lodging. They had come from a distant brilliant city, with its art galleries, its institutions of learning, its glare, its music. Coming into this little inland Arkansas town, they expected to find rich, deep forests, and fertile fields tilled by true-hearted children of the soil. Within your hospitable door they hoped for what Solomon meant when he said, 'A dry morsel, and quietness therewith,' as they were both hungry and tired. Instead of a dry morsel, you have given us sumptuous fare, ladies; and for the quietness we sought, we have found—what shall I say?—the stillness of a temple, where, instead of sleeping, we have since sat in reverence. Two of us have spent a day and half a night in studying the beautiful life work of Mr. Stephen Decatur Simpkins. Here we have found science, art, literature, romance, poetry—music, for the birds at our windows have filled the night with melody. There are in the world but two larger personal collections of birds than that we find here. There is none so exquisitely perfect in every detail. I have not found a gunshot in a

"THE HOUSEHOLD WAS PERPARED FOR 'EM, EVEN DOWN TO TOM."

single specimen, gentlemen, nor a ruffled feather—"

"Th' ain't but thirteen shot birds there," interrupted Miss Sarey Mirandy, "and them was give to Sonny. He spent five years livin' 'mongst 'em, so's they'd know 'im, before he ever ketched one."

"All the valuable known collections," resumed John Saunders, "are on exhibition in public institutions. As its representative, ladies, I am authorized to say to you that the United States government wishes to place the work of Mr. Simpkins in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington—"

Simultaneously, as if electrified, the twins rose to their feet. Miss Sophia first found voice. What she said, in a quavering tremor, was this:

"If I may please speak, sir, Sonny lived a peaceful an' law-abidin' citizen clean sence the wah—an' he hedn't no more hard feelin's to them he fit agin 'n we've got—not a bit. If, after all these years, the North see fit to converscate his pore voiceless birds thet show *theyselves* how harmless Sonny spent his time—not havin' even to say a shot *in* 'em—why, all we got to ask is jest wait a few more years, till two ol' women pass away, an' then, why, if the North cares for 'em, they'll be nobody lef' to claim 'em."

As she sat down, her sister spoke:

"Them words we let fall to you Northerners 'bout Sonny's Confed'rit uniform wasn't intended fo' no insult to you gen'lemen. We jest prize it, bein' his sisters, 'cause seem like it's got all his young shape in it yet—that's all. Th' ain't a livin' bit o' strife mixed in our feelin's 'bout it—not a bit. That's all we got to say, I reck'n—ain't it, sis?"

John Saunders was not the only man present who found it necessary to use his handkerchief before he could trust his voice again. There was a very tender note in it when he said:

"I have blundered shamefully, my dear ladies, and I beg you to forgive me. Your brother's property is yours. No power on earth can take it from you. The war and confiscation are no more. Were Mr. Simpkins living, he could desire no greater honor than national recognition as one of America's first naturalists. This is what we would accord him now. His work lies buried in this little town. In the national museum thousands will visit it daily. His portrait will hang beside it, and his poetic and exhaustive treatises adorn the public libraries. These books alone, describing numerous hitherto unclassified specimens, and giving original methods of capture and preservation, are worth several thousand dollars. I am not yet authorized to name a specified sum. We cannot always pay as we should like to, but I can guarantee that to the estate of Mr. Stephen Decatur Simpkins the United States will pay certainly not less than ten thousand dollars for the collection entire; it ought to be double that. We feel quite sure that when you ladies fully understand, you will not let any feeling stand in the way of his getting his full honor."

For answer the sisters turned to each other, opened their arms, and fell sobbing each upon the other's shoulder. Thus they sat for some moments, and when they raised their heads they were alone.

"I hope," said Miss Sophia, wiping her eyes, "I hope pa an' ma's been a-lookin' on an' a-list'nin', sis. 'Twould make 'em happier even in Heaven."

"Yas; an' Sonny too, dearie; I hope he's been present, though I doubt if he'd care so much. I b'lieve he'd 'a' cared more to be upstairs las' night a-studyin' the birds with them gen'lemen."

"I reck'n you're right, sis, an' maybe he was. I don't b'lieve the good Lord 'd hinder 'im if he wanted to come."

If some supposed the fortune coming to the Misses Simpkins would prove a death-blow to the Exchange, they were mistaken. A comfortable income gave its machinery just the lubrication it needed for smooth and happy working according to the pleasure of its proprietors.

Three years have passed since Sonny's collection of birds went to Washington, and every spring the sisters plan to go East to visit it at the Institution; but each season finds Teddy Brooks "lookin' so porely" that Miss Sarey Mirandy finds an excuse to put it off. When pressed, she did even say once to her sister:

"Though Sally Ann is growin' in grace every day, an' 'll make a fine woman in time if she lives, you can't put a ol' head on young shoulders; an', like as not, before we'd be half-way to Washin'ton she'd run out o' light bread an' feed Teddy on hoe-cake, which always was same as pizen to 'im even in his young days."

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

THE first touch of my acquaintance with Mr. Curtis was in the winter of 1862–3, and the circumstances could not have been more fortunate; for it was in Concord, Massachusetts, where he was welcomed as an old-time friend by many who had known him at Brook Farm or during the time he spent at Concord engaged in farming after leaving the community. Of that farming he carried ever after a reminder in a scar upon his hand; and though it perhaps suggested some unskilled handling of his scythe, I think he would not have exchanged it for the decoration of the most honorable society. He came to his own that night, and his own received him gladly—Judge Hoar and Emerson and Hawthorne and Alcott and Sanborn and Ellery Channing. Thoreau was then a few months dead; but even in health he was a man who "would not go round the corner to see the universe blow up." The Concord women, too, worthy companions of the men, were there in force, and one, the flower and type of all the lovely girls who in those times quite worshipped Mr. Curtis, and having been presented to him, she vowed the hand which he had taken should never be profaned by any baser touch. Mr. Curtis, then thirty-eight years old, was in his perfect prime, and his lecture was a characteristic one of the war period, its crowning grace a tribute to the bravery of the young men who had perished in the war and those who were pressing forward into their places. The memory of that passage thrills me yet. We were then upon the threshold of emancipation, and the glow of that event was on the speaker's face, and in his voice its music, as of an organ's peal.

It was five or six years after this when I first met him in Brooklyn, whither he had come to lecture in my church and be my guest. Not knowing how formidable he might be, our house had braced itself for the most exigent possibilities, and found its entire stock of preparation left upon its hands. We had never felt so much at home in our own house before. After that, as he came to lecture upon Thackeray and Dickens, each twice over, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Sumner, and Phillips, and Bryant, and Irving, "The Scholar in Politics," and "Political Morality," to read for us Emerson's Divinity School Address of 1838, and to take part in some New England dinner or political meeting or little celebration of our own, we saw him many times; but it was only to confirm the first impression of his affable society. To be simple and sincere and not be upon good terms with him at once was quite impossible. His gift was less for conversation, as I found him, than for a stream of talk; but this may have been because I liked to start him on "some story of a man," or some great event in which he had taken part. More than once the theme was Thackeray, the manner of his lectures, and that famous dinner which he gave, or which was given in his honor, at which he sang his song of "Little Billee" with great effect, and Lester Wallack told a story in which Thackeray took immense delight, and "Sam Ward" took a memorable part. Dr. Kane was present, just returned from his immortal quest, and in all his repertory there was no story to which Mr. Curtis returned more fondly than to that of the following incident:

Thackeray had been much impressed by Kane's adventures, and as he stood towering above the little man, he said, "Mr. Curtis, do you think Dr. Kane would grant me a favor?"

"I have not a doubt of it," said Mr. Curtis.

"Then," said Thackeray, "I wish he would allow me to get down upon my knees and lick his boots."

At another time the story was of that delightful meeting with the Brownings, which he afterwards detailed so pleasantly in the Easy Chair. A note from Mr. Curtis introduced me to Robert Browning in 1887, and I found that I could have brought no more welcome greeting from this side of the sea. Mr. Curtis's talk was almost never a repetition of what he had already written; he was too facile for there to be any need of that; but frequently the talk was afterwards transformed into an essay, losing as often as it gained, I have imagined, by the transformation. At Longfellow's funeral, where Emerson twice endeavored vainly to recall his



MR. CURTIS IN YOUNG MANHOOD.
From a Daguerreotype.

name, he met "Sam Ward" for the last time, and soon after we got from him so complete a story of that gentleman's astonishing career, so full of dazzling lights, alternating with mysterious shadows, such a romance of ups and downs, of vanishings and reappearings, that I never shall be reconciled to its irrecoverable loss.

I might indefinitely prolong the recollections of these happy talks, but they would give but little of Mr. Curtis, save as their sympathies and admirations reflected him as in a glass. The fact is he seldom talked about himself, and never except in the most incidental way. Thus of his Brook Farm talk I recall but little personal to himself, except his preference for the wiping of dishes to the washing—"swashing" was his word—and his share in the hanging out of clothes, a chivalric assistance of the weaker vessels, afterward dancing the clothes-pins from his pockets in the plain quadrille. We must go elsewhere for a picture of his singing at the Eyrie—Mr. Ripley's house—so gentle and so grave, while the Brook-Farmers, man and maid, lying around loosely on the sofas and the floor, drank in the melody; or to know how he took the rôle of Hamlet, and left out no part of all that fits the melancholy Dane. But he would talk freely enough of his first meeting with Margaret Fuller, *solus cum solâ*, all the way out from Cornhill to the Farm, nine memorable miles in Noah Gerrish's West Roxbury omnibus, a feast of wit and laughter all the way; and as freely of her repeated visits to the Farm, and of her brilliant talk. He was always ready to take up the cudgels for her against those who fancied her a mere bluestocking, or as something less than ever-womanly. He remembered Hawthorne as being quite as recluse at Brook Farm as elsewhere, always aloof and critical, inappreciative of Ripley's character and aims, and holding him severely accountable for the loss of his own hard-earned investment in the enterprise. Hawthorne's distortion of the truth about Brook Farm in *The Blithedale Romance* he did not find it easy to forgive. In general he was very loyal to that social dream, especially to the former part, before the Fourierites had marred in mending it. Some particulars were sufficiently amusing, but in its average purpose, spirit, and result it was no laughing matter, and he could only think of it with pleasure for its idyllic beauty, and gratitude for its influence upon his life. His ways and Dana's had at last diverged so much that he would have avoided a too painful matter if he had not been always glad to qualify the judgments of his friends with pleasant recollections of a man who somehow in

the wear and tear of life seemed to have lost the freshness of his early aspirations. It was for him a tragic incident when at Ripley's funeral Dana came in the long file to look upon his face, life for them both had been so different from what they once had dreamed; for Dana so much more widely different than for his friend.

There was another Dana—the younger Richard Henry—for whose character and genius he had the warmest admiration. In his noblest rhetoric he fancied a quality which would do Burke no discredit. In Mr. C. F. Adams's life of Dana he took great pleasure in the author's own self-revelation. He agreed with him that Dana might have made a great statesman, but never a successful politician. One of his happiest recollections of Dana was at Mr. Evarts's country house, where a great company was gathered,

"Enclosed in a tumultuous privacy
of storm,"

and Dana's talk ran laughing like a brook. It is with these days that I connect the story of Mr. Evarts's reply to his son's protestation that Washington could not have thrown a silver dollar over a certain river: "You must remember, my son, that a dollar would go much farther then than it will now." The political heresy of this story from Mr. Evarts's present point of view shows that it is pretty old.

Mr. Curtis's Concord self was, quite as little as his Brook Farm self, the subject of his reminiscent talk. His Concord subject was almost invariably Emerson, the evenings at his house, as I remember one, when only the big hearth-fire lighted the warm-colored room, with Hawthorne sitting in the deepest shadow, not speaking much, perhaps not even listening, so that Emerson said, "Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night." However deeply he was involved in the Transcendental movement while in Concord, in 1853—witness his articles on Emerson and Hawthorne in *Homes of American Authors*—he dared to laugh at certain of its aspects in a way that must have been quite shocking to the more solemn votaries. For Emerson he had never anything but reverence and admiration; but Alcott he could never take quite seriously. Yet he never in his later talk reverted to the manner of his early satire, in which Alcott figured as Plato Skimpole. This was in part because the habit of kindness grew on him as he went on,



MR. CURTIS AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-EIGHT.

but also possibly because some things that Alcott did compelled his admiration; notably his characterization of Emerson, the most apt and beautiful that has yet appeared. To hear Mr. Curtis quote Emerson's poetry was a rare delight, though, for that matter, so it was to hear him quote any poetry that was high and good, and he was sure to quote no other. In his lecture upon Dickens, his rendering of Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was something marvellous. The "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" was long drawn out like the poor sewer's thread, and seemed to drain away the life-blood of your heart. But Emerson's thought always seemed

clearer on his lips than to the eye, and its music more ethereal and divine. To hear him repeat,

"Who gave thee, O Beauty,
The keys of this breast—
Too credulous lover
Of blest and unblest?"

and what follows in the "Ode to Beauty," was to enjoy the passage as a thing entirely new; and I remember at a bucolic feast in Chesterfield that, standing on a treacherous bench under a roof of odorous hemlock boughs, he quoted the "Apology" so delightfully that the rudest farmer there listened and was well pleased. He had a conscience for quotation, and would verify every passage that he used in any public way. He meant to be so sure that he was right that one could not help enjoying the occasions when he slipped. They were not frequent, but once there were two mistakes in one article. For one, he could only plead that he had mixed up one of Henry James's titles, "A Day of Days," with Longfellow's line,

"Gift of God, O perfect day!"

and for the other, "well," said he, "I went up stairs and looked it up in Lizzie's Browning, and forgot it coming down."

I have fancied that he had in mind that scythe-cut on his hand when he wrote, in the early article on Emerson, "And the farmer-boy sweeping with flashing scythe through the river meadows, whose coarse grass glistens, apt for mowing, in the early June morning, pauses as the whistle [of the locomotive] dies into the distance, and wiping his brow, and whetting his blade anew, questions the country-smitten citizen, the amateur Corydon struggling with imperfect stroke behind him, of the mystic romance of city life." It is quite as certain that it was his own bad rowing which at every stroke neutralized Hawthorne's on the Concord River —a river as doubtful to the eye as the urchin in his home-made trousers which was forward and which back. I should say that Mr. Curtis was never skilful in the manual uses of our life. Even the practical oversight on Staten Island and at Ashfield he willingly allowed his wife to take upon herself, it being greatly to her taste. There was one circumstance of his Concord days that he could hardly bring to mind without an imaginative consciousness of painful insufficiency in his nether garments. It was his wearing of a pair of "natural trousers," which were made of white duck, and conformed as nearly as possible to the periphery of his legs, which at that time were scant of flesh.

Remembering that when Curtis went to Brook Farm he was only seventeen years old, we should be obliged to think him early solemnized if the same narrative that gives his graver aspect did not also give another. There was no hint of any such misfortune in the years between his Concord period and his entrance on his political career. Disappointed hopes are dangerous to generous ideals. "I go a-fishing," said the apostle after the death of Jesus and the apparent failure of his dream. There is evidence that the Brook Farm disappointment made some of those involved in it less earnest than they would have been if they had never made that brave experiment. It was not so with Mr. Curtis, but it is certain that the years following his return from Europe were the most dangerous of his life. Walking in my orchard, July 31, 1891, he said, "Forty-five years ago to-night I was at a ball at Fort Hamilton, and sailed for Europe the next day." That ball was one of many in those days, but there were more of them after his return from Europe, after four years of travel.

"The best of all ways to lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

So sang he to a friend one perfect night last April. It was after the Baltimore banquet of the league, the last he was to grace with his delightful talk. He lengthened many days after that fashion before his deeper earnestness began. No one was more desired and flattered and caressed, and the wonder is that, with so much admiration and so much sensibility, he was not spoiled for all the better uses of his life. What kept him pure and true until new stars arose with surer guidance was his sincere love of poetry and beauty, and the bonds that he had given to the best people he had known at Brook Farm and on his European round. My best impression of this last in talk was one day that we were lengthening in the aforesaid way on the broad piazzas of the United States Hotel at Saratoga. We were joined by the Rev. Francis Tiffany, who was a companion of Mr. Curtis's travels in Europe, and far into the night

they went on capping each other's recollections, jogging each other's memories, making the old days live again—the daring walk from Como to Milan, the ugly affair with the gendarmes in the latter city, the spectres of the mist upon the Alps, the revolutionary outbreak in Berlin and the funeral of the dead insurgents, to say nothing of Mr. Curtis's timely interference, but for which a levelled musket would have punished Mr. Tiffany's rash exposure with immediate death. And I remember another night at Saratoga, over the little table where for five cents you get all the Vichy that you want, when the talk was no less plenteous, and as clear and sparkling, over the political gatherings at Saratoga, and its departed social charm. It was his consulate as president of the Unitarian Conference, and coming down the steps from the platform of the Town-hall, Mr. Curtis had said, "The last time I went *up* these steps Conkling was presiding over a State convention, and he looked everywhere else but where he knew I was before he looked at me." That was because two years before, at Rochester (1877), the Senator had forgotten his artificial dignity so far as to "fall a-cursing like a very drab" at reform principles in general and at Mr. Curtis in particular, a circumstance by which Mr. Curtis's equanimity was not in the least disturbed.



MR. CURTIS AT THE AGE OF FIFTY.

These Saratoga talks of 1891 have got me on too fast. I only meant to speak of them as bearing on the period of foreign travel. Kensett and Hicks and Cranch, and all those who were with him abroad, cherished the association as one of the fairest in their lives. Dr. Hedge, another companion for some months in Italy, had more to give than to take in those years, when he was almost twice as old as Curtis, the best Germanist in America, and Curtis knew his worth, and drew upon it later when he was an editor of *Putnam's Magazine*. Of his part in that he could always talk, as he has written, pleasantly, and especially of Charles F. Briggs, the "Harry Franco" of those days, for whom he had a warm regard that showed itself unfailingly as his own life took a broader sweep, and Briggs's somehow a narrower than he deserved. Of the tragical conclusion, not to say explosion, of the magazine and the long drudgery that followed I got from him no sign. If one wants to see him as he was upon the threshold of his political career, he should find the *Home Journal* for 1856, and read N. P. Willis's account of his speaking for Fremont somewhere near Idlewild. Willis went over and heard him with something of the astonishment of the hen who had hatched

ducks. He had a sense of parentage for Curtis, and imagined that he was going to continue his tradition. Dying in 1867, he lived to see that Curtis had a call to very different things, or he may have been one of those to whom Curtis's political career was a mistaken aberration from his natural bent. This has been very largely the opinion of those who did not like his criticism of their political morality, and his preference for the straight and narrow to their broad and crooked way.

Mr. Curtis's reminiscences of the Republican National Convention of 1860 were of a piece with his reminiscences of other similar events, in their comparative neglect of his own part in what he and others saw. Most deeply fixed in his recollection of the convention's most dramatic scene was the appearance of Frank P. Blair, the younger of that name, of fiery aspect, relishing his tobacco, good-naturedly indifferent, but with loud vociferation coming to the rescue with a point of order that enabled Mr. Curtis to address the house and revolutionize its sentiment. In the summer of 1891, John Howard Bryant, a brother of William Cullen, was at the Ashfield dinner, and then and there told Mr. Curtis in my hearing something that he did not know before, that he (Mr. Bryant) had gone out and brought back Mr. Giddings into the convention, which he had left in grief and shame because it had refused to put the language of the Declaration of Independence into its platform. I have had the testimony of several persons who were present on that occasion to the overwhelming eloquence of Mr. Curtis's appeal to the convention's better self; but Horace Greeley, anxious to conciliate the border States, did not find any pleasure in the event. When Mr. Curtis, soon after his return to New York, called on his former chief at the *Tribune* office, Mr. Greeley greeted him with, "Well, George, you made a —— fool of yourself, didn't you?"

When I first went to Chesterfield, in July, 1875, the most natural thing to do the first night was to drive over to Ashfield to see Mr. Curtis. I have not forgotten how chill the swampy hollows were that summer night, nor how warm his greeting was to me and to my friends, one of whom had heard that Chicago speech, and shared with him the joy of battle upon many a well-fought field. My greeting he did not forget. It was, "What a cozy hollow you are in, here at Ashfield!" That was the text of many a humorous comment at successive dinners of the Sanderson Academy. There is a reminiscence of it in the "Dinner in Arcadia," the last paper in the volume of selections from the Easy Chair, which he made a year ago, where he speaks of "loftier Hawley and Goshen and higher Chesterfield." The Ashfield people were proud of their 1200 feet above the sea, but their immediate situation is at the bottom of a verdurous bowl, while Chesterfield, besides being 300 feet higher, is on a heaven-kissing hill. Matthew Arnold put the matter much more grossly when on his visit to Ashfield he said, "Why do you Yankees always put your villages in a hole?"

The Ashfield dinner was a notable event for all the country-side, its double object to assist the academy and to make a note of current tendencies of thought and life. Thither to help the feast came Howells; Charles Dudley Warner, from his native Plainfield, where they have named a hill for him — a nice thing for the hill; Joseph Choate, with his inimitable audacity; and Lowell—

"E da esiglio venne a questa pace"

—answering for all time the foolish people who believed, or tried to, that his patriot heart was getting cold. There did *not* come Mark Twain, one year because he was "getting old and rheumatic," and another year because "all that was past, and he *was* old and rheumatic." Lowell was as nervous for some days in advance of the occasion as if at a succession of English civic banquets he had not raised the art of after-dinner speaking to a new degree. Mr. Curtis's lack of preoccupation was the same there as everywhere where he was to speak. Through any amount of "dear sacred dulness," or profane, he sat respectfully attentive to "the gentleman last up," whoever he might be. He could make his placid countenance a mask that hid sometimes a most indignant soul. I remember once, at a New England dinner, when a distinguished Senator made a most brutal and indecent attack on Beecher to his face, I looked in vain to Mr. Curtis for some sympathy with my disgust. I got it afterward in full measure, pressed



MR. CURTIS AT CHESTERFIELD.

down and running over. Only once at Ashfield did I miss his usual equanimity in advance of the speaking. Urging him to give us some elaborate expression of his judgment of Lowell's life and character, he said, "I am too full of indignation to write or speak of him at all." If he was as full a few hours after, it was not because he had not set free a copious flood. Lowell was his theme, and his text the remark of some stupid or malicious person that he had been on the wrong side of every great question. Others had qualified their admiration with allowances made with affected sorrow and with real delight. Mr. Curtis's vindication of his friend was the most impassioned utterance I ever heard from him. The calm beauty of his eulogy on Lowell the next winter was as different from it as a painted from a real flame. Since then there has been no Ashfield dinner. In 1892, at the usual time for it Mr. Curtis was within a few days of his desired release, and the expressive silence of the village mused his praise.

His Ashfield study was all out-of-doors —so wide the sash that opened on the floor of his piazza—and a foot-path ran direct from it across the orchard to Professor Norton's house. There, in the year of grace 1884, I found him reading Mr. Blaine's *Twenty Years in Congress*, with as much admiration for its brilliant ease as if he admired him wholly, and there I asked him for his answer to the frequent criticism on his conduct in remaining in the convention after the nomination which he regarded as "not fit to be made." Did his remaining imply any hesitation as to the course he meant to take? "Not the least." Why, then, did he remain? "Because he was there in a representative capacity, and having done what he could to prevent what seemed to him an unwise nomination, and failed, he must do what he could to make the remaining action of the convention as near right as possible." I have found politicians who did not think that this was good politics. Perhaps not; but it was good morality.

"Swiftly the politic goes: is it dark? he borrows a lantern.
Slowly the statesman and sure, guiding his steps by the stars."

It should go without the saying that Mr. Curtis's habitual talk had more to do with current politics, and especially with the prospects of civil service reform, than with anything else. Concerning the former, he was much shrewder than the machine politicians of his generation, who spoke contemptuously of him as an idealistic amateur who knew little about politics. He knew much more than they. I found his judgment seldom scorned by the event, which not infrequently surpassed his hopes, while they have proved the falsest prophets of our time, the most blundering schemers and prognosticators in political affairs. His relation to the civil service reform movement is frequently regarded by his critics, and even by those who would fain be his admirers, as one of the vagaries of his later life, to be passed over as trippingly as possible. But he would have refused the admiration offered him at the expense of the consuming passion of his life. For more than twenty years it claimed the most of his best hours, and if his energy was misdirected, he was one of the least successful and most pitiable of men. But his success was equal to his ardor and persistency. In the antislavery conflict, where his praise is lavishly bestowed, he was a brave young lieutenant caught up into the army of emancipation as it swept to victory. In the civil service struggle he was the commander-in-chief of the whole army, and never was a leader more appreciative of the fidelity of every officer of his command and every soldier in the ranks. What he did here was more to him than all the other functions of his public life, and there can be no genuine appreciation of the man which entertains a doubt that here was his most characteristic and important service to the American people.

At Staten Island the immediate surroundings were as countrylike as at Ashfield, but with a more stately and old-fashioned loveliness of embowering shade. The interior had the friendliest aspect; an environment, by long and happy use, fitting the man as closely as his glove. The study was always suffering from a congestion of books. It was a work-shop, with no attempt to put on imposing airs. He wrote, not at his desk, but sitting in a Shaker rocking-chair, with a pad upon his knee; seldom at Harper and Brothers', where he went on Thursdays to correct his proofs in the composing-room, his abstraction making for him "an island which no sea could overwhelm." His study and his house bespoke his interest in men and women: there were busts and portraits everywhere, above stairs and below; a big Carlyle glooming above the mantel in the dining-room; a strong, free pen-and-ink drawing of Wendell Phillips in the study, the most memorable thing of all. The books close at his hand were all the American and English histories; and if no "thumb marks thick on the margin proclaimed where the battle was hottest," there was no lack of visible signs. To make an evening pleasant, he had an old portfolio full of delightful souvenirs of persons and events. There was a whole letter of Thackeray's, written on one continuous microscopic line across a quarto page. There was no bit, there or anywhere, of Mr. Cleveland's writing—a fact which was "significant of much." It meant that Mr. Curtis had never had any personal correspondence with the man whom he so much admired, and whom he had served to a degree unparalleled in the new "times that tried men's souls." In that portfolio there were mementos of old friends, trophies of old wars, echoes of music that had forever died away.

George Eliot wrote pathetically of people whose souls look out from alien eyes and struggle to illuminate faces which have no correspondence with their quality of mercy, truth, and love. But with Mr. Curtis it was not so in any least degree. In him, as Jacobi or Novalis said of Luther, body and soul were not divided. The whole man was made at one cast. The graces of his person corresponded to the graces of his mind; the beauty of his character found a fitting symbol in the beauty of his face, the expressive mouth, the eyes that grew less mournful as he found his proper place among the helpers of his kind. But if we could forget these things, we could not forget the tenderness with which he used to go away from us, or let us go from him: "Good-by!" and then again, and with a lingering emphasis that made the word as kind as a caress, "Good-by!" We seem to hear it now from far away.



Editor's Study.

I.

A TRAVELLED Frenchman was asked the other day how the buildings of the Columbian World's Fair compared with those of the last exposition in the French capital. After reflecting a moment he replied, "The buildings at Chicago are what you might have expected in Paris; the buildings in Paris were what you might have expected in Chicago." That is to say, in the capital of the world of art the exhibition architecture—and architecture is an essential part of a world's exhibition—in its utilitarianism made little effort to rise above the commonplace, while in a typical industrial city of the New World the display is of the noblest and most refined classic art. The creation has avoided the eccentric as completely as it has escaped the commonplace; has achieved the grand without pretension, and has been so mindful of beauty and harmony that the severest critic cannot gibe at its ambitious magnitude. At the same time utility has not been sacrificed to show, nor the practical object of the exhibition to ostentation. No world's exhibition was ever better housed or more conveniently arranged, and the promise now is that it will be seen to better advantage and with less weariness than any of its predecessors have been. As it stood on the day of its formal dedication in October, incomplete, its decoration in progress, with the scaffoldings and building-stages still marring the architectural effect, in the midst of the *débris* of ten thousand workmen driving on the work night and day, it was already a sufficient answer to the doubt whether the American genius is equal to the creation of any works except those of mechanical ingenuity. The distinction of the Columbian Exhibition is not its magnitude; it is not that it contains the largest building ever erected in the world; it is in its beauty, its harmonious grouping, its splendid landscape and architectural effects. This is best comprehended as a whole in the approach from the lake. The view there, especially at the coming of evening, when the long rows of classic columns, the pillars, and domes are in relief against a glowing sunset sky, is a vision of beauty that will surprise most and will appeal most to those familiar with the triumphs of man's genius elsewhere. The little city of the lagoon, reflected in the water as distinctly as it stands out against the sky, seems like some fairy exhalation on the shore, suggesting the long perspective of columns on the desert of Palmyra, the approach by the Sea of Marmora to Constantinople, and the canals and palaces of Venice as seen from the Lido. In its light and airy grace it is like a city of the imagination.

II.

This is not a local affair. It is America putting its best foot forward, and a visit to these grounds stirs the national pride, and kindles to a glow the patriotism of every citizen. It is greatly to the credit of Chicago, which has furnished the direct motive power, and everywhere aroused enthusiasm by its invincible energy and courage, that it has had the good sense simply to put itself at the head of a great national movement, which has so responded to the call that every visitor, from whatever remote part of the republic he may come, feels that this is his exhibition, and that it justifies his pride in his country. It is not Chicago's fault if local or provincial jealousy has thrown upon her heavy burdens and the honor of leadership. Her public spirit is representative of the best public spirit of the country, which accepts as its own, as rep-

resenting its best culture and most lively patriotism, the beautiful creation in Jackson Park. If the government has been niggardly, not appreciating the willingness of the great mass of American voters to be generous and even lavish in a matter of national reputation, the popular response on dedication day to the effort made to symbolize the American spirit must undeceive it. It is not the first time that political scheming has made a mistake in not trusting to the generous patriotism of the country. The location of the exhibition was not accidental. Many cities wanted it, or thought they wanted it, and each one could offer some superior advantage; but it is idle to say that any one city was strong enough to capture it alone. The fact is that the millions of the great West and the Mississippi Valley resolved that the show should be held in the West, and there it is. But it is not a Western any more than it is an Eastern or a Southern show. First of all it will be an American exhibit, and next it will be of the best that European and Oriental tradition, art, and ingenuity can show. Nothing but an international calamity can prevent its being a great World's Fair. It is now safe to say that wherever the exhibition had been held, it could not in its externals have more fitly and creditably represented the best American genius in art, ingenuity, and enterprise. No petty criticism can longer obscure that fact from the American people. And if the enterprise should go no further than the opening, if Europe should decide to have cholera a part of its exhibit, and this spectre should make a solitude of the beautiful city in the lagoons—a desolate Palmyra, indeed, in the desert—the creation there, as an inspiration and a stimulation to the country, will be worth all that it has cost. It would be something for a great nation to do a worthy thing generously, to make a sacrifice to art, if sacrifice it must be, once in a way to forget the utilitarian, and to surpass the world in an enterprise that does not pay dividends. And yet good art always pays. We shall appreciate by-and-by the commercial, the money value to the country of what the architects, the sculptors, the painters, have done at Chicago. It is not permanent. No. That is perhaps the best of it all. The American people can afford to transform a marsh into a fairy scene, to create for a day a noble city for the mere exhibition of its art and industry, to house an exhibition as it never was housed before, and to-morrow to brush it away and go on with its work.

III.

The result at Chicago has been reached by the exercise of practical good sense. The genius of the country appropriate to the task in hand was appealed to. When we want a bridge built, we go to a bridge-builder; when we want a horse shod, we go to a blacksmith; when we want a diplomatist familiar with languages necessary to his duties, or a scientific patent-examiner, or an expert post-office official, we go—do we not?—to a ward politician. So in this case, when it was a question of art in a creation that should combine beauty and utility, the commissioners called in experts. There was no waste of time in a competition of plans which should be passed upon by people who are not experts; but landscape-gardeners, architects, sculptors, and painters of recognized ability the country over were called in, assigned their parts, and given a free hand to create the thing needed. These various artists met together, threw themselves into the work with patriotic fervor, subordinated their notions to the general effect, and worked in harmony for the sake of art and for the honor of the country. In this plan of harmony there was free play for individual genius, and the result is great variety and no mere monotony. It is a constant surprise to the spectator that the country has so much talent and taste and power of high artistic achievement. The truth is that the architects have here had for the first time in our history a chance to show what they could do on a grand scale. The material adopted in construction has enabled them to put in visible form architectural dreams that there is not money enough at the disposal of the country to carry out in solid granite and marble. The modern method of building by the use of iron, so that the structure can rise to any height and extend to any area, and perfectly support itself independent of the exterior walls or casing, makes practicable the use of "staff" for walls, a composition light in weight, flexible to any form, and yet durable for purposes of this kind, and cheap. It is equally serviceable for walls, for the largest columns and most ornate capitals,

for decoration in high or low relief, for statues or groups of figures, and for all the sculpture that can beautify and ennoble architectural construction. At a little distance it gives the effect of marble, but without glitter or hardness, for its surface absorbs the light and produces richness and depth of tone. With this freedom of action and this liberty in the use of workable material, the architects, working always in harmony with each other and with the noble landscape plan, have been enabled to do wonders, and to show the world that our national genius is not merely mechanical, and that all our architects need to place American art alongside the best anywhere is opportunity. If the exhibition went no further than this, it is vindicated simply as an object-lesson in architecture to the American people, and a lesson also that beauty of form is entirely consistent with scientific mechanical construction and utility of purpose.

IV.

But this is only part of the pleasing story. The architects realized that their profession is not isolated. A building is not a mere shelter, but should be an object to give pleasure by its beauty—not only by its beauty of form, but by such adjuncts of color and legitimate ornament, a part of it or in near relation to it, as shall increase the pleasure of the spectator. In short, they returned without reserve to the classic idea, and summoned to their aid the artists of form and color in life, the sculptors and the painters. For the first time in America there was a sincere and harmonious union in one purpose of the "allied arts." The artists thus met together were animated by a spirit of concord in a single devotion to art. There on the spot an art atmosphere was created, a riant joy and enthusiasm in it, such as many of them had not experienced since their student days in the great centres of the art world. Yes, it was possible that there should be in America not only an aspiration but an encouragement in art. So the architects built and the sculptors modelled and the painters colored and decorated, and the thing of beauty that had lain in their minds without expectation of realization grew day by day.

So here is the first fruit of the exhibition already—it is in November that these lines are penned, months before the opening—a new era in American art. First, in a drawing together of the allied arts in mutual helpfulness; second, in a recognition that their interests are one; and third, in the recognition by the public of the money value of art and of the artistic spirit. Hereafter it will be felt that no public building, nor perhaps any private house of importance, is finished, is what the architect would have it, or is what art and taste demand it should be, until the sculptors and the painters have contributed to it the ornamentation and the life that were considered inseparable from the noble edifices of antiquity. Then the sculptor and the painter will have recognized useful employment, as Michael Angelo had and Raphael had, and be stimulated to the noblest efforts. No man can long work with spirit or produce the best that is in him in a pursuit the value of which to the world is unrecognized. The artists of America have never had before such a recognition as they have had at Chicago, and the effect cannot be less than a decided stimulation of the allied arts in this country.

V.

There is another discovery which, more's the pity, is made a little late. It is that a man may be a first-rate politician, or the chum of a politician, and not be a good architect. It does not seem reasonable that this should be so, but we fear we shall have to admit it. The only discordant architectural note at Jackson Park is the Government Building. It may have been built by the best man in the world, by a good story-teller and raconteur, by an able lawyer, or by a brilliant veterinary surgeon; it is not in harmony with the other buildings, and seems to have been erected according to the spirit of the Federal government, without consultation with the architects. The United States is spotted all over with government buildings, custom-houses, post-offices, and court-houses, voted by a generous and log-rolling people, and built by a Federal superintendent. Some of these buildings are hideous; some are simply commonplace; nearly every one is uninteresting (some in Washington excepted), and incapable of responding to the demand of art that it should raise a sentiment of pleasure in the breast of the spectator. Now and then the superintendent may have been an architect,

and an honor to his profession. But it was clearly impossible for one man adequately to cover so vast a field, or have sufficient variety of conception to satisfy art or to meet the requirements of a country so varied as ours in climate, atmosphere, and sites. The consequence has been monotony, when it has not been something more offensive. There are scores of buildings as much alike in architectural ugliness as loaves of bread turned out of a baker's oven. This is manufacture; it is not art; and it is not worthy of an enlightened country that has money to spare, and the whole ancient and mediæval world to draw on for instruction, to say nothing of its being the most inventive and ingenious of nations. Now if the construction of these Federal buildings had been given to different architects of genius and reputation in the different States, we should have had not only variety, but noble edifices scattered over the country, many of them worth a considerable journey to see. There was a man by the name of ——, who was the architectural boss when the Federal government was spending millions annually in costly constructions. It was probably just an accident that he didn't build our war-vessels also. But we were not building many at the time. It will take years and years, and perhaps conflagrations, to get over him. But think of the presumption of —— in making the design for a Federal building in Boston, for instance, while Richardson was alive! Millions of money wasted, not even for revenue only, nor for protection, but on the theory that a clever man can play the fiddle, or twenty fiddles at the same time, although he has never had a fiddle in his hand. And not only that. These millions might have gone into buildings that would not only have been a lasting credit to the country, but would have been an instruction to the people, would have educated and raised the public taste, and been the most powerful stimulant to the growth of high art in this country. When the President is sick, it is noticed that he does not call in his supervising architect, but summons the best medical skill. When Uncle Sam wants any more buildings, we trust he will allot them, here and there, to skilled architects, who will each, thus chosen, have a noble ambition to serve the country with his talents, and by the aid of the allied arts to erect buildings which shall be admired and praised. Alas! Jackson Park too late shows us how beautiful we might have been. If the talent of the country had been stimulated and rewarded by important public commissions, it is quite certain that the country would have no reason now to fear comparison of its architecture with that of any contemporary.

VI.

The achievement of the allied arts at Chicago brings impressively before the American public the relation of color as well as of sculpture to architecture. This suggests that a private residence which has any architectural pretensions is not sustaining those pretensions until the interior corresponds to the exterior, and is beautified by the drawings and the brushes of artists instead of being cheapened and vulgarized by the necessarily repeated devices of mechanical decorators. But it suggests more than that, and touches the exterior appearance of our cities and villages. As regards the refined, the harmonious, or the vulgar and "swearing" appearance of a village or city street, the freaks of the carpenter and builder are often surpassed by the eccentricities of the house-painter, whose guiding rule of color often seems to be that of the vulgar woman in dress who wishes to be conspicuous. It is a simple delusion of most people that they are the best judges of what color their houses should be. If a man builds an isolated house in the country, he may paint it sky-blue without seriously offending anybody except his Maker, but in a village street his offence is a civic crime. His bad taste may ruin the appearance of a whole street. These effects are commonplaces of observation and remark, but the help and the harm of color in relation to architecture are scarcely yet seriously considered, except by artists. If it had been the habit of the ordinary architects who have built the tens of thousands of brick churches in this country to call to their aid the taste of artists trained in color, we should not have had so many staring edifices spotted with violent contrasts—a sort of sectarian measles in architecture.

VII.

The friends of George William Curtis could desire for him no more fitting memorial than that of the proposed build-

ing of the Staten Island Academy at New Brighton. A conspicuous feature of this is the Curtis Memorial Hall. This is an institution in whose welfare he was concerned, in a neighborhood where he spent a considerable portion of his life, in which his character was an example and an inspiration of that higher education which he did so much by tongue and pen to promote. The same building will contain the valuable and beautiful Arthur Winter Memorial Library, founded by William Winter and his wife in memory of their son. Here begin to cluster those memorials, those names, which make so rich with association and inspiration the scholastic foundations of the Old World. Our people least of all, in their haste for material acquisition and display, can afford to neglect the traditions of culture which make so much for the higher life of a community. It is a commendable ambition of the liberal rich to give their names where their money goes to institutions of learning and of charity. It is of equal importance that the people themselves should take advantage of the association of names and careers stimulating to the best ambition of youth in their popular institutions of education. The public has no other heritage so precious as these names. It has already become evident that the examples of men who by any means have made great fortunes are not needed by the youth of this country. The examples of men who have used beneficently any portion of their great fortunes are not to be belittled. But the dear and priceless thing in a republic is the example of men who have left a spotless character and a name for good deeds. Whatever Mr. Curtis was as an orator, as a man of letters, as an elevating influence in our political life, he was always and in all things the apostle of culture and of the higher life, and in it all the most ardent American and lover of his country. In all that he wrote and all that he did and said his conspicuous object was the ennobling of American life. To this he devoted his scholarship, his time, his experience, the weight of his character. Such an example as this in our age is of the utmost value in a school of learning, where the youth are forming their ideals and beginning to shape their conceptions of the noblest career for an American citizen. Mr. Curtis needs no monument, but the friends of the higher education can do the Staten Island Academy no more lasting service than by conspicuously connecting his name with it.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 2d of December.—The latest returns from the national election, held on the 8th of November, indicated that 268 Presidential electors had been chosen by the Democrats, 150 by the Republicans, and 26 by the Populists, or People's Party, thus insuring the election of Grover Cleveland as President, and Adlai E. Stevenson as Vice-President, of the United States. In this election twenty-two States were carried by the Democrats, thirteen by the Republicans, and five by the Populists. In Michigan and Ohio the electoral votes were divided between Democrats and Republicans, and in Kansas and Oregon between Populists and Republicans.

The election of members of the Fifty-third Congress resulted probably in the choice of 217 Democrats, 128 Republicans, and 8 Populists; two vacancies remained unfilled.

Governors were elected in twenty-three States as follows: Colorado, Davis H. Waite, Populist; Connecticut, Luzon B. Morris, Democrat; Indiana, Claude Matthews, Democrat; Idaho, William J. McConnell, Republican; Illinois, John P. Altgeld, Democrat; Kansas, L. D. Lewelling, Populist; Massachusetts, William E. Russell, Democrat; Montana, John E. Rickards, Republican; Michigan, John T. Rich, Republican; Minnesota, Knute Nelson, Republican; Missouri, William J. Stone, Democrat; Nebraska, Lorenzo Crounse, Republican; New Hampshire, John B. Smith, Republican; North Carolina, Elias Carr, Democrat; New Jersey, George T. Werts, Democrat; North Dakota, E. C. D. Shortridge, Populist; South Carolina, Benjamin R. Tillman, Democrat; South Dakota, Charles H. Sheldon, Republican; Tennessee, Peter Turney, Democrat; Texas, James S. Hogg, Democrat; Washington, John H. McGraw, Republican; West Virginia, William A. McCorkle, Democrat; Wisconsin, George W. Peck, Democrat; Wyoming, John E. Osborne, Populist.

On the 25th of November Sir John C. Abbott resigned his position as Premier of Canada, and was succeeded by Sir John Thompson.

The French cabinet resigned November 28th.

Despatches from Porto Novo, November 21st, stated that the French troops had entered Abomey, the capital of Dahomey, without opposition.

DISASTER.

November 27th.—Reports were received of the destruction by earthquake of the town of La Union, Salvador, Central America. Many lives were lost.

OBITUARY.

November 11th.—At Clifton, England, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, novelist, aged eighty-three years.

November 26th.—In Algiers, Africa, Charles Martial Allemand-Lavigerie, Cardinal Archbishop of Carthage and Algiers, aged sixty-six years.

December 2d.—In New York city, Jay Gould, aged fifty-six years.



Editor's Drawer.

THE DANGER OF BEING TOO THOROUGH.

WE had been discussing thoroughness.

"Now I tell you there's such a thing as being too thorough," said the Judge. "When I first went on the bench, I determined to plumb the law every time. One of the first cases that came up before me was a suit, in one of my upper counties, for divorce, brought by a wife against her husband. The pleadings were all right, and the proof was clear—so clear, indeed, that although the defendant contested strongly, I became satisfied that there was collusion, and dismissed the suit. It created a sensation. I reached home feeling very virtuous. I was sitting on the veranda next day reading, when a man, evidently a countryman, rode up on a thin mule, and hitching it to the fence, came in at the gate. I recognized the defendant in the divorce suit. He was dressed in his 'Sunday best,' capped by an old beaver, and was carrying a pair of saddle-bags over his arm. I invited him to take a seat, and he at once began calling me 'your Honor.'

"'Your Honor,' he said, 'I came to see you about that divorce suit.'

"'Well, what about it?' I asked, sharply, getting ready to pitch into him; but he was so meek I held up. He just shook his head.

"'Your Honor, that was the cruelest decree your Honor ever made. You didn' know about it, or your Honor wouldn't 'a' done it. Why, your Honor, all that fuss I made was just put on. I wanted it just as bad as my wife. Why, we had arranged everything, and we was both ready to git married agin directly. We was a-goin' to have a double wedding. She was a-goin' to marry a sto'keeper what makes $300 a year, and I was a-goin' to marry a lady as has considerable propity. She is got a hundred and twenty-three acres o' lan', and two cows, and a hoss. She broke off one engagement to marry me, and the man is a-suin' her for breach, and now she is a-goin' to sue me for breach too, and I don't know what to do'; and neither did I," said the Judge. "I could hear my wife giggling inside."

"I once made a mistake myself by trying to be very thorough," said the Governor, shutting his teeth down on his Habana, and closing his eyes retrospectively.

"When was it?" we asked.

"Not so long ago," said the Governor. "Does any of you think I look like a felon?" he asked. The replies were not unanimous. "Well, I was arrested as one within the last two years," he said. "When I came into the Governorship I thought I would be very thorough, and one of the first things I investigated was the convict system. The newspapers said I had made promises that I would give honest labor a show. Perhaps I had. So one day I slipped off by myself and went up to the mines to see how the thing was being worked when no one was expected. The charge had been made that the lessees ran things very differently when an investigating committee was expected from the way they usually ran them, and that ordinarily the treatment was very harsh. I intended to go down into the mines, and I put on an old suit of clothes in which I used to hunt occasionally. They were torn and muddy, and I congratulated myself that no one would know me.

"In the pockets were all sorts of odds and ends, such as string, wire, a knife, nippers, etc. I got the conductor to let me off the train at a crossing, and walked a mile or two to the mines. As I got near them, thinking I would look over the ground before going out into the cleared space, I turned out of the path and struck up the hill through the brush. I took a survey, and saw a small group of men around a fire, one or two of them convicts, one or two perhaps visitors, and one a guard with a double-barrelled shot-gun across his arm. I was thinking of going down, and took a step or two, when some one behind me said, 'Hold on; come back here.' I turned, and there thirty steps from me was a guard, an ugly old fellow, long and bony, standing with his shot-gun across his arm. 'What do you want?' I asked.

"'I wants you,' he said, 'and I wants you quick. Come here.'

"I went over, moved rather by curiosity. 'Well, what do you want with me?'

"'I'm goin' to take you to the warden,' he said.

"'But I won't go,' I said. 'I don't want to go to the warden, and I won't go.'

"'You won't? Well, we'll see if you won't. If you don't, you'll git a load o' buckshot in you,' he said, dropping his gun, and pulling back the hammer slowly.

"I saw that he had me, and I determined to explain. 'I am a visitor up here,' I said.

"'Yes, no doubt; that's why I wants you. I wants you to finish out your visit. We can't bar to part with you. Walk along thar.'

"'But—' I began.

"'But nothing,' said he; 'you don't want no but but this,' and he gave me a crack with the butt of his gun which nearly knocked me over. 'March on.'

"'Look here; I'm the Governor of the State,' said I, trying to look imposing.

"He looked at me quizzically. 'You're a pretty-looking Gov'nor, ain't you?' said he. 'Well, Gov'nor, I'm glad to see you; I'm gwine to help you finish out yo' term. Walk along thar and shet up yer jaw. I'm gittin' kinder tired on it, and I've a good mind to let you have a load of buckshot anyways, jest to teach you manners.'

"Well, that old fellow marched me down, and made a convict go through my clothes. The things in my pockets were proof positive of my guilt, of course, and you never heard such a lambasting as he gave me in your life, all the time keeping a running fire at me, asking what I was 'in for,' etc. The circumstantial evidence was that I was a burglar, but they all agreed I looked like a pickpocket, and one man even suggested that I had picked a burglar's pocket. That was the worst of all. Then he marched me off to the warden."

"What became of the guard?" asked one.

"He's my manager on my farm," said the Governor, "and he still makes me march straight." THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

DIGNITY OF THE CHURCH.

A CERTAIN bishop (we will call him Bishop Jones: in his younger days he had always been John Jones to his companions), who presided over a diocese in the provinces, was known alike for his kindly wit and the dignity with which he maintained his position.

One day, while making a tour of his diocese, a reception was accorded him in a small outlying country district. As the bishop was passing through a doorway, an old veteran, without rising from the chair in which he was seated, extended his hand, saying,

"How d'ye do, Bishop Jones?"

Whereupon Bishop Jones, with a vigorous pull, brought the man to his feet, and replied:

"When you say 'How do you do, *John* Jones,' you may keep your seat if you like; but, my dear sir, if you say 'How do you do, *Bishop* Jones,' you must rise to your feet to do so."

A MODERN VALENTINE.

I've written it, love, with a stiff steel pen;
For the geese, I understand,
Are so learned, now, that their quills, I trow,
Must supply their own demand.

I've secured it, love, by the aid of glue,
Instead of a strand of hair,
Which I cannot obtain, for I see, with pain,
I have really none to spare.

I send it to you by the postman, love;
For Cupid, I grieve to hear,
Is afraid of the cold, and has grown so old
That he doesn't go out this year.

But the message is ever the same, my love,
While the stars their course fulfil.
Though to me and to you it may seem quite new,
'Tis the old, old story still.

CAROLINE W. LATIMER.

WANTED TO REPEAT IT.

A CERTAIN small boy had told a lie. Very sadly his mother had reproved him for it, and to help him to resist temptation, she said:

"Now, my boy, if you ever feel like telling a lie again, come to mamma, and she will help you fight against it."

The lad went off with a sober face. Only a few moments elapsed, however, before he appeared again, and with an eager smile said:

"Mamma, I want to tell a lie."

"Well, my dear, tell me what you want to say," said the mother.

"I want to tell that same old lie over again," observed the boy.

WANTED THE ADDITION FIRST.

OSCAR is a gentleman of color who has had the good fortune to save something from his earnings—in fact, enough to "add a addition to his house," as he put it. Consulting a friend on the subject who combines the contractor with the architect, he was asked to give the dimensions of the desired structure.

"Well, boss," he said, after a few moments of deep reflection, "I guess yo'd better make it twelve by fo'teen feet, wid de long side 'gainst de *main* house."

The contractor figured a few minutes, and said: "Well, here is the estimate with weather-boarding for three sides. Of course you will not need any weather-boarding on the fourth side, against the main house—"

"Well, boss," said Oscar, scratching his head thoughtfully, "I guess, p'r'aps, on de whole, yo'd better put in de wedder-bo'ding for de forf side too, for, ye see, I hasn't built de main house yit; I's only goin' to build de 'dition now. I shall build de main house when I gits more abler."

MR. SCAGGS'S SNAKE STORY.



"HAW! HAW!"

"TALKIN' about chickens," said Mr. Scaggs, as he and several others gathered about the grocery stove, "I seen a snake once as was a corker."

Incidentally, be it said, Mr. Scaggs was always reminded of something by something not at all similar. A remark having some relation to crops would recall to Scaggs's mind a story about the new church in his native village, while an allusion to mowing-machines was as likely to set him talking about grand pianos as not. Consequently no one said anything. All waited quietly for Mr. Scaggs to proceed with his story, which he did.

"It was a regular reptile of a snake, too. I don't know as I know what kind of snake it was. May have been a rattler, or maybe he warn't no more'n a blacksnake, except he was sort of green an' red. Anyhow he was a reg'lar reptile of a snake, as I said. It was 'long about June, somewhere back in the seventies, when I was runnin' for justice o' the peace—time I'd 'a' beat Hiram if I'd a-had sense; he beat me by one vote, an' I was livin' on the golden-rule business those days, doin' unto others just like I hoped they'd do for me, 'nd I voted for Hiram like a Christian gentleman, while Hiram voted for hisself like a man o' sense. It was too bad the way it happened, because I had a case before Hiram later on, an' he decided agin me, as wouldn't 'a' happened if I'd been 'lected 'stead o' him. I got a keener sense o' justice than Hiram had; but he's dead now, so I won't say anything 'gainst him further'n I think he was a c'rupt man an' a disgrace to the bench."

"We were talking about chickens, I think, Mr. Scaggs," ventured the grocer.

"Yaas," returned Scaggs. "The country was full of 'em those days, 'nd some of 'em was that pizenous people didn't dass drink water out o' wells where they lived within a mile of. I seen one one Sunday mornin' crawlin' along the road hissin' an' sissin' at everything he saw—"



"SHE WAS TOO SCARED TO WORK."

"A chicken?" asked the young man who assisted in the grocery.

"No. You are thinkin' o' geese. Geese hisses an' sisses. We're dis-

cussin' snakes. I had four very handsome ones on my place one year, an' while they didn't lay no gold eggs like the one in the fairy tale, they did noble with their own sort."



"I WENT UP STAIRS."

"What kind of eggs do snakes lay?" asked the young man.

"You're too young," said Mr. Scaggs, scornfully. "When I'm talkin' o' snakes, you gas about geese; and when I make a remark about geese, you switch off on to snakes. Say, you ought to know all about geese anyhow, 'less you an' your relations don't speak. Haw, haw!

"But, to come back to chickens," he continued, "that snake was about the handsomest reptile of a snake I ever see. He was blue and yaller in spots, and he had an eye on him like a gimlet. He could bore a hole in a stone wall with those eyes o' his. 'F I'd ever wanted a collender, I'd 'a' got that snake to sit down an' look at a tin pan for an hour, an' I believe the tin pan 'd' a' been a collender in less 'n that. I didn't dass look at that snake for fear he'd charm me; 'nd I wasn't the only one as was affected that way. My wife, when she see him sittin' out there in the yard, gave a yell just like as though somebody 'd stuck a knife into her. 'Twasn't nothin' but them eyes borin' right through her, so I just shut the door, 'nd told my wife to go lie down. She was too scared to work. Then I went up stairs an' looked at the snake from the attic winder. Soon as he saw there wasn't any human bein's to be had for breakfast, he hauled hisself over to the fence an' stood on the end of his tail an' looked into the chicken-yard, an' the first thing he see there was my prize rooster. The rooster crowed an' flapped his wings, but the snake wasn't scared o' that. He sort of smiled, as much as to say, 'Chicken's good enough for me when human bein's ain't to be had.'



"HE STOOD ON THE END OF HIS TAIL."

"I sat there watchin'. The rooster was mighty game, an' I felt kind of certain as how if the snake ever attacked him he'd lose them eyes in a few minutes, an' leave the country inside o' the next few. The snake must o' felt that way hisself, because he didn't make no attack. He knew the rooster, I guess, so he resorted to stragedy."

"To what?" asked the grocer's boy.

"Stragedy," repeated Scaggs. "Geese ain't 'quainted with stragedy; but it means tricks. When you can't lick a man with your fists, you may be able to knock him out with your brains. That's stragedy, and that snake knew enough to know that stragedy was the thing for him.

"He crawled over the fence an' down into the yard, an' fixed his eye on the rooster, an' the rooster fixed his eye on him. I'd trained Henry pretty well, unfortunately, an' one of his principles was never to attack first, which caused his death in this p'ticular case. There they sot, eyin' each other for all they was worth, the reptile starin' at Henry, Henry returnin' the look with interest. It was nothin' but a game o' stunts, with all th' advantages on the snake's side, 'cause Henry's eyes bein' set in sideways he had to do the work o' two eyes with one. I kind o' noticed that Henry's eye began to bulge out, but it didn't 'cur to me as that was any harm, 'til, by Joe, plunk! the eye fell out. He'd bulged it out too fur."



"PLUNK."

"Oh, now, Scaggs—" began the grocer.

"True as I'm sittin' in that chair," said Scaggs, rising and pointing to his vacated seat. "But he was game, that rooster was, 'nd his left eye'd no sooner reached the ground than he never said a word, but turned the other one on the snake. The reptile kind o' grinned, and began on th' other eye, an' inside o' two minutes, plunk! out went Henry's other eye; 'nd of course that settled Henry, for the minute that reptile see Henry couldn't see, he moved around an' grabbed him by the leg 'nd yanked him off."

"That was a game rooster," said the grocer.

"Yes," returned the old gentleman. "He was game; but he didn't know nothin' about stragedy."

"The snake was clever too," said the grocer's boy.

"You bet he was," said Scaggs. "He was a reg'lar reptile of a snake."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



"I SEEN ONE ONE SUNDAY MORNIN'."



HISTRIONIC EGOTISM.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

OUR PET ACTOR (*just arrived*): "By Jove—these good people all seem to know me very well—nodding and smiling"—(*nods and smiles himself, right and left*)—"uncommonly flattering, I'm sure—considering I've never set foot in the town before!"

OUR PET ARTIST (*his chum*): "I'm afraid it's *me* they're nodding and smiling at, old man! I come every year, you know—and know every soul in the place!"



DANCE AT THE PONCE DE LEON.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVI. MARCH, 1893. No. DXIV.

OUR OWN RIVIERA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.



WE started from New Orleans to enter the Flowery State by its back door. In New Orleans the peach and pear trees were throwing sprays of delicate color across many a view, the street boys were peddling japonicas and garden roses, and in the woods near by the dogwood and the jasmine spangled the fresh greenery with their flowers. On our way to the cars we read a Signal Service bulletin announcing the temperature in New York to be 24°, while in New Orleans it was 70°. And in the evening newspaper was word that a party of well-nurtured hoodlums in a Connecticut college had snowballed an actress on the stage of the theatre in the college town. Such are the possibilities in a country of the magnitude of ours, and they made us glad that we were going even further south.

The next day spied the train in Florida making its way through a tedious region of sand and pine and swamp and cypress. But the glorious eye of day was blazing upon the cars, so that it turned them into bake-ovens, and when the suffocating passengers opened the Pullman windows, in swept the fine, insinuating, choking dust of Florida in such clouds that I, who had started in black clothing in Louisiana, came into Florida looking like a miller. Indeed, I felt like that particular miller of the Dee about whom nobody acknowledged any concern. As is so often the case, the Pullman contained a passenger who talked to everybody in it, and rendered all other speech vain and unprofitable.

"I'm going to get off at Tallahassee," said he, "in order to drive over to Thomasville, Georgia. Better stop off with me—only pretty country and only unspoiled Southern town in Florida. Fact is, though Tallahassee is the capital of the State, it does not belong in Florida. Got pushed over the line by some convulsion of nature. Stop off, and you will not be sorry. The conductor will give you a stop-over check."

The neighborhood of Tallahassee, when it came into view, riveted our inclination to accept this semi-public advice. Plantations, inviting Southern country houses, dense banks of Cherokee roses in bloom, rolling land, a rich chocolate soil, great trees whose foliage formed clouds of green —these were the objects that took the places of the swamps, and of the monotonous vistas of slender pines struggling in sand. We stopped at Tallahassee, and in the main street of the picturesque and comatose old village we met that which attuned our souls for all that we were to enjoy in Florida—that set our thoughts in the right train. It was the regulation summer maiden of the North that we encountered. There she strode, in white kid shoes, with a white sailor hat on her head, ribboned with white satin. She was dressed otherwise in a blue sailor suit trimmed with white, above which appeared a pert face, all sun-dyed, beneath a mass of short and wavy nut-brown hair. She was so precisely like herself as we all saw her at Narragansett Pier in the previous September that it was almost pos-

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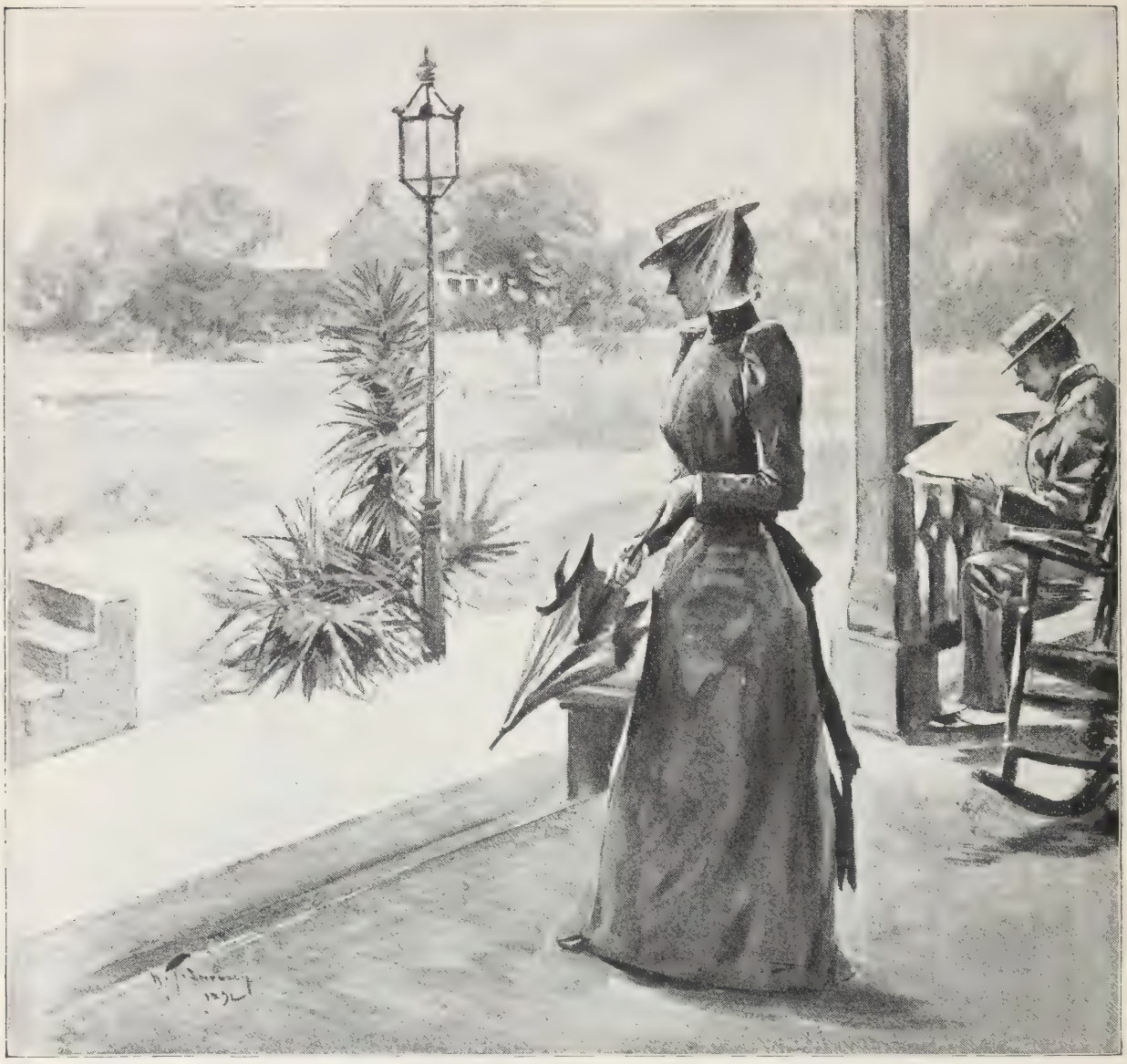
sible to believe she had been walking on and on southward ever since, pursuing the summer like a song-bird, or perhaps had stopped now and then to linger with it at Asheville, Charleston, Savannah, Thomasville, and finally there at Tallahassee. She paused and talked, with many coquettish little graces, to a young gentleman who met her on the pavement. It required but a little farther play of fancy to imagine that he was urging her to attend some dance or reception, and that she was saying, just as she used to say every day last autumn: "I'll go, but I can't dress, you know. One half of my arms doesn't match the other half, and my face and my neck are at odds; I'm so shockingly sunburnt, you know." That vision of the summer maiden was all that was needed for an introduction to Florida. The magic of it shattered our touch with the old South. It stood us face to face with the North a-holidaying, and that makes the essence of life in what the hotel men delight to call "the American Riviera."

When my companion, Mr. Smedley, and I reached our rooms in the cheerful hotel in the heart of the town, we found awaiting us a great shallow dish of japonica, rose, and violet blossoms. Having seen an even larger tray of flowers in the office of the house, we inquired whence they came, and found that they were sent by the ladies of the town to the ladies of the hotel. This was not only a pretty custom, and a positive proof that Florida deserves its name, but it showed that for perhaps the first time in our lives we were domiciled in a pleasure resort wherein the people had not been demoralized by so strong a desire for gain that all kindlier human impulses were crowded out of their lives. This pleasant belief was strengthened when we went into the town to shop, and found the prices generally moderate. A horse and carriage may be had, with a driver, for three dollars a day, and in a comfortable vehicle we rolled through the old town, noting, by its own hills and those around it, that it was in a rich rolling country, and by its heavy Grecian-looking town houses and its cool embowered country houses that many relics of the time when it was the seat of a wealthy aristocracy still remained. Of trees and flowers I never saw more or better in any country town even in England. The oaks, always the handsomest trees in the South, were here magnificent, and around them were mulberries, gum-trees, magnolias, palmettoes, figs, China-berries, pines, and many other sorts of trees. Great balls of mistletoe grew on lofty branches, banks of Cherokee roses blossomed by the road-sides, the door-yards were gay with old-fashioned flowers, and the gardens showed manifold rows of luxuriant peach and pear trees, as well as dried and faded banana-palms. Seeing the graves of the "Princess C. A. Murat," and of her husband, "Colonel Charles Louis Napoleon Achille Murat, son of the King of Naples," in the green and white graveyard, led us to drive out to what is called Prince Murat's house, on the outskirts of the town. It was little to see—a mere one-and-a-half-storied frame house with a sloping roof, exterior chimneys, and a broad porch. And the whole was falling into ruin, inhabited by a negro man and woman, and set in a garden wherein the weeds have all but choked the few ornamental plants and bushes which once graced the scene.

Upon returning to town I learned that in truth the prince lived in that house only a short time, though his widow, who survived him twenty years, made it her home. His true home in this country had been upon his plantation, a few miles from the capital. Poor man! his fame even in Tallahassee has degenerated into a recollection of his eccentricities, and he is remembered to have eaten crow, and to have tried to eat buzzard. It is also recalled that he once discovered a dye, and dyed all his wife's gowns before she reached home one day; also that he, for some reason, induced his slaves to eat cherry-tree sawdust, and was nearly the death of them all. He deserves a far more dignified echo of his existence, for in his portrait on the walls of the town library he is seen to have been a man of intellectual and forceful mien, and in his book, or rather a collection of his letters made into a book, he writes himself down as a very observant and clear-headed man, reflective and broad, proud of citizenship in this country, and able to speak of himself seldom, and only with modesty. Writing in 1830–2, in the course of some remarks upon Washington, he includes a short study of the American girl of the period, one that will not now be considered far amiss. He notes that "parents seldom



"SHE PAUSED AND TALKED, WITH MANY COQUETTISH LITTLE GRACES."



ON A HOTEL PORCH, TALLAHASSEE.

oppose their daughters in the choice of a husband; .... moreover, the interference of parents is looked upon as an act of indiscretion in these matters. Nothing can be more happy than the lot of a young American lady from the age of fifteen to twenty-five, particularly if she possesses the attraction of beauty (which they generally do). She becomes the idol and admiration of all; her life is passed amid festivities and pleasure; she knows no contradiction to mar her inclinations, much less refusals. She has only to select from a hundred worshippers the one whom she considers will contribute to her future happiness in life—for here all marry, and, with of course some exceptions, all are happy."

Another note of even wider interest the prince makes in these words: "It is only a few years since that waltzing was proscribed in society, and only Scotch reels and quadrilles were danced. From the moment of its introduction, the waltz was looked upon as most indelicate, and, in fact, an outrage on female delicacy. Even preachers denounced in public the circumstance of a man who was neither lover nor husband encircling the waist and whirling the lady about in his arms, as a heinous sin and an abomination."

"Nobody can forget," writes the prince, "the arrival of the ballet corps in New York from Paris. I happened to be at the first representation. The appearance of dancers in short petticoats created an indescribable astonishment; but at the first 'pirouette,' when these appendages, charged with lead at the extremities, whirled round, taking a horizontal posi-



ON THE PIAZZA OF THE WINDSOR HOTEL, JACKSONVILLE.

tion, such a noise was created in the theatre that I question whether even the uproar at one of Musard's carnival 'bals infernals' at Paris could equal it. The ladies screamed out for very shame and left the theatre, and the gentlemen for the most part remained, crying and laughing at the very fun of the thing, while *they* only remarked its ridiculousness. They had yet to learn and admire and appreciate the gracefulness and voluptuous ease of a Taglioni, Cerito, and a Fanny Elssler."

The time I spent in Tallahassee I never shall regret. It is a pure and typical Southern capital, with very many landmarks and mementos of a proud past in full preservation. It is not like any other part of Florida, for, in fact, it is a great piece of Georgia soil and landscape, high, wholesome, picturesque, hospitable, and quaintly old-fashioned. The climate is as warm as any, except that of the southern end of the State, and yet the face of nature is more like what we in the North are accustomed to and consider beautiful.

The route from Tallahassee to Jacksonville is by way of pine-barrens and cypress swamps, and even in winter was found to be exceedingly hot and dusty, as all railway travel in the State is apt to be. So far as concerns whatever of settlement and civilization is seen, it is a country with the dry-rot. Everything that is in use seems patched up; the rest is tumbling to pieces. The fences are tinkered and gaping; the unpainted cabins are dilapidated, and patched with whatever was handiest when they needed repairing; the horses or mules and oxen are hitched to weather-beaten ploughs with bits of rope and chain. In a word, the people are lazy, and, as they best express it in the South, "shiftless."

At Jacksonville, with the stopping of the train, we were flung into the watering-place life of the dog-days in the North. It was not merely the summer maiden that we found there—though her sort was abundant—but she moved amid nearly all her Northern concomitants and surroundings. Jacksonville might easily have been mistaken for Long Branch in July, with its great hotels illuminated from top to basement, its sounds of dance music in all the great parlors, and its array of long porches crowded with ease-taking men and women in flannels and tennis caps and russet slippers and gossamer gowns. We stopped at the well-managed Windsor Hotel, but it might have passed for the West End or the Howland, except that there were no sounds of a near-by heaving sea. The Jacksonville house exhibited the same bevy of young girls clustered before the clerk's desk—for all the world like those we saw at Asbury Park and Long Branch last midsummer—the same long, light-carpeted parlor, the apparently identical semicircle of scraping musicians half enclosing a piano, the same old ladies and plain girls in the glare of light on the porches, while the prettiest girls were all in the darker corners and places. There were the same laughter and chatter, and rollicking semi-grown children; the same aimless but happy couples keeping slow-measured tread on the pavements; the frames of staring photographs, the nickel-in-the-slot machines, the shops full of gimcrack souvenirs made in Germany and New York, the peanuts and soda-water, the odor of perfumery, the rustle of silks, the peeping slippers—the very same; all the same.

And in the morning the chief attraction of Florida made itself felt as it had not done before. It was the heat of summer in Lent, the warm sun which blazed in the bedroom windows and roused at least one sleeper with that close, confined, sticky feeling that we all know too well in July. It was too cool on the piazzas, for that tropical condition obtains there which produces a breeze that may not be felt in the sun, and yet is almost chilly in the shade. In that warmth, wholly apart from any attractions of scene or sport, is the secret of the peopling of Florida by Northerners in the winter months, of the transformation of one of the United States into a pleasure-park and loafing-place during three months of each year. The official records show that during those months the mean temperature varies, in the different parts of the State, between 56° and 70° Fahrenheit. There is not, I am assured, any part of the State which is absolutely exempt from frost, but it is an unfamiliar visitor, and with the general warmth comes a royal proportion of clear days—a general average of twenty-four fine days in each month between December and May in all parts of the State. In March the average is about twenty-seven days, and in April twenty-six. I held the common impression that



"WHILE THE PRETTIEST GIRLS WERE ALL IN THE DARKER CORNERS."

the State was resorted to as a sanitarium; but when, after several days in Tallahassee and Jacksonville, I had seen but few persons who had the appearance of being victims of any lung disease, I altered my opinion. It was the resort of invalids for many years, it seems, but those who spent their winters there, now go to the so-called piny woods and mountain resorts of Georgia and the Carolinas.

Florida has become a resting-place for those who can afford to loaf at the busiest time in the year—the men who have "made their piles," or organized their business to run automatically. As a rule, they are beyond the middle age and of comfortable figures. It is within the mark to say that each of these men brings two women with him—his wife and a daughter or a sister or a niece. I frequently counted the persons around me at the hotels in the larger resorts, and never once found as many men as women; there were more often three than two women to a man. Of young men who should be at work, and boys and girls who should be at school, there were few to be seen. In some places, as in the

big hotels at St. Augustine, it struck me that the young women must find it rather dull where young men were so few.

If what is said of the present frequenters of Florida creates the impression that it is only the rich who form the winter colony, it is necessary to add that this is not the case. In all the large towns there are many hotels in which board can be had for two dollars a day, and in almost all the towns there are hotels and boarding-houses that are frequented by those who pay only eight or ten dollars a week. An unexpected peculiarity of the great watering-place is that it is growing to be more and more the custom for the winter visitors to spend a large part of their time in travelling. Few miss the great Alameda group of palatial hotels in the quaint old village of St. Augustine; many cross the State to the very promising port of Tampa, with its superb hotel; others travel the erratic and the scenic rivers, visit the phosphate district, the tarpon grounds, the almost tropical section at Lake Worth, and as many as they care to of the four or five score settlements and resorts of more or less note that lie along these routes. This is the thing to do in Florida, although my experience in buying railway tickets in that State led me to regard it as a practice calculated to humble the rich more speedily than any anarchist plan of which I had ever heard.

Jacksonville is the busiest place in Florida, and the starting-point for most tours. Nearly all comers by rail or ship from the North pay toll to it. From the porch of the Windsor they see the first orange-trees; in the streets they hear a whole choir of caged mocking-birds; palmettoes, bananas, and a wealth of flowers embellish many of the views about town; and the lazy, luxurious holiday life at the almost always crowded hotels sounds the key-note of the general spirit of the winter population. The main street is fit to be called Alligator Avenue, because of the myriad ways in which that animal is offered as a sacrifice to the curiosity and thoughtlessness of the crowds. I did not happen to see any alligators served on toast there, but I saw them stuffed and skinned, turned into bags, or kept in tanks and boxes and cages; their babies made into ornaments or on sale as toys; their claws used as purses, their teeth as jewelry, their eggs as curios. Figures of them were carved on canes, moulded on souvenir spoons, painted on china, and sold in the forms of photographs, water-color studies, breastpins, and carvings. I could not, for the life of me, help thinking of the fate of the buffalo every time I walked that street.

The true Southern negro abounds in the city, and is a never-ceasing source of amusement and interest. Among them all not any are more peculiar than the hackmen, who drive slowly up and down before the hotels, calling out to the boarders. "I'd just as lieve drive you as Vanderbilt," said one. "Dere ain't no bars put up agin any one what can pay de price." Then the next one halts his team and says, in a general public address directed to no one in particular: "Lend me a dime, an' I'll pay you back or sing you a song. I know lots of songs, and when I open my mouth you'll think I either got music or delirium tremens." The market also is very interesting. It slightly suggests a corner in some old French city. The display of fish, vegetables, and fruit is both gorgeous and appetizing. On the market wharf the tourist may see a policeman in a New York uniform, a ferry-boat from New York crossing the river, and a New York river boat lying at a neighboring pier.

In a glance at the principal tours of the winter visitors to Florida the short one to St. Augustine must be considered first. The great Capitol at Washington, the State Capitol at Albany, and the Equitable Building in New York are the most costly houses in America. These were the subjects of a far greater outlay than the Flagler group of St. Augustine hotels, but their cost is not uppermost in the minds of those who spend much time in them. I know of no place, public or private, where the power of wealth so impresses itself upon the mind as at this group of Florida hotels. It is not because the owner's constant presence brings millions to the mind, or that he is known to have made his own way, and is said to have brought his dinner to his office with him every day until he was worth a million. It is the spot itself—the finding of a group of palaces in such strong contrast with all the rest in Florida. It is the change from a field where the other charms are all natural to a mass of beauties that are made by hand. To live in the Ponce de Leon is as if we had been



LAKE WORTH.

invited to stop at a royal palace. It is as if a modern Haroun-al-Raschid, in order the better to study his people, had turned his royal residence into a hotel. And, after all, that would be but little more unexpected than that a many-millionaire should use his means in this way. It is said of the proprietor (than whom there is no more unassuming boarder in the building) that the reading which most impressed him in his youth was tales of Spanish affluence and history and adventure. When the day came that he could build a great structure, the Spanish types were the only ones that were in his mind. Upon the first crude idea of constructing something that should celebrate the beauties of Spanish architecture grew the plan for a hotel. The after-thought became the prime impulse, and was allowed its way.

It is said that a famous writer remarked that he had not the ability to describe the Ponce de Leon and its outlook upon the luxurious court and park, and opposing Cordova and Alcazar hotels. I see here no excuse for trying a hand upon it at this late day. It is its general effect, rather than its details, that charms the beholder, and that effect can be expressed in a sentence—it is a melody or a poem in gray and red and green. The pearl-gray walls of shell-stone lift their cool sides between billows of foliage and masses of bright red tiling. The graceful towers, quaint dormer-windows, airy loggias, and jewel-like settings of stained glass, like the palms and the fountains and galleries, all melt, unnoted, into the main effect. It is all too fine for some persons, too dear for others, too artificial for others, and for another class not sufficiently restful. Many find the life there too closely like what they left behind in New York, or they see there the same club and business friends from whom they wish to get away. Al-Raschid could not please every one if he gave away his wealth and sceptre, and even his clothes. I was so perfectly content and thoroughly fascinated in the week I lived there that the place seemed all-sufficient. Yet when I went to another resort, and saw a green and white country hotel in a shady grove beside a cool river, and observed the men and women in the refreshing undress of flannels and soft hats, I confess that my heart went out to the old, old joy of country rest and quiet and unconcern.

But, for a time, it was pleasant to elbow the rich and watch the fashionable, to see the gowns and turnouts, to hear the small-talk, and now and then to have a *tête-à-tête* with a dressy woman, and to find that she could repeat the pretty prattlings of her babe recorded in the last of a grandma's letters; or to sit with a very wealthy man, as I did, and hear him exclaim: "Don't lay any stress on wealth; there's nothing in it. I have it, and I tell you I would rather have a college education and enough to live in plain comfort than to hold on to my millions. I only give away my surplus. All the world seems banded to get it away from me, and it does me little good. Give your boys an education; you will be kinder than if you gave them riches."

This was an unlooked-for note to be sounded in a house where a woman and her lady friend and maid were paying $39 a day for rooms and meals; where an Astor and his bride had paid the same sum per day during a week of their honey-moon; where one lady took a room solely for her trunks at $10 a day; and where an economical young woman told me that she was filling her mother's closets and her own with dresses, while the mother put her things on the chairs. "Mamma has had her day, you know," said the maiden, "and she doesn't care."

There was one little party that occupied three bedrooms, a bath-room, and a parlor, taking up a whole corner of the house on the ground-floor, whose bill at the hotel might easily have been $75 a day. And in all these instances the extras are lost sight of—the $5 to the head waiter, the $2 or $3 a week to the waiter at table, the fees to the bell-boys and the ice-water boy and bootblack. I noted, though, that these minor expenses are variously met. In modest Jacksonville I saw a man meet them cheaply, and yet with a flourish. He was leaving. "How many boys are there here?" he asked. "Nine, sir." "Then call them all up—all of them," said the man, and he handed to each one a dime. It was done so that it seemed as if he might be giving double eagles instead of dimes. I doubt whether the High Chief Almoner of England hands out shillings in the Queen's name to poor old women with more of an air. Then, again, I was in one hotel in Florida where a rich man brought his own wines, and actually sent his own

coffee into the kitchen to be brewed. And in yet another hotel I was asked to swell a purse that was being raised for the cook. But, despite all this, a modest and contented man may live in Florida, and even hobnob with millionaires at the Ponce de Leon, upon $5 per diem.

Out in the fairylike court of that most beautiful hotel, where the lights in the windows met the lights littered on the ground beneath the greenery, I heard a gentleman and maiden approach and meet and actually solve the problem of the perpetual summer girl's existence.

"We came down to Old Point Comfort after leaving Newport," said she, "and then we went to Asheville. Then we were at New Orleans on *mardi gras*."

"And when do you ever go home?" the man inquired.

"Oh," said the girl, in surprise, "why, we always spend Christmas at home."

There was also a rich mother who, talking in the presence of her daughter, said to me that she held very old-fashioned notions about young girls. "I still believe in love," said she. "I think a girl should marry only for love, and that she had better choose an ambitious, promising young man with success ahead of him than mere wealth with an elderly man or a brainless money-bag. Such marriages are the most unhappy ones. Ah, me! I am sure if I were a young girl I could be happy in a tiny house in a village if I were with the choice of my heart."



IN THE GARDENS FACING THE PONCE DE LEON.

The daughter listened stiffly at first. Then her face beamed, and a ripple of laughter escaped her.

"Mamma," said she, "your love-in-a-cottage ideas are out of style. I am thoroughly modern—up to date—*fin de siècle*. Your notions are pretty, but *they don't go*."

Then the maiden turned to me, as being one who could sympathize with her, she thought, and said: "I want to live in one of the world's capitals, where they have grand opera, and miles of swell carriages, and a distinguished society, and —and—where something happens every night. I am dreadfully miserable when there's nothing going on. Mamma, do you remember the night in Vienna last winter when we neither of us knew what on earth to do?"

To sum up the impression St. Augustine made upon me, it seems that nearly every taste may be gratified there. The quaint old city, with some streets that are too narrow for pavements, and a score of ancient houses that would be notable anywhere else, is in itself a joy. The fishing is good; the sailing on the almost constantly sunlit, ever-breezy river is better. The driving and horseback rides are pleasant; there are country walks and orange groves. The old fort is never less than picturesque, and it is prized by lovers almost above a certain leafy terrace at West Point. There are tennis and bathing and shopping. Concerts and dances and exhibitions are frequent. All these and more are for the active. For the indolent and idle there are the loggias and the lobbies of the big hotels, with music every evening, and a grand panorama of life all the time.

Whoever likes all this can have it over again, with some new conditions, at Tampa, where Mr. H. B. Plant, the express and steamship operator, maintains another grand and enormous hotel — Moorish in design in this instance. Its beautiful and often historic furniture, fine pictures, gay crowds, very notable table, excellent music, and Gulf-side views make it easily the second of the leading resorts of Florida. Here, too, nature is adorned by artistic gardening, and the hours may be spent in riding, dancing, fishing, boating, and loafing. "The Inn," above the water, on a grand pier that is at once the terminus of a railway and steamship line, is not too far distant to be easily reached, and visitors there enjoy fine fishing, good fare, music, and delightful air and views. The town of Tampa, across the river from the great hotel, should be visited, not only because it is a historic spot and the seat of a notable cigar industry, but because it is predicted that it will become a great port for the shipment of the future phosphate yield and of those other products of the State which seem promising.

A very pleasant journey which no Florida tourist should miss is that up the St. Johns River by boat from Jacksonville to Sanford. The steamer *City of Jacksonville* and her captain, William A. Shaw, are among the very best of their kinds, and whosoever accompanies them will find by the time the pretty part of the river is reached, above Palatka, the passengers will have been brought together into something like a family circle, on good terms with one another, and with the captain as the recognized head and well-spring of constant entertainment. He is a salt-water sailor, and has often taken his frail-looking but really stanch boat to New York and back upon the ocean. The recollection of these venturesome deep-water journeys lingers upon the steamboat in the uniform of the master, the ringing of a ship's bell to note the passing hours, and in the maintenance of a captain's table in the dining-hall, whereat the prettiest ladies and the most distinguished men find places. Far from carrying a trumpet through which to bellow his orders, Captain Shaw adopts what I may call a confidential course with his subordinates. The two black pilots, working together at the wheel like double song and dance men, leave the windows of their house open to catch his softest tones, and soft tones are all they ever get, even when he swears at them. "Stop port," he says lightly, over his shoulder. "Back port. Start both engines. Hook her up. Stop both." It is the perfect way of managing a business, and one gathers the thought that if his boat were in a hurricane at sea, the passengers would never hear any other tone in the captain's voice than that in which he asks the nearest lady to him at his table whether she will not help herself to the celery.

The one apparent purpose of all who journey by boat in Florida is to see alligators, and to keep account of the number they have seen, as desperate Indians in yellow-covered books tote up the sum of the scalps they have lifted. At first the St. Johns River is of the broad type of Floridian streams—a wide expanse of fretted blue walled in tamely with banks of low vegetation. There are only two types, that and the tortuous narrow sort, running like leafy lanes in cramped ribbons, hedged close by trees. It is when the St. Johns is compressed and squeezed until it wriggles like a landed eel that the search for 'gators begins. I had never seen a wild alligator at large when I made the voyage, and, to tell the truth, I had seen so many others like me, and such signs of a general slaughter of the saurians, their babies, and even their eggs, that I fancied I might leave Florida with the luck of one who goes to Dakota to get a shot at a buffalo. But I was wrong. Not all the alligators are killed yet, though



A BIT OF THE COURT-YARD OF THE PONCE DE LEON.

that consummation is not far off in the older parts of Florida. When we came to the narrow end of the river we saw plenty of the amphibians, and discovered also that they are apparently the only things that induce the captain to raise his voice and to betray an inward excitement.

"Alligator on the left bank! Quick!" he shouted to all the passengers. "Alligator—big one—on the left bank, close ahead!"

Sure enough, there was the huge lizard-like animal upon the low bank, between the water and the trees, where he had been basking until the approach of the boat aroused him. Already, with a snakish motion, he was moving toward the river, his head sweeping in one direction, and his thick strong tail in the other. There was time to see that he was ten feet long, and to wonder how the captain detected a thing so nearly the color of the earth it rested upon, when, with a graceful giant wriggle, the beast slipped into the river, and showed us only a black snout and two bumplike eyes rippling the surface of the stream.

There were some persons among the passengers who all but raved with delight over the beauty of the scenery in the narrow part of the river. Pretty it is, but not extremely beautiful, and the extravagant expressions of those who find extreme beauty where others see only tameness, or, at the utmost, mere prettiness, inspire compassion for all who live where nature is ill-favored or tedious, as on the plains, for instance. The St. Johns was here a pretty winding stream, curving amid more or less dense growths of oak, cypress, and palmetto. Spanish moss hung its greenish-gray tails upon many of the trees, and augmented the strangeness of the scenery; for strange it would seem to any American from beyond the few States that border the Gulf of Mexico. It got its prettiness from the fresh new green that nature was lavishing upon the trees and the undergrowth. So narrow was the stream that the boat was seen to push

the water ahead of it, and to suck a great billow along behind it—a billow that crashed upon the low banks and hurried the cows ashore, the buzzards to flight, and the turtles and alligators off their resting-places. The experience suggested steamboating on some crooked narrow route like Pearl Street in New York; but sometimes the loops in the stream were so sharp that steamers making the same course appeared to be, and were, going in opposite directions. The turtles were amusing. Sometimes half a dozen would drop from a projecting log to fall upon their backs and scramble wildly into correct positions. Lazy and beautiful cranes were seen at times, and the boat passed many buzzard roosts, where the great ugly birds were seen stalking awkwardly on the earth, or roosting like turkeys on the tree limbs. I saw eleven alligators, many of them very large. One favored me with an exhibition of his pedestrianism by turning into the woods instead of the water. It was worth seeing. He lifted his head and six-sevenths of his tail above the ground upon ungainly legs that stood out from his body almost like a spider's limbs. Then he walked as if he had not learned how. The customary man with a gun, and with a general and all-embracing ambition to murder something, had come upon the boat to kill an alligator. This he was forbidden to do, and I think I am right in saying that from no steamboat running in Florida is shooting now permitted. The captain explained why this was when he said, "If passengers were allowed to shoot, they would be apt to alarm or anger the people ashore, and some of the crackers would be sure to turn and send a fusillade of buckshot into the boat." Those who have followed my experiences in other parts of the South will be interested in this further proof of the fact that steamboating there is not unlike managing a travelling target for buckshot.

I have spoken elsewhere of the black laborers on the Southern boats, and have put stress upon the fact that I never saw white men work as hard as these negroes do, urged constantly as they are by the white mates of the vessels. But the labor I saw performed on the Mississippi and on the bayous in Louisiana was feeble beside that which was obtained from the crew on this St. Johns River steamboat. The negroes on this boat were very much superior to the dull-eyed, shambling, and stolid hands of the other Southern States. These were comparatively fine fellows, full of ambition and energy, with intelligence quickening in their faces, well clad, and, I think, less given to demoralizing holiday habits than the others. I never saw any men work so hard. They moved the freight on those heavy small-wheeled trucks that are in use at all railway stations, and they literally flung these vehicles and themselves up and down the steep gang-planks at each landing. They never walked. They ran, whether they were going loaded or returning light. They slid down the gang-planks like men on an ice slide, and they bounced up the sharp incline with such force that it seemed a miracle that saved the heavy trucks from breaking apart. The hollow iron hull of the steamer roared like a drum as these men raced their loads over the deck, not merely for a few minutes, but sometimes for an hour, or for hours, at a time. Perspiration shot from the men's faces, and their half-bared breasts shone with moisture. Their pride in their strength and quickness was manifest; with grinning faces and sparkling eyes they kept up the tension of their utmost effort. To be sure, trunks flew about like cannon-balls now and then, men fell down, and trucks were let fly like battering-rams, but the double line of racing, straining laborers, coming and going at full speed, was never broken while there was freight to move. If there are white men of the laboring kind who can be hired to work as these negroes do, I can only say that I shall not believe it until I see them. In the truer Southern States (for the motive spirit in Florida is imported from the North) I digested the axiom that "a negro and a mule work better than a white man and a horse if they are pushed," but in Florida I improved the saying by leaving out the mule, and entering this note in my book: "The negro laborer is worth three white men if he is managed wisely." I suspect that if I were to spend another season in the South, I would recommend that all the present steamboat mates be discharged, and that gentler men be put in their places. The very qualities that cause them to be chosen to superintend black labor appear to me to be the ones that limit the result of that labor. I am wrong, in all probability, because the South knows the negro, and, in his place, admires him. He in turn

loves the South and his relation to it. Nevertheless, in Florida I saw the best work done, and there the typical mate and his methods were replaced by plain business principles reared upon a basis of kindliness.

The return trip on the St. Johns brings the tourist through some pleasing parts of the river at night, but not all of its beauties are lost, for the boat carries a powerful electric search-light, whose glare is often thrown upon the shores. One becomes familiar with these powerful lights after a little travelling on the Southern rivers, but it is difficult to conceive that any one ever could tire of their weird and splendid effect upon nature. Now it is an orange grove of softly rounded trees that is thrown before the vision as on a stage canvas; now a pretty villa is materialized out of the darkness, a green and white cottage, upon whose porch men and women are surprised as they woo the cooling, calm night; anon a dense and tangled cypress swamp, whose tree limbs bear startled turkeys instead of vegetable fruit, leaps into the cold white light; and at another time a village wharf is thrown upon the black curtain of the night. The knots of men and women, the yellow lights, the sentimental pairs in nooks that had been shaded from the lamp-lights, the drowsy negroes prone upon the boards, the white sheds, and the leafy background of the village trees—all flash into sharp definition, such as daylight could not augment. As illustrating the companionship which grows up between the captain and the passengers, I made a note of this bit of dialogue, that sounded upon the darkness aboard the boat while the captain was flashing the search-light here and there for our edification:

"Now," said he, "we are hugging the other shore quite close. I'll light it up and show you."

"Oh, captain!" said a lady, "don't—if it's being hugged."

But the most instructive result of unconscious eavesdropping on that voyage was a snatch of conversation between a woman and her husband earlier in the day:

"I wish we could go ashore at Palatka," said the wife, "to get some cakes or pie, and figs and dates."

"Why! The meals are good on the boat."

"Oh, I hate steamboat eating; it's worse than hotel food. I'm getting really sick. Just cakes or pie 'll do me now."

"It's curious," said the husband, as if announcing the result of much reflection. "When folks has been away from home about so long, their stummicks gets out of order, and nothing 'll do 'em but plain home cooking. That's the way it is with me, anyhow. I want to go home soon as I kin—don't you? They must be a bakery at some of these here towns. Le's get off and see what we kin git."

The Ocklawaha trip is, next to a stop in St. Augustine, the chief sensational feature of a tour of Florida, if one may rate the attractions of the region according as one hears them talked about by those who are "doing" the State. The Ocklawaha is oftenest spoken of as the



AN OLD BIT OF ST. AUGUSTINE.



A STREET IN ST. AUGUSTINE—THE OLD CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE.

crookedest river in the State, but it is in reality merely the narrowest of the many very crooked rivers upon which one may travel by steamboat. Crooked rivers twisting between scalloped banks of verdure are far too numerous for it to be lightly said which bears off the palm for this sort of eccentricity, and these streams are so nearly alike that whoever makes a trip upon one or two of them may properly flatter himself that he knows about them all. However, the Ocklawaha experience is by far the most peculiar, because on that stream the little steamers are actually raked by the branches of the trees, because the part of the journey made in the night-time is illuminated in an old-fashioned way by bonfire-light, and because the trip begins (or ends) at Silver Spring, with a view of a mysterious and beautiful freak of nature in the form of a full-fledged river bursting out of the earth.

The tourist attends the perpetual birth of a river of crystal-clear water, coming no one knows whence, and purged in the journey. Some persons have thrown old cans and bits of tin into the translucent depths of this strange fountain, and these glisten and gleam and take on the appearance of silver and of mother-of-pearl as one looks down upon them from above. If it is true that here De Soto fancied he had found the fabled fountain of youth, it will remain a matter of eternal regret that he did not see those old cans and bits of tin, for they not only emphasize the clearness of the water, but are the chief objects of interest and observation in the locality. The water has a bluish tinge, as pale as the tone of a Montana sapphire, and in its depths the tourists see its denizens pursuing their daily task of running away from the boats that affright them. Turtles and gar-fish, trout, and other swimmers are thus observed as one seldom has a chance to see them outside of an aquarium.

The Ocklawaha is met at the end of a nine-mile run through this avenue of liquid sapphire, and since I could not by any effort describe its attractions so well as I heard them set forth by a rustic Western

man on the Windsor hotel porch in Jacksonville, I will repeat what he said: "It's a leetle the derndest river I ever saw," he began. "It winds and twists and curves and turns like nothing else in the world, and when you've been all over it, from Palatky to Silver Springs, and have been travelling a daytime and a night-time, you take the cars and go back to where you started from with a ride of fifty mile. The fare is seven dollars one way and five dollars to come back, but there ain't no way of taking the five-dollar ride first, and then skipping the rest. They give you good eating—strawberries and short-cake—oh, my! it ain't bad, I tell you. You get three meals on the trip. There's only room for thirty passengers, so you better start at Palatky, and be sure and get a berth, else mebbe you won't get no place to sleep. But the boats ain't so dern little, neither. They're big enough to choke up the river, I'm a-tellin' you. Many's the time the boat rubs up agin the bank, and the branches of the trees come slatting along the sides, and a-breaking the windows, and a-littering the whole concern with broken branches. If you are lookin' out, you won't see no place for the boat to go, the curves is so sudden.

"Well, I'll tell you just how she twists. The two boats meets at about seven o'clock. Well, seven o'clock come, an' there we was, so the capt'n begin to toot his whistle for the other boat. By that time we was lighting our way with a big iron vessel full of blazing pine knots atop of the pilot-house, which has an iron roof, so's not to catch fire. But, between you and me, you'd think she was afire, and that the whole forest was afire also, or going to be every minute—that there pitch-pine does make such a dernation blaze. And it's ghostlike too; sending the light fur an' wide, and blazing up the whole surroundings light as day, with black shadows a-dancin' wherever you set your eyes. It's worth seein', now, I'm a-tellin' you. Well, the capt'n he was a-tootin' his whistle, and there was the woods just howlin' with the ache-o of the noise. Pretty soon we heard the other boat whistle, and we just had to hunt a hole lively for to let her pass. You see the river ain't more than twenty-five feet wide some places—'tain't wider than one boat—leastwise, it only spares six inches at one spot. Well, we found a dent in the woods, and we tucked in an' tied up to a tree and waited. Pretty soon I seen the other boat a-sloshin' up to us. I could see her through the trees, and I'll swear she warn't more'n two or three rod off by land. Well, sir, she must have been that many mile off by water, for it was a good sixteen minutes before she come splashin' by us. I never see nothing like it in my life.

The most extended vibration of the restless mass of winter travellers in Florida is up and down the Indian River. The starting-point for this journey is Ormond, on the Halifax, and in all Florida I saw nothing more picturesque or alluring than the hotel and its surroundings at that place. Going from St. Augustine, the major part of the short journey is through the usual hot, dusty, and monotonous pine-barrens, which make travelling by train in Florida almost unendurable. A few notable orange groves displaying fruit and flower side by side, and weighting the atmosphere with a heavy but delicious odor, give a quarter of an hour's relief at the outset. But ten minutes before Ormond is reached the scenery changes with startling suddenness, and the piny woods end and the palmetto groves begin, as if nature had drawn an invisible and narrow line between the temperate and the tropic zones at right angles across the railroad track. Strange rather than beautiful is the sight of these unfamiliar trees; and the traveller, as he looks out upon them, is apt to think again, as he so often has occasion to do in the floral State, that beyond its chief charm of unapt warm weather the allurements of the State to the average visitor from the rest of the Union consist in the novelty of his surroundings far more than in any other charms it possesses. These palmettoes scarcely can be said to grace any view, but they render many a vista interesting by their peculiarity. They save themselves from utter tediousness by having some of their trunks bent into serpentine curves, while others remain thatched with the pretty patterning made by the joints of former and lower branches. The trees themselves are ugly because they are ill-fashioned. Their tops are too small for their trunks, and make them look like exaggerated mops—or as a broomstick would look with a woman's bonnet on top of it. Artists often greatly improve upon nature in

their pictures of palmettoes by drawing them with noble umbrageous tops, such as the finer varieties of the palm, not seen in our country, possess.

The crackers call the remnants of old branches of former years "boot-jacks," and have a still more surprising name for the palmettoes themselves. When I was at the Ormond I heard a Floridian praising the artistic work of a remarkable New England woman who was the housekeeper of the hotel, and who freshly decorated the public rooms and porches of the great house every morning. "She puts a cabbage leaf on the ceiling, or sprays of fern on the sash curtains, or a cabbage leaf on a wall—and the effect is splendid," said he. I innocently ventured the remark that I had never considered a cabbage as a decorative subject; and the cracker replied, with a laugh: "Ah! I forgot; you don't understand. 'Cabbage' is what we call the palmetto down here."

But to return. Suddenly the pine-barrens end, and the tourist sees regiments of palmettoes, or thickly massed platoons of them, guarding swampy hammocks of cypress and oak bearded with moss. Then just as unexpectedly the landscape breaks and the Halifax River appears—a wide blue arm of the sea, at whose edges the advancing forests have halted. A white bridge spans the noble sheet of water, and at its farther end is seen the Ormond, whose flags and towers and galleries peep out above and between the thick foliage that forms its shady and picturesque retreat. It is well worth a visit, not only because it is well kept, and continually filled with a lively and select company, but because it is the seat of a New England colony in the heart of Florida. One of the proprietors, nearly all the employees, and many of the boarders are of those who regard Boston as the seat of learning and the hub of progress. The waiter-girls in the dining-room support an air which begets the suspicion that after the tables are cleared they retire to their chambers to enjoy an hour with Browning, or, at least, to catch up with their Chautauquan obligations. The possibility that any of them were among the shadowy couples I met on the moonlit road to the sea-beach back of the hotel is a thought of which I was ashamed when it occurred. Those couples! What a sanctuary for Cupid's victims is that white sand road to the ocean at Ormond! Ahead of me that night I saw a swaying line of bodies, each of which appeared like one absurdly thick personage. When my footfall sounded near one of these forms it would slowly separate into two distinct objects, between whose shapes the night light shone broadly; and then, if I turned and looked back (guiltily), I saw a pair of arms appear, contrariwise, and cross and draw together, and the two figures melted into one again, as if in anticipation of that composite blending of individualities which nature's law ordains in a certain blissful state. But there was scant time on that dim road to pursue even so pretty a thought. In another hundred yards I came upon another composite, and turned it into two—though still with but the single thought that I could not hurry by too quickly to please them.

It was quite appropriate in a typical New England colony to find some such novelty as a perpetually heated urn of hot water in the hotel office for the use of those with whom what one of the guests called "the hot-water craze" is not yet grown cool. It was not due to New England influence, though, that the resources of the hotel were strained in providing sufficient men to take part in two sets of the Lancers. The feat would not be attempted in many Floridian resorts. When I took my first meal at the Ormond I counted fifty-one women and sixteen men around me at the tables—rather an undue proportion of males, I thought. The fishing is profitable there, and weak-fish, sheepshead, channel-bass, cavaillé, and other fishes are plentiful, the weak-fish being of a temper to take either fly or minnow bait, and the sport remaining active by night as well as day. Much of the region around Ormond was once cut up into great plantations, but the Seminole war caused their abandonment, and one of these great sugar farms now serves as a show-place—not as a model farm, but as a jungle of dense and apparently primeval luxuriance. All over where the fields were, over the canals and ditches, the forgotten slave quarters, and the still apparent ruins of the work buildings, grows a rank and lush verdure curious to see, and so thick that the road through it has the character of a tunnel, whose round farther end lets in a circle of daylight as the barrel of a telescope would do.

The place is known as "the Ham-

mock," a term which is necessarily in very common use in Florida, since it describes a constantly recurring feature of nearly every district in that country. The word does not signify what we mean either by the term hammock or by the word hummock. Hammock, as it is used in Florida, serves to characterize fertile soil, not by reference to the dirt itself, but to what grows in it, the custom in Florida being to look up at the trees on a bit of land, instead of down at the earth, in order to determine the quality of the soil. Wherever there is a dense forest, swamp, or jungle growth, the place is called a hammock, and the term is variously qualified to suit differing conditions by such prefixes as high, low, gray, shell, marl, mulatto, hickory, live-oak, and cabbage.

The Indian River is by far the longest one of a series of inland salt-water courses which lie along the east coast close to the ocean. Six miles of marsh and three of dry land are the only obstacles now in the way of an inland boat journey from St. Augustine to the end of the series below Lake Worth, almost at the southern end of Florida. From Ormond, on the Halifax, to Port Orange, eleven miles, the way is broad and comparatively uninteresting; but below Port Orange the course is choked with islands covered by black mangrove-trees. Here is fine pasturage for myriads of bees, and the apiaries that are seen there show honey-gathering to be a leading industry. Here it is that we trace to its source the proverb that "oysters grow on trees in Florida," for it is to the half-uncovered roots of the mangroves that the bivalves cling like barnacles on a derelict hulk at sea. The mangrove is the island-maker of the region. A reef forms, débris catches upon it, the mangrove springs up, its roots form a crib, more flotsam catches in and around them, and as the tree grows, it keeps lifting up the material around it, until an island results. The Hillsborough River, as this second link is called, is merely a channel winding among these queer islands, and broadening now and again into pools that are no flatter than the country around them. By the Haulover Canal, at a point where the Indians found a "carry," or portage, access is had to the Indian River in the neighborhood that gave the first fame to Florida oranges. This great inlet, banded to the sea, and also fed by rivers from the mainland, holds a straight course of 142 miles to Jupiter Inlet, and being wide everywhere except at the long reach called the Narrows, attains a breadth of more than three miles in places.

The trip through the Narrows is the most enjoyable part of the voyage to very many persons. But over all the journey the flocks of unfamiliar birds, the slowly changing character of the vegetation as it takes on more and more of a tropical nature, the flashing phosphorescence of the water, the occasional sight of a steamer's rigging across the reef that parts the river and ocean, and, more than all, the clear skies and unusually golden, sunny weather, are all charming novelties to the tourist. At Jupiter Inlet is found Captain Vail's floating hotel — an old steamboat that serves well as a boarding-house, and that entertains not only fishermen, but many ladies who come with them. Beyond, the termination of the tour at Lake Worth is made by what is called the "celestial railway system," so called because it starts at Jupiter and passes stations called Juno and Mars. The numerous country houses of winter residents at and near the lake-side prove it to be as charming a resort as it appears to the eye. Here the cocoa-palm flourishes, and every landscape is far more tropic in appearance than those of northern Florida. It is on Pitt's Island, at the head of the lake, that one may see the possibilities of that climate, not only because Mrs. Pitts came to Florida expecting to die, and yet remains a comely and vigorous factor in the world, but because she and her husband cultivate almost every semi-tropical fruit that will grow there. Mr. and Mrs. Pitts, unlike the average agriculturist, who despoils nature ruthlessly wherever he calls upon it to support him, have religiously left the most beautiful nooks and bowers that they found for the pleasure not only of their boarders, but of the excursionists who freely and frequently visit the island. This island was once a pelican roost, and owes its wondrous fertility to that fact. I have heard it spoken of by travellers as "the most picturesque spot in Florida," though one must have seen all the others to say that fairly. There is excellent fishing for very many kinds of fish at the inlets and in the lake, and the country around offers good sport

with the gun. In addition to the private residences, there are hotels at Lake Worth and at Palm Beach. I should have said in its place that there are many pleasant stopping-places along the route from Ormond to Lake Worth, such as Daytona, Titusville, Rock Ledge, and others.

Lake Worth is east of the Everglades, and southeast of the great lake Okeechobee—a fact that suggests a mention of the stupendous task that Mr. Hamilton Diston, the well-known Philadelphian, has undertaken in a region reaching far to the north and west of the lake. A study of the character of the southern centre of Florida and of its lakes and watercourses led him to believe that by a series of canals a great territory could be drained and made useful agriculturally. Starting with the great lakes near Kissimmee City, he has dredged out canals that connect them with one another and with Lake Kissimmee, which in turn sends its waters into Okeechobee by way of the Kissimmee River. By another canal he connects Okeechobee with the Caloosahatchee River, emptying into the Gulf of Mexico. This work has so far progressed that the northerly lakes have already been lowered eight feet and seven feet, in separate instances, and an appreciable diminution of water in Okeechobee has been brought about. This drainage from the lakes implies the reclamation of a great area of neighboring land, on some of which the confident conqueror of nature has already established rice and sugar plantations, with a refinery of the first rank in connection with the last-named industry. The land that has been recovered is described as exceedingly rich, being covered with a heavy deposit of decayed vegetable matter.

Between Okeechobee and Jupiter Inlet, and thence deep into the Everglades, are found such of the Seminole Indians as remain. Their number is variously estimated at from 250 to 1200 souls, and I fancy that the latter figures are more nearly correct. They are described as fine men and women physically. They pole about the waterways in dugouts, and for a living fish, hunt, grow sugar-cane, a few cereals and vegetables, and collect the skins of the otter, deer, and bear. Some of them read and write, and many of them have rescued white men who have become lost in the interminable mazes of the grassy and island-cluttered Everglades. West of Okeechobee on the Gulf coast is the famous Charlotte Harbor, the seat of the sport of tarpon-fishing. This huge and gamy fish, the capture of which is the supreme delight and ambition of all salt-water fishermen, is sought mainly at this point, or, to be more accurate, from Punta Gorda to Punta Rassa, and some distance up the Caloosahatchee River, but it is generally held that the great fish is found all over the Gulf, even on the Louisiana and Texas coasts.

The commercial situation in Florida is not so agreeable a subject as its holiday side. To put the case bluntly, as it was put to me by one of the shrewdest and most famous of the self-made millionaires of our country, who has an intimate knowledge of his subject, "Florida has been a great sink for Northern and Western capital, and not a dollar of profit on any single line of investments has ever been taken out of the State." The State has a completely serviceable system of railroads, but their opportunities for money-making have been mainly limited to three winter months in the year. The hotels, taken as a whole, have not paid, for the same reason, and one of the shrewdest men in that business complained to me that the invasion of rich men and land companies into the business, with their magnificent buildings and indifference to profit or loss, will not better the outlook in that avenue for investment. Orange culture has returned the interest on the sum invested only in one year out of every four, and cocoanut culture and the other industries, with the exception of sugar-making, have not yet proved profitable.

The state of the orange trade, which is associated with Florida first in every American mind, is peculiar. The trade in that fruit is at a disadvantage in one respect, especially when the crop is heavy and fine. It is so because the oranges can only be distributed by ventilated cars among the large towns and railroad centres, and are not—at present, certainly—in use as a general and popular article of food, but rather as ornaments on the tables of the well-to-do. But the main trouble is apart from this. It is that when what is known as "the boom" in Florida was in progress, in 1873 to 1876, the bulk of the land that was for sale was in the form of land grants to railways, land company tracts, and the sec-

tions taken upon homestead rights by persons who came to Florida simply to get land for nothing, and who afterward wanted less of it, and some cash for what they could sell. The land thus at hand to meet the "boom" was nearly all pine land. All Florida was interested in saying that this pine land was the best orange land in the world. It is a fact that oranges can be forced to grow on that land, though this is often done only at a great cost, and when the object is attained the fruit brings prices that, to say the least, leave no profit for the planter. Thus it came about that ninety-nine one-hundredths of the groves in Florida were established where they would not produce returns on the first investment; in all probability the majority will not pay the second owners. They are not on orange land. On the other hand, a few shrewder investors came to Florida, and went about the State studying the characteristics and peculiarities of the business. They noted what sort of land and locations promised success, observing that the lands which produced the best fruit were confined to certain sorts, and that the best protection against frost was water to the northward or northwestward. These deliberate and observing men find no fault with their investments. They have not only produced what are rated as the best oranges in the world, but they have obtained extra and even fancy prices for their yields, and have made handsome profits. Halifax and Indian river fruit, for instance, usually grown on high shell hammock land or heavy marl hammock land, is quoted regularly at a dollar above the market. This account of the history of the trade, concurred in by the shrewdest planters I met, explains why Florida oranges differ as they do in quality. The perfect Florida orange is thin-coated, heavy, full of sugar, and yet with sufficient sub-acid to give it sprightliness—like something richer than a rich lemonade. The groves that produce this fruit will remain and continue to make profits. Many of the other sort must be abandoned, and many of intermediate value must be sold for little money to new owners.

Shrewd business men who know the State and its resources assert that the finding of the phosphate beds in the region west of the centre of the peninsula is one of the greatest of recent American discoveries. The phosphate beds are heaviest on what may be called the divide or high ground from which the waters flow in contrary directions. As is almost always the case, the district contains countless lakes and much spongy soil. Here are found potash and vegetable ammonia, but their commercial fitness remains to be determined. The thick beds of rock phosphate are along either side of the Withlacoochee River, in Hernando and Pasco counties, and to a lesser extent in other counties as far north as Gainesville. All the phosphate land is from 200 to 400 feet higher than the sea-level, and it is popularly believed that it was an island when the major part of the peninsula was under water. Possibly it may have been a bird roost, like the guano islands of Peru. It is being mined in several places, and cargoes containing eighty to eighty-five per cent. of phosphate have been shipped. A cargo of seventy-seven per cent. phosphate showed only one per cent. of iron.

There has been a boom in this product, and with the usual unhappy consequences. Men were induced to put money into something like 200 organized companies. As was the case in the oil region, and in the history of so many other speculative enterprises, the first holders are being sacrificed. That rock which contains eighty per cent. or more of phosphate is marketable at a profit, but the difficulty in most cases is that to get out a ton of this it is necessary to move five tons of phosphate of an inferior grade. When men learn how to separate the impurity from the valuable product in the inferior grades, and when means of transportation and moderate freight rates are obtained, the value of the mines to the then holders will be very great. The supply appears to be inexhaustible, and it would seem that our entire South must use it, and that (if it is marketed at prices that will popularize it) it must cause the abandonment of other mines elsewhere, and find a market abroad. In Hillsborough, Polk, Manatee, and De Soto counties are deposits of pebble phosphates which are being heavily worked, particularly along the Peace River. This is being shipped in large quantities.

But this is dealing with the commercial past. All agree that the future is silver-lined. New workers are flocking into the State; the orange trade is purging itself; the outlook for the phosphates is that of

a fortune by itself. It in turn will give several of the railroads an all-the-year business. As for the hotel trade, it may be confidently asserted that the two great palace hotel plants, instead of being run at a loss, to the detriment of the general trade, both returned a fair interest on the investments in the winter of 1891–2.

THE FACE ON THE WALL.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

I.

"BUT what does she see in him to love?"

"Well, she sees something, evidently; and if Annie sees it, that is all that is necessary."

"Oh, yes, yes; I know. But if he would only show us some of the good things. I want to like him, I'm sure."

Annie Murray had been married that morning, and now, in the early December dusk, her four sisters, tired by the excitement of the day, quivering yet from the pain of parting, sat by the fire in the parlor, and talked it over. They had said to one another how pretty she was, how nicely her gray travelling dress fitted, and how well their mother's pearl pin looked in the lace about her throat; and then Miss Sarah Murray, the eldest of the five sisters, said, with an effort that brought the blood into her delicate old face, "And—and Mr. Calkins; he appeared very well, I thought."

No one spoke for a moment. The repression which they had put upon themselves after Annie had finally, despairingly, set their pleadings aside, and engaged herself to Paul Calkins, that repression still commanded them.

"Oh yes, he appeared very well," Mary said, vaguely. And then there was silence for the space of a breath, till Miss Nannie broke out with the cry of "What *does* she see in him to love?" To hear their own thought put into words startled these four kindly, gentle women like a thread of electricity leaping around their circle by the fireside.

Annie was their youngest; and yet not so young that she had not caught a little of their sweet precision, their soft, reserved femininity. The people in Mercer who knew the Murrays, and were of a younger and more irreverent age, called them the five old maids; but their friends of a more courteous generation always spoke of them as the "Murray girls," though Miss Sarah was at least fifty-five, and Mary, next in youth to Annie, was over forty. No one ever dreamed that any of the Murray girls would marry; no one ever had dreamed of such a thing since the time when Edward Paul jilted Miss Sarah for a cleverer woman, who dazzled his eyes and blinded him, even as the flare of a candle may sometimes hide a star. Annie was a baby when Sarah Murray's grief came to her—a grief which touched her life like a consecrating hand, putting her quietly back from happiness into usefulness. She had devoted herself to her sisters; especially to Annie, to whom she gave that mother-love which childless women know. Annie was nearly thirty years younger than Sarah, but she too was a "Murray girl"; quiet, old-fashioned—old-maidish, the irreverent said. So when, at last, suddenly, Annie had a lover, people looked a little blank, and said: "What? Annie Murray? Why, we never supposed—" And then they had to adjust their idea of the five sisters, and observe that Annie at twenty-seven, a little prim, with sweet, delicate, old-fashioned ways, was yet an exceedingly pretty woman, full of the calm attraction of pleasant silence. They began to say that Annie was so quiet that they had never known her. "That youngest Murray girl is like a handful of rose leaves," somebody said; "but I believe she has more to her than any of the others." And then all her little world began to take the greatest interest in her wooing.

Somehow, in spite of their reserve, it came out that the four older sisters were opposed to the match. Perhaps their disapproval was guessed because of the trouble in Annie's eyes, or the servants' tattle betrayed it, or people may have seen for themselves—and then drawn their own conclusions—the coarse weak lines in Paul's face, a face which made the pathetic confession that the poor soul behind it, agonize as it might, was dogged and hunted by the body, dominated by the flesh.

But there was one other way in which the sisters' disapproval had been made known: Mr. Calkins had been willing to laugh a little, good-naturedly, at the "four old maids who were afraid of him."

"That he could speak of such matters, Annie dear, that he could tell anybody that we were not pleased—don't you see? It shows that he does not have the delicacy that—that we might wish," Miss Sarah had said to her youngest sister.

"You don't understand, Sarah," Annie answered, sadly. She never tried by insistence to make them appreciate him; perhaps she was too sensitive for his dignity to take such means; perhaps she realized the worthlessness of regard gained by insistence.

Miss Sarah, and the other three alarmed and disapproving women, said all they could, prayed for her, agonized over her, cowered at the threat of the future, and then, when at last, in spite of all, Annie Murray gave her word—then they were silent, even to each other—silent save when, with the fine deceit of Love, they applauded to their little world their sister's choice. Now, however, when it was all over, and she had married him and gone away, and the four bereaved women sat here alone before the parlor fire, Miss Nannie's grief spoke: "What does she see in him?"

"His painting attracts her," Emily said, weakly. And then they all four glanced at the picture above the fireplace: it had been Paul Calkins's present to his sisters-in-law.

It was a woman's face pressing itself through crowding vine leaves, as though a girl in a vineyard looked for a moment out upon the world; a dim face, with smiling lips and eyes deep with pain, but a pain that had nothing spiritual in it; a beautiful face, yet full of the bitterness that lies behind sensuality.

"Her soul is trying to speak, but it cannot," Annie Murray said, when the sisters stood looking at the canvas, embarrassed at a gift which was kindly meant, but which was not, Miss Nannie said, "pleasing."

Miss Sarah adjusted her glasses twice, pathetically anxious to see what Annie saw; Emily blushed and turned away, for the bare bosom offended her, "and she has too red a lip to be nice," Miss Emily thought. Annie looked at it until a mist shut it out, and then she said something to her lover which the sisters could not hear, but which made the tears start in his eyes, and then he caught her in his arms and kissed her, which was, Miss Emily said to herself, "most uncalled-for."

Now, to-night, when Annie, as Paul's wife, was whirling out into the great world, whirling away from all the love which had protected her youth, the four sisters looked up at the painted face, and one sighed and another shook her head, and dear Miss Nannie broke down and cried.

"And his *name*," she said, with a sob —"Calkins! Sister, really a man with a name like that can't be—can't be—"

"Paul is a good name, Nannie," Miss Sarah tried to comfort her.

"And we don't know anything about his people!"

"His father and mother are dead," Emily cautioned her: "we ought not to speak disrespectfully of his parents."

"I didn't mean to," Nannie answered, wiping her eyes; "only, Emily, Calkins is a shocking name; and he told me himself that he had a brother who was a mechanic. Just think how father would feel!"

"Now, Nannie, Nannie," interposed the oldest sister, "that is very wrong. I am surprised at you, my dear. I'm sure, if he will make Annie happy, I don't care what his brother is. I only wish I could see the amiable qualities that Annie does; and that I didn't have just a little misgiving at his fondness for—his glass," Miss Sarah ended, delicately.

"Annie feels," Emily hastened to explain, "that his living alone so much has encouraged bachelor habits. I believe gentlemen living alone are fond of their glass at dinner. I hope Annie will induce him to drink milk. It is so much more nourishing."

There was no answer save Miss Sarah's sigh; the firelight lapsed and then leaped up, and summoned shadows into outline against the dusk, and showed the dignified, comfortable room, which, to the sisters' eyes, was full of suggestions of Annie. There was the old-fashioned square piano, bought just after the war, when the Murrays had more money than in these days of falling interest. Annie had played her little tunes upon it in the summer twilights and winter evenings, ever since Mary had given her her first music les-

sons, nearly twenty years ago now; the little, prim water-color sketches hanging between the windows were Annie's, made before she knew Paul; after meeting him she painted no more, which was a grief to her sisters, who could not know how joyfully a soul may recognize that the art it has dared to touch is too great to be essayed by anything but greatness; there was a sampler Annie had worked when she was ten, used now as a screen between the sofa and the fire; and near the hearth, the little low chair on which she loved to sit, her chin propped on her hands, staring into the flames. Everything reminded them of her, and, most of all, the bunch of white roses in a vase upon the table. She had held them that morning when she was married.

"Oh, if he will only be good to her!" Miss Nannie said. "But he is so *strange*."

That was the real trouble, the real fear: Paul was "so strange." That he was an artist, that he painted unpleasant pictures, that he had a vulgar name, even that he was fond of his glass—these were superficial objections. Below them was a grim and terrifying fact: he was unkind to Annie! He was careless of her feelings; he was not polite to her—("that's where the mechanic comes in," Miss Nannie had sighed); he was so impatient and irritable while they were engaged that more than once the sisters saw traces of tears on her face; he forgot his appointments with her, and then laughed at her anxiety. He loved her? Oh, of course, of course. At least, he seemed to at times. Certainly he was not hampered by any reserve or delicacy in expressing his affection—when he felt it. He did not hesitate to kiss Annie before the sisters, although the four elderly women blushed hotly, and looked away, and wondered how Annie could endure "such things." Still, that was Love, no doubt. But what sort of love is it that can be unkind? What weight did it have against rudeness that once Miss Emily found him on his knees before Annie, saying, hoarsely, "I'm a brute to you!"

"You are!" Emily said to herself, bitterly. "If it wasn't true, there might be some merit in saying so. You'd better mend your manners than say how bad they are."

But Annie was apparently so sure of his love that his manners, which the sisters felt spoke his character, caused her no concern. Yet how could love like that insure her happiness?

No wonder that these four women, who also loved her, sat with heavy hearts about the hearth on this evening of Annie Murray's wedding-day.

II.

When the letters began to come, there was nothing to read between the lines. Paul's work, Paul's plans, Paul's high ideals—the four Misses Murray read of these until they felt, as Miss Nannie said, "as though dear Paul occupied Annie's thoughts very much."

"Well, that is as it should be," Emily said, sturdily. "I'm sure if she wasn't attached to him, then we would have cause for anxiety."

And they felt they could conscientiously say to their friends that Annie was very happy, even though they did not say so to each other.

Once in the first year Miss Nannie went to see Annie, and came back looking older, and with vague, half-frightened perplexity in her face. "I cannot understand Paul," she told her sisters; "but I'm sure he means to do right."

And then, little by little, she confessed her perplexities: Annie had very little money; Nannie felt that it was fortunate that her own quarter's allowance had scarcely been touched save for this trip. Annie was a little fussy about taking it, but Paul told her not to be foolish. "Paul is very sensible about such things," Nannie said. It did not seem as though they were living in a pleasant neighborhood; but Annie explained that by saying that rents were high, and Paul didn't mind where he lived, he was so full of his work.

"That shows a good spirit," Emily declared; and Miss Nannie said, "Yes; oh, of course," and sighed; "and yet," she ended, "Paul does say such—such wrong things to Annie!"

"Does Annie seem happy?" Sarah asked, putting her sewing down in her lap because her hands trembled.

"Yes," Nannie answered; "but—I do not know why she should be!"

It was nearly a year later that Miss Sarah made her visit; it was then that the baby was born, and died. Annie had grieved, but not as one would think a woman would grieve for her first-born; her only thought seemed to be to get well as soon as possible, for Paul's sake.

Her illness, and his anxiety about her—which took the form of excessive irritability—interfered with his work: she must get well! As for Paul, it seemed to Miss Sarah that he was quite without natural feeling.

"You are well out of it!" was all he said when, with clear bright eyes, he stood looking down at the placid mystery of the little dead face. But he stood there a long time. This little creature had stolen out of Annie's love and his, parting like a curtain their consciousnesses, and then turning for a moment on the threshold of death to look back, wise and mocking, before it slipped out into silence.

Perhaps Paul, looking down at the dead child, felt afraid of its little separate existence—loved it, hated it, wondered at it; wished he could follow it and grasp the mystery; felt, perhaps, half sorry for the unspent life; yet felt, too, the pang of the prisoner who sees freedom granted to some one else. Perhaps he was confronted by his fatherhood, and it came into his mind that with such a father the little quivering, hesitating life, blown out into the darkness, was well rid of living? One cannot tell. The tears were in his eyes, and he turned to Miss Sarah, with a laugh: "This world isn't a good place; the young one is well out of it."

When Miss Sarah went home she did not attempt any further disguise with herself or her sisters: Annie's marriage had turned out badly. She and Paul were very poor, for her quarterly allowance was not enough to support them both, and Paul's pictures did not seem, Miss Sarah said, "to be popular." "Oh, no doubt he's fond of her—in his way," the sisters said to one another; but he was unkind to her, bitterly neglectful, full of insistent demands upon her time and strength and love. These were the facts, and the four women had to accept them as a settled grief. Furthermore, they were forced to realize that they were helpless to make things better; and such a realization gives to the observer of an unhappy marriage a pang which, bad as their condition may be, the principals do not know.

The summing up of it all was that Paul drank.

There could at last be no doubt of this. It was the day that the baby was buried that Miss Sarah's eyes were pitilessly opened to it. She had gone out with him to the cemetery, and came back touched in spite of her resentment. He wept, she told her sisters afterwards, as he carried the little coffin in his arms from the carriage to the grave; and when they came home to Annie, and to the house where the shadow seemed still to linger, Paul was so absorbed in his grief that he was entirely forgetful of her presence, and "quite gave way," Miss Sarah said, in that awed voice with which a woman comments on a man's tears. "And then," she went on, "I thought in the evening that he seemed very much moved; he was leaning his head on his hands, and did not answer when I spoke to him, and I was quite alarmed, fearing that he was in a swoon. But I went up to him, and—his breath—I—I—realized what it was," sighed Miss Sarah; "and such conduct shows he did not love the dear little baby."

"Oh, poor Annie, poor child!" said the sisters.

They never dreamed, these four tender women, how Sarah's pity, her very presence, had been an intolerable burden to Annie. That well-meant, tender intrusion of pity, which comes to the woman whose trouble lies between herself and her husband, too deep to be reached by any outside comfort, rouses sometimes a hot, helpless impatience, almost an irritation, that has to be smothered under perfunctory acceptance and vague acknowledgments of kindness.

Annie drew a long breath of relief when her sister went away, and then she cried for very pity of herself that she could not feel that old dear regret of missing Sarah. She was glad she and Paul were alone again, alone with their grief for the little baby, and with the absorbing interest of living.

Very likely Annie, in the stress and strain of her life, never quite realized how her sisters suffered because of her suffering. Little by little, as time went by and she did not see them, and their pleasant, gossiping letters came into circumstances of which they had no comprehension, and touched with chattering, tender lightness upon subtleties of human nature which they could not understand, little by little they grew unreal to her. Sometimes, with sad self-consciousness, she felt that her love for them was the child's love for the things of childhood;

it was through no fault of theirs or hers; it was the inexorableness of time. Instead of living tranquilly in the old house, set in its quiet garden, with her Sunday-school class for a vital interest, and her sewing society, her bits of fancy-work, and her improving reading, her calm, amiable interest in her neighbors, Annie had been looking into the depths of a human soul. She knew that if she could open the parlor door some evening, and join the lamp-lighted circle about the table, she should find the old life again, as it had always been; she knew the very gesture with which Miss Sarah would open the evening paper, and Nannie's invariable question, "Well, who's dead and who's married, sister?" And then the comments on the news, shrewd and sometimes a little severe, but quite devoid of any knowledge of life. She could see the satisfied air with which Miss Emily would shake out some bit of fancy-work and say: "There! I've done three fingers to-night!" She knew the moment when Mary's market-book would be opened after tea for accounts, and for comments, and for surprise at the butcher's charges—it would all be the same; yet what a stranger she should be if she joined the group about the table! Her very tenderness for her old life declared that she had become its spectator; and the moment that consciousness comes, of observing life or love or a situation, the candid mind knows that it is no longer a part of it. It was this consciousness of alteration in herself which was the real pang—in finding herself she had lost her sisters, although they did not know it. She knew they thought her unhappy; she knew that by no possibility could she ever make clear to them the happiness which brooded in her heart, the exultation of the knowledge which was hers. Yet she could bear that, she could bear even their pity, sustained by this knowledge of her husband's nature. It was a certainty which even Paul could not shake.

"Why do you trust me?" he cried out to her once. "Don't trust in me, don't believe in me, Annie!"

"It is because you are you, Paul," she said, patiently.

"I wish you would not," he said, with the voice of one who tries to throw off some burden. "Why can't you let me go? I am not what you think I am. Let me go."

"I will never let you go."

"You'll have to, some time," he said, brutally. But Annie could meet that without flinching.

Perhaps her patient insight taught her how he might chafe under the restraint of her ideal of him, and so she could make allowance for his irritation; or perhaps she called it humility, and believed in him the more for it. Love can do such things. But one falls to questioning whether such love can realize that the idealization which holds a man up to his best, despite himself, has all the danger of the stimulant. Certainly love's splendid courage rarely stops for such reasoning, just as it is rarely generous enough to allow its beloved to create his own ideal.

"See what I've brought you to!" said Paul, lifting his face from her knees, and flinging out one trembling hand.

"Yes; and it's all wrong, Paul. But some day it will stop."

Her faith seemed to dazzle him; he put his head down again, and lifted the hem of her dress and kissed it. "I'll go in to the picture," he said after a while. "Bring me my palette; I'll go to work."

Her face lightened as a flower beaten by rain lifts itself to sudden sunshine. But he glanced at her with half-wearied, half-contemptuous pity. "What do you make of my work being best after a spree?"

Only the deep smile in her eyes answered him.

It was no wonder that Paul was stung when he looked at Annie's surroundings. Annie Murray had never known the forlornness of "trying to get along" until Paul took her happiness and comfort into his keeping. But she learned it then.

They had boarded for a time after the baby died, and then lodged; but even Annie quailed at that kind of life; and now, at last, they had drifted to the top floor of a building given up to many small businesses, and little, personal industries. It had been a private house once, and it had still a curious reserve and dignity about it, though the crescent of leaded glass above the entrance was broken in one or two places, and the slender fluted columns on either side of the battered white door were defaced and grimy. The rooms on the lower floors were of stately height, darkened about the ceilings by heavy cornices, from which the gilding had chipped and fallen, and where

for years the dust had heaped itself. The staircase curved with a beautiful sweep, and the hand-rail kept as fine a polish as though the careful eyes of the mistress, dead these fifty years, saw that the footman should do his duty to the mahogany: the ceaseless slip of hurrying hands which warranted the lease of the loft in the L, where a long skylight in the roof poured a flood of light upon the wooden signs which he carved and painted and sold to tobacconists.

"We've got to live, and I can do these once in a while when I'm not painting,"



"BRING ME MY PALETTE."

accomplished this, even as the stumble of rough feet had worn the bare oak of the stairs down to the splintered grain. The rooms were divided and subdivided, except on the top floor; these, being smaller, were let to lodgers. Paul Calkins and his wife had three of them, and Paul's sign was on the rise of the first step in the lower hall:

P. CALKINS,
Signs.

"We've got to live," the artist had said, sullenly, when he first brushed out *Artist* and wrote *Signs*. After a while the signs became profitable to a degree he said; and when Annie answered, calmly, "No, we don't have to live, Paul. Paint, and never mind living," he swore at her between his teeth, and vowed he would never touch a brush again. He had not kept his vow, yet most of his time went to the signs.

"They pay," he explained, briefly, to the few people who remembered him, and recalled his strange and brilliant promise of ten years before. Such visitors saw only the signs: the Punchinellos holding boxes of cigars; the Indians with bunches of tobacco leaves—figures executed, it had to be admitted, in no sloven-

ly way, but with the fine precision of the man who sees the bones and muscles beneath the skin. Still, they were tobacco signs, and he seemed to take pleasure in showing them as his highest possibility.

A curtain hung across one end of the loft, and once a visitor, as much through carelessness as curiosity, brushed it aside, but dropped it at Calkins's oath, and his own start at what he saw behind it.

"You paint, then—still?" he said, breathlessly.

But Paul, white, and without a word, took him by the shoulder and thrust him from the room. Yes, he painted, there, behind the curtain; but sometimes he did not go behind it for months, and only then, perhaps, after passing days and nights in sullen sin, in shame, or indifference, or hopelessness. Then he would paint for days; absorbed, aflame! He said of himself once that, after he had gotten his body sober, he made his soul drunk. But at such times Annie lifted her head and looked at him as a woman looks at the high priest of her soul.

She made great plans of what would happen when the Picture was done. The world should see it, should be made better by it. It was a comment on the solemn meaning of the painting to her that she forgot to plan for Paul's fame in relation to his work; it was the Picture only.

And so these last two years had passed: in the mean details of poverty; in the noisy elbowing of the life about them; in the manufacture of tobacconists' signs; in sodden and debasing weakness. But here and there, shining among the weary vulgarity of it all, came days when Paul drew back that curtain, and when he said his dæmon came to him.

But Annie said that then he came to himself.

III.

It was in the spring when old Miss Sarah said she must see Annie. "I think I am sick for her," she said, simply. "Will you write and ask her if it is convenient, sister?" the other three inquired. But Sarah shook her head. "No; the last two times we asked her that, she said it wasn't; but I must see her; I must go." And she went.

The sisters packed a dozen dainty things into the trunk for Annie; Miss Mary made a loaf of cake that Annie had always liked. "Do you remember how she used to tease for it? Bless her little heart!" said Miss Mary. Nannie was more practical; for weeks she had been crocheting a white worsted "cloud," and Sarah should take it with her. Emily brought a big bunch of apple blossoms and begged Miss Sarah to carry them in her hand. "Yes, I know they'll be faded; but Annie won't mind. Tell her they came from the tree by the strawberry bed. How the child used to love to climb that tree! I was always afraid she'd break her neck."

The night before Miss Sarah went, Nannie came into her bedroom with an anxious face. "Sister," she said, "we've never thought of sending Paul anything!" The two ladies looked at each other in dismay. Miss Sarah was standing by her bureau, tying her nightcap under her chin, and she paused with the bow between her fingers. "Oh, Nannie, that will never do! Annie would feel it."

"I can't think of a thing," sighed Miss Nannie.

"A book? We might buy him a book. Mary could send Betsey around to the stationer's while we're at breakfast."

But Miss Nannie was doubtful. "It doesn't seem like Paul—a book."

"The only thing that does seem like him I shouldn't want to carry," said Miss Sarah, significantly.

"Oh, sister!" said dear Miss Nannie.

Sarah looked contrite, but firm.

"I'll tell you what occurred to me," said the younger sister, hesitating; "unless it would not be quite delicate?" And then she opened her hand and showed two eagles. "I got them at the bank," she said. "If—if you'll just put it to him in a way that won't offend him. Tell him it is so hard to choose for a gentleman; and so—we ventured—we hoped he would accept, and purchase something for himself. Ask him to consider it our gift," she ended.

In the morning, what with the excitement of a journey and the pleasant jingle in their minds of their list of gifts, the sisters felt a glow of happiness about Annie; they had decided that Sarah was to induce her to come back with her and make a visit of a week. "And tell Paul we hope he can come too," said Miss Nannie; and the others added, "Oh, of course."

And so Miss Sarah started. A sweet, timid old lady, with gray hair coming

down softly upon her cheeks, and then looped back behind her ears; her black wool dress was gathered around the waist, and fell in modest fulness about her gaitered feet; she wore a shawl of fine black camel's-hair, and her black bonnet had a short lace veil tied around the crown with a drawing-string, so that it fell in two soft wings on either side her face. She held the bunch of apple blossoms in her lap, careful not to touch the stems any more than she could help, both to keep them fresh and to avoid staining her second best black kid gloves, which were quite loose and wrinkled, but still flat in the finger-tips, as though they had never been entirely pulled on, and so very shiny that they might almost have been mistaken for her best pair.

She was full of interest in her journey and in the people about her. She spoke to a number of women, and was sweetly unaware of their look of surprise, which, to be sure, always melted into gratification. She took a fretting child into the seat beside her, and gave him a spray of Annie's apple blossoms, and then felt in her pockets for a caraway-seed candy. The joy of seeing Annie so soon blurred the old clear anxiety about Annie's happiness; she pictured to herself a dozen times her sister's delight at seeing her. She knew Annie lived in rooms: she had been told that it was the fashion now among genteel people to live in rooms, instead of having houses to themselves, and she thought it must be quite convenient for Annie to have her kitchen and parlor and dining-room on the same floor, but she could not feel that it was altogether pleasant to have one's bedroom on a level with the kitchen. She said this to one of the ladies with whom she had made acquaintance, but the lady seemed more surprised at the locality of Annie's rooms than their arrangements. "Why," she said, "I didn't know there were any apartments down there; I thought all those old houses had been given up to business." Miss Sarah was not concerned at that.

"It is quite unpleasant the way business creeps around old residences; we have felt it very much in Mercer. If we did not love our old house so much, my sisters and I would be crowded out, I suppose. But we are very much attached to it. My sister Annie was born there."

It was late in the afternoon when she left the train, and came out into a crowd of cabmen and carriages and a surging tide of men and women. She held her apple blossoms and her reticule in a tremulous grip, and was pallid and dazed by the rush of life about her. When at last she found herself in the shelter of a carriage, she leaned back against the cushions, and tried not to see the whirl outside. She had a weak moment of wishing that she had told Annie she was coming, so that Paul could have met her at the station. The coupé jolted over cobble-stones or rumbled across brief strips of asphalt, on and on and on, until Miss Sarah wondered, in sudden fright, whether she had left the train too soon. "It would have been much quicker to have come all this distance by rail," she said to herself; and still the cab rattled along.

The streets grew narrower, the buildings less imposing, with hints of having once been used as dwellings. Here and there, marked sharply with cheerful white lines between its bricks, a red façade showed itself yet unbroken by the plate glass of a shop, and kept the brownstone lintels above its windows and its pillared doorway with the leaded side lights. It was in front of one of these that the cab at last drew up. The street was quite still here; a belated shopkeeper on the opposite side was drawing down a corrugated iron shutter over a window full of musical instruments; a Chinaman came out of his laundry in the basement of the house which bore the number Annie had said was hers, and stood, his hands hidden in his flowing purple sleeves, staring at the lady in the cab, with indifferent Oriental eyes. A boy lounged, smoking, in the doorway at the top of the stone steps, apparently examining, with fatigued interest, some tintypes in a dusty case. The door stood open and disclosed the bare hall; the brass bell-knob was out of order, and, dangling from a rusty wire, hung like a once hospitable hand broken at the wrist. The iron hand-rail, which curved into a wrought scroll, and then lifted into a springing arch, was eaten with rust, and broken here and there, and the steps themselves were flaked and worn.

Miss Sarah looked blankly about; there must be some mistake. There were second-hand clothes in the window beside the front door, and there was a swaying

string of bird-cages hanging from a second-story sill, which bore the sign of "Wire Works." Annie couldn't live here! It must be the wrong street. In a panic she summoned courage to speak to a strange man. With a little cough, she asked the boy, who had turned from the tintypes to gaze vacantly at her, if this was the street and number to which she had directed the cabman. It was, the boy assured her, and then looked back at the tintypes again. And Miss Sarah, tremulously polite and addressing his back, begged to know if Mr. Calkins lived here. The boy said, dully, how did he know? Why didn't she look at the steps?

"Steps?" said Miss Sarah. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder to show her the signs on the rise of each step, and she saw that "P. Calkins" was on the fifth floor. Other notices invited her—a clairvoyant on the fourth floor; hats re-pressed on the second—entreaties from all the strugglers for existence hived beneath this ancient roof.

Sarah Murray's heart sank. She had never in all the sweet quiet of her existence come near enough to Life to feel its aching throb and pulse. The shadow of humanity began to stretch across her peace; but it took the personal expression; it was that Annie should be here! She began to climb the bare, ill-kept stairs, that curved with a stately sweep up to the top of the house. The rooms had been divided and altered to hold as many tenants as possible, and the hall windows were shut into small rooms, so that the passages were nearly dark. Miss Sarah's heart seemed to beat up in her throat; it came into her mind that she might meet a drunken person here; but she never thought of turning back. If Annie lived here, Annie's sister must know it; but her knees shook under her. She was so exhausted when she reached the top of the building that she had to stop and lean against the wall to get her breath. There was a ground-glass door beside her; she could hear some people talking in the room within.

"Oh, damn you," said a man's voice, "can't you be quiet? Your everlasting fuss is enough to drive a man to hell. I shall go out, and I shall do what I please with the money; if I double it, you can take it or leave it. I don't care."

"Oh, Paul, Paul!"

IV.

How long Miss Sarah waited, hiding in those dark passages until Paul should go out, she did not know; despair filled up the moments. Afterwards, when Annie had made her as comfortable as she could for the night, she covered her face with her hands, and sat silently in the dark; she dared not sob, and to the old there may not come the easy relief of tears. Paul would be out late, Annie said, and she would not let her sister sit up to see him. Miss Sarah, mutely, did as she was bid; yes, they would talk the next day, she said; Annie would listen in the morning to all the home news; of course that was better than talking to-night when the older sister was tired. Yes, yes, she would go to bed and rest. She was afraid to make a sound, lest Annie might hear her, for she was in a little room, scarcely more than a closet, opening from one which seemed to be kitchen and dining-room and parlor in one. She had only had a glimpse of her surroundings by the light of the lamp Annie held, but they told the story.

She did not sleep at all that night; all about her beat the roar of a great city, but the clamor in her own heart shut that out. She sat in tense listening. After midnight the sound came; the shuffling step, the voice. Then the old sister wrung her hands in the darkness.

Paul was "ill" in the morning, Annie said, and so Miss Sarah did not see him until late in the afternoon; he was very polite to her then, and very tender to Annie, but he said little, only in a low voice, once or twice to his wife, looking at her with those poor hunted eyes set in a beast's face. "Annie, I must paint to-morrow—I *must;* you won't let any one bother me?"

Annie's face lit and flushed. "I want sister to see what you are doing, Paul; may I take her in to-morrow?"

"Anything you wish," he said, humbly; "anything good in my work, Miss Murray, is Annie's; it is Annie herself!"

And Miss Murray said to herself, "He is a hypocrite as well as an unkind person;" and her face grew as cold as a very gentle face can. She had brought out her gifts that morning, except Nannie's. She could not give him those two gold eagles. What! give Nannie's hardly spared money to this drunken, cruel man; this man who made Annie cry? No! "At

least, not yet," said Miss Sarah, despairingly aware that she would soon have a change of heart, Miss Sarah being one of those women who cannot long be angry, and who count such inability the misfortune and the weakness which it is.

When Paul went into the loft to paint, the next morning, Annie talked a little about him and about his work. Whether she knew that Miss Sarah had discerned the signs of dissipation and was silent concerning them, or whether she really thought her sister ignorant of them, Miss Sarah could not tell; there was no undertone of misery in her voice, no self-consciousness of mortification. Annie said, frankly, that they were very poor; she had not liked to trouble the sisters by telling them about it, and she trusted Miss Sarah not to let them feel uncomfortable, or to feel uncomfortable herself; "for I am a happy woman, sister," she said.

She had been washing the dishes as she talked, and she shook the tea towel out of its damp wrinkles and hung it upon the door of the small stove. The room was very bare: there was no carpet or mat, no display of shining copper, such as beautified Miss Mary's domain at home. Only a well-scrubbed floor, and a sill where there was a row of bright red flower-pots, and a spotless window with a little crossbarred muslin curtain flapping across it, and shutting out no pleasanter view than endless flat roofs, and great chimney-stacks, and iron-shuttered windows.

"We are fortunate to get these two little rooms up here, with that tiny place you slept in; that was Paul's studio at first, and then when he began this—this other work, we took the loft at the back of the building; it is lighted from the top."

She stood in a stream of sunshine beside her flowers; she had been watering them, picking off one or two dead leaves with a touch that was a caress. "The leaves get so dusty," she explained; "even up here, so high above the street."

She hardly knew what she was saying; she was groping about to find herself in relation to her sister. She whose hands were worn with hard work, whose eyes were heavy with many tears; she who knew the brawl of the streets, the look of the saloon where she went for Paul; she who had grown sharp and shrewd, who bickered with tobacconists on the price of an Indian or a goddess of liberty, and who had come to look dully, almost without pain, at the vulgarity of a cheap and noisy business life—what had she in common with the delicate gentility of this old sister, who sat sewing, putting small stitches into a bit of fine cambric, or stroking the gathers with the careful precision of infinite leisure?

But she tried to talk; she told her sister that Paul was engaged upon a very wonderful picture. "He has been at work upon it for two years," she said; "but he will only touch it when he *must*. He dare not touch it unless he is compelled. I mean when—when he feels just like it," she ended, weakly.

"Yes, when he is in the mood," said Miss Sarah, trying to understand.

"But of course he must earn some money; so he carves, makes signs, you know, between times. It isn't his real work, of course."

"Very sensible, I'm sure," Miss Sarah replied, relieved to find something to commend.

"If he had not this reverence for his real work," Annie struggled on, "he would paint anything, you know, and sell it. But he won't do that. It would seem desecration to Paul."

Miss Sarah knitted her brows anxiously. "Desecration to sell his work, my dear? Why, I thought—doesn't he sell the signs?"

"Oh, they are nothing—the signs! They have nothing to do with his art," Annie said, eagerly. "He goes to his painting as a priest goes to the altar, sister. I've known Paul not to touch the picture for three months, because he was not summoned!"

Miss Sarah looked quite blank.

"I only mention this to explain the signs; you'll see them when we go in to look at the Face."

"Is the picture a face?" said Miss Sarah, thinking with a sinking of the heart of the picture above the fireplace at home.

"Yes," Annie told her; "there is more than that; but somehow I only think of the face. I won't tell you what it is; you must see it for yourself."

But, as it happened, she did not see it until two or three days later. Paul never left the picture, and there was nothing said of taking Miss Sarah into the loft while he was there, although she, anxious to be agreeable to her brother-in-law, pro



"SHE STOOD IN A STREAM OF SUNSHINE BESIDE HER FLOWERS."

posed that she and Annie should go and sit with him while he worked. She went out once or twice with Annie, bravely ignoring the dreadful flights of stairs, up which she must climb to get home, and clinging to her sister's arm at every crossing, with a frightened clutch that told how devoid of anything like pleasure was the sight-seeing Annie proposed. She wrote home regularly—those long, empty, affectionate letters which ladies like Miss Sarah send to their families. She said nothing of the weight that lay on her heart in regard to Paul; she was eating his bread, and she must not say what she thought of him; only, that he was working "as though he was possessed," and that without any consciousness of the truth she may have touched in the words. She spoke of Annie's plants, and how well her Kenilworth ivy looked, and how her wedding-dress had been made over once, and then dyed; and, she added, it dyed a very good black. She told Mary that

Annie used a special kind of oatmeal, and that she had enjoyed going to market with her several times, and she observed that the market was "quite different" from the one in Mercer. She had pointed that difference out to Annie, glad to have something interesting to talk about. She talked a good deal about Mercer, and of the vicissitudes and affairs of different families, of Rev. Mr. Brown's loss of his son, of Mrs. Brown's difficulties with servants, for Annie would remember that Mrs. Brown always had difficulties with servants. It indicated poor Mrs. Brown's breeding that she never kept her women more than a few months.

"Mamma always said that it reflected on the family to change servants," said Miss Sarah.

If Annie did not listen, Miss Sarah did not know it; it was her duty to talk, and to try to be entertaining. Perhaps Annie, weary and chafing sometimes under the soft flow of simple gossip, never realized the pathetic effort of the tender old aching heart to do her part, and "be entertaining."

Annie, in the silence of her soul, was following her husband's brush; she crept in with his food at noon, but she did not talk to him; she kept her glorying to herself; she planned again and again the scene when the revelation of Paul's nature would come to her sister. She decided to take her into the loft at noon: the light then upon that uplifted, agonized, radiant Face was best. Sarah must see it at its best. Then she would understand. Annie smiled and sighed at once. She longed that her husband's self should be recognized, and yet in the absence of such recognition she had all the exultation of the discoverer. *She* knew; she always *had* known; when the long-delayed appreciation of him should come, there would be joy and pride, but there would also be a little contempt as well.

It must have been the fourth or fifth day that Paul, at noon, came back across the hall, exhausted, pallid, but glad, although remote and vague. He would not work any more that day, he told his wife. Annie silently took his hand and kissed it.

"Go out, dear; go and take a good long walk; you need it." The slow full benediction of her look irritated him curiously; it seemed to insist upon her knowledge of him. He went away frowning and saying something under his breath.

Annie waited eagerly to have him go. "Now you shall see it!" she cried to Miss Sarah. Her excitement brought the color into her cheeks; she looked young and happy.

When Annie opened the door of the loft, Miss Sarah was quite startled by the company in which she found herself. A half-dozen signs in one stage of completion or another stood about under the skylight; the sparkling day outside fell in a long block of sunshine upon the floor, and over it came and went gayly the shadow from a flag on some higher building beyond. There were pots of paint and some brushes near the unfinished figure of an Indian, who had a panther-skin across his shoulder and a quiver on his back; he wore moccasins and buckskins; there were feathers in his straight black hair, and one sinewy hand shaded his keen eyes. Miss Sarah did not know enough to realize the remarkable excellence of the carving; but she said it was lifelike. The figure of a ragged colored boy holding out a box of cigars pleased her more, because, she said, he was cunning; and she liked a sailor with a bunch of tobacco leaves in his hand. She took them all seriously. She was truly relieved to be able to admire. Annie waited impatiently for the examination to end; but Miss Sarah was too interested to be hurried. The room, low-roofed, with rafters meeting in shadowy arches overhead, the paint pots, streaked and splashed with rich colors, the strange lurking-places under the eaves for artists' properties, were all exciting to Miss Sarah. An old black iron lantern swung against the chimney breast, which was rough between its bricks with ridges of plaster, on which the dust lay like gray feathers; there was a small platform at one side of the room, and on it was a chair of black oak, rich with carving, and, Miss Sarah thought, very uncomfortable; but she was too polite to mention that; and all about her were the tobacco signs, standing in the oblong of sunshine, across which came and went the shadow of the flag, or over which a passing cloud cast a momentary blur, like a breath upon a mirror.

A little more than half-way down the room hung the curtain, stretched from side to side. Annie stood beside it, holding it in her eager hand. "But, sister, this—*this* is Paul!" Her voice trembled; she was silent a moment, as one may bow

his head before entering a holy place. Then she drew the curtain.

She looked at Miss Sarah, but she could not speak.

The amiable effort to be interested died out of Sarah Murray's face; it grew gently reverent. "Why, *Annie!*" she said, and was silent a moment; then, in a voice that dropped unconsciously, "I didn't know that Paul ever painted religious pictures, my dear?"

"Oh, don't you understand? Can't you understand?"

Miss Sarah did not speak; then she drew a long breath, and seemed to rouse herself; she took off her glasses, and went quite close to the painting, which, on the unfinished plaster of the wall, stretched all across the gable end; she touched it in one place with mild, inquiring finger. "Why, how real that is! I really thought it was sunshine. It's very strange, Annie, my dear. And—and nice, of course; though, I must say, such pictures always seem to me a little like the Catholic Church. Just a little popish, perhaps. Paul is not a Catholic, is he?" This with a faintly troubled look. Annie shook her head and turned away. There seemed to be nothing to say.

"But I'm glad he paints religious pictures, Annie," Miss Sarah said, following her. She was saying to herself that perhaps she had misjudged Paul. If he could paint a religious picture, why he must be religious, even though he did not show it.

V.

The more Miss Sarah thought of the picture the more perplexed she was; but she was pleased, and she made up her mind to give Paul the money Nannie had sent him; she felt she had been severe in her judgment of him. "If he paints religious topics, his conduct must be just a way he has," she explained to herself.

"Why, Annie," she said, later in the morning, "I never even knew he went to church! I thought—indeed I'm very sorry, but I thought he was an *infidel!*"

"He never does go to church," Annie answered, half smiling. Perhaps Sarah would understand—in her own way. But her face was gray and tired; it had been a great disappointment; the lonely joy of the discoverer is not, perhaps, quite enough for the human heart.

Miss Sarah made haste to get Nannie's two gold eagles out of her trunk, and brought them to show to Annie, a little self-reproach tremulous in her eager, tender old voice. "I ought to have given them to Paul before; Nannie wants him to spend them in any way he wishes, and call whatever he purchases a gift from us."

Annie opened her lips and then closed them; then she said: "Dear sister, how kind you all are to us! Paul will be so pleased at the thought." She glanced at the money with a half-frightened, apprehensive look, but she gave no hint that she did not want Paul to have it, or of any fear that he might spend it ill; to protect him by such a confession would have been an insolence to the real Paul.

Miss Sarah saw the change in her face. She did not understand it, but the old resentment at Annie's husband came easily back. The picture? Well, after all, it's better to live your religion than paint it, Miss Sarah reflected, grudgingly, and she decided that for her part she believed that when artists and writers and persons of that sort put their religion into their work, there was apt to be very little of it left for their lives.

The two women sat down in the room which was used as a sitting-room as well as a kitchen, and a little silence fell between them. Annie could not put aside the fact that money coming in this way, outside his earnings—an extra, so to speak—would be a temptation to Paul. He would argue that if he spent it for his own diversion—Annie knew what that meant—they would be no worse but possibly better off than they were before. Annie smiled at the childishness of the excuse: traits like these had developed in her maternal love to add to that of the wife for the husband. And yet she would not treat him like a child, and offer to the man the indignity of protection. She faced all the possibilities, and with wonderful, trembling courage said to herself that she would not, by any artifice or excuse, hold the money back.

When Paul came home he was still vague and abstracted. He had little to say; but the silence of a bad-tempered man is sometimes felt to be tenderness by those poor souls that love him. Miss Sarah said to herself that Paul was "pleasant," and she tried to encourage his mood by telling him that Annie had taken her into his work-room, and showed her—Paul began to frown—"the picture. And

I think it is a very nice picture, Paul. I never saw it painted in just that way. It gave me quite a different idea of—"

"You are very good," he said, abruptly. "But please don't speak of it."

Annie touched the hand he had clinched upon the table—a touch that said, "Be patient; she does not understand."

How could she? How should her simple old heart guess that comment upon the picture was like a touch upon an open eye? that his picture was to this poor convict soul a vision of righteousness, while he stood at judgment? He could not bear her chatter. He listened to her praise blackly, opening and shutting his hand, and gnawing at his heavy red lip. Once or twice he said, "You are very good, I'm sure." When she had said all she could, but reserved, with a twinge of conscience, her fear that the picture was popish, she ended by saying that Nannie had sent him a little gift, and then producing the two gold coins.

Paul took them, half smiling, and lifting his black eyebrows. "I'm afraid I've been a bear," he said. "Miss Nannie's very kind. Annie, write to your sister, and tell her she's very kind. Do you hear?"

"I hope you will get something you like, Paul, and consider it Nannie's gift," Miss Sarah said.

He clinked the money in his hand, and laughed. "Annie, we might open a bank account with this. I'll tell you! You shall have a new dress, and another pot of posies for your shelf. Shall you like that? I will go and buy them tomorrow. I have a fancy that a gray dress, a silvery gray, with a sheen like water in it, would be nice? What do you say?"

Miss Sarah was lost in admiration. She saw herself writing home of Paul's generosity. Annie protested that it would be pretty, but not useful. Paul laughed, and tossed the eagles, glittering, into the air, and caught them, and stopped to examine the dates with a singular intensity and satisfaction, that made Miss Sarah say that that was one nice thing about gold, no matter how old a coin was, it always seemed bright and clean. Annie looked at Paul, silently. If only it would occur to him to give her the money to keep! He began to talk gayly, and with animation growing in his face. He said Annie ought to dress better than she did, and that living in this poor way was a disgrace. "A disgrace to me," he said. "I ought to be doing better."

"We are doing very well, Paul." She tried to quiet him. "You have three orders ahead. We must not try to get rich too fast," she ended, trying to make her words light, and deeply, pitifully significant, at once.

He laughed at the supper, and said that herring and water-cress and toast and tea were not enough to support life.

Miss Sarah had never seen him in such an agreeable mood; she felt that her praise had brought this cheerfulness, and she tried to encourage it, and also to encourage his desire for something better. "Dissatisfaction is very proper when a man's poverty is his own fault," Miss Sarah thought, and she said aloud that she thought a gray dress for Annie would be very nice, although, perhaps, a good black silk would be more serviceable. "It makes over so well," said Miss Sarah.

"She shall have both," Paul answered, promptly.

But his sister-in-law was disturbed at that, for she felt sure that the quality of either would not be very good. Still, as Emily would have said, it showed a good spirit in Paul to desire to spend Nannie's present on his wife—a spirit that matched the picture, Miss Sarah thought, much pleased.

She had never seen him so agreeable, and she blamed herself for having been blind to his merits before. "Not but what he has some faults, which we deplore," she wrote to her sisters; "but I feel we have been too severe in our thought of Paul." She told them about the picture; at least she said that she was pleased that Paul should have turned his mind to serious things; then she spoke of his good intentions about the money, and gave them quite an account of the amiable way in which he had told her how fond Annie was of her flowers—and how foolish; and how he liked to bring her a growing plant once in a while, just because she was such a goose about them.

"Did you ever see Annie wash the geranium leaves?" he had said. "She takes each leaf in her hand, and holds it, and washes it softly, with a sponge, just as if it were a baby's little palm; I believe she imagines they are children, these vegetables, just as girls play that their dolls are babies. She wouldn't have done it if

that young one of ours had lived!" He had said this on the day which was the anniversary of the baby's death. It had seemed to Miss Sarah one of those careless cruelties of coincidence, and she had looked with quick apprehension at Annie; but Annie's face showed nothing but tenderness for a pain that was trying to hide itself beneath such pitiful flippancy.

VI.

The next few days were happy ones to Miss Sarah. Paul was "pleasant," she said to herself, with that apprehensive appreciation which is felt by persons whose misfortune it is to live with an ill-tempered man or woman. He was hard at work upon his signs again, which pleased Miss Sarah greatly; "an industrious person is not apt to get into mischief," she assured herself. His work upon his picture had seemed to her too much of the nature of a pastime—"it's as though I should spend my time reading my Bible instead of looking after my household," Miss Sarah reflected—"it's a pious work, but it isn't an order; and to spend much time upon it is idling, I'm afraid."

So she was glad to go into the loft and watch him as he sat toiling at one of his wooden figures, and encourage him by any honest praise which she could speak. Paul seemed pleased, she thought, that she was so appreciative; he certainly made an effort to induce her to express her opinions. He said, with perfect gravity, that he "enjoyed her conversation," and she blushed at the compliment like a girl.

Miss Sarah was troubled that Annie showed so little interest in the signs, and in what Paul said about them, and that made her all the more anxious to encourage him. So each day she went into the loft while he was at work, and though she glanced sometimes at the curtain across the farther gable, she confined her attention to the figures, plainly regarding them with that timid respect which modest and ignorant persons have for art. She was quite blind to the bad amusement in Paul's face, or to the way in which he glanced sidewise at Annie for appreciation of the humor of the situation. He was almost hilarious in his open ridicule, which the tender old heart never suspected.

On one especial morning he told her that he had planned a figure of America, which was to hold the flag of the Union, as well as a box of cigars; but he said that he was not sure how the flag ought to hang over the arm of the figure, and he wondered whether Miss Sarah would be willing to hold it for him a moment. Miss Sarah flushed with the pleasure of being of use. She stood, very erect and proud, while he draped the flag across her arm, and let its folds fall upon her straight black gown. She bent her mild face down to look at it, so that the tabs of her lace cap touched her faded cheeks; her eyes dimmed a little, but she smiled. She said that she knew what the flag meant better than Annie and Paul did; they probably could not remember much of the war.

"I feel very patriotic to be a flag-bearer," said Miss Sarah, smiling at her little joke, and sure of Paul's sympathy.

Annie cried out, sharply, when she saw her sister standing there among the images, her dear old face beaming with gratification in being useful, and with honor for the symbol across her arm. "Oh, Paul, *don't!*" she said. The glitter of cruel amusement in his eyes and Sarah's sweet unconsciousness hurt her like a stab. "I wish you wouldn't, Paul," she said, faintly; and then she went down the room, leaving her husband and sister under the skylight, among the tobacco signs, and touched the end of the curtain, holding it in a quick, trembling grasp, as one afraid, in the darkness, seizes the hand of a friend. She never felt the need of that assurance quite as she did when she saw Paul cruel to Sarah; to have been cruel to herself was nothing; a man's unkindness to his wife may be only a lack of thought of himself. When she went back to the artist and his model her face was pale, and she breathed as one who has struggled, but there was courage in her eyes.

"You mustn't do this to Sarah, Paul," she said; and in spite of her sister's protest, she took the flag away. "You are tired, dear sister; it's very tiring to pose; come away; let us go back to our work."

But Paul said, quickly: "There! Annie! Don't move; you've put your hand just as I want it for that America. Hold it so a minute, will you? Miss Sarah, hand me that charcoal and drawing-board. There! behind you; oh, damn! not that. Have you no eyes? There, Annie; keep it just that way."

Miss Sarah, flustered and appalled, stood beside her sister, uncertain what to do or say. Annie smiled. "When Paul wants to draw, sister, he forgets his manners. He'll be through in a minute, and then we'll go back to our work."

Paul was not disturbed by the explanation. He drew rapidly for a minute, in bold, vigorous strokes, and then he stopped, holding his charcoal poised and frowning to himself, and rose, and adjusted Annie's fingers. As he did it his face changed, and the intent look faded. "Oh, Annie! your little fingers," he said; he put his own hand upon his lips, because they quivered like a woman's, and then he took hers and laid it against his breast, fondling it, and saying: "Oh, Annie, Annie, your hand stabs me; it stabs me! How worn it is! how thin it is! Annie, it stabs me!" And then he kissed it passionately.

The love and pity in her face seemed to reach out to the poor soul struggling to escape from the prison of his temperament, seemed to touch and grasp him like two strong, welcoming, compelling hands. It was as though Patience and Certainty comforted him.

As for Miss Sarah, she had not waited to hear Annie's answer. She held her head very straight, though she felt her knees tremble, as she walked away. Paul had sworn at her! A fine indignation lighted her old face. "That *person*—to use such words in our presence!" she thought. She went back to the other room and took up her bit of sewing, but her needle glanced and slipped, her fingers were so unsteady.

Paul had the grace to apologize when he came to tea, and Miss Sarah, immediately, and with dismay, perceived her anger melting into forgiveness. He apparently tried to be entertaining; he told them that a man, "a fool man," he called him, came in to see about a sign, and had the impudence to look behind the curtain, and then, as if that were not enough, had asked when the picture would be for sale. "For *sale!*" Paul repeated, angrily, and his anger seemed, Miss Sarah could not imagine why, to please Annie.

That night Miss Sarah lay awake a long time, trying to understand Paul. How rude and cruel he was; how bad his temper; how dissipated and profane he seemed to be; but over and over the picture contradicted these things in her mind—a "*religious* picture!" she said to herself.

Miss Sarah might not guess all that Paul had painted into that Face upon the wall, might not feel that his soul was there, his sin, his shame, his everlasting hope, all that makes religion to the man; but the subject told her that it was a religious picture. In her own way, using simple words, with deep and dear old-fashioned terms, such as, "had he ever had a change of heart?" "had he really come to his Saviour?" she questioned the mysteries of a human soul.

She could not sleep, but lay listening for his step with an ache of apprehension. But when he came in, about midnight, he walked steadily, and she heard him say to Annie: "The luck's come; it's come! It will be all right now; everything will be all right. Don't worry, Annie." And Miss Sarah's fear relaxed into tired sleep.

The next day he showed a new side of his character to his sister-in-law—a light, sweet-tempered gayety, full of small passionate tendernesses to Annie and simple kindliness to Miss Sarah herself. Annie was silent, almost to moodiness; she did not seem interested in his continued assertions that he meant to bring her a present. Miss Sarah could not understand her. She made brave efforts to rouse her sister to her duty by herself showing her sympathy in all Paul said, and by one or two mild, reproachful glances at Annie.

"You bought Annie's present," she said, when he came home to supper. "That's very kind in you. You'll be so pleased, won't you, Annie, my dear?"

"You shall see it after tea," he promised her. "Annie, try and eat. Do eat this; I got it for you."

But Annie shook her head, and Miss Sarah really felt quite displeased with her.

After supper Paul brought out a package and opened it. "Annie, do look; please look," he said. "I chose it for you. I thought you'd look so pretty in it."

He shook out the gray folds, cool as moonlight upon dark ice, shimmering in the lamplight with soft and beautiful sheen.

"I bought it out of the two eagles," he said, significantly. "I assure you I did. I mean I used just that amount, and I have more left. Miss Sarah, Miss Nan-

nie's present has grown like the five talents. I—I invested it, and more than doubled it; a good deal more! Now I'm going to give almost all of it to you, and get you to go out and buy some things for Annie. She won't do it herself."

Miss Sarah's quick delight could scarcely find words. "I've always said gentlemen understood managing money so much better than ladies. Just fancy, dear Annie—doubled it! Annie, my dear, you should not be so dull when your husband has been successful. Pray tell me how you did it, Paul. I almost think I should like to do something of the kind with our money; except, of course, situated as we are, we can only have the safest and most conservative investments. And our money is all in trust, too, as you know."

Annie had gone into her bedroom for something, and did not hear Paul's explanation that he had doubled his money on a principle often used by churches. He would tell her about it some time, he said; and the laughter kindled again in his eyes, but died when Annie came back. Then he lifted the folds of gray, and held it up in this light and that, and called on them for admiration, which Miss Sarah gave unstintingly, glad to put aside for a moment a misgiving that those words about "doubling" his money began, as she thought them over, to arouse.

Paul hung the silk across Annie's shoulder, arranging the folds so that they hung soft and straight to the floor. She stood sidewise, her dark head drooping on her breast, and the line of the nape of her neck, her shoulder and arm, covered with the long gray shine of the silk, was full of stately grace. He looked at her keenly, with the pleasure of the artist in what was beautiful; not the more human pleasure of appreciative affection. Perhaps that was why he saw the war between the delicate tone of the color and Annie's worn complexion, and said: "Annie, where's your color? You're too old for gray!"

The little period of prosperity lasted nearly a week. Paul did not work upon the signs, and no mention was ever made of the picture. He went out early in the morning, and came back at supper-time; he was sober, but with a curious gayety about him, and the wandering, smiling eye which belongs to the man who drinks not quite enough to lose his head. Sometimes he offered Annie money, which she with sad patience refused. Once she said, "You know I won't have any part in it, Paul."

Miss Sarah wondered a little at Paul's forbearance, for she had waited a quivering instant for an outburst, and none had come. He had not met Annie's eye when she answered him, and the strange vulgarity of his temper seemed cowed. He had the look of cringing away from a lash that never fell. Yet all the while he was elate and triumphant, as though a secret which he would not share filled him with self-congratulation. Miss Sarah, puzzling over the change in Annie, suddenly remembered, with a start of dismay, that speech about "doubling the money"; could it be that Paul—*gambled?*

At first this solution of the puzzle was too terrible to contemplate, but little by little she had to meet it and accept it. Then her one thought was to get away. How could she eat his bread? How could she sleep under his roof? For a little while she had the strange experience of thinking of Annie, not as her child and sister, but as Paul's wife, and feeling a certain repulsion for them both. But this, of course, did not last. She could have nothing but tenderness for her child; only—she must go home! She would go on Saturday, she said, though that was a week earlier than she had planned to return to Mercer. Her dismay was so absorbing that she did not notice that Annie made no effort to induce her to remain.

But Miss Sarah had to admit that, as she drew away from him, Paul grew more agreeable. He was very gentle to Annie, gentler than at any time during this unhappy visit. He bought her a bottle of wine because she looked so pale, and half promised that he would take her to Mercer for August.

"Travelling costs, but money's no object," he said. "We can afford it better now than at any time since we've been married, thanks to Miss Nannie."

But by Wednesday this mood had passed. He was distrait, and plainly full of anxiety. "It's got to turn," he told Annie; "it's got to. You'll have to give me what money you have. If you don't, I'll borrow it from your sister. Don't talk! don't talk! It's done; what's the use of talking?" They were in the loft, and Annie gave an apprehensive glance

at the door, lest Miss Sarah, with her persistent sympathy, should chance to enter. "A man will come for the figures," Paul went on. "Yes, I lost them; I lost them. Don't look at me that way! I'll get them again. Have you any money?"

"Only this, Paul; and I must keep it. Oh, don't take it! Oh, how can I bear it? Paul, I don't see how I can bear it!"

He took the money roughly, and then came back to her where she stood, her hands over her face, beside the figure of the sailor.

"I can't help it, Annie. My God, I can't help it! Don't you see it is *I*? I can't help it. And you'll have your quarterly allowance next week; but I'll have this and more back by to-night. And this shall be the last time. I swear it shall be the last time. Annie, we'll go away then; just let me get enough back to pay for moving. And I must get these signs again. I've got to take your little money. Annie! Annie! Oh, my God! why am I alive?"

VII.

"Paul is late, Annie?"

"Yes."

"Shall you keep his supper warm for him any longer, my dear?"

"No; at least, I don't know. Perhaps I'd better. What time is it?"

Annie's restlessness brought a spot of color into her cheek; her breath came quickly; a dozen times she opened the door into the entry, and listened.

All the day before Paul had been out, coming home at dusk for an hour, his face feverish with anxiety; again, to-day, he started out early in the morning, and now it was after ten and he had not returned.

"But ten o'clock is really not very late—for a man, my dear," Miss Sarah assured her sister. She could not understand Annie's anxiety, which was painfully evident. And not understanding it, she felt rebuffed, and shut out; but she was too pitiful to be hurt, and too ignorantly trustful to realize how entirely a stranger was this harassed and haggard woman, who, with eyes full of the terrible indifference of pain, was mechanically answering all her little questions and comments. But Annie realized it. The effort of these past few weeks to be all that was sweet and dutiful to the sister who had taken her mother's place had suddenly betrayed itself to her as an effort. She looked at Sarah once or twice, wondering, dully, whether her sister saw how easily the form of affection, the habit of the old life, slipped off when a reality claimed her. She had that terrible experience of gazing at the familiar face opposite her, and realizing that despite endearing terms, despite a sacred past, she and it were strangers.

She wished passionately to be alone. While Miss Sarah sat sewing by the lamp, commenting now and then on this or that bit of news in the evening paper, looking at her with a distressed pity, sighing, even, her dear old face tremulous with love, Annie could not give way to her anxiety. Once she began to pace up and down the two rooms, but Miss Sarah's entreaties that she should sit down and rest were harder to bear than her own restlessness. After eleven her sister's presence grew intolerable.

"You are going to travel to-morrow, sister, and you really must go to bed now. I'll tell Paul you wanted to sit up and say good-night, but I wouldn't let you. Oh —go—*go!* Oh—I—I didn't mean to be impatient, but you must not sit up any longer."

Miss Sarah protested, but went. It seemed strange to her that Annie preferred to be alone when she could have company.

"I hope she knows I'd have gone into my room, so as not to see him, if—if he was overcome," she thought, a little hurt at Annie's apparent distrust of her delicacy. She went to bed, but she could not sleep; she lay there with an ache of pity in her heart that trembled into prayer upon her lips. She said to herself that the Lord's providences were very mysterious; if He had only taken Paul and left that precious baby, how happy they would have been by this time! Annie would have come home to live, and by-and-by she would have grown resigned, and how the sisters would have loved the child! "And we would have brought it up so carefully," sighed Miss Sarah. But instead, Paul had lived—had lived to break Annie's heart by his drinking and his gambling and his rude temper. She said to herself that even though it was terrible to go and leave Annie with him, she could not help feeling the relief of getting out of his house. "His food

chokes me," she thought, violently. She could hear Annie pacing up and down, and called out to her once to go and rest, but Annie answered that she was just going to open the door a moment and listen; she thought Paul must be home soon. She did listen; she went out into the hall, and leaning on the balustrade, looked down the spiral of the staircase. A window closed with a clatter on the floor below her; the wind sighed somewhere; down in the lower hall there was a noisy burst of laughter and a good-natured scuffle. The gas jet, from a thin iron arm that crooked out of the whitewashed wall where the stairs curved, flared in some mounting draft.

Annie, listening, leaned her head against the wall. She wondered if in all these years the old house had held a pain like her pain. Most people have this thought once in their lives, at least. The house was a hundred years old, she had been told; time enough for Sorrow to have gone up and down these stairs many times. She wondered if any other woman had leaned her head against the wall, dumb with pain. Death had stricken human love here many times, but what was death? She wondered how it would seem to her if Paul died? She would feel his freedom from the fetter of his temperament, feel it like a full breath! And then she started, with that curious misgiving that is a sort of superstition—the fear of her own thoughts. She went back to look at the clock. It was after one. A little later Miss Sarah, dozing, heard a noise, and started up, crying out to know what was the matter.

"I am a little worried about Paul. I am going out to meet him. There's nothing the matter, but I must go and meet him."

"Go *out!*" said Miss Sarah, standing in her doorway, a gaunt, anxious apparition, "Annie, my child! at this time of night? Why, what are you thinking of?"

"I'll be back soon, I'll be back soon," she said, mechanically. She was putting on her bonnet with intent haste.

"Oh, Annie, Paul would not wish it. At night, you—on the street! My dear, I must go with you. I cannot allow— Paul would never forgive— Why, Annie, it's nearly two, my dear!"

"Sister, if he comes in, be sure, be sure not to let him go out again."

"Annie, Annie, come back!" Miss Sarah called, in quavering remonstrance. But Annie had gone.

Miss Sarah could do nothing but look down the stairs after her, and then go back to her room. She sighed, and the tears stung in her eyes. She was very much frightened, but not so much so as she might have been had she not taken literally Annie's words that she was going to meet Paul. She thought that meant that Annie knew just where to find him, and that they would return together immediately. Still she was greatly disturbed. Annie was out, at night, alone, alarmed about her husband! Annie, her child, whom she had guarded and loved so tenderly that she would not have had her know that such pain could be in life! She wondered how she could ever tell the girls the truth about Paul. How could she tell them of his dissipation, of the way in which Nannie's money had gone? Sitting here alone in the kitchen, her resentment burned too hot for tears. After a while she tried to read, for her eyes were growing heavy, and she must not be asleep in case Annie, by any chance, should come in before Paul; but the letters ran together in a mist. "Dear me! this will never do," said Miss Sarah, and got up, and began to move about the room, but stopped, thinking she heard Annie's step. There was the heavy roll of a carriage in the street, and then the clock struck two; but the house was silent. Every moment she fancied she must hear them coming up stairs together. She was a little chilly, a little nervous here alone. The weight of grief for Annie's grief oppressed her too much even for prayer. She would let her eyes close for just a moment, she thought.

She did not know how long she had been asleep when there came a leaping step upon the stairs, a run through the entry, and then the door opened with a burst, and Paul leaned, gasping, upon the knob.

"*Annie!*"

Miss Sarah, her eyes blurred with sleep, stammered something.

Then he groaned aloud and threw up his hands. "Tell her I lost—*it.* But I stabbed him; he shall not have it! Tell her—I loved her. Tell her—*tell* her—" He stopped with a curious cry, and turned and ran, crouching, across the entry to the loft.

Sarah Murray stood staring at the open

"THEY WATCHED HER AS SHE KNELT DOWN AND TOOK HIM IN HER ARMS."

door, seeing her own shadow flicker on the wall, hearing down in the street a song trailing into silence as some light-hearted reveller went on into the night.

"Paul has stabbed some one? Paul? Annie's husband has—?" She did not understand; she was faint for a moment. What did it mean? "He has lost 'it.' What? He has been gambling again!" In the whirl of confusion she never thought of the picture; only one word stood out clearly. Paul had *stabbed* some one!

Then her strength came to her, and she went out, across to the loft door, and knocked, and said: "Paul—I—don't understand. Paul!"

But there was no answer, and in a panic she fled back again, and even locked the door, in sudden, unnamed terror. But she sat beside it to be ready to slip the bolt for Annie. She had not long to wait.

Miss Sarah never knew how she said what she had to say, with what terror and loathing she repeated Paul's words to his wife—Annie standing, just as Paul had stood, clinging to the door-knob, gazing at her in wide-eyed silence. Few words, each falling on the heart like a drop of anguish. As she spoke, she tried with trembling old hands to lead her sister into the room, but Annie broke away without a word. Sarah followed her, and then stopped, and went back and hid her face. But that was only for a moment.

The entry was dark, save for the blue flare of the gas that made a nimbus of light around Annie, kneeling against the loft door. When Miss Sarah, sobbing, knelt down beside her, Annie did not seem to see her.

"Paul, I am here. Paul! Tell me the truth."

Miss Sarah could not hear his answer, but Annie heard it.

There was silence for the space of a heart-beat, and then Annie lifted herself, crying to him hoarsely to let her come in. "I am not doubting, Paul. Only—I—I couldn't breathe for a moment. Let me in, Paul!" But there was no sound. "Paul, you don't think I doubted? Only—for an instant—I could not speak. Let me come in!"

But he did not answer. Sarah called to him once, for God's sake, to speak to Annie; but there was silence.

How still the city seemed in that breathless hour before daybreak! The white cold dawn brought a sigh from the sleeping streets. A wandering sound crept now and then through the house. A door opened and closed; and then everything was still again.

Paul had spoken twice. Miss Sarah did not come near enough to hear that terrible confidence between husband and wife. After it, Annie did not cry out to be allowed to enter; she only spoke to him sometimes, gently, with ineffable tenderness, in some soft caress of words, as a mother speaks to a child. They heard him move away from the door once, and then came a strange sound, as of something being cut or torn. And Paul's wife lifted her face with terrible assent and understanding.

A little after dawn the men came to take him. Annie stood up, her arm across the door, the other hand entreating the officers to pause.

"Paul, let me in first!" she called once, with an agonized voice. There was no answer. Then she moved aside to let one of the officers put his shoulder against the door, which bent and shook, but held, and then crashed in.

Then she touched the man on the arm. "Wait. I must go first. There is no other door than this. Wait." She seemed unconscious that they followed her into the room, and then paused, huddled in a startled group in the doorway. There was no need for them to guard against his possible escape.

There was no sound. The dawn lay white under the skylight; upon the motley figures; upon a candle, still burning with a pallid flame; upon the long heap of the fallen curtain. The men bared their heads, and one looked away, and another swore, and one turned faint. They watched her as she knelt down and took him in her arms. "Yes, dear; yes, I understand," she seemed to assure the still face. And then she lifted her own, shining with a solemn elation, and looked at the place where the picture had been. Her justification spurned words. The tragic confession of his mute lips told of the travail of his soul; the ruin on the wall said divine things. She had no need to speak. And cradling the poor dishonored head upon her breast, she kissed his lips.

And then divine content made reverent way for grief.



THE MONASTERY.



COURT OF THE EVANGELISTS.

THE ESCURIAL.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

"I WAS yesterday at the Escurial to see the monastery of St. Laurence, the eighth wonder of the world; and truly, considering the site of the place and the symmetry of the structure, with divers other rarities, it may be called so; for what I have seen in Italy and other places are but baubles to it. It is built amongst a company of craggy, barren hills, which makes the air the hungrier and wholesomer; it is all built of freestone and marble, and that with such solidity and moderate height, that surely Philip the Second's chief design was to make a sacrifice of it to eternity, and to contest with the meteors and time itself. It cost eight millions, it was twenty-four years a-building, and the founder himself saw it finished and enjoyed it twelve years after, and

carried his bones himself thither to be buried.

"The reason that moved King Philip to waste so much treasure was a vow he had made at the battle of St. Quentin, where he was forced to batter a monastery of St. Laurence friars, and if he had the victory he would erect such a monument to Saint Laurence that the world had not the like; therefore the form of it is like a gridiron, the handle is a huge royal palace, and the body a vast monastery, or assembly of quadrangular cloisters, for there are as many as there be months in the year. There be a hundred monks, and every one hath his man and his mule, and a multitude of officers; besides there are three libraries there full of the choicest books for all sciences. It is beyond expression what grots, gardens, walks, and aqueducts there are there, and what curious fountains in the upper cloisters, for there be two stages of cloisters. In fine there is nothing that is vulgar there. To take a view of every room in the house, one must make account to go ten miles. There is a vault called the Pantheon under the highest altar, which is all paved, walled, and arched with marble; there be a number of huge silver candlesticks taller than I am, lamps three yards compass, and divers chalices and crosses of massie gold. There is one quire made all of burnished brass, pictures and statues like giants, and a world of glorious things that purely ravished me. By this mighty monument it may be inferred that Philip the Second, though he was a little man, yet had he vast gigantic thoughts in him to leave such a huge pile for posterity to gaze upon and admire his memory."

So says James Howell in one of his charming familiar letters written during his visit to Spain in 1624, when Charles I. of England, then Prince of Wales, went to woo but not to win the Infanta, daughter of Philip III. By a stroke of rare fortune such as sometimes rewards the refractory tourist who prefers meditative and aimless rambling to systematic sight-seeing, the very day of my arrival in Madrid I discovered at a second-hand book-stall in the Calle de Arenal, a goodly copy of the *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ, Familiar Letters domestic and Forren; divided into six sections partly historicall, politicall, philosophicall, upon emergent occasions.*" Of course I had no business to waste my valuable time pottering over book-stalls. I ought to have hired a guide, and allowed myself to be shown in detail San Francisco el Grande, the Museo Archeologico, the Cathedral of San Isidro, the Armeria, the Palacio Real, the Academia de San Fernando, and I know not what besides. But what will you? I was not in a hurry to see anything in particular except the works of Velasquez in the Prado gallery, where I had spent the morning and the afternoon in delightful contemplation before the famous "Las Lanzas," and the less famous but still more marvellous picture called "Las Meninas." I had admired the portraits of the queens and infantas, fair-haired, carrying a most pure mixture of red and white in their faces, "full and big lipped, which was held a beauty rather than a blemish or any excess in the Austrian family, it being a thing incident to most of that race." I had marvelled at the portraits of Philip IV., and of his dwarfs, court fools, and favorite comedians; I had fixed in my memory the stern features of the great Olivares; and then, stepping back generations, I had examined Titian's portraits of Philip II., and of the mighty Emperor Charles V., the founder of the dynasty, and Leone Leoni's bronze effigies of the same great monarchs, which stand on the ground-floor of the museum in the sculpture gallery.

The monastery of St. Laurence, the Escurial, why of course that is just what I want to see, the "eighth wonder of the world," "chalices and crosses of massie gold." Yes, but if I remember rightly, Houssaye and his French dragoons paid a visit to the monastery some years ago, and appropriated such gold as was to be found there. However, let us see how we can go to the Escurial. One hour and a half from Madrid by rail, one train a day. You leave the capital at eight in the morning, spend the day at the Escurial, and return in the evening just too late for dinner. This is comparatively convenient, for generally the trains in Spain start only every other day and arrive when they can.

The next morning I took my ticket, and departed without incident. The train crossed the parched bed of the Manzanares, whose waters barely suffice for the laundry needs of the Madrileños, passed across the dusty, brown, and deserted en-



PORTRAIT OF PHILIP II. BY TITIAN.

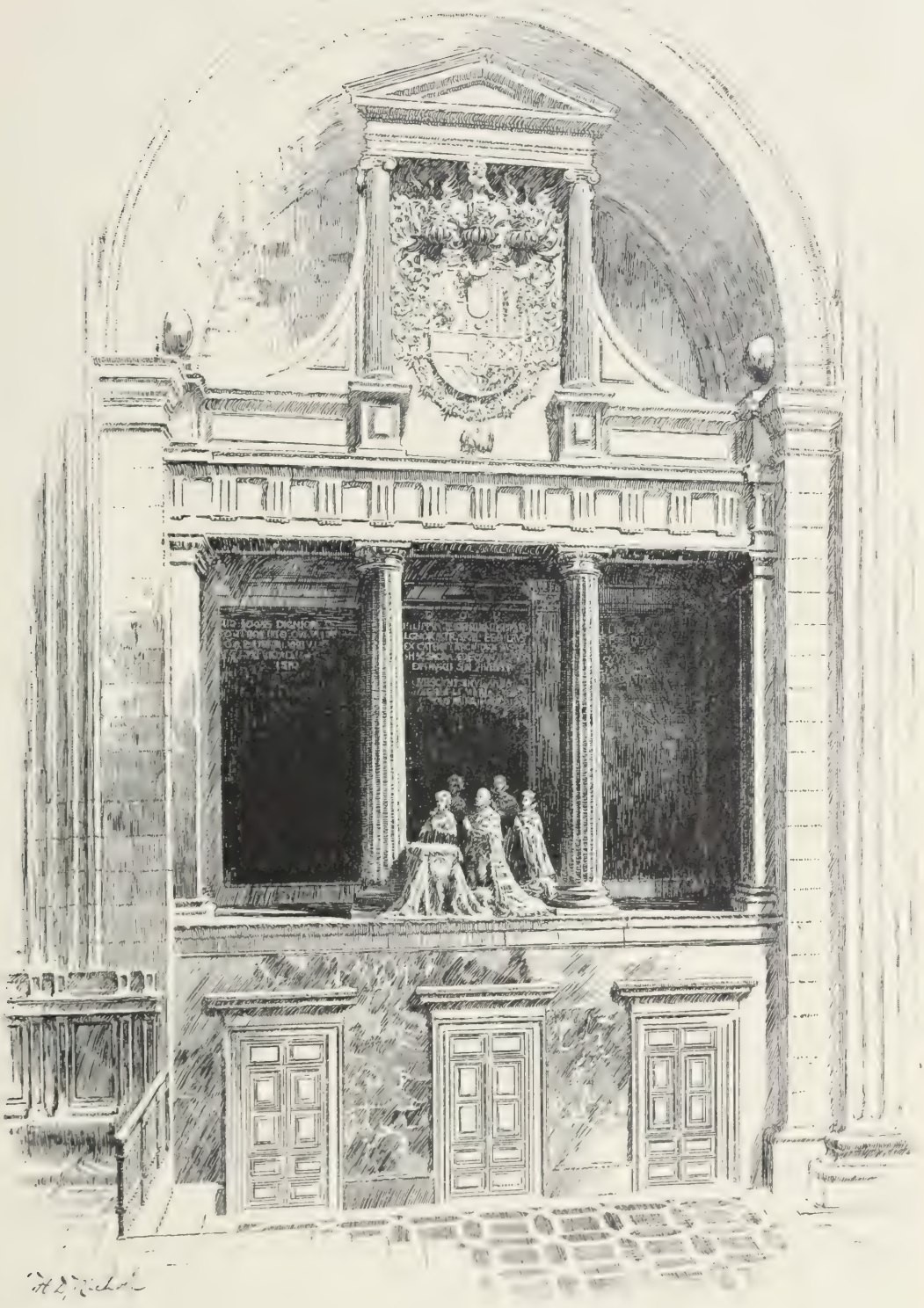
virons of the capital, and soon entered the region of rocks, bowlders, ravines, and mountains, which reaches almost without interruption to the Pyrenees.

In due course you perceive in the distance, amongst "a company of craggy, barren hills," the buildings of the Escurial. Behind the domes and towers rises the mighty sierra; on all sides are the grandiose silhouettes of gray mountains, and the wide sweeping horizon of interminable valleys closed in by other mountains, which the distance envelops in soft blue mystery; the landscape is titanic; the very bowlders themselves, that lie scattered on all sides, affect the dimensions of hills; and yet, in spite of the huge proportions of all that surrounds it, the Escurial is not lost to the eye or even diminished, but remains stupendous, and vies with the sierra itself in severe majesty.

From the railway station a dusty road leads up to the village of Escorial, as the Spaniards write it. At closer sight the apparent barrenness of the situation diminishes. In front of the monastery are vast plantations of dark green trees; here and there are villas with gardens; the village itself, which from a distance appears a mere gray spot on the mountain-slope, proves to be of considerable extent, and, for Spain, it is neat and comparatively clean; the square in front of the town-hall is planted with flowers, and the inhabitants look less beggarly than one would expect. The fact is that Escorial is a summer resort for the Madrid people, who go there with their families to escape the heat of the capital. The state itself lets lodgings, and many families hire from the crown apartments in the interminable buildings that surround the Real Sitio de San Lorenzo, as the Escurial is officially called.

All along the main street of the town, which rises and rises until it ends in a mere path up the mountain-side, the vast rectangular buildings of the dependencies of the convent-palace continue in gray monotony, block after block, joined together by galleries and arches that span the lateral streets leading to the central area. On a chimney of one of these dependencies may be seen a stork's nest, the only feature which distinguishes it from a hundred other chimneys. Let us turn down this street, pass under the arch, and here we are with the gray granite leviathan before us. The immensity of it takes your breath away; it is not a palace, but a cyclopean town; and although the sun may be shining brilliantly, it looks sad and funereal with its gray walls picked out with staring joints of white mortar, its leaden roofs, its granite-paved surroundings, its volcanic aspect. This impression of something burnt, blasted, plutonian, of something that has passed through raging fire, struck me time after time as I looked upon the structure. Nor is this idea of fire inappropriate. The palace-convent itself is built in the form of a gridiron turned upside down, and that in memory of the patron, San Lorenzo, who was broiled by Valerian on a slow fire, and, according to Prudentius, bore his martyrdom with coolness and even jocose irony, for when one side was roasted he had himself turned, and invited his cooks to try whether he tasted better underdone or well done.

The plan is a rectangular parallelogram. At the four corners are towers with pointed roofs, which represent the feet of the gridiron; the church and the royal palace, which jut out on one façade, form the handle; the interior buildings, which unite together the two longer sides, form the crossbars. On two sides there are gardens, and on two other sides vast open spaces, paved with granite slabs, or strown with gravel, marked off by columns and chains, and further bounded by the immense dependencies which shut off the view of the Escurial from the village. After the pyramids, this is the hugest pile of granite that the hand of man has constructed. Façades, doors, vestibules, domes, towers, all are in harmony with the grandeur and pharaonic character of the edifice. Even the gardens are sombre and austere, for they consist exclusively of fountains surrounded by box-trees cut in geometrical and labyrinthine designs. We must not find fault with the building because it has not those qualities which it was never intended to have. The architect was ordered to raise a monument on the plan of a gridiron in order to recall the instrument of torture on which St. Laurence suffered martyrdom. This strange interference of hagiography with architecture is in keeping with the character of the founder. The vastness of the votive monument is in conformity with the temper



TOMB OF PHILIP II.

of a king upon whose dominions the sun shone "all the twenty-four hours of the natural day," though we may also say, with the old Duke of Braganza, "he who made such a great vow must have had great fear." Furthermore, we must remember that the accomplishment of the vow made under the walls of St. Quentin was strengthened by Philip's pious desire to carry out the last wishes of Charles V., who left to his son the care of providing a fitting burial-place for his dynasty. Thus the Escurial is at once a mausoleum, a monastery, and a palace.

Let us begin our visit with the palace, but, first of all, let us relieve our mind of statistics and dates. The surface occupied by the edifice is 39,000 square

metres; the exterior façades measure more than 800 metres, and are pierced by 15 doors and 1128 windows; in the interior there are 16 court-yards, 86 staircases, 88 fountains, 9 towers, and 4565 rooms; in the whole edifice there are more than 10,000 windows and 2000 doors, while the lobbies, cloisters, and court-yards measure in length some 75 miles. This stupendous mass of granite was begun by Juan Bautista, of Toledo, in 1563, and finished by Juan de Herrera in 1584. The interior decoration, begun under Philip II., was continued by his successors down to our own days, which have seen the construction of the immense white marble crypt called the Pantheon of the Infantas. The palace, situated in the handle of the gridiron, consists of suites of rooms, where may be seen very wonderful but rather tiresome work in inlaid wood, most richly wrought locks and mouldings of chased metal, and innumerable panels of tapestry, of which the most interesting are those after Goya's cartoons made at the royal manufactory of Santa Barbara, at Madrid, the earliest in 1766. There is, however, little in these comparatively modern rooms that commands the serious attention of the artist or the student of history. Similar specimens of more or less untasteful luxury may be seen in a score of royal dwellings in other parts of Europe. Let us rather hasten to the rooms of Philip II., situated in that part of the handle of the gridiron to the right of the high altar of the church. To reach them you traverse long passages paved with granite slabs, and lined with a dado of blue and white Talavera *azulejos*, above which the plain whitewashed walls rise to meet the panelled wood ceiling. Your steps echo between the thick walls; huge keys grate in the locks of heavy panelled doors of natural wood; at every moment you expect to meet a procession of hooded monks; the souvenir of the Inquisition seems to haunt these changeless stones, and with a chill of mysterious terror you pass through a low door, and find yourself in a simple room, with a tiled floor and bare, whitewashed walls, relieved at their base by the usual blue and white tiles. The room is lighted by three small windows glazed with old rough glass, through which may be seen vast landscapes of dark verdure and grand mountain silhouettes, which prove that the morose king was not so ill advised as some writers state when he chose the site of his cloistered palace. This is the room where Philip II. lived in monastic simplicity, and boasted that from the foot of his mountain he governed the Old World and the New with two inches of paper. The carpet of matting interwoven with gold, and with the double-headed imperial eagle in red, is now hung up against the wall, and the red tiles of the floor are bare. Here is the table where Philip used to sit and annotate state papers; here are his portfolio, his inkstand, his set of pigeon-holes; here is the smaller table of his secretary, Antonio Perez; here is a miserable arm-chair studded with brass nails, and with a leather back stitched into checkers. On this chair the king used to sit; and on these two stools, with their cushions of greenish-brown velvet—the one stool bearing still traces of red lacquer, the other of black wood bound with silver—his Majesty rested his ulcered legs. In the alcove to the right, the great monarch slept on a bed doubtless as vulgar and even sordid as the chairs and tables of his sitting-room. Next to the alcove is a dark oratory with walls of polished and panelled jasper. Touch a spring, the panels open and reveal the grand altar of the church, and on the opposite side, in gilt bronze, the group of Charles V. kneeling in eternal prayer with the women of his house beside him. In this narrow oratory Philip, in 1598, took to his bed suffering tortures, his body devoured by sores, wasting away literally like Job upon his dung-heap. Through these narrow openings in the jasper panels, with which the irreverent fingers of curious tourists now play, the monarch, worn out with care and sickness, peered with anxious eyes as the priest celebrated mass amidst the splendor of the *capilla mayor*. Here, in this narrow, dark, and close corner, he died. An inscription on the wall records in brief verse the graphic summary of his end:

"En este estrecho recinto,
Murió Felipe segundo,
Cuando era pequeño el mundo
Al hijo de Carlos quinto.
Fué tan alto su vivir,
Que sola el alma vivia;
Pues aun cuerpo no tenia
Cuando acabó de morir."

"In this narrow chamber died Philip II. when the world was too small to con-



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES V. BY TITIAN.



GROUP OF CHARLES V.

tain the son of Charles V. He lived so far from the earth that his soul alone was living; of his body there remained but the shadow when he finished dying."

In this modest and almost mean suite of chambers the spirit of Philip II. still seems to dwell. His body rests in the vault of the Pantheon underneath the high altar on which his eyes were constantly fixed. His petty and unchivalrous person is evoked vividly before us as we imagine him sitting at his austere desk and presiding over that Despacho Universal which used to be the Council of Ten of Europe. Having neither taste nor talent for war, he sought, by means of intrigues and secret machinations, to obtain those ends which Charles V. had pursued by great military enterprises. His daily occupation was to read and meditate over state papers, correct the minutes of his clerks, and annotate the letters and reports of his ministers and ambassadors. Few monarchs worked more than Philip II. In his desire to see and do everything himself, he became not a mighty monarch so much as the chief bureaucrat of his kingdom, the chief spy of his employés, the chief surveillant of the contemporary world.

As a lover of the fine arts Philip II. was in singular contradiction with Philip II. the rigid bureaucrat and the religious fanatic. In order to decorate his silent Thebaid, he gathered around him the artists of the luxurious and almost pagan Italian Renaissance. At the same time he did not neglect the native artists, Navarete, Morales, and others; Alonzo Coello, a Portuguese, a pupil of Raphael and Antonio Moro, succeeded the latter as first painter to Philip; but it was on the Italians that he relied for the decoration of the church of the Escurial, more particularly on Leone and Pompeo Leoni, and on the metal and marble workers Jacopo de Trezzo and Battista Comane, to say nothing of the painters whose works have now found their way from the Escurial to the incomparable museum of the Prado.

The church of the Escurial is, if not the eighth wonder of the world, at least one of the most admirable and impressive of the great churches of Europe. The exterior does not prepare the visitor for the grandeur of the interior. He may cross the threshold of the monastery, wander through the bare cloisters, gaze with weariness on furlongs of mediocre frescoes by Luca Giordano, Tibaldi, Barroso, and other *fa prestos*, who were only anxious to finish their work as quickly as possible in order to quit this grim solitude. He may visit the pleasant Court-yard of the Evangelists, and the Court-yard of the Kings, and contemplate the façade of the church decorated with colossal statues of the kings of Judah, without feeling any great emotion, for all this is cold, monotonous, and merely funereal in aspect. But when he enters the church, and finds himself beneath the dome 320 feet high, resting on four pillars measuring 26 feet square—enormous masses of granite, which are nevertheless of most elegant proportions—he no longer refuses to admire. Gigantic, grand, and splendid are the epithets that rise to his lips as he contemplates the three naves, the vaulted roof, the high altar, the choir at the opposite end of the church raised thirty feet from the ground and built over a flat stone ceiling which is a miracle of statics, for the vast superficies is devoid of supporting pillars, and remains stable only thanks to the perfectly calculated pressure of the jointed stones. This choir is occupied by two rows of stalls, of various precious woods, carved soberly in the Corinthian order. To the north, in a corner, is the stall where Philip II. used to sit, and behind it is a secret door, through which he could go in and out unperceived, and pass to and from his apartments. On each side of the *coro* is a colossal organ made of Cuenca pine, the walls are covered with frescoes, and at the end towards the altar stands an immense lectern, turning at the slightest touch, on which are placed antiphonaries more than a yard high, some of them splendidly illuminated on the finest vellum. Of these antiphonaries, or *libros de coro*, there are no less than 218. Behind the prior's seat, in a narrow gallery, is the celebrated white marble Christ on a black marble cross.



ROOM OF PHILIP II.

about which Benvenuto Cellini tells such a wonderful story in his autobiography. It bears the inscription, "Benvenutus Cellinus, civis Florent, faciebat MDLXII." This crucifix was given by the Grand Duke Francesco de' Medici to Philip II., in 1576. From Barcelona it was carried to Madrid on men's shoulders, and finally placed in the gallery where it now stands, in front of a window facing the Courtyard of the Kings. Originally the statue was naked; but Philip tied a handkerchief round the loins, and now the handkerchief has been replaced by a white spangled scarf.

The grand altar is raised above the level of the black and white marble floor of the church by a flight of red-veined steps. The screen, 93 feet high and 43 feet wide, designed by Herrera, consists of four tiers of columns and niches —the first in the Doric, the second in Ionic, the third in Corinthian, and the fourth in composite style. The columns are of polished jasper, with 120 gilt-bronze capitals and bases, and in the niches are, besides, eight large painted compositions, fifteen colossal bronze statues of the doctors of the church, the four evangelists, Sts. James, Andrew, Peter, John, Paul, the Virgin, and, surmounting all, a crucifix measuring ten feet high. The cross of this crucifix was hewn out of the keel of one of the galleons which brought Indian gold to the Spanish monarch.

On either side of the grand altar is an edifice of porphyry, marble, jasper, and precious stones, comprised within a vast arch, 50 feet high and 26 feet broad, resting on a basis of panels carved in the richest marbles, and assuming the shape of three doors. These doors form the walls of the oratories, the interior of one of which we saw when we visited the apartments of Philip II. The panels open from within, and give light to the oratories, and at the same time a view of the altar. Over these oratories, in the embrasure formed by the arch, is a sort of mortuary chamber, or huge niche, nine feet deep, with walls of fine polished black jasper, covered with proud inscriptions in gilt-bronze letters. Two Doric columns of red marble support the entablature, above which is an attic with two columns, on which rests a triangular pediment, while between the columns of the attic, on one side of the altar, is the escutcheon of the empire, and on the opposite side, the arms of Spain. In these grandiose niches of admirable proportions and noble architectonic conception are placed groups of figures in gilt bronze by Pompeo Leoni, which stand out against the background of black polished jasper with a majesty and impressive richness that do honor both to the artist who conceived them and to the monarch whose taste conduced to their execution. On the left-hand side of the chapel, *al lado del Evangelio*, as the Spaniards say, the Emperor Charles V. kneels before a cushioned prie-dieu, with his wife, the Empress Isabella; his daughter, the Infanta Doña Maria; and his sisters, Eleonora and Maria. The inscription on the walls challenges future kings to surpass him; but, until then, to yield him the post of honor. On the right-hand side of the chapel, in the opposite niche, kneel, in identical postures, Philip II.; Anna, his fourth wife; Isabella, his third wife; and Maria, his first wife, at whose side is her son Don Carlos. It was in the oratory below this—his own effigy—that Philip II. died, having lived long enough to contemplate his own apotheosis. His dying eyes, as they peered through the door panels of his mortuary chamber, could embrace at a glance the altar, the *retablo*, and the group representing Charles V. and his family—splendid witnesses of his piety, and of the magnificent accomplishment of the wishes of his great father, and of his own stupendous vows. These groups of gilt bronze are amongst the grandest funereal compositions that can be seen, and none are richer in aspect or more curious in workmanship. The imperial mantle and the royal mantle, lined with ermine, are enamelled on the bronze. The double-headed black eagle on a gold ground, the arms of Charles V., and the arms of Spain on the mantle of Philip II. are composed of gems inserted in gilt bronze; while the different masses of colors are obtained by inlaid pieces of black jasper, rouge and verd antique, lapis lazuli, serpentine, and a great variety of other stones. The colossal gilt-bronze escutcheons on the attics, made by Trezzo, are executed in the same way; the eagle and the complicated arms of the kingdoms of Castille and Leon, Aragon, Portugal, Sicily, Brabant, Burgundy, and other states, added to the arms of the house of Austria, are represented in the necessary heraldic colors by means of a

CHOIR IN THE CHURCH OF THE MONASTERY.

sort of mosaic of colored stones inserted in the gilt-bronze frame-work. The workmanship is curious and admirable, and the effect of exceeding richness. It may be added that a manuscript of the sixteenth century states that the royal and imperial mantles can be removed from the figures and "folded up as if they were of brocade," but this statement has not been verified, at least within the memory of man. In itself the fact, supposing it to be a fact, would have no artistic interest. It would simply demonstrate the nicety and perfect execution of the work, as is the case with Leone Leoni's bronze statue of Charles V. in the Prado Museum, from which the richly ornamented armor can be removed piece by piece, leaving a nude statue of the emperor as remarkable as the armor-clad figure, which alone is seen by the ordinary visitor. Such *tours de force* and refinements of technical skill were not uncommon amongst the great artists of the Italian Renaissance. These bronze groups, nearly twice life size, are marvellously gilt by an artist named Martin Pardo, who figures in the accounts of the Escurial as having used nineteen nuggets of twenty-four carats in the completion of the work.

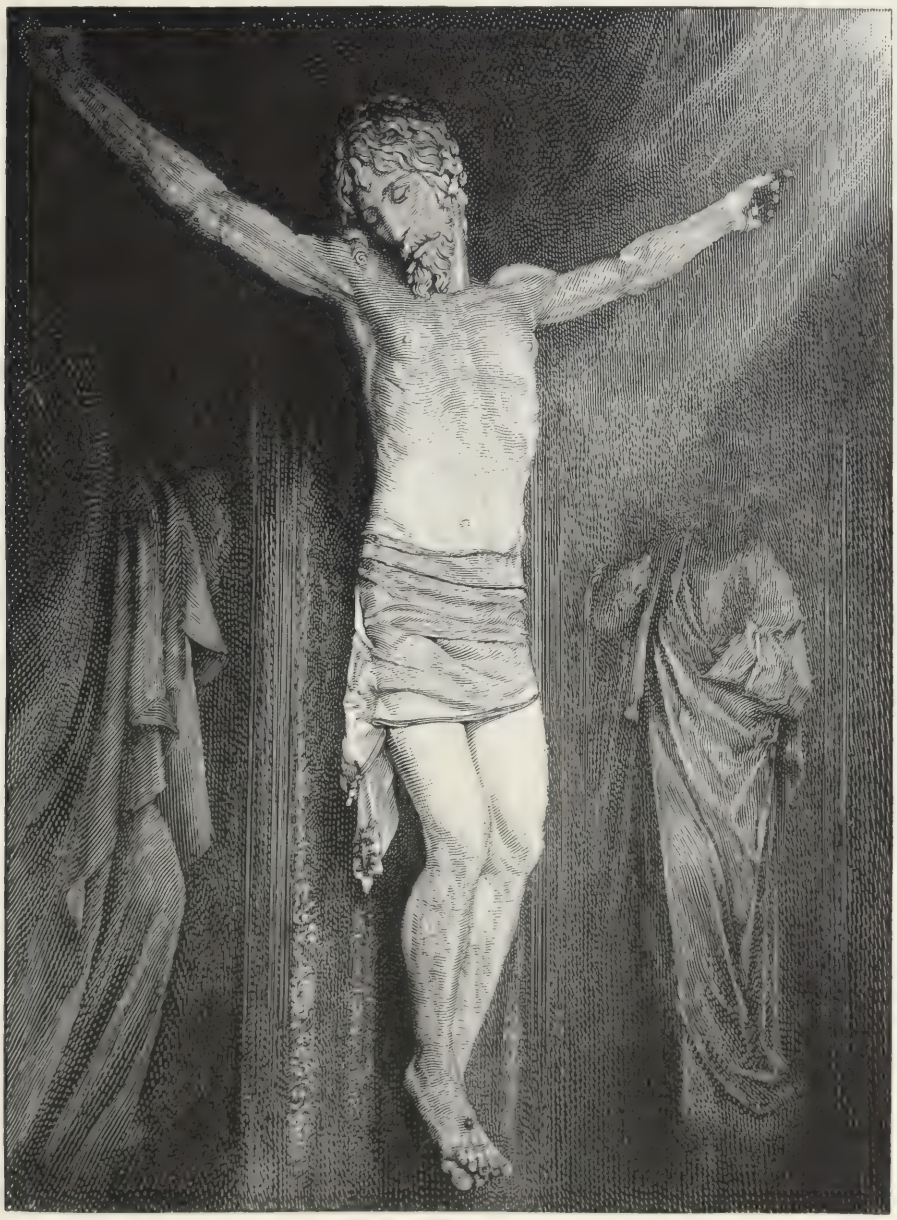
After the church we visit the sacristy, and admire the magnificent sacerdotal vestments of cloth of gold, embroidered with subjects that vie in exquisiteness of workmanship with the finest miniatures. These embroideries were executed by a Portuguese artist, Diego Rutiner, and a Frenchman named Laurent de Montserrate, who were successively employed by Philip II., and had forty workmen under their orders. At the end of the sacristy is Claudio Coello's famous picture of the "apotheosis," in this very sacristy, and in presence of Charles II., of the Holy Wafer or Santa Forma—a very precious relic which is kept in a rich chapel or *camarin* behind the picture itself. This picture is dated 1690. In the sacristy are many precious and curious objects which it would take pages to enumerate, for besides being a collector of objects of art and a Mæcenas of innumerable artists of all kinds, Philip II. was an indefatigable collector of relics, of which he had more than seven thousand stowed away in *relicarios* made by the most skilful and famous goldsmiths of the day.

On leaving the sacristy we descend into the royal tomb, or Pantheon, for such is the term given by the Catholic Spaniards to a Christian burial-place. This vault, placed exactly beneath the high altar of the church, is an octagon room 36 feet in diameter and 38 feet high. You descend into it by means of a staircase whose walls are lined with green and yellow polished jasper. The walls of the Pantheon are of polished marble, porphyry, and jasper, richly ornamented with gilt-bronze capitals, bases, and angels, the whole executed by Italian artists after the death of Philip II. As an inscription informs us, the founder of the Escurial built only a simple vault. Philip III. began the present gorgeous structure in 1617; Philip IV. completed it, and moved in the royal bodies on March 17, 1654, after Diego de Velasquez had with his own hands fixed in its place the bronze crucifix by Pedro Tacca, which he had brought back from Italy. The octagon walls contain twenty-six niches or shelves, on each of which is a gray marble sarcophagus or urn of classical shape. On the left are the kings and on the right the mothers of kings, from Charles V. down to our own times. In 1654 Philip IV. opened the urn containing the remains of Charles V., and after looking awhile at the mummified body, he said, laconically, to Luis de Haro: "Don Luis, cuerpo honrado." To which the Prime Minister replied, "Si, señor, muy honrado." Charles II. also opened this august sarcophagus, which was again opened by Ferdinand VII. after the French invasion, and once more in 1870, when the aspect of the mummy was carefully reproduced by a painter of Madrid, and photographs from this picture now enable curious tourists to carry away with them an authentic portrait of the corpse of the great emperor, whose features inspired so happily the brush of Titian and the chisel of the Leonis.

Most of the pictures which formerly adorned the Escurial have now been placed in the museum of the Prado. There remain, however, in the chapter-house a few magnificent works by Titian, Tintoretto, Ribera, Velasquez, and Vander Weyden, to see which alone would repay one for the journey. After the chapter-house we visit the library, famed for its riches in manuscripts, Persian and Arabic illuminated texts, hour-books, drawings, and other riches which are more or less unknown and practically

inaccessible. The books are arranged in fine cedar cases, the doors of which are filled in with copper wire gratings. Never having been intended for vulgar use and reading, the volumes were placed originally by the librarian Montano with their backs turned inwards and their gilt edges towards the spectator, and so they have remained for nearly three hundred years. The long room of the library, with its fresco-painted roof, its beautiful wood-work, and its noble proportions, presents a fine appearance, but, like the rest of the Escurial, it is silent, empty, dead, and useless, a prodigious monument from which the soul has departed.

After visiting the grand but inhospitable library, we find ourselves once more outside the palace on the open space in front of the chief façade. There remain to be visited still the monastery, the cloisters, and interminable series of court-yards, corridors, and apartments of rare monotony and uniformity of aspect. We prefer to rest upon the impression of the grand architecture, and the marvels of art and of human pride which we have just contemplated with such deep interest. Let us stroll through the oblique archway to the left, and after winding through several cool court-yards, we shall find ourselves in the Gallery of the Convalescents,



THE MARBLE CRUCIFIX BY CELLINI



PANTHEON OF THE KINGS.

and on the long terrace called the Promenade of the Monks, a flowerless garden of trim boxwood and trickling fountains planted along a broad terrace which commands a view over a limitless panorama of mountains and valleys. As we look along the perspective of the monastery at this point, with the adust sierra rising in the background, we realize at once the grandeur of the site, and the impression of solemn majesty that can be conveyed by colossal rectangularity. It is indeed a palace of death raised in the midst of an arid chaos of stony ravines, gray rocks, and bare mountains, whose rugged skeletons push through their scant clothing of parched earth. But is not such a palace and such a site singularly in harmony with the characters and lives of the sullen and silent kings who succeeded Charles V., and whose generations ended in the sombre madness of Charles II., the same who from the melancholy mountain wilds that rise behind the palace sent one day to his queen, Marie Louise of Orleans, enclosed in a box of gold filigree and accompanied by a rosary of scented wood, this laconic note, which Victor Hugo has put in a verse of his "Ruy Blas": "Madame, il fait grand vent, et j'ai tué six loups"?

Deeply impressed with all that I had seen, and still haunted by the figures and memories of the sinister sovereigns of the house of Austria, whom great artists have immortalized in bronze, marble, and painting, I wandered through court-yard after court-yard until at last I found myself outside the sombre precincts of the Escurial, and climbing up the sierra along the very ravine where Charles II. used to range for days together, like a troubled soul hovering around its sepulchre. Here, far from the din of the world, the spell-bound king—*hechizado*, bewitched, as his

people called him—did not hear the sound of the ambitious ones who were disputing his empire. Here the death-knell of his dynasty summoning Europe to arms did not reach his tortured ears. Alone, absorbed in his sombre visions, he could reflect over the ruin of his race and the dilapidation of his realm. Such must, indeed, have been the subjects of his meditations; for, like all the princes of his race, he was possessed by the genius of death. His remote ancestor, Charles the Bold, took a hellish joy in mere carnage. Jeanne la Folle, mother of Charles V., carried throughout Spain in a litter the embalmed corpse of her husband, the archduke, laid it on a nuptial couch, and watched over it fifty years. Charles V. at Saint Just had his funeral rehearsed. Philip II. buried himself alive in the Escurial, and a few hours before he died he placed his crown upon a death's head. Philip IV. used to sleep in his coffin. Charles II. himself had the urns of his ancestors opened, and looked upon the mummies of Charles V., Philip II., Philip III., his mother (Anne of Austria), and, last of all, his young wife (Marie Louise of Orleans), who had been the only joy and the only love of his miserable existence. The wretched monarch beheld unmoved the corpses of his ancestors. When his mother appeared before this new Hamlet, he coldly kissed her withered hand. When the corpse of Marie Louise was revealed, his heart burst, tears gushed from his eyes, he fell with outstretched arms upon the open bier, and kissed the cold mummy, sobbing bitterly, and saying, "*Mi reina* [my queen], in less than a year I shall come to keep you company."

A few months later Charles II. died, leaving the crown of Spain to the Duke of Anjou, to whom he bequeathed also his melancholy madness, for, after forty years of submission to the etiquette of Philip II. and to the gloom of the Escurial, Philip V. went mad in his turn.

While I was wandering along, turning from time to time to view from the heights the *ensemble* of the cloister-palace that was now spread out on the hill-side below, and interrupting my reflections only to contemplate the severe landscape of the arid mountains, the bowlders, and the scanty watercourse that came trickling down from the distant sierras, I arrived on a rough plateau, a stony desert strown with white linen bleaching in the sun, and animated with the picturesque forms of village maidens and withered crones, who were bending over the pools amidst the jagged gray rocks, and industriously soaping and washing clothes. The sun was blazing gloriously over the parched hills, whose sawlike profiles stood out with cruel teeth sharply defined against the implacable blue sky. Not a shrub, not a flower, not a thistle even, varied the monotony of the expanse of brown grass and gray rocks. Not a sound was to be heard except that of the washerwomen beating the wet clothes with their flat wooden mallets. Then suddenly a long wail issued from the lips of one of the younger maidens, and with those wild quaverings and long-drawn-out trills peculiar to the music of the Moors, she sang a verse of penetrating sadness, of which the literal translation would run thus:

"The light of my intelligence has told me that there is nothing more sad than to wish to love and yet not be able to love."

Fascinated by the wild Oriental rhythm, and struck by the intense feeling of the words, I sat down under the shadow of a great rock and waited. Soon the same voice began another quavering wail, and the words ran thus, the first sentence being repeated at the beginning and the end:

"I have become blind by force of weeping for thee, but what matters my blindness since my eyes served me only to look upon thy face?"

Alas! is there, then, no joy possible in this dolorous land of maniac kings and sepulchral places? Does the sombre spectre of Philip II. haunt even the peasant women of the modern village of Escorial? Is there no escape from the oppression of the past? I was asking myself these despairing questions when one of the women and a little girl passed by, and in reply to my salutation they gave me pleasant greetings, accompanied by an artless human smile, and so I hastened away from the desert of granite, treasuring up that vision of happy faces all the more preciously as I had begun to doubt whether, in the all-pervading grimness and haunting melancholy, I should be able to avoid the contagion that had triumphed over the reason of a whole dynasty of kings. Verily in and around the Escurial, as old James Howell said, "there is nothing that is vulgar."



QUESTION.



Monochromes.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

QUESTION.

SHALL it be after the long misery
Of easeless pillows, and the waste of flesh
In sickness, till some worn and widening mesh
Frays out at last, and lets the soul go free?
Or, shall some violent accident suddenly
Dismiss it, or some black cloud in the brain
Lower till life maddens against life amain?
Where, in what land, or on what lonely sea?
When, in the light of what unrisen sun?
Under what fatal planet? There is none
Can tell, or know aught but that it shall be:
The one thing certain which all other things
Have taught my being in its inmost springs
To feel the sole impossibility.





II.

LIVING.

HOW passionately I will my life away
Which I would give all that I have to stay;
How wildly I hurry, for the change I crave,
To hurl myself into the changeless grave!

III.

COMPANY.

I THOUGHT, "How terrible, if I were seen
Just as in will and deed I have always been!
And if this were the fate that I must face
At the last day, and all else were God's grace,
How must I shrink and cower before them there,
Stripped naked to the soul and beggared bare
Of every rag of seeming!" Then, "Why, no,"
I thought, "why should I, if the rest are so?"



IV.

TO-MORROW.

OLD fraud, I know you in that gay disguise,
That air of hope, that promise of surprise:
Beneath your bravery, as you come this way,
I see the sordid presence of To-day;
And I shall see there, before you are gone,
All the dull Yesterdays that I have known.

V.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

BITTER the things one's enemies will say
Against one sometimes when one is away,
But of a bitterness far more intense
The things one's friends will say in one's defence.





VI.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

INNOCENT spirits, bright, immaculate ghosts!
Why throng your heavenly hosts,
As eager for their birth
In this sad home of death, this sorrow-haunted earth?

Beware! Beware! Content you where you are,
And shun this evil star,
Where we who are doomed to die,
Have our brief being and pass, we know not where or why.

We have not to consent or to refuse;
It is not ours to choose:
We come because we must,
We know not by what law, if unjust or if just.



The doom is on us, as it is on you,
That nothing can undo;
And all in vain you warn:
As your fate is to die, our fate is to be born.



VII.

THE BEWILDERED GUEST.

I WAS not asked if I should like to come.
I have not seen my host here since I came,
Or had a word of welcome in his name.
Some say that we shall never see him, and some
That we shall see him elsewhere, and then know
Why we were bid. How long I am to stay
I have not the least notion. None, they say,
Was ever told when he should come or go.
But every now and then there bursts upon
The song and mirth a lamentable noise,
A sound of shrieks and sobs, that strikes our joys
Dumb in our breasts; and then, some one is gone.
They say we meet him. None knows where or when.
We know we shall not meet him here again.



VIII.

HOPE.

YES, death is at the bottom of the cup,
And every one that lives must drink it up;
And yet between the sparkle at the top
And the black lees where lurks that bitter drop,
There swims enough good liquor, Heaven knows,
To ease our hearts of all their other woes.

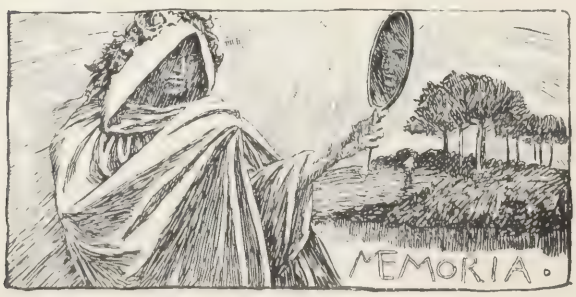
The bubbles rise in sunshine at the brim;
That drop below is very far and dim;
The quick fumes spread and shape us such bright dreams
That in the glad delirium it seems
As though by some deft sleight, if so we willed,
That drop untasted might be somehow spilled.



IX.

RESPITE.

DROWSING, the other afternoon, I lay
In that sweet interlude that falls between
Waking and sleeping, when all being is seen
Of one complexion, and the vague dreams play
Among the thoughts, and the thoughts go astray
Among the dreams. My mother, who has been
Dead almost half my life, appeared to lean
Above me, a boy, in a house far away,
That once was home, and all the troubled years
That have been since, were as if they were not.
The voices that are hushed were in my ears,
The looks and motions that I had forgot
Were in my eyes; and they disowned the tears
That now again beneath their lids are hot.



MY UPPER SHELVES.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

CLOSE at my feet in stolid rows they sit,
The grave great tomes that furnish forth my wit;
Like reverend oaks they are of Academe,
Within whose shade broods Science, staid of mien.
I honor them and hearken to their lore,
And with a formal fondness view them o'er;
As ever with the wise, they have the floor!

But high on top, all other books above,
The precious pocket volumes that I love
Forgather, in a Friends' Society
Whose silences are pregnant unto me.
The poets be there, companions tried and true
On many a walk, for many a fireside brew:
The golden lays of Greece, the grace urbane
Of Roman Horace; or some later strain
From lyre Elizabethan, passion-strong;
From minnesinger or from master-song;
And down the tuneful choirs of nearer days,
The chants of Hugo, or the soulful praise
Of Wordsworth, tranced among his native fells;
The orphic art of Emerson; the wail
Of Heine, ever slave to Beauty's spells;
The voice of Tennyson in many a musing tale.
These and their fellows poise above my head,
And at their beck imperious I am led
Through all delights of living and of dead.

Less weighty, say you? All aerial things
That float on fancies or that fly on wings
Are small of bulk, and hence soar heaven-high;
They have all manner of wild sweet escapes
From bonds of earth, and so they do not die
As die these grosser, more imprisoned shapes.
My upper shelves uphold a mystic crowd,
Whose lightest word, though scarcely breathed aloud,
Will all outweigh a million folios
That groan with wisdom and with scholar-woes,
So long as love is love and blooms a sole red rose!

THE REFUGEES.*

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

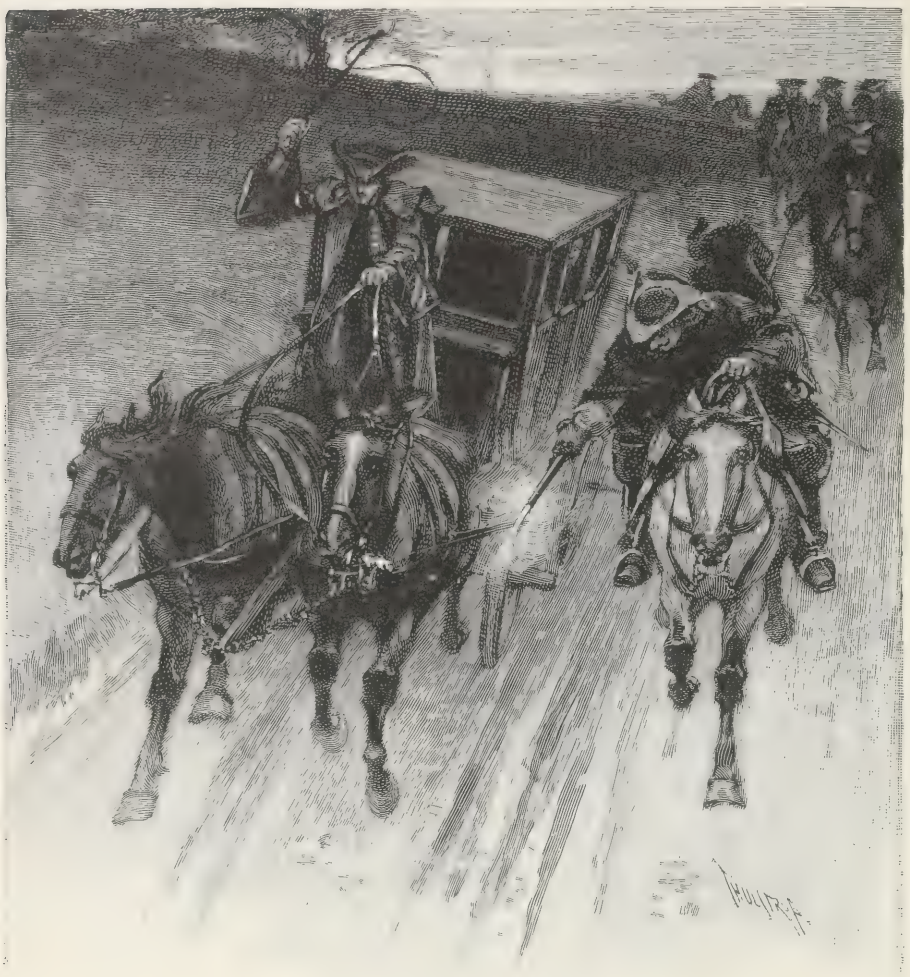
PART I.—THE OLD WORLD.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES."

MONSIEUR DE VIVONNE had laid his ambuscade with discretion. With a closed carriage and a band of chosen ruffians he had left the palace a good half-hour before the King's messengers, and by the aid of his sister's gold he had managed that their journey should not be a very rapid one. On reaching the branch road he had ordered the coachman to drive some little distance along it, and had tethered all the horses to a fence under his charge. He had then stationed one of the band as a sentinel

* Begun in January number, 1893.



"AT THE HORSE, DESPARD, AT THE HORSE!"

some distance up the main highway to flash a light when the two couriers were approaching. A stout cord had been fastened eighteen inches from the ground to the trunk of a way-side sapling, and on receiving the signal the other end was tied to a gate-post upon the further side. The two cavaliers could not possibly see it, coming as it did at the very curve of the road, and as a consequence their horses fell heavily to the ground, and brought them down with them. In an instant the dozen ruffians, who had lurked in the shadow of the trees, sprang out upon them, sword in hand; but there was no movement from either of their victims. De Catinat lay breathing heavily, one leg under his horse's neck, and the blood trickling in a thin stream down his pale face, and falling, drop by drop, on to his silver shoulder-straps. Amos Green was unwounded, but his injured girth had given way in the fall, and he had been hurled from his horse on to the hard road with a violence which had driven every particle of breath from his body.

Monsieur de Vivonne had lit a lantern, and had flashed it upon the faces of the two unconscious men. "This is bad business, Major Despard," said he to the man next him. "I believe that they are both gone."

"Tut! tut! By my soul, men did not die like that when I was young!" answered the other, leaning forward his fierce grizzled face into the light of the lantern. "I've been cast from my horse as often as there are tags to my doublet, but, save for the snap of a bone or two, I never had any harm from it. Pass your rapier under the third rib of the horses, De la Touche; they will never be fit to set hoof to ground again."

Two sobbing gasps, and the thud of their straining necks falling back to earth told that the two steeds had gone to the end of their troubles.

"Where is Latour?" asked Monsieur de Vivonne. "Achille Latour has studied medicine at Montpellier. Where is he?"

"Here I am, your Excellency. It is not for me to boast, but I am as handy a man with a lancet as with a rapier, and it was an evil day for some sick folk when I first took to buff and bandolier. Which would you have me look to?"

"This one in the road."

The trooper bent over Amos Green. "He is not long for this world," said he. "I can tell it by the catch of his breath."

"And what is his injury?"

"A subluxation of the epigastrium. Ah, the words of learning will still come to my tongue, but it is hard to put into

common terms. Methinks that it were well for me to pass my dagger through his throat, for his end is very near."

"Not for your life!" cried the leader. "If he die without wound, they cannot lay it to our charge. Turn now to the other."

The man bent over De Catinat, and placed his hand upon his heart. As he did so the soldier heaved a long sigh, opened his eyes, and gazed about him with the face of one who knows neither where he is nor how he came there. De Vivonne, who had drawn his hat down over his eyes, and muffled the lower part of his face in his mantle, took out his flask, and poured a little of the contents down the injured man's throat. In an instant a dash of color had come back into the guardsman's bloodless cheeks, and the light of memory into his eyes. He struggled up on to his feet, and strove furiously to push away those who held him. But his head still swam, and he could scarce hold himself erect.

"I must to Paris!" he gasped; "I must to Paris! It is the King's mission. You stop me at your peril!"

"He has no hurt save a scratch," said the ex-doctor.

"Then hold him fast. And first carry the dying man to the carriage."

The lantern threw but a small ring of yellow light, so that when it had been carried over to De Catinat, Amos Green was left lying in the shadow. Now they brought the light back to where the young man lay. But there was no sign of him. He was gone.

For a moment the little group of ruffians stood staring, the light of their lantern streaming up upon their plumed hats, their fierce eyes, and savage faces. Then a burst of oaths broke from them, and De Vivonne caught the false doctor by the throat, and hurling him down, would have choked him upon the spot, had the others not dragged them apart.

"You lying dog!" he cried. "Is this your skill? The man has fled, and we are ruined!"

"He has done it in his death-struggle," gasped the other, hoarsely, sitting up and rubbing his throat. "I tell you that he was *in extremis*. He cannot be far off."

"That is true. He cannot be far off," cried De Vivonne. "He has neither horse nor arms. You, Despard and Raymond de Carnac, guard the other, that he play us no trick. Do you, Latour, and you, Turberville, ride down the road, and wait by the south gate. If he enter Paris at all, he must come in that way. If you get him, tie him before you on your horse, and bring him to the rendezvous. In any case, it matters little, for he is a stranger, this fellow, and only here by chance. Now lead the other to the carriage, and we shall get away before an alarm is given."

The two horsemen rode off in pursuit of the fugitive, and De Catinat, still struggling desperately to escape, was dragged down the St. Germain road and thrust into the carriage, which had waited at some distance while these incidents were being enacted. Three of the horsemen rode ahead, the coachman was curtly ordered to follow them, and De Vivonne, having despatched one of the band with a note to his sister, followed after the coach with the remainder of his desperadoes.

The unfortunate guardsman had now entirely recovered his senses, and found himself with a strap round his ankles, and another round his wrists, a captive inside a moving prison which lumbered heavily along the country road. He had been stunned by the shock of his fall, and his leg was badly bruised by the weight of his horse; but the cut on his forehead was a mere trifle, and the bleeding had already ceased. His mind, however, pained him more than his body. He sank his head into his pinioned hands, and stamped madly with his feet, rocking himself to and fro in his despair. What a fool, a treble fool, he had been! He, an old soldier, who had seen something of war, to walk with open eyes into such a trap! The King had chosen him, of all men, as a trusty messenger, and yet he had failed him—and failed him so ignominiously, without shot fired or sword drawn. He was warned, too, warned by a young man who knew nothing of court intrigue, and who was guided only by the wits which nature had given him. De Catinat dashed himself down upon the leather cushion in the agony of his thoughts.

But then came a return of that common-sense which lies so very closely beneath the impetuosity of the Celt. The matter was done now, and he must see if it could not be mended. Amos Green had escaped. That was one grand point

in his favor. And Amos Green had heard the King's message, and realized its importance. It was true that he knew nothing of Paris, but surely a man who could pick his way at night through the forests of Maine would not be balked in finding so well known a house as that of the Archbishop of Paris. But then there came a sudden thought which turned De Catinat's heart to lead. The city gates were locked at eight o'clock in the evening. It was now nearly nine. It would have been easy for him, whose uniform was a voucher for his message, to gain his way through. But how could Amos Green, a foreigner and a civilian, hope to pass? It was impossible, clearly impossible. And yet, somehow, in spite of the impossibility, he still clung to a vague hope that a man so full of energy and resource might find some way out of the difficulty.

And then the thought of escape occurred to his mind. Might he not even now be in time, perhaps, to carry his own message? Who were these men who had seized him? They had said nothing to give him a hint as to whose tools they were. Monsieur and the Dauphin occurred to his mind. Probably one or the other. He had only recognized one of them, old Major Despard, a man who frequented the low wine shops of Versailles, and whose sword was ever at the disposal of the longest purse. And where were these people taking him to? It might be to his death. But if they wished to do away with him, why should they have brought him back to consciousness? and why this carriage and drive? Full of curiosity, he peered out of the windows.

A horseman was riding close up on either side; but there was glass in front of the carriage, and through this he could gain some idea as to his whereabouts. The clouds had cleared now, and the moon was shining brightly, bathing the whole wide landscape in its shimmering light. To the right lay the open country, broad plains with clumps of woodland, and the towers of castles pricking out from above the groves. A heavy bell was ringing in some monastery, and its dull booming came and went with the breeze. On the left, but far away, lay the glimmer of Paris. They were leaving it rapidly behind. Whatever his destination, it was neither the capital nor Versailles. Then he began to count the chances of escape. His sword had been removed, and his pistols were still in the holsters beside his unfortunate horse. He was unarmed, then, even if he could free himself, and his captors were at least a dozen in number. There were three on ahead, riding abreast along the white moonlit road. Then there was one on each side, and he should judge by the clatter of hoofs that there could not be fewer than half a dozen behind. That would make exactly twelve, including the coachman, too many, surely, for an unarmed man to hope to baffle. At the thought of the coachman he had glanced through the glass front at the broad back of the man, and he had suddenly, in the glimmer of the carriage lamp, observed something which struck him with horror.

The man was evidently desperately wounded. It was strange indeed that he could still sit there and flick his whip with so terrible an injury. In the back of his great red coat, just under the left shoulder-blade, was a gash in the cloth, where some weapon had passed, and all round was a wide patch of dark scarlet which told its own tale. Nor was this all. As he raised his whip, the moonlight shone upon his hand, and De Catinat saw with a shudder that it also was splashed and clogged with blood. The guardsman craned his neck to catch a glimpse of the man's face; but his broad-brimmed hat was drawn low, and the high collar of his driving-coat was raised, so that his features were in the shadow. This silent man in front of him, with the horrible marks upon his person, sent a chill to De Catinat's valiant heart, and he muttered over one of Marot's Huguenot psalms; for who but the foul fiend himself would drive a coach with those crimsoned hands and with a sword driven through his body?

And now they had come to a spot where the main road ran onwards, but a smaller side track wound away down the steep slope of a hill, and so in the direction of the Seine. The advance-guard had kept to the main road, and the two horsemen on either side were trotting in the same direction, when, to De Catinat's amazement, the carriage suddenly swerved to one side, and in an instant plunged down the steep incline, the two stout horses galloping at their top-

most speed, the coachman standing up and lashing furiously at them, and the clumsy old vehicle bounding along in a way which threw him backwards and forwards from one seat to the other. Behind him he could hear a shout of consternation from the escort, and then the rush of galloping hoofs. Away they flew, the road-side poplars dancing past at either window, the horses thundering along with their stomachs to the earth, and that demon driver still waving those horrible red hands in the moonlight and screaming out to the maddened steeds. Sometimes the carriage jolted one way, sometimes another, swaying furiously, and running on two side wheels as though it must every instant go over. And yet, fast as they went, their pursuers went faster still. The rattle of their hoofs was at their very backs, and suddenly at one of the windows there came into view the red distended nostrils of a horse. Slowly it drew forward, the muzzle, the eye, the ears, the mane, coming into sight as the rider still gained upon them, and then above them the fierce face of Despard and the gleam of a brass pistol barrel.

"At the horse, Despard, at the horse!" cried an authoritative voice from behind.

The pistol flashed, and the coach lurched over as one of the horses gave a convulsive spring. But the driver still shrieked and lashed with his whip, while the carriage bounded onwards.

But now the road turned a sudden curve, and there, right in front of them, not a hundred paces away, was the Seine, running cold and still in the moonshine. The bank on either side of the highway ran straight down without any break to the water's edge. There was no sign of a bridge, and a black shadow in the centre of the stream showed where the ferry-boat was returning after conveying some belated travellers across. The driver never hesitated, but gathering up the reins, he urged the frightened creatures into the river. They hesitated, however, when they first felt the cold water about their hocks, and even as they did so one of them, with a low moan, fell over upon her side. Despard's bullet had found its mark. Like a flash the coachman hurled himself from the box and plunged into the stream; but the pursuing horsemen were all round him before this, and half a dozen hands had seized him ere he could reach deep water, and had dragged him to the bank. His broad hat had been struck off in the struggle, and De Catinat saw his face in the moonshine. Great heavens! It was Amos Green.

Chapter XVII.

THE DUNGEON OF PORTILLAC.

THE desperadoes were as much astonished as was De Catinat when they found that they had recaptured in this extraordinary manner the messenger whom they had given up for lost. A volley of oaths and exclamations broke from them as, on tearing off the huge red coat of the coachman, they disclosed the sombre dress of the young American.

"A thousand thunders!" cried one. "And this is the man whom that devil's brat Latour would make out to be dead!"

"And how came he here?"

"And where is Étienne Arnaud?"

"He has stabbed Étienne. See the great cut in the coat!"

"Ay; and see the color of his hand! He has stabbed him, and taken his coat and hat."

"What! while we were all within stone's-cast!"

"Ay; there is no other way out of it."

"By my soul!" cried old Despard, "I had never much love for old Étienne, but I have emptied a cup of wine with him before now, and I shall see that he has justice. Let us cast these reins round the fellow's neck and hang him upon this tree."

Several pairs of hands were already unbuckling the harness of the dead horse, when De Vivonne pushed his way into the little group, and with a few curt words checked their intended violence.

"It is as much as your lives are worth to touch him," said he.

"But he has slain Étienne Arnaud."

"That score may be settled afterwards. To-night he is the King's messenger. Is the other all safe?"

"Yes, he is here."

"Tie this man, and put him in beside him. Unbuckle the traces of the dead horse. So! Now, De Carnac, put your own into the harness. You can mount the box and drive, for we have not very far to go."

The changes were rapidly made; Amos Green was thrust in beside De Catinat, and the carriage was soon toiling up the

steep incline which it had come down so precipitately. The American had said not a word since his capture, and had remained absolutely stolid, with his hands crossed over his chest whilst his fate was under discussion. Now that he was alone once more with his comrade, however, he frowned and muttered like a man who feels that fortune has used him badly.

"Those infernal horses!" he grumbled. "Why, an American horse would have taken to the water like a duck. Many a time have I swum my old stallion Sagamore across the Hudson. Once over the river, we should have had a clear lead to Paris."

"My dear friend," cried De Catinat, laying his manacled hands upon those of his comrade, "can you forgive me for speaking as I did upon the way from Versailles?"

"Tut, man! I never gave it a thought."

"You were right a thousand times, and I was, as you said, a fool—a blind, obstinate fool. How nobly you have stood by me! But how came you there? Never in my life have I been so astonished as when I saw your face."

Amos Green chuckled to himself. "I thought that maybe it would be a surprise to you if you knew who was driving you," said he. "When I was thrown from my horse I lay quiet, partly because I wanted to get a grip of my breath, and partly because it seemed to me to be more healthy to lie than to stand with all those swords clinking in my ears. Then they all got round you, and I rolled into the ditch, crept along it, got on the cross-road in the shadow of the trees, and was beside the carriage before ever they knew that I was gone. I saw in a flash that there was only one way by which I could be of use to you. The coachman was leaning round with his head turned to see what was going on behind him. I out with my knife, sprang up on the front wheel, and stopped his tongue forever."

"What! without a sound!"

"I have not lived among the Indians for nothing."

"And then?"

"I pulled him down into the ditch, and I got into his coat and his hat. I did not scalp him."

"Scalp him! Great heavens! Such things are only done among savages."

"Ah! I thought that maybe it was not the custom of the country. I am glad now that I did not do it. I had hardly got the reins before they were all back and bundled you into the coach. I was not afraid of their seeing me, but I was scared lest I should not know which road to take, and so set them on the trail. But they made it easy to me by sending some of their riders in front, so I did well until I saw that bytrack and made a run for it. We'd have got away, too, if that rogue hadn't shot the horse, and if the beasts had faced the water."

The guardsman again pressed his comrade's hands. "You have been as true to me as hilt to blade," said he. "It was a bold thought and a bold deed."

"And what now?" asked the American.

"I do not know who these men are, and I do not know whither they are taking us."

"To their villages, likely, to burn us."

De Catinat laughed in spite of his anxiety. "You will have it that we are back in America again," said he. "They don't do things in that way in France."

"They seem free enough with hanging in France. I tell you, I felt like a smoked-out 'coon when that trace was round my neck."

"I fancy that they are taking us to some place where they can shut us up until this business blows over."

"Well, they'll need to be smart about it."

"Why?"

"Else maybe they won't find us when they want us."

"What do you mean?"

For answer, the American, with a twist and a wriggle, drew his two hands apart, and held them in front of his comrade's face.

"Bless you, it is the first thing they teach the pappooses in an Indian wigwam. I've got out of a Huron's thongs of rawhide before now, and it ain't very likely that a stiff stirrup leather will hold me. Put your hands out." With a few dexterous twists he loosened De Catinat's bonds, until he also was able to slip his hands free. "Now for your feet, if you'll put them up. They'll find that we are easier to catch than to hold."

But at that moment the carriage began to slow down, and the clank of the hoofs of the riders in front of them died sud-

denly away. Peeping through the windows, the prisoners saw a huge dark building stretching in front of them, so high and so broad that the night shrouded it in upon every side. A great archway hung above them, and the lamps shone on the rude wooden gate, studded with ponderous clamps and nails. In the upper part of the door was a small square iron grating, and through this they could catch a glimpse of the gleam of a lantern and of a bearded face which looked out at them. De Vivonne, standing in his stirrups, craned his head up towards the grating, so that the two men most interested could hear little of the conversation which followed. They saw only that the horseman held a gold ring up in the air, and that the face above, which had begun by shaking and frowning, was now nodding and smiling. An instant later the head disappeared, the door swung open with a screaming of hinges, and the carriage drove on into the court-yard beyond, leaving the escort, with the exception of De Vivonne, outside. As the horses pulled up, a knot of rough fellows clustered round, and the two prisoners were dragged roughly out. In the light of the torches which flared around them they could see that they were hemmed in by high turreted walls upon every side. A bulky man with a bearded face, the same whom they had seen at the grating, was standing in the centre of the group of armed men issuing his orders.

"To the upper dungeon, Simon!" he cried. "And see that they have two bundles of straw and a loaf of bread until we learn our master's will."

"I know not who your master may be," said De Catinat, "but I would ask you by what warrant he dares to stop two messengers of the King while travelling in his service?"

"By St. Denis, if my master play the King a trick, it will but be tie and tie," the stout man answered, with a grin. "But no more talk! Away with them, Simon, and you answer to me for their safe-keeping."

It was in vain that De Catinat raved and threatened, invoking the most terrible menaces upon all who were concerned in detaining him. Two stout knaves thrusting him from behind and one dragging in front forced him through a narrow gate and along a stone-flagged passage, a small man in black buckram with a bunch of keys in one hand and a swinging lantern in the other leading the way. Their ankles had been so tied that they could but take steps of a foot in length. Shuffling along, they made their way down three successive corridors and through three doors, each of which was locked and barred behind them. Then they ascended a winding stone stair, hollowed out in the centre by the feet of generations of prisoners and of jailers, and finally they were thrust into a small square dungeon, and two trusses of straw were thrown in after them. An instant later a heavy key turned in the lock, and they were left to their own meditations.

Very grim and dark those meditations were in the case of De Catinat. A stroke of good luck had made him at court, and now this other of ill fortune had destroyed him. It would be in vain that he should plead his own powerlessness. He knew his royal master well. He was a man who was munificent when his orders were obeyed, and inexorable when they miscarried. No excuse availed with him. An unlucky man was as abhorrent to him as a negligent one. In this great crisis the King had trusted him with an all-important message, and that message had not been delivered. What could save him now from disgrace and from ruin? He cared nothing for the dim dungeon in which he found himself, nor for the uncertain fate which hung over his head, but his heart turned to lead when he thought of his blasted career, and of the triumph of those whose jealousy had been aroused by his rapid promotion. There were his people in Paris, too—his sweet Adèle, his old uncle, who had been as good as a father to him. What protector would they have in their troubles now that he had lost the power that might have shielded them? How long would it be before they were exposed once more to the brutalities of Dalbert and his dragoons? He clinched his teeth at the thought, and threw himself down with a groan upon the litter of straw dimly visible in the faint light which streamed through the single window.

But his energetic comrade had yielded to no feeling of despondency. The instant that the clang of the prison door had assured him that he was safe from interruption he had slipped off the bonds which held him and had felt all round

the walls and flooring to see what manner of place this might be. His search had ended in the discovery of a small fireplace at one corner, and of two great clumsy billets of wood, which seemed to have been left there to serve as pillows for the prisoners. Having satisfied himself that the chimney was so small that it was utterly impossible to pass even his head up it, he drew the two blocks of wood over to the window, and was able, by placing one above the other and standing on tiptoe on the highest, to reach the bars which guarded it. Drawing himself up, and fixing one toe in an inequality of the wall, he managed to look out on to the court-yard which they had just quitted. The carriage and De Vivonne were passing out through the gate as he looked, and he heard a moment later the slam of the heavy door and the clatter of hoofs from the troop of horsemen outside. The seneschal and his retainers had disappeared; the torches, too, were gone, and, save for the measured tread of a pair of sentinels in the yard twenty feet beneath him, all was silent throughout the great castle.

And a very great castle it was. Even as he hung there with straining hands his eyes were running in admiration and amazement over the huge wall in front of him, with its fringe of turrets and pinnacles and battlements all lying so still and cold in the moonlight. Strange thoughts will slip into a man's head at the most unlikely moments. He remembered suddenly a bright summer day over the water when first he had come down from Albany, and how his father had met him on the wharf by the Hudson, and had taken him through the water-gate to see Peter Stuyvesant's house, as a sign of how great this city was which had passed from the Dutch to the English. Why, Peter Stuyvesant's house and Peter Stuyvesant's Bowery villa put together would not make one wing of this huge pile, which was itself a mere dog-kennel beside the mighty palace at Versailles. He would that his father were here now; and then, on second thoughts, he would not, for it came back to him that he was a prisoner in a far land, and that his sight-seeing was being done through the bars of a dungeon window.

The window was large enough to pass his body through if it were not for those bars. He shook them and hung his weight upon them, but they were as thick as his thumb and firmly welded. Then, getting some strong hold for his other foot, he supported himself by one hand while he picked with his knife at the setting of the iron. It was cement, as smooth as glass and as hard as marble. His knife turned when he tried to loosen it. But there was still the stone. It was sandstone, not so very hard. If he could cut grooves in it, he might be able to draw out bars, cement, and all. He sprang down to the floor again, and was thinking how he should best set to work, when a groan drew his attention to his companion.

"You seem sick, friend," said he.

"Sick in mind," moaned the other. "Oh, the cursed fool that I have been! It maddens me!"

"Something on your mind?" said Amos Green, sitting down upon his billets of wood. "What was it, then?"

The guardsman made a movement of impatience. "What was it? How can you ask me, when you know as well as I do the wretched failure of my mission. It was the King's wish that the Archbishop should marry them. The King's wish is the law. It must be the Archbishop or none. He should have been at the palace by now. Ah, my God! I can see the King's cabinet, I can see him waiting, I can see madame waiting, I can hear them speak of the unhappy De Catinat—" He buried his face in his hands once more.

"I see all that," said the American, stolidly, "and I see something more."

"What, then?"

"I see the Archbishop tying them up together."

"The Archbishop! You are raving."

"Maybe. But I see him."

"He could not be at the palace."

"On the contrary, he reached the palace about half an hour ago."

De Catinat sprang to his feet. "At the palace!" he screamed. "Then who gave him the message?"

"I did," said Amos Green.

Chapter XVIII.

A night of surprises.

If the American had expected to surprise or delight his companion by this curt announcement he was wofully disappointed, for De Catinat approached him with a face which was full of sym-

pathy and trouble, and laid his hand caressingly upon his shoulder.

"My dear friend," said he, "I have been selfish and thoughtless. I have made too much of my own little troubles and too little of what you have gone through for me. That fall from your horse has shaken you more than you think. Lie down upon this straw, and see if a little sleep may not—"

"I tell you that the Bishop is there!" cried Amos Green, impatiently.

"Quite so. There is water in this jug, and if I dip my scarf into it and tie it round your brow—"

"Man alive! Don't you hear me! The Bishop is there."

"He is, he is," said De Catinat, soothingly. "He is most certainly there. I trust that you have no pain?"

The American raved in the air with his clinched fists. "You think that I'm crazed," he cried, "and, by the eternal, you are enough to make me so! When I say that I sent the Bishop, I mean that I saw to the job. You remember when I stepped back to your friend the Major?"

It was the soldier's turn to grow excited now. "Well?" he cried, gripping the other's arm.

"Well, when we send a scout into the woods, if the matter is worth it, we send a second one at another hour, and so one or other comes back with his hair on. That's the Iroquois fashion, and a good fashion too."

"My God! I believe that you have saved me!"

"You needn't grip onto my arm like a fish-eagle on a trout! I went back to the Major, then, and I asked him when he was in Paris to pass by the Archbishop's door."

"Well? Well?"

"I showed him this lump of chalk. 'If we've been there,' said I, 'you'll see a great cross on the left side of the doorpost. If there's no cross, then pull the latch and ask the Bishop if he'll come up to the palace as quick as his horses can bring him.' The Major started an hour after us; he would be in Paris by half past ten; the Bishop would be in his carriage by eleven, and he would reach Versailles half an hour ago, that is to say, about half past twelve. By the Lord, I think I've driven him off his head!"

It was no wonder that the young woodsman was alarmed at the effect of his own announcement. His slow and steady nature was incapable of the quick, violent variations of the fiery Frenchman. De Catinat, who had thrown off his bonds before he had lain down, spun round the cell now, waving his arms and his legs, with his shadow capering up the wall behind him, all distorted in the moonlight. Finally he threw himself into his comrade's arms with a torrent of thanks and ejaculations and praises and promises, patting him with his hands and hugging him to his breast.

"Oh, if I could but do something for you!" he exclaimed. "If I could do something for you!"

"You can, then. Lie down on that straw and go to sleep."

"And to think that I sneered at you! I! Oh, you have had your revenge!"

"For the Lord's sake, lie down and go to sleep!" By persuasions and a little pushing he got his delighted companion on to his couch again, and heaped the straw over him to serve as a blanket. De Catinat was wearied out by the excitements of the day, and this last great reaction seemed to have absorbed all his remaining strength. His lids drooped heavily over his eyes, his head sank deeper into the soft straw, and his last remembrance was that the tireless American was seated cross-legged in the moonlight, working furiously with his long knife upon one of the billets of wood.

So weary was the young guardsman that it was long past noon, and the sun was shining out of a cloudless blue sky, before he awoke. For a moment, enveloped as he was in straw, and with the rude arch of the dungeon meeting in four rough-hewn groinings above his head, he stared about him in bewilderment. Then in an instant the doings of the day before, his mission, the ambuscade, his imprisonment, all flashed back to him, and he sprang to his feet. His comrade, who had been dozing in the corner, jumped up also at the first movement, with his hand on his knife, and a sinister glance directed towards the door.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said he. "I thought it was the man."

"Has some one been in, then?"

"Yes; they brought those two loaves and a jug of water, just about dawn, when I was settling down for a rest."

"And did he say anything?"

"No: it was the little black one."

"Simon, they called him."

"The same. He laid the things down and was gone. I thought that maybe if he came again we might get him to stop."

"How, then?"

"Maybe if we got these stirrup leathers round his ankles he would not get them off quite as easy as we have done."

"And what then?"

"Well, he would tell us where we are, and what is to be done with us."

"Pshaw! what does it matter, since our mission is done?"

"It may not matter to you — there's no accounting for tastes—but it matters a good deal to me. I'm not used to sitting in a hole, like a bear in a trap, waiting for what other folks choose to do with me. It's new to me. I found Paris a pretty close sort of place, but it's a prairie compared to this. It don't suit a man of my habits, and I am going to come out of it."

"There's no help but patience, my friend."

"I don't know that. I'd get more help out of a bar and a few pegs." He opened his coat, and took out a short piece of rusted iron, and three short thick pieces of wood, sharpened at one end.

"Where did you get those, then?"

"These are my night's work. The bar is the top one of the grate. I had a job to loosen it, but there it is. The pegs I whittled out of that log."

"And what are they for?"

"Well, you see, peg number one goes in here, where I have picked a hole between the stones. Then I've made this other log into a mallet, and with two cracks there it is firm fixed, so that you can put your weight on it. Now these two go in the same way into the holes above here. So! Now, you see, you can stand up there and look out of that window without asking too much of your toe joint. Try it."

De Catinat sprang up and looked eagerly out between the bars.

"I do not know the place," said he, shaking his head. "It may be any one of thirty castles which lie upon the south side of Paris, and within six or seven leagues of it. Which can it be? And who has any interest in treating us so? I would that I could see a coat of arms, which might help us. Ah! there is one yonder in the centre of the mullion of the window. But I can scarce read it at the distance. I warrant that your eyes are better than mine, Amos, and that you can read what is on yonder escutcheon."

"On what?"

"On the stone slab in the centre window."

"Yes, I see it plain enough. It looks to me like three turkey-buzzards sitting on a barrel of molasses."

"Three allurions in chief over a tower proper, maybe. Those are the arms of the Provence De Hautevilles. But it cannot be that. They have no château within a hundred leagues. No, I cannot tell where we are."

He was dropping back to the floor, and put his weight upon the bar. To his amazement, it came away in his hand.

"Look, Amos, look!" he cried.

"Ah, you've found it out! Well, I did that during the night."

"And how? With your knife?"

"No; I could make no way with my knife; but when I got the bar out of the grate, I managed faster. I'll put this one back now, or some of those folk down below may notice that we have got it loose."

"Are they all loose?"

"Only the one at present, but we'll get the other two out during the night. You can take that bar out and work with it, while I use my own picker at the other. You see, the stone is soft, and by grinding it you soon make a groove, along which you can slip the bar. It will be mighty queer if we can't clear a road for ourselves before morning."

"Well, but even if we could get out into the court-yard, where could we turn to then?"

"One thing at a time, friend. You might as well stick at Kennebec because you could not see how you would cross the Penobscot. Anyway, there is more air in the yard than in here, and when the window is clear we shall soon plan out the rest."

The two comrades did not dare to do any work during the day, for fear they should be surprised by the jailer, or observed from without. No one came near them, but they ate their loaves and drank their water with the appetite of men who had often known what it was to be without even such simple food as that. The instant that night fell they were both up upon the pegs, grinding away at the hard stone and tugging at the bars. It was a

rainy night, and there was a sharp thunder-storm, but they could see very well, while the shadow of the arched window prevented their being seen. Before midnight they had loosened one bar, and the other was just beginning to give, when some slight noise made them turn their heads, and there was their jailer standing, open-mouthed, in the middle of the cell, staring up at them.

It was De Catinat who observed him first, and he sprang down at him in an instant with his bar; but at his movement the man rushed for the door, and drew it after him just as the American's tool whizzed past his ear and down the passage. As the door slammed, the two comrades looked at each other. The guardsman shrugged his shoulders and the other whistled.

"It is scarce worth while to go on," said De Catinat.

"We may as well be doing that as anything else. If my picker had been an inch lower I'd have had him. Well, maybe he'll get a stroke, or break his neck down those stairs. I've nothing to work with now, but a few rubs with your bar will finish the job. Ah dear! You are right, and we are fairly treed!"

A great bell had begun to ring in the château, and there was a loud buzz of voices and a clatter of feet upon the stones. Hoarse orders were shouted, and there was the sound of turning keys. All this coming suddenly in the midst of the stillness of the night showed only too certainly that the alarm had been given. Amos Green threw himself down in the straw, with his hands in his pockets, and De Catinat leaned sulkily against the wall, waiting for whatever might come to him. Five minutes passed, however, and yet another five minutes, without any one appearing. The hubbub in the court-yard continued, but there was no sound in the corridor which led to their cell.

"Well, I'll have that bar out, after all," said the American at last, rising and stepping over to the window. "Anyhow, we'll see what all this caterwauling is about." He climbed up on his pegs as he spoke, and peeped out.

"Come up!" he cried excitedly to his comrade. "They've got some other game going on here, and they are all a deal too busy to bother their heads about us."

De Catinat clambered up beside him, and the two stood staring down into the court-yard. A brazier had been lit at each corner, and the place was thronged with men, many of whom carried torches. The yellow glare played fitfully over the grim gray walls, flickering up sometimes until the highest turrets shone golden against the black sky, and then, as the wind caught them, dying away until they scarce threw a glow upon the cheek of their bearer. The main gate was open, and a carriage, which had apparently just driven in, was standing at a small door immediately in front of their window. The wheels and sides were brown with mud, and the two horses were reeking and heavy-headed, as though their journey had been both swift and long. A man wearing a plumed hat and enveloped in a riding-coat had stepped from the carriage, and then, turning round, had dragged a second person out after him. There was a scuffle, a cry, a push, and the two figures had vanished through the door. As it closed, the carriage drove away, the torches and braziers were extinguished, the main gate was closed once more, and all was as quiet as before this sudden interruption.

"Well!" gasped De Catinat. "Is this another king's messenger they've got?"

"There will be lodgings for two more here in a short time," said Amos Green. "If they only leave us alone, this cell won't hold us long."

"I wonder where that jailer has gone?"

"He may go where he likes, as long as he keeps away from here. Give me your bar again. This thing is giving. It won't take us long to have it out." He set to work furiously, trying to deepen the groove in the stone, through which he hoped to drag the staple. Suddenly he ceased, and strained his ears.

"By thunder!" said he, "there's some one working on the other side."

They both stood listening. There were the thud of hammers, the rasping of a saw, and the clatter of wood from the other side of the wall.

"What can they be doing?"

"I can't think."

"Can you see them?"

"They are too near the wall."

"I think I can manage," said De Catinat. "I am slighter than you." He pushed his head and neck and half of one shoulder through the gap between the bars, and there he remained until his

friend thought that perhaps he had stuck, and pulled at his legs to extricate him. He writhed back, however, without any difficulty.

"They are building something," he whispered.

"Building!"

"Yes. There are four of them, with a lantern."

"What can they be building, then?"

"It's a shed, I think. I can see four sockets in the ground, and they are fixing four uprights into them."

"Well, we can't get away as long as there are four men just under our window."

"Impossible."

"But we may as well finish our work, for all that."

The gentle scrapings of his iron were drowned amid the noise which swelled ever louder from without. The bar loosened at the end, and he drew it slowly towards him. At that instant, however, just as he was disengaging it, a round head appeared between him and the moonlight, a head with a great shock of tangled hair, and a woollen cap upon the top of it. So astonished was Amos Green at the sudden apparition that he let go his grip upon the bar, which, falling outwards, toppled over the edge of the window-sill.

"You great fool!" shrieked a voice from below, "are your fingers ever to be thumbs, then, that you should fumble your tools so? A thousand thunders of heaven! You have broken my shoulder."

"What is it, then?" cried the other. "My faith, Pierre, if your fingers went as fast as your tongue, you would be the first joiner in France."

"What is it, you ape! You have dropped your tool upon me."

"I! I have dropped nothing."

"Idiot! Would you have me believe that iron falls from the sky? I say that you have struck me, you foolish, clumsy-fingered lout."

"I have not struck you yet," cried the other, "but, by the Virgin, if I have more of this I will come down the ladder to you!"

"Silence, you good-for-naughts!" said a third voice, sternly. "If the work be not done by daybreak, there will be a heavy reckoning for somebody."

And again the steady hammering and sawing went forward. The head still passed and repassed, its owner walking apparently upon some platform which they had constructed beneath their window, but never giving a glance or a thought to the black square opening beside him. It was early morning, and the first cold light was beginning to steal over the court-yard, before the work was at last finished and the workmen had left. Then at last the prisoners dared to climb up and to see what it was which had been constructed during the night. It gave them a catch of the breath as they looked at it. It was a scaffold.

There it lay, the ill-omened platform of dark greasy boards newly fastened together, but evidently used often before for the same purpose. It was buttressed up against their wall, and extended a clear twenty feet out, with a broad wooden stair leading down from the further side. In the centre stood a headsman's block, all haggled at the top, and smeared with rust-colored stains.

"I think it is time that we left," said Amos Green.

"Our work is all in vain, Amos," said De Catinat, sadly. "Whatever our fate may be—and this looks ill enough—we can but submit to it like brave men."

"Tut, man; the window is clear! Let us make a rush for it."

"It is useless. I can see a line of armed men along the further side of the yard."

"A line! At this hour!"

"Yes; and here come more. See, at the centre gate! Now what in the name of heaven is this?"

As he spoke the door which faced them opened, and a singular procession filed out. First came two dozen footmen, walking in pairs, all carrying halberds, and clad in the same maroon-colored liveries. After them a huge bearded man, with his tunic off, and the sleeves of his coarse shirt rolled up over his elbows, strode along with a great axe over his left shoulder. Behind him, a priest with an open missal pattered forth prayers, and in his shadow was a woman, clad in black, her neck bared, and a black shawl cast over her head and drooping in front of her bowed face. Within grip of her walked a tall, thin, fierce-faced man, with harsh red features, and a great jutting nose. He wore a flat velvet cap with a single eagle feather fastened into it by a diamond clasp, which gleamed in the

morning light. But bright as was his gem, his dark eyes were brighter still, and sparkled from under his bushy brows with a mad brilliancy which bore with it something of menace and of terror. His limbs jerked as he walked, his features twisted, and he carried himself like a man who strives hard to hold himself in when his whole soul is aflame with exultation. Behind him again twelve more maroon-clad retainers brought up the rear of this singular procession.

The woman had faltered at the foot of the scaffold, but the man behind her had thrust her forward with such force that she stumbled over the lower step, and would have fallen had she not clutched at the arm of the priest. At the top of the ladder her eyes met the dreadful block, and she burst into a scream, and shrunk backwards. But again the man thrust her on, and two of the followers caught her by either wrist and dragged her forwards.

"Oh, Maurice! Maurice!" she screamed. "I am not fit to die! Oh, forgive me, Maurice, as you hope for forgiveness yourself! Maurice! Maurice!" She strove to get towards him, to clutch at his wrist, at his sleeve, but he stood with his hand on his sword, gazing at her with a face which was all wreathed and contorted with merriment. At the sight of that dreadful mocking face the prayers froze upon her lips. As well pray for mercy to the dropping stone or to the rushing stream. She turned away, and threw back the mantle which had shrouded her features.

"Ah, sire!" she cried. "Sire! If you could see me now!"

And at the cry and at the sight of that fair pale face, De Catinat, looking down from the window, was stricken as though by a dagger; for there standing beside the headsman's block was she who had been the most powerful, as well as the wittiest and the fairest, of the women of France—none other than Françoise de Montespan, so lately the favorite of the King.

Chapter XIX.

In the King's Cabinet.

On the night upon which such strange chances had befallen his messengers, the King sat alone in his cabinet. Over his head a perfumed lamp, held up by four little flying cupids of crystal, who dangled by golden chains from the painted ceiling, cast a brilliant light upon the chamber, which was flashed back twenty-fold by the mirrors upon the wall. The ebony and silver furniture, the dainty carpet of La Savonnière, the silks of Tours, the tapestries of the Gobelins, the gold-work and the delicate china-ware of Sèvres—the best of all that France could produce was centred between these four walls. Nothing had ever passed through that door which was not a masterpiece of its kind. And amid all this brilliance the master of it sat, his chin resting upon his hands, his elbows upon the table, with eyes which stared vacantly at the wall, a moody and a solemn man.

But though his dark eyes were fixed upon the wall, they saw nothing of it. They looked rather down the long vista of his own life, away to those early years when what we dream and what we do shade so mistily into one another. Was it a dream or was it a fact, those two men who used to stoop over his baby crib, the one with the dark coat and the star upon his breast, whom he had been taught to call father, and the other one with the long red gown and the little twinkling eyes? Even now, after more than forty years, that wicked, astute, powerful face flashed up, and he saw once more old Richelieu, the great unanointed King of France. And then that other Cardinal, the long lean one who had taken his pocket-money, and had grudged him his food, and had dressed him in old clothes. How well he could recall the day when Mazarin had rouged himself for the last time, and how the court had danced with joy at the news that he was no more! And his mother, too, how beautiful she was, and how masterful! Could he not remember how bravely she had borne herself during that war in which the power of the great nobles had been broken, and how she had at last lain down to die, imploring the priests not to stain her cap-strings with their holy oils! And then he thought of what he had done himself, how he had shorn down his great subjects until, instead of being like a tree among saplings, he had been alone, far above all others, with his shadow covering the whole land. Then there were his wars and his laws and his treaties. Under his care France had overflowed her frontiers both on the north and on the east, and yet had been so welded to-

gether internally that she had but one voice, with which she spoke through him. And then there was that line of beautiful faces which wavered up in front of him. There was Olympe de Mancini, whose Italian eyes had first taught him that there is a power which can rule over a king; her sister, too, Marie de Mancini; his wife, with her dark little sunbrowned face; Henrietta of England, whose death had first shown him the horrors which be in life; La Vallière, Montespan, Fontanges. Some were dead; some were in convents. Some who had been wicked and beautiful were now only wicked. And what had been the outcome of all this troubled, striving life of his? He was already at the outer verge of his middle years; he had lost his taste for the pleasures of his youth; gout and vertigo were ever at his foot and at his head to remind him that between them lay a kingdom which he could not hope to govern. And after all these years he had not won a single true friend, not one, in his family, in his court, in his country, save only this woman whom he was to wed that night. And she, how patient she was, how good, how lofty! With her he might hope to wipe off by the true glory of his remaining years all the sin and the folly of the past. Would that the Archbishop might come, that he might feel that she was indeed his, that he held her with hooks of steel which would bind them as long as life should last!

There came a tap at the door. He sprang up eagerly, thinking that the ecclesiastic might have arrived. It was, however, only his personal attendant, to say that Louvois would crave an interview. Close at his heels came the minister himself, high-nosed and heavy-chinned. Two leather bags were dangling from his hand.

"Sire," said he, when Bontems had retired, "I trust that I do not intrude upon you."

"No, no, Louvois. My thoughts were in truth beginning to be very indifferent company, and I am glad to be rid of them."

"Your Majesty's thoughts can never, I am sure, be anything but pleasant," said the courtier. "But I have brought you here something which I trust may make them even more so."

"Ah! What is that?"

"When so many of our young nobles went into Germany and Hungary, you were pleased in your wisdom to say that you would like well to see what reports they sent home to their friends; also what news was sent out from the court to them."

"Yes."

"I have them here—all that the courier has brought in, and all that are gathered to go out, each in its own bag. The wax has been softened in spirit, the fastenings have been steamed, and they are now open."

The King took out a handful of the letters and glanced at the addresses.

"I should indeed like to read the hearts of these people," said he. "Thus only can I tell the true thoughts of those who bow and simper before my face. I suppose," with a sudden flash of suspicion from his eyes, "that you have not yourself looked into these?"

"Oh, sire, I had rather die!"

"You swear it?"

"As I hope for salvation!"

"Hum! There is one among these which I see is from your own son."

Louvois changed color, and stammered as he looked at the envelope. "Your Majesty will find that he is as loyal out of your presence as in it, else he is no son of mine," said he.

"Then we shall begin with his. Ha! it is but ten lines long. 'Dearest Achille, how I long for you to come back! The court is as dull as a cloister now that you are gone. My ridiculous father still struts about like a turkey-cock, as if all his medals and crosses could cover the fact that he is but a head lackey, with no more real power than I have. He wheedles a good deal out of the King, but what he does with it I cannot imagine, for little comes my way. I still owe those ten thousand livres to the man in the Rue Orfévre. Unless I have some luck at lansquenet, I shall have to come out soon and join you.' Hem! I did you an injustice, Louvois. I see that you have not looked over these letters."

The minister had sat with a face which was the color of beet root, and eyes which projected from his head, while this epistle was being read. It was with relief that he came to the end of it, for at least there was nothing which compromised him seriously with the King; but every nerve in his great body tingled with rage as he thought of the way in which his young scapegrace had alluded to him.

"The viper!" he cried. "Oh, the foul snake in the grass! I will make him curse the day that he was born."

"Tut, tut, Louvois!" said the King. "You are a man who has seen much of life, and you should be a philosopher. Hot-headed youth says ever more than it means. Think no more of the matter. But what have we here? A letter from my dearest girl to her husband, the Prince of Conti. I would pick her writing out of a thousand. Ah, dear soul, she little thought that my eyes would see her artless prattle! Why should I read it, since I already know every thought of her innocent heart?" He unfolded the sheet of pink scented paper with a fond smile upon his face, but it faded away as his eyes glanced down the page, and he sprang to his feet with a snarl of anger, his hand over his heart and his eyes still glued to the paper. "Minx!" he cried, in a choking voice. "Impertinent, heartless minx! Louvois, you know what I have done for the princess. You know that she has been the apple of my eye. What have I ever grudged her? What have I ever denied her?"

"You have been goodness itself, sire," said Louvois, whose own wounds smarted less now that he saw his master writhing.

"Hear what she says of me: 'Old Father Grumpy is much as usual, save that he gives a little at the knees. You remember how we used to laugh at his airs and graces! Well, he has given up all that, and though he still struts about on great high heels, like a Landes peasant on his stilts, he has no brightness at all in his clothes. Of course all the court follow his example, so you can imagine what a nightmare place this is. Then this woman still keeps in favor, and her frocks are as dismal as Grumpy's coats; so when you come back we shall go into the country together, and you shall dress in red velvet, and I shall wear blue silk, and we shall have a little colored court of our own in spite of my majestic papa.'"

Louis sank his face in his hands.

"You hear how she speaks of me, Louvois."

"It is infamous, sire; infamous!"

"She calls me names—*me*, Louvois!"

"Atrocious, sire."

"And my knees! One would think that I was an old man!"

"Scandalous. But, sire, I would beg to say that it is a case in which your Majesty's philosophy may well soften your anger. Youth is ever hot-headed, and says more than it means. Think no more of the matter."

"You speak like a fool, Louvois. The child that I have loved turns upon me, and you ask me to think no more of it. Ah, it is one more lesson that a king can trust least of all those who have his own blood in their veins. What writing is this? Ah! it is the good Cardinal de Bouillon. One may not have faith in one's own kin, but this sainted man loves me, not only because I have placed him where he is, but because it is his nature to look up and to love those whom God has placed above him. I will read you his letter, Louvois, to show you that there is still such a thing as loyalty and gratitude in France. 'My dear Prince de la Roche-sur-Yon.' Ah, it is to him he writes. 'I promised when you left that I would let you know from time to time how things were going at court, as you consulted me about bringing your daughter up from Anjou, in the hope that she might catch the King's fancy.' What! What! Louvois! What villany is this? 'The Sultan goes from bad to worse. The Fontanges was at least the prettiest woman in France, though between ourselves there was just a shade too much of the red in her hair—an excellent color in a cardinal's gown, my dear Duke, but nothing brighter than chestnut is permissible in a lady. The Montespan, too, was a fine woman in her day, but fancy his picking up now with a widow who is older than himself, a woman, too, who does not even try to make herself attractive, but kneels at her prie-dieu or works at her tapestry from morning to night. They say that December and May make a bad match, but my own opinion is that two Novembers make an even worse one.' Louvois! Louvois! I can read no more! Have you a lettre de cachet?"

"There is one here, sire."

"For the Bastille?"

"No; for Vincennes."

"That will do very well. Fill it up, Louvois! Put this villain's name in it! Let him be arrested to-night, and taken there in his own calèche. The shameless, ungrateful, foul-mouthed villain! Why did you bring me these letters, Louvois? Oh, why did you yield to my foolish whim? My God, is there no truth, or honor, or loyalty in the world!" He

stamped his feet, and shook his clinched hands in the air in the frenzy of his anger and disappointment.

"Shall I, then, put back the others?" asked Louvois, eagerly. He had been on thorns since the King had begun to read them, not knowing what disclosures might come next.

"Put them back, but keep the bag."

"Both bags?"

"Ah! I had forgot the other one. Perhaps if I have hypocrites around me, I have at least some honest subjects at a distance. Let us take one haphazard. Who is this from? Ah! it is from the Duc de la Rochefoucauld. He has ever seemed to be a modest and dutiful young man. What has he to say? The Danube —Belgrade—the Grand Vizier— Ah!" He gave a cry as if he had been stabbed.

"What, then, sire?" The minister had taken a step forward, for he was frightened by the expression upon the King's face.

"Take them away, Louvois! Take them away!" he cried, pushing the pile of papers away from him. "I would that I had never seen them! I will look at them no more! He gibes even at my courage, I who was in the trenches when he was in his cradle! 'This war would not suit the King,' he says. 'For there are battles, and none of the nice little safe sieges which are so dear to him.' By God, he shall pay to me with his head for that jest! Ay, Louvois, it will be a dear gibe to him. But take them away. I have seen as much as I can bear."

The minister was thrusting them back into the bag when suddenly his eye caught the bold, clear writing of Madame de Maintenon upon one of the letters. Some demon whispered to him that here was a weapon which had been placed in his hands, with which he might strike one whose very name filled him with jealousy and hatred. Had she been guilty of some indiscretion in this note, then he might even now, at this last hour, turn the King's heart against her. He was an astute man, and in an instant he had seen his chance and grasped it.

"Ha!" said he, "it was hardly necessary to open this one."

"Which, Louvois? Whose is it?"

The minister pushed forward the letter, and Louis started as his eyes fell upon it.

"Madame's writing!" he gasped.

"Yes; it is to her nephew in Germany."

Louis took it in his hand. Then, with a sudden motion, he threw it down among the others, and then yet again his hand stole towards it. His face was gray and haggard, and beads of moisture had broken out upon his brow. If this too were to prove to be as the others! He was shaken to the soul at the very thought. Twice he tried to pluck it out, and twice his trembling fingers fumbled with the paper. Then he tossed it over to Louvois. "Read it to me," said he.

The minister opened the letter out and flattened it upon the table, with a malicious light dancing in his eyes, which might have cost him his position had the King but read it aright.

"'My dear nephew,'" he read, "'what you ask me in your last is absolutely impossible. I have never abused the King's favor so far as to ask for any profit for myself, and I should be equally sorry to solicit any advance for my relatives. No one would rejoice more than I to see you rise to be major in your regiment, but your valor and your loyalty must be the cause, and you must not hope to do it through any word of mine. To serve such a man as the King is its own reward, and I am sure that whether you remain a cornet or rise to some higher rank, you will be equally zealous in his cause. He is surrounded, unhappily, by many base parasites. Some of these are mere fools, like Lauzun; others are knaves, like the late Fouquet; and some seem to be both fools and knaves, like Louvois, the Minister of War.'" Here the reader choked with rage, and sat gurgling and drumming his fingers upon the table.

"Go on, Louvois, go on," said Louis, smiling up at the ceiling.

"'These are the clouds which surround the sun, my dear nephew; but the sun is, believe me, shining brightly behind them. For years I have known that noble nature as few others can know it, and I can tell you that his virtues are his own, but that if ever his glory is for an instant dimmed over, it is because his kindness of heart has allowed him to be swayed by those who are about him. We hope soon to see you back at Versailles, staggering under the weight of your laurels. Meanwhile accept my love and every wish for your speedy promotion, although it cannot be obtained in the way which you suggest.'"

"Ah," cried the King, his love shining

in his eyes, "how could I for an instant doubt her! And yet I had been so shaken by the others! Françoise is as true as steel. Was it not a beautiful letter, Louvois?"

"Madame is a very clever woman," said the minister, evasively.

"And such a reader of hearts! Has she not seen my character aright?"

"At least she has not read mine, sire."

There was a tap at the door, and Bontems peeped in. "The Archbishop has arrived, sire."

"Very well, Bontems. Ask madame to be so good as to step this way. And order the witnesses to assemble in the anteroom."

As the valet hastened away, Louis turned to his minister: "I wish you to be one of the witnesses, Louvois."

"To what, sire?"

"To my marriage."

The minister started. "What, sire! Already?"

"Now, Louvois; within five minutes."

"Very good, sire." The unhappy courtier strove hard to assume a more festive manner; but the night had been full of vexation to him, and to be condemned to assist in making this woman the King's wife was the most bitter drop of all.

"Put these letters away, Louvois. The last one has made up for all the rest. But these rascals shall smart for it, all the same. By-the-way, there is that young nephew to whom madame wrote. Gérard d'Aubigny is his name, is it not?"

"Yes, sire."

"Make him out a colonel's commission, and give him the next vacancy, Louvois."

"A colonel, sire! Why, he is not yet twenty."

"Ay, Louvois. Pray am I the chief of the army, or are you? Take care, Louvois! I have warned you once before. I tell you, man, that if I choose to promote one of my jack-boots to be the head of a brigade, you shall not hesitate to make out the papers. Now go into the anteroom, and wait with the other witnesses until you are wanted."

There had meanwhile been busy goings-on in the small room where the red lamp burned in front of the Virgin. Françoise de Maintenon stood in the centre, a little flush of excitement on her cheeks, and an unwonted light in her placid gray eyes. She was clad in a dress of shining white brocade, trimmed and slashed with silver serge, and fringed at the throat and arms with costly point-lace. Three women, grouped around her, rose and stooped and swayed, putting a touch here and a touch there, gathering in, looping up, and altering until all was to their taste.

"There!" said the head dressmaker, giving a final pat to a rosette of gray silk; "I think that will do, your Majes—that is to say, madame."

The lady smiled at the adroit slip of the courtier dressmaker.

"My tastes lean little towards dress," said she, "yet I would fain look as he would wish me to look."

"Ah, it is easy to dress madame. Madame has a figure. Madame has a carriage. What costume would not look well with such a neck and waist and arm to set it off? But, ah, madame, what are we to do when we have to make the figure as well as the dress? There was the Princess Charlotte Elizabeth. It was but yesterday that we cut her gown. She was short, madame, but thick. Ah, it is incredible how thick she was! She uses more cloth than madame, though she is two hand-breadths shorter. Ah, I am sure that the good God never meant people to be as thick as that. But then, of course, she is Bavarian, and not French."

But madame was paying little heed to the gossip of the dressmaker. Her eyes were fixed upon the statue in the corner, and her lips were moving in prayer—prayer that she might be worthy of this great destiny which had come so suddenly upon her, a poor governess; that she might walk straight among the pitfalls which surrounded her upon every side; that this night's work might bring a blessing upon France and upon the man whom she loved. There came a discreet tap at the door to break in upon her prayer.

"It is Bontems, madame," said Mademoiselle Nanon. "He says that the King is ready."

"Then we shall not keep him waiting. Come, mademoiselle, and may God shed His blessing upon what we are about to do!"

The little party assembled in the King's anteroom, and started from there to the private chapel. In front walked the portly Bishop, clad in a green vestment, puffed out with the importance of the function, his missal in his hand, and his fingers

between the pages at the service *de matrimoniis*. Beside him strode his almoner, and two little servitors of the court in crimson cassocks bearing lighted torches. The King and Madame de Maintenon walked side by side, she quiet and composed, with gentle bearing and downcast eyes, he with a flush on his dark cheeks, and a nervous furtive look in his eyes, like a man who knows that he is in the midst of one of the great crises of his life. Behind them, in solemn silence, followed a little group of chosen witnesses, the lean, silent Père La Chaise, Louvois scowling heavily at the bride, the Marquis de Charmarante, Bontems, and Mademoiselle Nanon.

The torches shed a strong yellow light upon this small band as they advanced slowly through the corridors and salons which led to the chapel, and they threw a garish glare upon the painted walls and ceilings, flashing back from gold-work and from mirror, but leaving long trailing shadows in the corners. The King glanced nervously at these black recesses, and at the portraits of his ancestors and relations which lined the walls. As he passed that of his late Queen, Maria Theresa, he started and gasped with horror.

"My God!" he whispered; "she frowned and spat at me!"

Madame laid her cool hand upon his wrist. "It is nothing, sire," she murmured, in her soothing voice. "It was but the light flickering over the picture."

Her words had their usual effect upon him. The startled look died away from his eyes, and taking her hand in his, he walked resolutely forwards. A minute later they were before the altar, and the words were being read which should bind them forever together. As they turned away again, her new ring blazing upon her finger, there was a buzz of congratulation around her. The King only said nothing, but he looked at her, and she had no wish that he should say more. She was still calm and pale, but the blood throbbed in her temples. "You are Queen of France, now," it seemed to be humming—"Queen, Queen, Queen!"

But a sudden shadow had fallen across her, and a low voice was in her ear. "Remember your promise to the Church," it whispered. She started, and turned to see the pale eager face of the Jesuit beside her.

"Your hand has turned cold, Françoise," said Louis. "Let us go, dearest. We have been too long in this dismal church."

Chapter XX.

THE TWO FRANÇOISES.

Madame de Montespan had retired to rest, easy in her mind, after receiving the message from her brother. She knew Louis as few others knew him, and she was well aware of that obstinacy in trifles which was one of his characteristics. If he had said that he would be married by the Archbishop, then the Archbishop it must be; to-night, at least, there should be no marriage. To-morrow was a new day, and if it should not shake the King's plans, then indeed she must have lost her wit as well as her beauty.

She dressed herself with care in the morning, putting on her powder, her little touch of rouge, her one patch near the dimple of her cheek, her loose robe of violet velvet, and her casconet of pearls with all the solicitude of a warrior who is bracing on his arms for a life and death contest. No news had come to her of the great event of the previous night, although the court already rang with it, for her haughtiness and her bitter tongue had left her without a friend or intimate. She rose, therefore, in the best of spirits, with her mind set on the one question as to how best she should gain an audience with the King.

She was still in her boudoir putting the last touches to her toilet when her page announced to her that the King was waiting in her salon. Madame de Montespan could hardly believe in such good fortune. She had racked her brain all morning as to how she should win her way to him, and here he was waiting for her. With a last glance at the mirror, she hastened to meet him.

He was standing with his back turned, looking up at one of Snyders's paintings, when she entered; but as she closed the door, he turned and took two steps towards her. She had run forward with a pretty little cry of joy, her white arms outstretched, and love shining on her face; but he put out his hand, gently and yet with decision, with a gesture which checked her approach. Her hands dropped to her side, her lip trembled, and she stood looking at him with her grief and her fears all speaking loudly from her eyes. There was a look upon his features which

she had never seen before, and already something was whispering at the back of her soul that to-day at least his spirit was stronger than her own.

"You are angry with me again," she cried.

He had come with every intention of beginning the interview by telling her bluntly of his marriage; but now, as he looked upon her beauty and her love, he felt that it would have been less brutal to strike her down at his feet. Let some one else tell her, then. She would know soon enough. Besides, there would be less chance then of a scene, which was a thing abhorrent to his soul. His task was, in any case, quite difficult enough. All this ran swiftly through his mind, and she as swiftly read it off in the brown eyes which gazed at her.

"You have something you came to say, and now you have not the heart to say it. God bless the kindly heart which checks the cruel tongue!"

"No, no, madame," said Louis; "I would not be cruel. I cannot forget that my life has been brightened and my court made brilliant during all these years by your wit and your beauty. But times change, madame, and I owe a duty to the world which overrides my own personal inclinations. For every reason I think that it is best that we should arrange in the way which we discussed the other day, and that you should withdraw yourself from the court."

"Withdraw, sire! For how long?"

"It must be a permanent withdrawal, madame."

She stood with clinched hands and a pale face staring at him.

"I need not say that I shall make your retirement a happy one as far as in me lies. Your allowance shall be fixed by yourself; a palace shall be erected for you in whatever part of France you may prefer, provided that it is twenty miles from Paris. An estate also—"

"Oh, sire, how can you think that such things as these would compensate me for the loss of your love?" Her heart had turned to lead within her breast. Had he spoken hotly and angrily she might have hoped to turn him as she had done before; but this gentle and yet firm bearing was new to him, and she felt that all her arts were vain against it. His coolness enraged her, and yet she strove to choke down her passion and to preserve the humble attitude which was least natural to her haughty and vehement spirit; but soon the effort became too much for her.

"Madame," said he, "I have thought well over this matter, and it must be as I say. There is no other way at all. Since we must part, the parting had best be short and sharp. Believe me, it is no pleasant matter for me either. I have ordered your brother to have his carriage at the postern at nine o'clock, for I thought that perhaps you would wish to retire after nightfall."

"To hide my shame from a laughing court! It was thoughtful of you, sire. And yet perhaps this too was a duty, since we hear so much of duties nowadays, for who was it but you—"

"I know, madame, I know. I confess it. I have wronged you deeply. Believe me that every atonement which is in my power shall be made. Nay, do not look so angrily at me, I beg. Let our last sight of each other be one which may leave a pleasant memory behind it."

"A pleasant memory!" All the gentleness and humility had fallen from her now, and her voice had the hard ring of contempt and of anger. "A pleasant memory! It may well be pleasant to you, who are released from the woman whom you ruined, who can turn now to another without any pale face to be seen within the salons of your court to remind you of your perfidy. But to me, pining in some lonely country house, spurned by my husband, despised by my family, the scorn and jest of France, far from all which gave a charm to life, far from the man for whose love I have sacrificed everything—this will be a very pleasant memory to me, you may be sure!"

The King's eyes had caught the angry gleam which shot from hers, and yet he strove hard to set a curb upon his temper. When such a matter had to be discussed between the proudest man and the haughtiest woman in all France, one or the other must yield a point. He felt that it was for him to do so, and yet it did not come kindly to his imperious nature.

"There is nothing to be gained, madame," said he, "by using words which are neither seemly for your tongue nor for my ears. You will do me the justice to confess that where I might command I am now entreating, and that instead of ordering you as my subject, I am persuading you as my friend."

"Oh, you show too much consideration, sire! Our relations of twenty years or so can scarce suffice to explain such forbearance from you. I should indeed be grateful that you have not set your archers of the guard upon me, or marched me from the palace between a file of your musketeers. Sire, how can I thank you for this forbearance?" She courtesied low, with her face set in a mocking smile.

"Your words are bitter, madame."

"My heart is bitter, sire."

"Nay, Françoise, be reasonable, I implore you. We have both left our youth behind."

"The allusion to my years comes gracefully from your lips."

"Ah, you distort my words. Then I shall say no more. You may not see me again, madame. Is there no question which you would wish to ask me before I go?"

"Good God!" she cried; "is this a man? Has it a heart? Are these the lips which have told me so often that he loved me? Are these the eyes which have looked so fondly into mine? Can you then thrust away a woman whose life has been yours as you put away the St. Germain Palace when a more showy one was ready for you? And this is the end of all those vows, those sweet whispers, those persuasions, those promises— This!"

"Nay, madame, this is painful to both of us."

"Pain! Where is the pain in your face? I see anger in it because I have dared to speak truth; I see joy in it because you feel that your vile task is done. But where is the pain? Ah, when I am gone all will be so easy to you—will it not? You can go back then to your governess—"

"Madame!"

"Ah, yes, you cannot frighten me! What do I care for all that you can do? But I know all. Do not think that I am blind. And so you would even have married her! You the descendant of St. Louis, and she the Scarron widow, the poor drudge whom in charity I took into my household! Ah, how your courtiers will smile! how the little poets will scribble! how the wits will whisper! You do not hear of these things, of course, but they are a little painful for your friends."

"My patience can bear no more," cried the King, furiously. "I leave you, madame, and forever."

But her fury had swept all fear and discretion from her mind. She stepped between the door and him, her face flushed, her eyes blazing, her face thrust a little forward, one small white satin slipper tapping upon the carpet.

"You are in haste, sire! Ah, she is waiting for you, doubtless."

"Let me past, madame."

"But it was a disappointment last night, was it not, my poor sire? Ah, and for the governess, what a blow! Great Heaven, what a blow! No Archbishop! No marriage! All the pretty plan gone wrong! Ah, was it not cruel?"

Louis gazed at the beautiful furious face in bewilderment, and it flashed across his mind that perhaps her grief had turned her brain. What else could be the meaning of this wild talk of the Archbishop and the disappointment? It would be unworthy of him to speak harshly to one who was so afflicted. He must soothe her, and, above all, he must get away from her.

"You have had the keeping of a good many of my family jewels," said he. "I beg that you will still retain them as a small sign of my regard."

He had hoped to please her and to calm her, but in an instant she was over at her treasure cupboard hurling double handfuls of precious stones down at his feet. They clinked and rattled, the little pellets of red and yellow and green, rolling, glinting over the floor and rapping up against the oak panels at the base of the walls.

"They will do for the governess if the Archbishop comes at last," she cried.

He was more convinced than ever that she had lost her wits. A thought struck him by which he might appeal to all that was softer and more gentle in her nature. He stepped swiftly to the door, pushed it half open, and gave a whispered order. A youth with long golden hair waving down over his black velvet doublet entered the room. It was her youngest son, the Count of Toulouse.

"I thought that you would wish to bid him farewell," said Louis.

She stood staring as though unable to realize the significance of his words. Then it was borne suddenly in upon her that her children as well as her lover were to be taken from her, that this other

woman should see them and speak with them and win their love while she was far away. All that was evil and bitter in the woman flushed suddenly up in her, until for the instant she was what the King had thought her. If her son was not for her, then he should be for none. A jewelled knife lay among her treasures, ready to her hand. She caught it up and rushed at the cowering lad. Louis screamed and ran forward to stop her; but another had been swifter than he. A woman had darted through the open door, and had caught the upraised wrist. There was a moment's struggle, two queenly figures swayed and strained, and the knife dropped between their feet. The frightened Louis caught it up, and seizing his little son by the wrist, he rushed from the apartment. Françoise de Montespan staggered back against the ottoman to find herself confronted by the steady eyes and set face of that other Françoise, the woman whose presence fell like a shadow at every turn of her life.

"I have saved you, madame, from doing that which you would have been the first to bewail."

"Saved me! It is you who have driven me to this!"

The fallen favorite leaned against the high back of the ottoman, her hands resting behind her upon the curve of the velvet. Her lids were half closed on her flashing eyes, and her lips just parted to show a gleam of her white teeth. Here was the true Françoise de Montespan, a feline creature crouching for a spring, very far from that humble and soft-spoken Françoise who had won the King back by her gentle words. Madame de Maintenon's hand had been cut in the struggle, and the blood was dripping down from the end of her fingers, but neither woman had time to spare a thought upon that. Her firm gray eyes were fixed upon her former rival as one fixes them upon some weak and treacherous creature who may be dominated by a stronger will.



"A WOMAN HAD DARTED THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR, AND HAD CAUGHT THE UPRAISED WRIST."

"Yes, it is you who have driven me to this—you, whom I picked up when you

were hard pressed for a crust of bread or a cup of sour wine. What had you? You had nothing—nothing except a name which was a laughing-stock. And what did I give you? I gave you everything. You know that I gave you everything. Money, position, the entrance to the court. You had them all from me. And now you mock me!"

"Madame, I do not mock you. I pity you from the bottom of my heart."

"Pity? Ha! ha! A Mortemart is pitied by the widow Scarron! Your pity may go where your gratitude is, and where your character is. We shall be troubled with it no longer then."

"Your words do not pain me."

"I can believe that you are not sensitive."

"Not when my conscience is at ease."

"Ah! it has not troubled you, then?"

"Not upon this point, madame."

"My God! How terrible must those other points have been!"

"I have never had an evil thought towards you."

"None towards me? Oh, woman, woman!"

"What have I done, then? The King came to my room to see the children taught. He staid. He talked. He asked my opinion on this and that. Could I be silent? or could I say other than what I thought?"

"You turned him against me!"

"I should be proud indeed if I thought that I had turned him to virtue."

"Ah! the word comes well from your lips."

"I would that I heard it upon yours."

"And so, by your own confession, you stole the King's love from me, most virtuous of widows!"

"I had all gratitude and kindly thought for you. You have, as you have so often reminded me, been my benefactress. It was not necessary for you to say it, for I had never for an instant forgotten it. Yet if the King has asked me what I thought, I will not deny to you that I have said that sin is sin, and that he would be a worthier man if he shook off the guilty bonds which held him."

"Or exchanged them for others."

"For those of duty."

"Pah! Your hypocrisy sickens me! If you pretend to be a nun, why are you not where the nuns are? You would have the best of two worlds—would you not?—have all that the court can give, and yet ape the manners of the cloister. Ah, but you need not do it with me! I know you as your inmost heart knows you. I was honest, and what I did, I did before the world. You, behind your priests and your directors and your prie-dieus and your missals—do you think that you deceive me, as you deceive others?"

Her antagonist's gray eyes sparkled for the first time, and she took a quick step forward, with one white hand half lifted in rebuke.

"You may speak as you will of me," said she. "To me it is no more than the foolish paroquet that chatters in your anteroom. But do not touch upon things which are sacred. Ah, if you would but raise your own thoughts to such things—if you would but turn them inwards, and see, before it is too late, how vile and foul is this life which you have led! What might you not have done? His soul was in your hands like clay for the potter. Ah, if you had raised him up, if you had led him on the higher path, if you had brought out all that was noble and good within him, how your name would have been loved and blessed, from the château to the cottage! But no; you dragged him down; you wasted his youth; you drew him from his wife; you marred his manhood. A crime in one so high begets a thousand others in those who look to him for an example; and all, all are upon your soul. Take heed, madame, for God's sake take heed ere it be too late! For all your beauty, there can be for you, as for me, a few short years of life. Then, when that brown hair is white, when that white cheek is sunken, when that bright eye is dimmed—ah, then God pity the sin-stained soul of Françoise de Montespan!"

Her rival had sunk her head for the moment before the solemn words and the beautiful eyes. For an instant she stood silent, cowed for the first time in all her life; but then the mocking, defiant spirit came back to her, and she glanced up with a curling lip.

"I am already provided with a spiritual director, thank you," said she. "Ah, madame, you must not think to throw dust in my eyes! I know you, and know you well!"

"On the contrary, you seem to know less than I had expected. If you know me so well, pray what am I?"

All her rival's bitterness and hatred

rang in the tones of her answer. "You are," said she, "the governess of my children, and the secret mistress of the King."

"You are mistaken," answered Madame de Maintenon, serenely. "I am the governess of your children, and I am the King's wife."

Chapter XXI.

THE MAN IN THE CALÈCHE.

Often had De Montespan feigned a faint in the days when she wished to disarm the anger of the King. So she had drawn his arms round her, and won the pity which is the twin sister of love. But now she knew what it was to have the senses struck out of her by a word. She could not doubt the truth of what she heard. There was that in her rival's face, in her steady eye, in her quiet voice, which carried absolute conviction with it. She stood stunned for an instant, panting, her outstretched hands feeling at the air, her defiant eyes dulling and glazing. Then, with a short sharp cry, the wail of one who has fought hard and yet knows that she can fight no more, her proud head drooped, and she fell forwards senseless at the feet of her rival.

Madame de Maintenon stooped and raised her up in her strong white arms. There was true grief and pity in her eyes as she looked down at the snow-pale face which lay against her bosom, all the bitterness and pride gone out of it, and nothing left save the tear which sparkled under the dark lashes, and the petulant droop of the lip, like that of a child which has wept itself to sleep. She laid her on the ottoman and placed a silken cushion under her head. Then she gathered together and put back into the open cupboard all the jewels which were scattered about the carpet. Having locked it, and placed the key on a table where its owner's eye would readily fall upon it, she struck a gong, which summoned the little black page.

"Your mistress is indisposed," said she. "Go and bring her maids to her." And so, having done all that lay with her to do, she turned away from the great silent room, where, amid the velvet and the gilding, her beautiful rival lay like a crushed flower, helpless and hopeless.

Helpless enough, for what could she do? and hopeless too, for how could fortune aid her? The instant that her senses had come back to her she had sent away her waiting-women, and lay with clinched hands and a drawn face planning out her own weary future. She must go; that was certain. Not merely because it was the King's order, but because only misery and mockery remained for her now in the palace where she had reigned supreme. It was true that she had held her position against the Queen before, but all her hatred could not blind her to the fact that her rival was a very different woman to poor meek little Maria Theresa. No; her spirit was broken at last. She must accept defeat, and she must go.

She rose from the couch, feeling that she had aged ten years in an hour. There was much to be done, and little time in which to do it. She had cast down her jewels when the King had spoken as though they would atone for the loss of his love; but now that the love was gone, there was no reason why the jewels should be lost too. If she had ceased to be the most powerful, she might still be the richest woman in France. There was her pension, of course. That would be a munificent one, for Louis was always generous. And then there was all the spoil which she had collected during these long years, the jewels, the pearls, the gold, the vases, the pictures, the crucifixes, the watches, the trinkets—together they represented many millions of livres. With her own hands she packed away the more precious and portable of them, while she arranged with her brother for the safekeeping of the others. All day she was at work in a mood of feverish energy, doing anything and everything which might distract her thoughts from her own defeat and her rival's victory. By evening all was ready, and she had arranged that her property should be sent after her to Petit Bourg, to which castle she intended to retire.

It wanted half an hour of the time fixed for her departure, when a young cavalier, whose face was strange to her, was ushered into her room.

He came with a message from her brother.

"Monsieur de Vivonne regrets, madame, that the rumor of your departure has got abroad among the court."

"What do I care for that, monsieur?" she retorted, with all her old spirit.

"He says, madame, that the courtiers may assemble at the west gate to see you

go; that Madame de Neuilly will be there, and the Duchesse de Chambord, and Mademoiselle de Rohan, and—"

The lady shrunk with horror at the thought of such an ordeal. To drive away from the palace, where she had been more than queen, under the scornful eyes and bitter gibes of so many personal enemies! After all the humiliations of the day, that would be the crowning cup of sorrow. Her nerve was broken. She could not face it.

"Tell my brother, monsieur, that I should be much obliged if he would make fresh arrangements, by which my departure might be private."

"He bade me say that he had done so, madame."

"Ah! at what hour, then?"

"Now. As soon as possible."

"I am ready. At the west gate, then?"

"No; at the east. The carriage waits."

"And where is my brother?"

"We are to pick him up at the park gate."

"And why that?"

"Because he is watched; and were he seen beside the carriage, all would be known."

"Very good. Then, monsieur, if you will take my cloak and this casket we may start at once."

They made their way by a circuitous route through the less-used corridors, she hurrying on like a guilty creature, a hood drawn over her face, and her heart in a flutter at every stray footfall. But fortune stood her friend. She met no one, and soon found herself at the eastern postern-gate. A couple of phlegmatic Swiss guardsmen leaned upon their muskets upon either side, and the lamp above shone upon the carriage which awaited her. The door was open, and a tall cavalier swathed in a black cloak handed her into it. He then took the seat opposite to her, slammed the door, and the calèche rattled away down the main drive.

It had not surprised her that this man should join her inside the coach, for it was usual to have a guard there, and he was doubtless taking the place which her brother would afterwards occupy. That was all natural enough. But when ten minutes passed by, and he had neither moved nor spoken, she peered at him through the gloom with some curiosity. In the glance which she had of him, as he handed her in, she had seen that he was dressed like a gentleman, and there was that in his bow and wave as he did it which told her experienced senses that he was a man of courtly manners. But courtiers, as she had known them, were gallant and garrulous, and this man was so very quiet and still. Again she strained her eyes through the gloom. His hat was pulled down and his cloak was still drawn across his mouth, but from out of the shadow she seemed to get a glimpse of two eyes which peered at her even as she did at him.

At last the silence impressed her with a vague uneasiness. It was time to bring it to an end.

"Surely, monsieur, we have passed the park gate where we were to pick up my brother."

Her companion neither answered nor moved. She thought that perhaps the rumble of the heavy calèche had drowned her voice.

"I say, monsieur," she repeated, leaning forwards, "that we have passed the place where we were to meet Monsieur de Vivonne."

He took no notice.

"Monsieur," she cried, "I again remark that we have passed the gates."

There was no answer.

A thrill ran through her nerves. Who or what could he be, this silent man? Then suddenly it struck her that he might be dumb.

"Perhaps monsieur is afflicted," she said. "Perhaps monsieur cannot speak. If that be the cause of your silence, will you raise your hand, and I shall understand." He sat rigid and silent.

Then a sudden mad fear came upon her, shut up in the dark with this dreadful voiceless thing. She screamed in her terror, and strove to pull down the window and open the door. But a grip of steel closed suddenly round her wrist and forced her back into her seat. And yet the man's body had not moved, and there was no sound save the lurching and rasping of the carriage and the clatter of the flying horses. They were already out on the country roads far beyond Versailles. It was darker than before, heavy clouds had banked over the heavens, and the rumbling of thunder was heard low down on the horizon.

The lady lay back panting upon the leather cushions of the carriage. She was a brave woman, and yet this sudden

strange horror coming upon her at the moment when she was weakest had shaken her to the soul. She crouched in the corner, staring across with eyes which were dilated with terror at the figure on the other side. If he would but say something. Any revelation, any menace, was better than this silence. It was so dark now that she could hardly see his vague outline, and every instant, as the storm gathered, it became still darker. The wind was blowing in little short angry puffs, and still there was that far-off rattle and rumble. Again the strain of the silence was unbearable. She must break it at any cost.

"Sir," said she, "there is some mistake here. I do not know by what right you prevent me from pulling down the window and giving my directions to the coachman."

He said nothing.

"I repeat, sir, that there is some mistake. This is the carriage of my brother, Monsieur de Vivonne, and he is not a man who will allow his sister to be treated uncourteously."

A few heavy drops of rain splashed against one window. The clouds were lower and denser. She had quite lost sight of that motionless figure, but it was all the more terrible to her now that it was unseen. She screamed with sheer terror, but her scream availed no more than her words.

"Sir," she cried, clutching forward with her hands and grasping his sleeve, "you frighten me. You terrify me. I have never harmed you. Why should you wish to hurt an unfortunate woman? Oh, speak to me; for God's sake, speak!"

Still the patter of rain upon the window, and no other sound save her own sharp breathing.

"Perhaps you do not know who I am!" she continued, endeavoring to assume her usual tone of command, and talking now to an absolute and impenetrable darkness. "You may learn when it is too late that you have chosen the wrong person for this pleasantry. I am the Marquise de Montespan, and I am not one who forgets a slight. If you know anything of the court, you must know that my word has some weight with the King. You may carry me away in this carriage, but I am not a person who can disappear without speedy inquiry, and speedy vengeance if I have been wronged. If you would— Oh, Jesus! Have mercy!"

A livid flash of lightning had burst from the heart of the cloud, and, for an instant, the whole country-side and the interior of the calèche were as light as day. The man's face was within a hand's-breadth of her own, his mouth wide open, his eyes mere shining slits, convulsed with silent merriment. Every detail flashed out clear in that vivid light—his red quivering tongue, the lighter pink beneath it, the broad white teeth, the short brown beard cut into a peak and bristling forward.

But it was not the sudden flash, it was not the laughing, cruel face, which shot an ice-cold shudder through Françoise de Montespan. It was that, of all men upon earth, this was he whom she most dreaded, and whom she had least thought to see.

"Maurice!" she screamed. "Maurice! it is you!"

"Yes, little wifie, it is I. We are restored to each other's arms, you see, after this interval."

"Oh, Maurice, how you have frightened me! How could you be so cruel? Why would you not speak to me?"

"Because it was so sweet to sit in silence and to think that I really had you to myself after all these years, with none to come between. Ah, little wifie, I have often longed for this hour."

"I have wronged you, Maurice; I have wronged you! Forgive me!"

"We do not forgive in our family, my darling Françoise. Ah, is it not like old days to find ourselves driving together? And in this carriage, too. It is the very one which bore us back from the cathedral where you made your vows so prettily. I sat as I sit now, and you sat there, and I took your hand like this, and I pressed it, and—"

"Oh, villain, you have twisted my wrist! You have broken my arm!"

"Oh, surely not, my little wifie! And then you remember that, as you told me how truly you would love me, I leaned forward to your lips, and—"

"Oh, help! Brute, you have cut my mouth! You have struck me with your ring."

"Struck you! Now who would have thought that spring day when we planned out our futures, that this also was in the future waiting for me and you? And this! and this!"



"'MAURICE!' SHE SCREAMED. 'MAURICE! IT IS YOU!'"

upon the abject misery of the woman who had wronged him.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked at last.

"To Portillac, my little wifie."

"And why there? What would you do to me?"

"I would silence that little lying tongue forever. It shall deceive no more men."

"You would murder me?"

"If you call it that."

"You have a stone for a heart."

"It is true. My other was given to a woman."

"Oh, my sins are indeed punished."

"Rest assured that they will be."

He struck savagely at her face in the darkness. She threw herself down, her head pressed against the cushions. With the strength and fury of a maniac he showered his blows above her, thudding upon the leather or crashing upon the wood-work, heedless of his own splintered hands.

"So I have silenced you," said he at last. "I have stopped your words with my kisses before now. But the world goes on, Françoise, and times change, and women grow false, and men grow stern."

"You may kill me if you will," she moaned.

"I will," said he, simply.

Still the carriage flew along, jolting and staggering in the deeply rutted country roads. The storm had passed, but the growl of the thunder and the far-off glint of a lightning-flash were to be heard and seen on the other side of the heavens. The moon shone out with its clear cold light, silvering the broad, hedgeless, poplar-fringed plains, and shining through the window of the carriage upon the crouching figure and her terrible companion. He leaned back now, his arms folded upon his chest, his eyes gloating

"Can I do nothing to atone?"

"I will see that you atone."

"You have a sword by your side, Maurice. Why do you not kill me, then, if you are so bitter against me? Why do you not pass it through my heart?"

"Rest assured that I would have done so had I not an excellent reason."

"Why, then?"

"I will tell you. At Portillac I have the right of the high justice, the middle, and the low. I am seigneur there, and can try, condemn, and execute. It is my lawful privilege. This pitiful King will not even know how to avenge you, for the right is mine, and he cannot gainsay it without making an enemy of every seigneur in France."

He opened his mouth again and laughed at his own device, while she, shivering in every limb, turned away from his cruel face and glowing eyes, and buried her face in her hands. Once more she prayed God to forgive her for her poor sinful life. So they whirled through the night behind the clattering horses, the husband and the wife, saying nothing, but with hatred and fear raging in their hearts, until a brazier fire shone down

upon them from the angle of a keep, and the shadow of the huge pile loomed vaguely up in front of them in the darkness. It was the Castle of Portillac.

Chapter XXII.

THE SCAFFOLD OF PORTILLAC.

And thus it was that Amory de Catinat and Amos Green saw from their dungeon window the midnight carriage which discharged its prisoner before their eyes. Hence, too, came that ominous planking and that strange procession in the early morning. And thus it also happened that they found themselves looking down upon Françoise de Montespan as she was led to her death, and that they heard that last piteous cry for aid at the instant when the heavy hand of the ruffian with the axe fell upon her shoulder, and she was forced down upon her knees beside the block. She shrank screaming from the dreadful red-stained, greasy billet of wood, but the butcher heaved up his weapon, and the seigneur had taken a step forward with hand outstretched to seize the long auburn hair and to drag the dainty head down with it, when suddenly he was struck motionless with astonishment, and stood with his foot advanced and his hand still out, his mouth half open, and his eyes fixed in front of him.

And, indeed, what he had seen was enough to fill any man with amazement. Out of the small square window which faced him a man had suddenly shot headforemost, pitching on to his outstretched hands and then bounding to his feet. Within a foot of his heels came the head of a second one, who fell more heavily than the first, and yet recovered himself as quickly. The one wore the blue coat and silver facings of the King's guard; the second had the dark coat and clean-shaven face of a man of peace; but each carried a short rusty iron bar in his hand. Not a word did either of them say, but the soldier took two quick steps forward and struck at the headsman while he was still poising himself for a blow at the victim. There was a thud, with a crackle like a breaking egg, and the bar flew into pieces. The headsman gave a dreadful cry, dropped his axe, clapped his two hands to his head, and running zigzag across the scaffold, fell over, a dead man, into the court-yard beneath.

Quick as a flash De Catinat had caught up the axe, and faced De Montespan with the heavy weapon slung over his shoulder and a challenge in his eyes.

"Now!" said he.

The seigneur had for the instant been too astounded to speak. Now he understood at least that these strangers had come between him and his prey.

"Seize these men!" he shrieked, turning to his followers.

"One moment!" cried De Catinat, with a voice and manner which commanded attention. "You see by my coat what I am. I am the body-servant of the King. Who touches me touches him. Have a care to yourselves. It is a dangerous game!"

"On, you cowards!" roared De Montespan.

But the men-at-arms hesitated, for the fear of the King was as a great shadow which hung over all France. De Catinat saw their indecision, and he followed up his advantage.

"This woman," he cried, "is the King's own favorite, and if any harm come to a lock of her hair, I tell you that there is not a living soul within this portalice who will not die a death of torture. Fools, will you gasp out your lives upon the rack, or writhe in boiling oil, at the bidding of this madman?"

"Who are these men, Marceau?" cried the seigneur, furiously.

"They are prisoners, your Excellency."

"Prisoners! Whose prisoners?"

"Yours, your Excellency."

"Who ordered you to detain them?"

"You did. The escort brought your signet-ring."

"I never saw the men. There is devilry in this. But they shall not beard me in my own castle, nor stand between me and my own wife. No, *par dieu!* they shall not and live! You men, Marceau, Étienne, Gilbert, Jean, Pierre, all you who have eaten my bread, on to them, I say!"

He glanced round with furious eyes, but they fell only upon hung heads and averted faces. With a hideous curse he flashed out his sword and rushed at his wife, who still knelt half insensible beside the block. De Catinat sprang between them to protect her; but Marceau, the bearded seneschal, had already seized

his master round the waist. With the strength of a maniac, his teeth clinched and the foam churning from the corners of his lips, De Montespan writhed round in the man's grasp, and shortening his sword, he thrust it through the brown beard and deep into the throat behind it. Marceau fell back with a choking cry, the blood bubbling from his mouth and his wound; but before his murderer could disengage his weapon, De Catinat and the American, aided by a dozen of the retainers, had dragged him down on to the scaffold, and Amos Green had pinioned him so securely that he could but move his eyes and his lips, with which he lay glaring and spitting at them. So savage were his own followers against him—for Marceau was well loved amongst them—that, with axe and block so ready, justice might very swiftly have had her way, had not a long clear bugle call, rising and falling in a thousand little twirls and flourishes, clanged out suddenly in the still morning air. De Catinat pricked up his ears at the sound of it like a hound at the huntsman's call.

"Did you hear, Amos?"

"It was a trumpet."

"It was the guards' bugle call. You, there, hasten to the gate! Throw up the portcullis and drop the drawbridge! Stir yourselves, or even now you may suffer for your master's sins! It has been a narrow escape, Amos."

"You may say so, friend. I saw him put out his hand to her hair, even as you sprang from the window. Another instant and he would have had her scalped. But she is a fair woman, the fairest that ever my eyes rested upon, and it is not fit that she should kneel here upon these boards." He dragged her husband's long black cloak from him, and made a pillow for the senseless woman with a tenderness and delicacy which came strangely from a man of his build and bearing.

He was still stooping over her when there came the clang of the falling bridge, and an instant later the clatter of the hoofs of a troop of cavalry, who swept with wave of plumes, toss of manes, and jingle of steel into the court-yard. At the head was a tall horseman in the full dress of the guards, with a curling feather in his hat, high buff gloves, and his sword gleaming in the sunlight. He cantered forward towards the scaffold, his keen dark eyes taking in every detail of the group which awaited him there. De Catinat's face brightened at the sight of him, and he was down in an instant beside his stirrup.

"De Brissac!" he cried.

"De Catinat! Now where in the name of wonder did you come from?"

"I have been a prisoner. Tell me, De Brissac, did you leave the message in Paris?"

"Certainly I did."

"And the Archbishop came?"

"He did."

"And the marriage?"

"Took place as arranged. That is why this poor woman whom I see yonder has had to leave the palace."

"I thought as much."

"I trust that no harm has come to her?"

"My friend and I were just in time to save her. Her husband lies there. He is a fiend, De Brissac!"

"Very likely; but an angel might have grown bitter had he had the same treatment."

"We have him pinioned here. He has slain a man, and I have slain another."

"On my word, you have been busy."

"How did you know that we were here?"

"Nay, that is an unexpected pleasure."

"You did not come for us, then?"

"No; we came for the lady."

"And how did this fellow get hold of her?"

"Her brother was to have taken her in his carriage. Her husband learned it, and by a lying message he coaxed her into his own, which was at another door. When De Vivonne found that she did not come, and that her rooms were empty, he made inquiries, and soon learned how she had gone. De Montespan's arms had been seen on the panel, and so the King sent me here with my troop as fast as we could gallop."

"Ah, and you would have come too late had a strange chance not brought us here. I know not who it was who waylaid us, for this man seemed to know nothing of the matter. However, all that will be clearer afterwards. What is to be done now?"

"I have my own orders. Madame is to be sent to Petit Bourg, and any who are concerned in offering her violence are to be kept until the King's pleasure is known. The castle, too, must be held for

the King. But you, De Catinat, you have nothing to do now?"

"Nothing, save that I would like well to ride into Paris to see that all is right with my uncle and his daughter."

"Ah, that sweet little cousin of thine! By my soul, I do not wonder that the folk know you well in the Rue St. Martin. Well, I have carried a message for you once, and you shall do as much for me now."

"With all my heart. And whither?"

"To Versailles. The King will be on fire to know how we have fared. You have the best right to tell him, since without you and your friend yonder it would have been but a sorry tale."

"I will be there in two hours."

"Have you horses?"

"Ours were shot."

"You will find some in the stables here. Pick the best, since you have lost your own in the King's service."

The advice was too good to be overlooked. De Catinat, beckoning to Amos Green, hurried away with him to the stables, while De Brissac, with a few short sharp orders, disarmed the retainers, stationed his guardsmen all over the castle, and arranged for the removal of the lady and for the custody of her husband. An hour later the two friends were riding swiftly down the country road, inhaling the sweet air, which seemed the fresher for their late experience of the dank foul vapors of their dungeon. Far behind them a little dark pinnacle jutting over a grove of trees marked the château which they had left, while on the extreme horizon to the west there came a quick shimmer and sparkle where the level rays of the early sun gleamed upon the magnificent palace which was their goal.

Chapter XXIII.

THE FALL OF THE CATINATS.

Two days after Madame de Maintenon's marriage to the King there was held within the humble walls of her little room a meeting which was destined to cause untold misery to many hundreds of thousands of people, and yet, in the wisdom of Providence, to be an instrument in carrying French arts and French ingenuity and French sprightliness among those heavier Teutonic peoples who have been the stronger and the better ever since for the leaven which they then received. For in history great evils have sometimes arisen from a virtue, and most beneficent results have often followed hard upon a crime.

The time had come when the Church was to claim her promise from madame, and her pale cheek and sad eyes showed how vain it had been for her to try and drown the pleadings of her tender heart by the arguments of the bigots around her. She knew the Huguenots of France. Who could know them better, seeing that she was herself from their stock, and had been brought up in their faith? She knew their patience, their nobility, their independence, their tenacity. What chance was there that they would conform to the King's wish? A few great nobles might, but the others would laugh at the galleys, the jail, or even the gallows when the faith of their fathers was at stake. If their creed were no longer tolerated, then, and if they remained true to it, they must either fly from the country or spend a living death tugging at an oar or working in a chain-gang upon the roads. It was a dreadful alternative to present to a people who were so numerous that they made a small nation in themselves. And most dreadful of all that she who was of their own blood should cast her voice against them. And yet her promise had been given, and now the time had come when it must be redeemed.

The eloquent Bishop Bossuet was there, with Louvois, the Minister of War, and the thin pale Jesuit, Father La Chaise, each piling argument upon argument to overcome the reluctance of the King. Beside them stood another priest, so thin and so pale that he might have risen from his bed of death, but with a fierce light burning in his large dark eyes, and with a terrible resolution in his drawn brows and in the set of his grim, lanky jaw. Madame bent over her tapestry and weaved her colored silks in silence, while the King leaned upon his hand and listened with the face of a man who knows that he is driven, and yet can hardly turn against the goads. On the low table lay a paper, with pen and ink beside it. It was the order for the revocation, and it only needed the King's signature to make it the law of the land.

"And so, father, you are of opinion that if I stamp out heresy in this fashion

I shall assure my own salvation in the next world?" he asked.

"You will have merited a reward."

"And you think so too, Monsieur Bishop?"

"Assuredly, sire."

"And you, Abbé du Chayla?"

The emaciated priest spoke for the first time, a tinge of color creeping into his corpselike cheeks, and a more lurid light in his deep-set eyes.

"I know not about assuring your salvation, sire. I think it would take very much more to do that. But there cannot be a doubt as to your damnation if you do not do it."

The King started angrily, and frowned at the speaker.

"Your words are somewhat more curt than I am accustomed to," he remarked.

"In such a matter it were cruel indeed to leave you in doubt. I say again that your soul's fate hangs upon the balance. Heresy is a mortal sin. Thousands of heretics would turn to the Church if you did but give the word. Therefore these thousands of mortal sins are all upon your soul. What hope for it, then, if you do not amend?"

"My father and my grandfather tolerated them."

"Then, without some special extension of the grace of God, your father and your grandfather are burning in hell."

"Insolent!" The King sprang from his seat.

"Sire, I will say what I hold to be the truth were you fifty times a king. What care I for any man when I know that I speak for the King of kings? See; are these the limbs of one who would shrink from testifying to truth?" With a sudden movement he threw back the long sleeves of his gown and shot out his white fleshless arms. The bones were all knotted and bent and screwed into the most fantastic shapes. Even Louvois, the hardened man of the court, and La Chaise, the sombre priest, shuddered at the sight of those dreadful limbs. He raised them above his head and turned his burning eyes upwards.

"Heaven has chosen me to testify for the faith before now," said he. "I heard that blood was wanted to nourish the young church of Siam, and so to Siam I journeyed. They tore me open; they crucified me; they wrenched and split my bones. I was left as a dead man, yet God has breathed the breath of life back into me that I may help in this great work of the regeneration of France."

"Your sufferings, father," said Louis, resuming his seat, "give you every claim, both upon the Church and upon me, who am its special champion and protector. What would you counsel, then, father, in the case of those Huguenots who refuse to change?"

"They would change," cried Du Chayla, with a drawn smile upon his ghastly face. "They must bend or they must break. What matter if they be ground to powder, if we can but build up a complete Church in the land?" His deep-set eyes glowed with ferocity, and he shook one bony hand in savage wrath above his head.

"The cruelty with which you have been used, then, has not taught you to be more tender to others."

"Tender! To heretics! No, sire, my own pains have taught me that the world and the flesh are as nothing, and that the truest charity to another is to capture his soul at all risks to his vile body. I should have these Huguenot souls, sire, though I turned France into a shambles to gain them."

Louis was evidently deeply impressed by the fearless words and the wild earnestness of the speaker. He leaned his head upon his hand for a little time, and remained sunk in the deepest thought.

"Besides, sire," said Père La Chaise, softly, "there would be little need for these stronger measures of which the good abbé speaks. As I have already remarked to you, you are so beloved in your kingdom that the mere assurance that you had expressed your will upon the subject would be enough to turn them all to the true faith."

"I wish that I could think so, father, I wish that I could think so. But what is this?"

It was his valet who had half opened the door.

"Captain de Catinat is here, who desires to see you at once, sire."

"Ask the captain to enter. Ah!" A happy thought seemed to have struck him. "We shall see what love for me will do in such a matter, for if it is anywhere to be found it must be among my own body-servants."

The guardsman had arrived that instant from his long ride, and leaving

Amos Green with the horses, he had come on at once, all dusty and travel-stained, to carry his message to the King. He entered now, and stood with the quiet ease of a man who is used to such scenes, his hand raised in a salute.

"What news, captain?"

"Major de Brissac bade me tell you, sire, that he held the Castle of Portillac, that the lady is safe, and that her husband is a prisoner."

Louis and his wife exchanged a quick glance of relief.

"That is well," said he. "By-the-way, Captain, you have served me in many ways of late, and always with success. I hear, Louvois, that De la Salle is dead of the small-pox."

"He died yesterday, sire."

"Then I desire that you make out the vacant commission of major to Monsieur de Catinat. Let me be the first to congratulate you, Major, upon your promotion, though you will need to exchange the blue coat for the pearl and gray of the mousquetaires. We cannot spare you from the household, you see."

De Catinat kissed the hand which the monarch held out to him.

"May I be worthy of your kindness, sire!"

"You would do what you could to serve me, would you not?"

"My life is yours, sire."

"Very good. Then I shall put your fidelity to the proof."

"I am ready for any proof."

"It is not a very severe one. You see this paper upon the table. It is an order that all the Huguenots in my dominions shall give up their errors, under pain of banishment or captivity. Now I have hopes that there are many of my faithful subjects who are at fault in this matter, but who will abjure it when they learn that it is my clearly expressed wish that they should do so. It would be a great joy to me to find that it was so, for it would be a pain to me to use force against any man who bears the name of Frenchman. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, sire." The young man had turned deadly pale, and he shifted his feet, and opened and clasped his hands. He had faced death a dozen times and under many different forms, but never had he felt such a sinking of the heart as came over him now.

"You are yourself a Huguenot, I understand. I would gladly have you, then, as the first fruit of this great measure. Let us hear from your own lips that you, for one, are ready to follow the lead of your King in this as in other things."

The young guardsman still hesitated, though his doubts were rather as to how he should frame his reply than as to what its substance should be. He felt that in an instant Fortune had wiped out all the good turns which she had done him during his past life, and that now, far from being in her debt, he held a heavy score against her. The King arched his eyebrows and drummed his fingers impatiently as he glanced at the downcast face and dejected bearing.

"Why all this thought?" he cried. "You are a man whom I have raised and whom I will raise. He who has a major's epaulets at thirty may carry a marshal's bâton at fifty. Your past is mine, and your future shall be no less so. What other hopes have you?"

"I have none, sire, outside your service."

"Why this silence, then? Why do you not give the assurance which I demand?"

"I cannot do it, sire."

"You cannot do it!"

"It is impossible. I should have no more peace in my mind, or respect for myself, if I knew that for the sake of position or wealth I had given up the faith of my fathers."

"Man, you are surely mad! There is all that a man could covet upon one side, and what is there upon the other?"

"There is my honor."

"And is it, then, a dishonor to embrace my religion?"

"It would be a dishonor to me to embrace it for the sake of gain without believing in it."

"Then believe it."

"Alas, sire, a man cannot force himself to believe. Belief is a thing which must come to him, not he to it."

"On my word, father," said Louis, glancing with a bitter smile at his Jesuit confessor, "I shall have to pick the cadets of the household from your seminary, since my officers have turned casuists and theologians. So, for the last time, you refuse to obey my request?"

"Oh, sire—" De Catinat took a step forward with outstretched hands and tears in his eyes.

But the King checked him with a gesture. "I desire no protestations," said he. "I judge a man by his acts. Do you abjure or not?"

"I cannot, sire."

"You see," said Louis, turning again to the Jesuit, "it will not be as easy as you think."

"This man is obstinate, it is true, but many others will be more yielding."

The King shook his head. "I would that I knew what to do," said he. "Madame, I know that you, at least, will ever give me the best advice. You have heard all that has been said. What do you recommend?"

She kept her eyes still fixed upon her tapestry, but her voice was firm and clear as she answered:

"You have yourself said that you are the eldest son of the Church. If the eldest son desert her, then who will do her bidding? And there is truth, too, in what the holy abbé has said. You may imperil your own soul by condoning this sin of heresy. It grows and flourishes, and if it be not rooted out now, it may choke the truth as weeds and briers choke the wheat."

"There are districts in France now," said Bossuet, "where a church is not to be seen in a day's journey, and where all the folk, from the nobles to the peasants, are of the same accursed faith. So it is in the Cévennes, where the people are as fierce and rugged as their own mountains. Heaven guard the priests who have to bring them back from their errors!"

"Whom should I send on so perilous a task?" asked Louis.

The Abbé du Chayla was down in an instant upon his knees with his gaunt hands outstretched. "Send me, sire! Me!" he cried. "I have never asked a favor of you, and never will again. But I am the man who could break these people. Send me with your message to the people of the Cévennes."

"God help the people of the Cévennes!" muttered Louis, as he looked with mingled respect and loathing at the emaciated face and fiery eyes of the fanatic. "Very well, abbé," he added aloud; "you shall go to the Cévennes."

Perhaps for an instant there came upon the stern priest some premonition of that dreadful morning when, as he crouched in a corner of his burning home, fifty daggers were to rasp against each other in his body. He sunk his face in his hands, and a shudder passed over his gaunt frame. Then he rose, and folding his arms, he resumed his impassive attitude. Louis took up the pen from the table, and drew the paper towards him.

"I have the same counsel, then, from all of you," said he—"from you, Bishop; from you, father; from you, madame; from you, abbé; and from you, Louvois. Well, if ill come from it, may it not be visited upon me! But what is this?"

De Catinat had taken a step forward with his hand outstretched. His ardent, impetuous nature had suddenly broken down all the barriers of caution, and he seemed for the instant to see that countless throng of men, women, and children of his own faith, all unable to say a word for themselves, and all looking to him as their champion and spokesman. He had thought little of such matters when all was well, but now, when danger threatened, the deeper side of his nature was moved, and he felt how light a thing is life and fortune when weighed against a great abiding cause and principle.

"Do not sign it, sire," he cried. "You will live to wish that your hand had withered ere it grasped that pen. I know it, sire; I am sure of it. Consider all these helpless folk—the little children, the young girls, the old and the feeble. Their creed is themselves. As well ask the leaves to change the twigs on which they grow. They could not change. At most you could but hope to turn them from honest folk into hypocrites. And why should you do it? They honor you. They love you. They harm none. They are proud to serve in your armies, to fight for you, to work for you, to build up the greatness of your kingdom. I implore you, sire, to think again before you sign an order which will bring misery and desolation to so many."

For a moment the King had hesitated as he listened to the short abrupt sentences in which the soldier pleaded for his fellows, but his face hardened again as he remembered how even his own personal entreaty had been unable to prevail with this young dandy of the court.

"France's religion should be that of France's King," said he, "and if my own guardsmen thwart me in such a matter, I must find others who will be more faithful. That major's commission in the

mousquetaires must go to Captain de Belmont, Louvois."

"Very good, sire."

"And De Catinat's commission may be transferred to Lieutenant Labadoyère."

"Very good, sire."

"And I am to serve you no longer?"

"You are too dainty for my service."

De Catinat's arms fell listlessly to his side, and his head sunk forward upon his breast. Then, as he realized the ruin of all the hopes of his life, and the cruel injustice with which he had been treated, he broke into a cry of despair, and rushed from the room with the hot tears of impotent anger running down his face. So, sobbing, gesticulating, with coat unbuttoned and hat awry, he burst into the stable where placid Amos Green was smoking his pipe and watching with critical eyes the grooming of the horses.

"What in thunder is the matter now?" he asked, holding his pipe by the bowl, while the blue wreaths curled up from his lips.

"This sword," cried the Frenchman—"I have no right to wear it! I shall break it!"

"Well, and I'll break my knife too if it will hearten you up."

"And these," cried De Catinat, tugging at his silver shoulder-straps—"they must go."

"Ah, you draw ahead of me there, for I never had any. But come, friend, let me know the trouble, that I may see if it may not be mended."

"To Paris! to Paris!" shouted the guardsman, frantically. "If I am ruined, I may yet be in time to save them. The horses, quick!"

It was clear to the American that some sudden calamity had befallen, so he aided his comrade and the grooms to saddle and bridle. Five minutes later they were flying upon their way, and in little more than an hour their steeds, all reeking and foam-flecked, were pulled up outside the high house in the Rue St. Martin. De Catinat sprang from his saddle and rushed up stairs, while Amos followed in his own leisurely fashion.

The old Huguenot and his beautiful daughter were seated at one side of the great fireplace, her hand in his, and they sprang up together, she to throw herself with a glad cry into the arms of her lover, and he to grasp the hand which his nephew held out to him.

At the other side of the fireplace, with a very long pipe in his mouth and a cup of wine upon a settle beside him, sat a strange-looking man, with grizzled hair and beard, a fleshy red projecting nose, and two little gray eyes, which twinkled out from under huge brindled brows. His long thin face was laced and seamed with wrinkles, crossing and recrossing everywhere, but fanning out in hundreds from the corners of his eyes. It was set in an unchanging expression, and as it was of the same color all over, as dark as the darkest walnut, it might have been some quaint figure-head cut out of a coarse-grained wood. He was clad in a blue serge jacket, a pair of red breeches smeared at the knees with tar, clean gray worsted stockings, large steel buckles over his coarse square-toed shoes, and beside him, balanced upon the top of a thick oaken cudgel, was a weather-stained silver-laced hat. His gray-shot hair was gathered up behind into a short stiff tail, and a seaman's hanger, with a brass handle, was girded to his waist by a tarnished leather belt.

De Catinat had been too occupied to take notice of this singular individual, but Amos Green gave a shout of delight at the sight of him, and ran forward to greet him. The other's wooden face relaxed so far as to show two tobacco-stained fangs, and, without rising, he held out a great red hand, of the size and shape of a moderate spade.

"Why, Captain Ephraim," cried Amos, in English, "who ever would have thought of finding you here? De Catinat, this is my old friend Ephraim Savage, under whose charge I came here."

"Anchor's apeak, lad, and the hatches down," said the stranger, in the peculiar drawling voice which the New-Englanders had retained from their ancestors, the English Puritans.

"And when do you sail?"

"As soon as your foot is on her deck, if Providence serve us with wind and tide. And how has all gone with thee, Amos?"

"Right well. I have much to tell you of."

"I trust that you have held yourself apart from all their popish devilry."

"Yes, yes, Ephraim."

"And have had no truck with the scarlet woman."

"No, no; but what is it now?"

The grizzled hair was bristling with rage, and the little gray eyes were gleaming from under the heavy tufts. Amos, following their gaze, saw that De Catinat was seated with his arm round Adèle, while her head rested upon his shoulder.

"Ah, if I but knew their snip-snap, lippetty-chippetty lingo! Saw one ever such a sight! Amos, lad, what is the French for a 'shameless hussy'?"

"Nay, nay, Ephraim. Surely one may see such a sight, and think no harm of it, on our side of the water."

"Never, Amos. In no godly country."

"Tut! I have seen folks courting in New York."

"Ah, New York! I said in no godly country. I cannot answer for New York or Virginia. South of Cape Cod, or of New Haven at the furthest, there is no saying what folk will do. Very sure I am that in Boston or Salem or Plymouth she would see the bridewell and he the stocks for half as much. Ah!" He shook his head and bent his brows at the guilty couple.

But they and their old relative were far too engrossed with their own affairs to give a thought to the Puritan seaman. De Catinat had told his tale in a few short, bitter sentences, the injustice that had been done him, his dismissal from the King's service, and the ruin which had come upon the Huguenots of France. Adèle, as is the angel instinct of woman, thought only of her lover and his misfortunes as she listened to his story, but the old merchant tottered to his feet when he heard of the revocation of the edict, and stood with shaking limbs, staring about him in bewilderment.

"What am I to do?" he cried. "What am I to do? I am too old to begin my life again."

"Never fear, uncle," said De Catinat, heartily. "There are other lands beyond France."

"But not for me. No, no; I am too old. Lord, but Thy hand is heavy upon Thy servants! Now is the vial opened, and the carved work of the sanctuary thrown down. Ah, what shall I do, and whither shall I turn?" He wrung his hands in his perplexity.

"What is amiss with him, then, Amos?" asked the seaman. "Though I know nothing of what he says, yet I can see that he flies a distress signal."

"He and his must leave the country, Ephraim."

"And why?"

"Because they are Protestants, and the King will not abide their creed."

Ephraim Savage was across the room in an instant, and had enclosed the old merchant's thin hand in his own great knotted fist. There was a brotherly sympathy in his strong grip and rugged, weather-stained face which held up the other's courage as no words could have done.

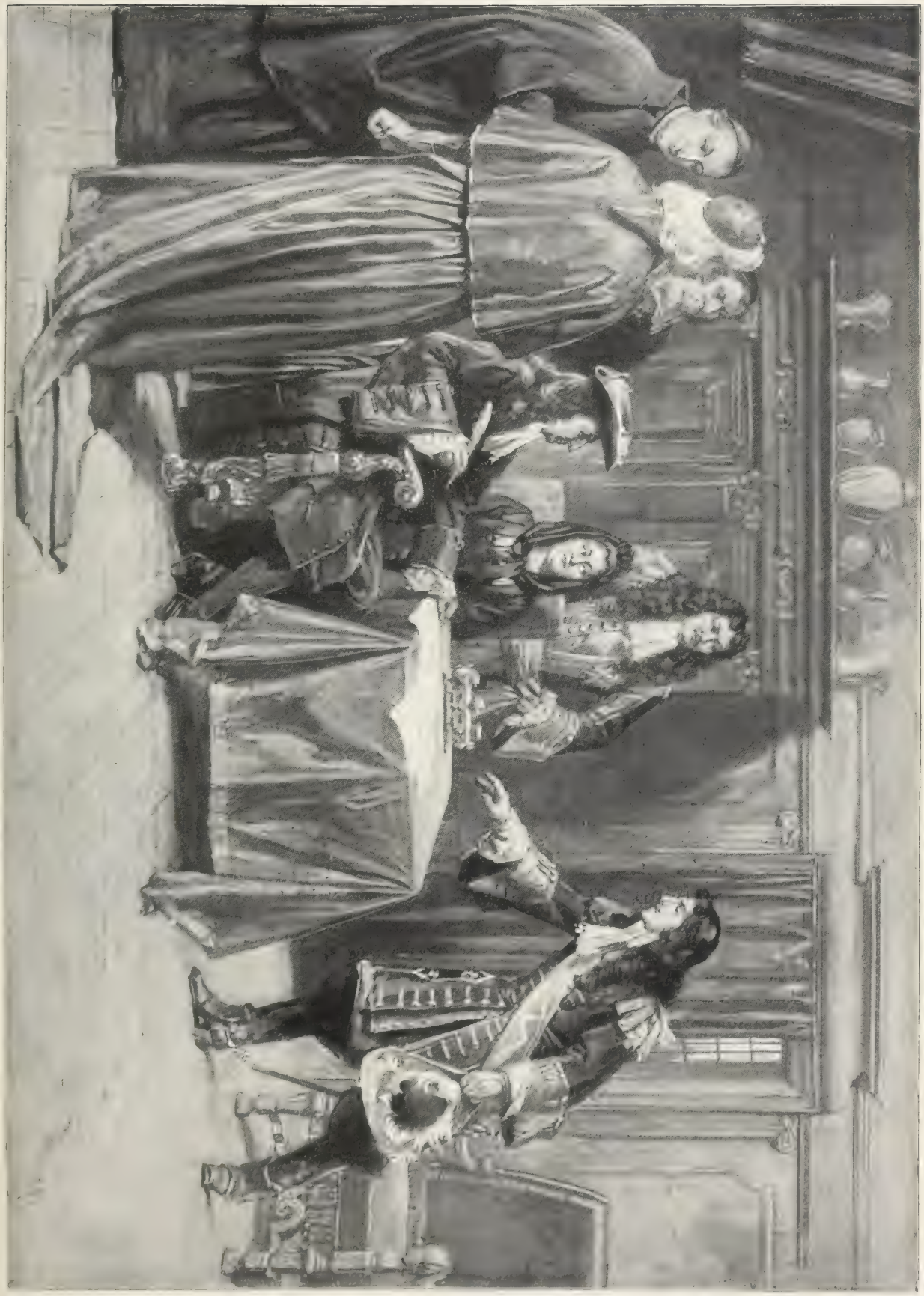
"What is the French for 'the scarlet woman,' Amos?" he asked, glancing over his shoulder. "Tell this man that we shall see him through. Tell him that we've got a country where he'll just fit in like a bung in a barrel. Tell him that religion is free to all there, and not a papist nearer than Baltimore or the Capuchins of the Penobscot. Tell him that if he wants to come, the *Golden Rod* is waiting with her anchor apeak and her cargo aboard. Tell him what you like, so long as you make him come."

"Then we must come at once," said De Catinat, as he listened to the cordial message which was conveyed to his uncle. To-night the orders will be out, and to-morrow it may be too late."

"But my business!" cried the merchant.

"Take what valuables you can and leave the rest. Better that than lose all, and liberty into the bargain."

And so at last it was arranged. That very night, within five minutes of the closing of the gates, there passed out of Paris a small party of five, three upon horseback, and two in a closed carriage which bore several weighty boxes upon the top. They were the first leaves flying before the hurricane, the earliest of that great multitude who were within the next few months to stream along every road which led from France, finding their journeys end too often in galley, dungeon, and torture chamber, and yet flooding over the frontiers in numbers sufficient to change the industries and modify the characters of all the neighboring peoples. Like the Israelites of old, they had been driven from their homes at the bidding of an angry King, who, even while he exiled them, threw every difficulty in the way of their departure. Like them, too, there were none of them who could hope to reach their promised land



"DO NOT SIGN IT, SIRE!"

without grievous wanderings, penniless, friendless, and destitute. What passages befell these pilgrims in their travels, what dangers they met and overcame in the land of the Swiss, on the Rhine, among the Walloons, in England, in Ireland, in Berlin, and even in far-off Russia, has still to be written. This one little group, however, whom we know, we may follow in their venturesome journey, and see the chances which befell them upon that great continent which had lain fallow for so long, sown only with the weeds of humanity, but which was now at last about to quicken into such a glorious life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

I.—OFFICIAL.

WHAT is known as "society" is such a fugitive thing in a true republic that it is next to impossible to locate it, to fix it in a certain quarter, so that it may be said, "Here are the happy beings who reign in the world of pleasure and politeness." There are many different points of view from which the gilded joys are looked at, and many diverse ears that listen to the music of the social spheres. When one undertakes to analyze the ephemera, an initial difficulty is the catching of a specimen: their lives are short, and when they finally quit the world they leave behind them little more than a smudge. And this is truer of the individuals of the social insectivora in the United States than of countries where there are kings and princes, and sometimes even emperors and empresses, around whom circle a definitely appointed and selected host of beings who are part and parcel of the royal or imperial state of things.

It is true, to some extent, as has been smartly said over and over again, that a country's civilization may be learned from the manner in which the people amuse themselves. We understand what manner of folk they are who take a rude delight in the outpouring of blood—whether it be human or taurine blood—and we also realize that one of the evidences of high civilization, and consequently one of the certain signs that civilization has a good deal left to accomplish for the race, is the production of a certain human species with no desire for intellectual or moral advancement, without any purpose whatever except for the joyful expenditure of inherited resources, physical and otherwise. When a human plant begins to revel in the mere pleasure of existence, it is greatly in danger, unless grafting intervenes, of being supplanted by a humbler specimen sprung from newer roots.

It is not possible to weigh the virtues of England or of the United States by the doings and the undoings of their most fashionable people. In this country every one is in society somewhere, although it often surprises a resident of New York, for example, to hear of an unknown fellow citizen or citizeness riding on the top wave of social glory in Washington, or Cleveland, or Bridgeport, or Omaha. And the like is true of strangers venturing into New York from other towns of the country. A man or woman who fails for any reason, usually most illogical, or even absurd, to be familiarly received by the best people of his or her own city or town—best by character or



THE JAM AT THE SENATOR'S.

wealth or intellect, whichever may be the local test of excellence—is very likely to pass on merit in distant places. There is a city in the country whose people are reputed to be of a peculiarly haughty turn of mind, who sustain their reputation for exclusiveness by declining to know irresponsible unfortunates born within their own borders, but on the wrong side of a particular street. Yet



THE LACK OF YOUNG MEN.

they often greet and entertain with a broad and generous hospitality strangers from other parts of the country who at home dwell on the cold side of the street. And at such times, and on such occasions, the humblest of us all is led to realize that in a republic every man has a chance to somewhere make his way to social grandeur as well as to political power.

There is no broader republicanism or democracy than is to be found in the official society of Washington, as undoubtedly there is no deeper-dyed or more abject and revolting snobbery. There are people in this small capital of ours who will tell the on-looker at the tumultuous rush that fills the few weeks before and immediately after Lent with rustlings and hurryings, with the noise of carriage wheels and the excited exclamations and laughter of young women, that all this that is on the surface is very far from being the true society of Washington, that there is an inner and intimate set with which one must become familiar before one can be said to know the society life of the capital and its exquisite and peculiar charm.

These people are basking in their errors. They are pleased to think that they are sitting at the warm heart of the nation, and that their goings and comings, their dinings and gossipings, make up the ebb and flow of all that is first quality in the national circulation. It is strange that clever people who are alert for amusement and recreation should neglect so obvious an object of interest as that soci-

ety of the republic which wears the official stamp. The society of the capital that is immediately before our eyes is a moving and breathing picture of the life of the country. It is essentially republican. The men and women who compose it come from all ends of the land. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it is not like the society that is to be found at courts or in the charmed circles of those who hedge in kings. Here we have the people doing as best they may what is done by the select of Europe. They may do it crudely, inelegantly, even boisterously, but will any one who has participated in their pleasures say that they do not do it generously, and with a certain nobility of kindliness, that, unfortunately for them, is a stranger to many who look at them through cynical lorgnettes?

From the President's dwelling down, the houses of the official people who care to perform the social function are open to the public. It is absurd, of course, to speak of the social intercourse carried on on such a basis as involving in any but the slightest degree the element of selection or of exclusiveness. There was a time not many



AT THE JAPANESE LEGATION.

years ago when a few persons were invited to the official receptions at the White House, and placed behind a barrier of receiving women and sofas. It was pleasant for those who were thus chosen, and they were people who helped to make Washington unique and peculiar; but the great Washington world, the really interesting and characteristic specimens of humanity, the representatives of the progressive citizenship of the country, tramped on before that President as their like had tramped on before other Presidents, and as they would continue to tramp on before Presidents yet to come, into the great East Room, out into the halls, timidly through the Conservatory—for simple-minded men and women who do not understand all the complications of social relations have not yet learned the delight of remote corners, and are strongly inclined to doubt the propriety of getting beyond the call of the host or hostess, no matter how large the party may be.

At the President's house on a reception night, or at the house of a cabinet officer on a Wednesday afternoon, or of a Senator on a Thursday afternoon, or at any place to which people are asked for their public position, there will be found men and women representing every stage of prosperity in the Union, and every honest calling that leads to prosperity. And that is precisely what is to be found in the public places of the republic—in the House of Representatives, in the Senate, in the cabinet, on the Supreme Bench, and in the White House itself. It is a strange and interesting accumulation of human beings, most of them too timid to be as interesting as they might be. Even when the President issues cards, the people who get together make up a curious conglomerate.

The new Congressman takes his wife to the President's, expecting to find the entertainment not very different, although perhaps on a somewhat grander scale, from that to which he is accustomed in the judge's house at the county-seat during court week. So he goes, perhaps, in his frock-coat, feeling an American prejudice against evening dress, and a white or lilac tie, while his rather fearful helpmate has put on her best black silk, modest or prudish, as you will, with its high neck and its long sleeves. The new Congressman experiences no trepidation in addressing the President. They are both politicians, and the new Congressman may even believe for a moment that some day he may stand at the head of the line of well-dressed women, whose necks and arms now shine in his startled eyes. He does not doubt that the President is aware of the unique vicissitudes of the recent campaign in his district. There are a hundred subjects that the two have in common, but he is disappointed as he is about to utter his first smart phrase of conversation to feel that the President's hand is gently impelling him forward, and that there is a soft pressure of the crowd behind him in the same direction. It is his first introduction to the reticences and restraints of high life, an introduction which is emphasized and made more impressive by the disinclination of the receiving women to shake hands, or to indicate their recognition of the new member by anything warmer or more emphatic than a courtesy, which, however, is quite enough for the timorous wife at his side, who, much more than her husband, shrinks before the grand dames of the White House and cabinet, some of whom were born to polite society, while some have acquired a large amount of social assurance during their husbands' struggles up the ladder of fame.

Other persons besides Congressmen are here, some of them equally uncomfortable, many of them, however, enjoying themselves to the utmost. There is a panorama of all that is prominent in official and political life. There are officers of the army and navy who have been on staff duty at the capital, and are now undergoing, with pleasure or fortitude, as the case may be, the pronounced admiration of young women. There are older officers, who have been more recently on the plains, and who come to the function with their wives and daughters and sisters with a delight or reverence due, to their honest thinking, to the highest and most resplendent social ceremony in this country—the drawing-room not only of the head of the nation, but of the commander-in-chief of the two military services. The army and navy folk of the staff are usually of that inner circle whose peculiar traits and customs are not now under consideration; but the army people who have spent years on the plains know nothing better, or higher, or wiser, or generally more praiseworthy, than their own people. Therefore they will



RECEPTION AT A CABINET MINISTER'S.

be found together, although the excited women, who have for years endured with a noble patience the monotony of life at army posts, are rejoiced beyond words if they may only grasp the hand and hear the voice of some paragon of Congressional wisdom who has been good to their husbands or to the service.

There will be diplomats in dazzling uniforms; Chinese mandarins in silk attire; Japanese officials, the men in the black evening dress of convention, and the



GOING TO THE BALL.

women in the proper costume of Europe and America.

Nearly every one of those who make up this interesting human collection finds somewhere in the moving throng a friend or comrade who will save him from that terrible isolation of an evening party which most persons have felt, and which is often as depressing as the solitude of a great city. There is little need to be alone, and the object of a wondering gaze that freezes the warm blood, in a crush at a Washington reception. As the new Congressman stalks on, followed by the trotting footsteps of his timid wife, his eyes will be gladdened by the sight of a colleague who is apparently as much a stranger as he to the gay scene. And he too may have a wife, a trifle over-resolute, perhaps, a little better assured of the dignity of the place into which her husband's constituents have elevated them. It may be that the two law-makers have only known each other's nod. Perhaps they are of opposing parties, or from different sections of the country. Much

that would deter a friendly offering of the hand on other occasions now suggests, even impels it. Who that has not experienced it can tell of the avid pleasure with which an unknown human being, borne helplessly along by the moving tide of a crowded evening party, seizes upon the rescuing hand of a chance acquaintance? The traditional straw of the drowning man, the echoing voices of approaching rescuers, the far-off signal of recognition to shipwrecked sailors—all these are kindred joys to that gratification felt by a stranded soul in a social desert when a face that is known smiles upon its gloom.

Many groups of husbands and wives cling together in the crowded rooms. They fear to give up their grasp on each other. They fear to be cast loose among people to whom they dare not speak, some of whom stare at them wonderingly, and wound them with cruel eyes. So the groups gathered here and there enjoy themselves about as they do at church sociables and ice-cream and strawberry festivals in their home villages. The men clasp their hands behind their backs, rise and fall on their toes, knit their brows, purse their lips, test each other's opinions, try little orations on one another, quote an old saw or two, exhibit themselves to their best advantage, each one inwardly hoping that the others will expect something good from him when he rises for the first time to address the House, and will thus guarantee an audience, a feature of Congressional oratorical performances which, as even new members have learned, is very likely to be lacking.

Meanwhile the women are getting deep into each other's confidences, and they know all about what John says and what James thinks, and what are their peculiar ailments—whatever, in a word, have been the domestic, culinary, social, or medical experiences of the various feminine components of the group. The men touch upon the Constitution, while the women recount the virtues of the leading sarsaparillas or the smartnesses of their children. The men argue a little and the women discuss; but under such circumstances the woman's argument is usually "I think so too," although a moment before she may have stated a proposition entirely at variance with her present imagined thought. Such is the deadening influence of newly made acquaintanceship on the logical powers of femininity.

When some one suggests that the President has prepared a feast, each man takes in his own wife, and there are heard the jests so often repeated—sly jests about "feeling a goneness," about John's appetite for cake, followed by serious assurances on the part of the good wife, lest the jest be taken literally, that John, after all, is not a "good feeder." There is that hilarity in the supper-room which shows that new acquaintanceship is getting on famously, and that there is a loosening of restraint upon the tongues that thus far have been uttering studied phrases.

As likely as not, the dining-room will be pervaded by that kindly matronly person so common among the well-to-do of the country, and, for that matter, of all countries, whose generous nature takes in all the world that she considers good, and who will joke with the great as familiarly as with the little. There will be not only the country lawyer and his wife, but the country merchant, and occasionally a clergyman who has preached himself into politics. There will be the shrewd rural banker, and the quiet speculator from the city.

There will be the vulgar rich man, who for years has been able to buy whatever he desired, and expects to be able to go on buying—friends, social position, and political honors. He will overwhelm the country members with invitations to his "residence." When they go there he will give them cider and mud-turtle, but he will see to it that the sly old lobbyist yonder and the experienced Senator who is a power in the party are served with French champagne and veritable terrapin. He will throw open his doors to all Washington. He will send his cards of invitation to all the newspaper correspondents, whether he knows them or not, and who, if he does not know them, will properly feel insulted, and will decline to honor his entertainment with their presence. And when his party is done with—he will call it a "blow-out"—he will have made a mistake. If he has lavished his champagne and cider, his terrapin and mud-turtle, for political ends, he might have done better by giving a dinner to the politicians at a famous restaurant. The "boys" would have been more comfortable in their own society than they were in the crush of strange men and stranger

women. If he has thus sought to force an entry into the inner circles of society, he will be laughed at for his pains. Whatever may have been his object, he has made a mistake, and no one knows it better than the shrewd old trader in legislative desires and frequenter of all the social efforts where the food and drink are likely to be abundant, and who doubtless suggested the giving of the entertainment. It is this same old fox, bred and developed by the ostentatious and vulgar adventurers who are sure to turn up at frequent intervals in Washington, who used to sit at hospitable tables with one bottle of champagne at his elbow and two bottles under his chair. He took the two bottles home to his comfortable lodgings, and kept himself so well supplied that he had always a predatory bottle in good condition for any friend who might happen in with a business proposition worth the sacrifice.

There are occasionally to be seen at these miscellaneous gatherings sharp-eyed and painted women whose business is so well known that they are avoided not only by the honest but by every one of experience and ordinary shrewdness. Congress may be beset by women lobbyists, but it is far from being victimized by them. It is only rarely that one of the tribe finds an escort, and then the quarry is invariably a young member, pert, vain, easily flattered, and, as he parades official drawing-rooms with his vivacious companion, he sadly mistakes the meaning of the glances that he encounters. He will learn fast enough, and next year he will be seen in better company, if he is not altogether bad.

Grave old public functionaries are not wont to lend their presence to the great crushes. When they go, they go perfunctorily, and grumble about the burden imposed upon them as audibly as is consistent with their political and other relations. They wander about discontentedly, bored by the accustomed show. They have outgrown the callow days of their statesmanship; their wives have developed out of high necks and long sleeves, and have become either active or quiescent figures in the social world. Neither the man nor the woman wants ice-cream or strawberries any more. The one drinks tea at five o'clock, nibbles at an eight-o'clock dinner, and endures an evening party, while the other prefers the club and a game of whist, or to sit in slippered converse over a glass of punch with some old crony with whom he has weathered a score or more of political storms.

The healthful American social life is in the ascendency. Among the Congressmen and other public men, and among the guests, there are types as varying as the varying features of the country. The representatives of the somewhat stiff refinement of rural New England are in the throng—the successful lawyer from the mountain or the valley, with his sensible wife, prim and precise in their jointly shared notions of duty, lovers of quiet evenings with current literature, bookish, perhaps, and persistent in maintaining the habits and customs of their native land, strict in their fidelity to the Friday evening prayer-meeting, strong in their devotion to pulpit oratory, quick of wit, intellectually sympathetic, and with a native elasticity that enables them to speedily take on social polish. In the groups which form themselves in the great social sea there are few so interesting as those that are redolent of the eager intellectual life of New England; and of rural New England best of all, for Boston does not count in this heterogeneous aggregate, whose interest depends largely upon the absence of deep sophistication. The Boston merchant who goes to Washington is not very different from the New York or Philadelphia merchant, except perhaps that he has retained a little more sweet homeliness, which increases his genuineness. As to the cultured Bostonian, the pushing samples of the best they have in what was once at least the Athens of America, he is at the heart of things. If social pleasures and dissipations attract him from his dignified labors, he does not habitually seek those that are to be found in the official homes, or, at least, at the official functions. If he goes at all to these, it is to lend his countenance to his party chief, or to satisfy his general longing to sacrifice himself for duty's sake.

As a social animal, the man of tradition, wealth, and education, who has seriously taken up politics as a profession, belongs to the innermost and uppermost of the Brahmins, a few of whom, however, are always present at the large social functions of the capital, where they constitute what may be called a withdrawing class. They and theirs are the correctly garbed and mannered ornaments of such occa-

sions. Like the others of fewer pretensions, they find their amusement in their own set, and their social superiority is recognized by their fellow-beings with a certain fine American lack of envy, hatred, or malice. The quiet, dignified, austere young men who move through the general mass with an ostentatious air of not recognizing that there is any mass do not disturb the placidity of those who are having a good time after their own fashion; but they lend a feature to the occasion, and serve as witnesses that America, like countries that are not republican, or that have not been republican more than a century, possesses a class socially differentiated from the interesting people who are responsible for its real daily life and real character and progressiveness.

Not many years ago—seven from this time of writing—the official parlor of Washington saw, for the first time in many years, the old Southern families creep out again into the warm social sunshine. There is a certain kinship between the New-Englander and the Southerner from one of the older States, and when the Democratic party returned to the White House it was not long in being re-established. Often among the groups of jesting, argumentative, simple-minded statesmen you shall find a courtly Southerner paying fine compliments in his grandiloquent speech to a bright-eyed New England woman used to straightforward words, or to the masculine reserve which believes, whether or not the belief be confessed, in the Puritan subordination of women; and yet there is no New England woman whose femininity does not rise with the shy alertness of a trout after a fly, through superimposed years of hard and restrainful custom, to the shining allurement of flattery. And at the same time—for in society that is purely American the wife is never far from the husband—you shall hear a low sweet woman's voice, mellowed by the Southern accent, arguing learnedly a constitutional point with a New England man whose political opinions are sadly awry; for it has been for ages now the creed of Southern women that to be truly a helpmate to their husbands is to be intellectually helpful and sympathetic. When New England women, before the war, were knitting and putting up famous preserves, and generally looking after the physical welfare of their men folk, the women of the South were reading the works of Edmund Burke and kindred literature to their fathers, sweethearts, and husbands.

And everywhere is the American girl—the pride of prosperous households from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the girl of the period from New York or Philadelphia; the exquisitely tinted Puritan of New England; the Vassar or Wellesley college graduate—determined upon compelling young cavalry officers to bestow upon her their valuable opinions as to Browning's place in literature, or the future of the American woman, or the relative merits of women's colleges and men's universities. There are other girls frankly ignorant, impatient of anything that sounds literary or scientific, but who wear the diamonds bestowed upon them by parental affection with a proud consciousness that there is money in the parental bank to buy many more of them. There are simple rural maidens who are redolent of the soil from which they come. All of them are subjected to a certain forcing process in this atmosphere. All of them will feel the ecstasy that fills each true woman's heart when she imagines that she has been a participant in the highest and brightest of social glories; and the echoes of their delight reverberate from one end of the land to the other, for in nearly every town and hamlet there is some exuberant young being who has shared in the festivities of Washington, who has seen her like from all quarters of the Union gathered together under the roofs of great men—of the President, of cabinet officers, of law-makers, of foreign ministers. She has met young men of different mould from those who make evening calls on her in her own retired village, or small city, or back street. She has felt that there are powers within her which she never recognized before, and which may be wasted in the dull and spiritless place in which she dwells, and where men and women are engrossed by the sordid and confining cares of business and housekeeping, creating and developing the life of which she has been part. She has associated with all that is great in the national life. She has talked familiarly with strange people from the Orient. She has ventured on a little French with an attaché of the legation of the young republic, or perhaps even with the minister himself. She has seen

a real Hungarian hussar, and, what is more, she has danced with him. Moreover, she has seen the kind of men she knows at home, the leading lawyers, the principal merchants, the respectable, self-respecting Americans, standing on an even footing with all that controls and directs the country. This fact may not be very impressive to her simplicity, but she feels that she has been among the best there is in all humanity, and that if the men whom she controls can hold their own in these surroundings, why should not she stand on equal terms with Presidents and ministers and Senators and judges, and even with their wives and daughters?

Washington official society offers a great revelation of American character. These people who make the living panorama of a drawing-room are the products of our institutions. In the countries of kings and emperors they could not have come to this. Some of them may be vulgar, many of them may be crude, most of them may be uninteresting to those whose pleasure lies in the alertness and skill of intellectual fence. The latest works of fiction may be unfamiliar to them, they may not know the names of the leading French authors or painters, they may not have heard that Russia has a literature, they may think the equestrian effigy of Jackson more splendid than the graceful figure of Chief Justice Marshall, but they have self-respect and kind considerateness for others, and they recognize the proprieties of speech and manners. They feel their own powers, and have realized their value. They are clean-minded, and they have won their leadership by their own efforts, for this is the congregation of the leaders of the republic—the men and women who inhabit the homes of the country, in city and hamlet, on prairie and mountain, and by sea-shore. They are the source of its power and the products of its culture. From out their sturdy stock come the brilliant double blossoms of that which deems itself the highest civilization. Most of these blossoms die with their generation, but the invigorating soil grows better and better plants as the years go on.

HORACE CHASE.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Chapter V.

JULY opened. On the 10th the sojourners at the Warm Springs, the beautiful pools that well up in the valley of the French Broad River, were assembled on the veranda of the Springs Hotel after their six-o'clock supper. They heard the sounds of wheels. Carriages were approaching. "Phew! who can they be?" "What horses!"

The horses were indeed remarkably handsome; two bays and a lighter-limbed pair of sorrels; in addition there was a mounted groom. The housekeeper, who had come out on the veranda, mentioned in a low tone that a second groom had arrived three hours earlier to engage rooms for the party and make preparations. "They are to have supper by themselves later; we're to do our best. Extras have been ordered, and they've sent all sorts of supplies. And champagne!"

"Chase, did you say the name was? That's a hoax. It's General Grant himself, I reckon, coming along yere like a conqueror in disguise," said a wag.

The bays were Peter and Piper, attached to a two-seated carriage which was a model as regarded comfort; Anthony Etheridge was driving, and with him were Mrs. Franklin, Dolly, and Ruth. Chase himself, in a light vehicle for two, which he called his cart, had the sorrels. His companion was a gaunt, dark man, who looked as though he had been ill. This man was Jared Franklin.

Franklin had been stricken by that doubly disheartening malady which is formed by the union of fever and ague. After bearing it for several weeks, and sending no tidings of his condition to his family (for he considered it a fourth-rate and rather unmasculine ailment), he had journeyed to Asheville with the last remnants of his strength, and arriving by stage, and finding no one at the cottage (for it was his wife's day at the Colored Home), he had come with uncertain steps across the field to L'Hommedieu, entering the parlor like a yellow spectre, his

* Begun in January number, 1893.

eyes sunken, his mind slightly wandering. "Ye-es, here I am," he said, vaguely. "I was coming next week, you know. But I—I didn't feel well. And so I've—come now."

His mother had given a cry; then, with a grand instinctive movement, her tall figure looking taller than ever, she had rushed forward and clasped her fever-stricken son in her arms.

The mountain air, prompt remedies, and the vigilant nursing of Genevieve soon routed the insidious foes. Routed them, that is, for the moment; for their strength lies in stealthy returns; as Jared said (he made jokes even at the worst stages), they never know when they are beaten. But as soon as there was even a truce, their victim, though still yellow and weak, announced that he must return to his business immediately.

"But I thought you spent your summers here, Mr. Franklin?" remarked Chase.

"Yes, that is the plan, and I have been here a good deal for the past three seasons. But this year I can't stay," Jared answered.

This was said at L'Hommedieu. Ruth was sitting beside her brother on the sofa, her arm in his. "But you must stay," she protested. "You are not strong yet; you are not strong at all." She put her other arm across his breast, as if to keep him. "I shall not let you go!"

Jared Franklin was tall, broad-shouldered, and thin, with dark eyes whose expression was always sad. In spite of this sadness, he had Dolly's habit of making jocular remarks. But he had not Dolly's sharpness; where she was sarcastic, the brother was only ironical. In looks Jared did not resemble his mother or Dolly. But there was a strong likeness between his face and Ruth's; they had the same contours, the same mouth.

While Ruth was protesting, Mrs. Franklin, making no pretence of busying herself with anything, not even with lamplighters, sat looking at her son with eyes which seemed to have grown larger, owing to the depth of love within them; the lines in her face were deeply marked and her cheeks were pale; but she kept her voice carefully cheerful. Chase, who had happened to be at L'Hommedieu when Jared arrived, had never forgotten that rush of the mother—the mother whose easy indolence he had, up to that moment, condemned. So now he said, with his slight drawl: "Oh, you want to give the fever another round of shot before going back, Mr. Franklin. Why not take a few days more, and drive me over the Great Smoky Mountains into Tennessee?" And the result was the party already described.

The evening before the start, Ruth came out on the veranda of L'Hommedieu. Chase and her brother had been smoking there (for Jared had not shown any deep attachment to his smoking-room), and Dolly, who loved the aroma of cigars, had seated herself near them. Jared had now strolled off with his mother to pay an evening visit to Bishop Carew, who was spending a few days at Asheville, and Genevieve, coming over from the cottage, had taken her husband's place. As she approached, Chase had extinguished his cigar and tossed it into the grass; for tobacco smoke always gave the younger Mrs. Franklin a headache.

Ruth had walked up to Chase's chair. "No, please don't rise; I am only looking at you, Mr. Chase. You are so wonderful!" ("Now don't be severe," interpolated the visitor, jocularly.) "First, you are making my brother take this long drive—the very thing of all others that will do him good—and I could go down on my knees to you just for that. Then you have sent for that easy carriage, so that mother and Dolly can go too. Then you are taking me. The Commodore also, who would rather drive Peter and Piper than go to heaven. I have always wanted to see somebody who could do everything! It must be *enchanting* to have money," she concluded, reflectively.

"And to do so much good with it," said Genevieve. Genevieve had insisted that her mother-in-law should take the fourth place in the carriage instead of herself; for Jared no longer required care; he was always contented when with his own family (who worshipped him). In addition, the drive would be excellent for Mrs. Franklin, who was far from strong; whereas, for herself, as she was in perfect health, no change was necessary. Genevieve might have added also that she had had change enough for her whole life, and to spare, during the years which her husband had spent in the navy. For the younger Mrs. Franklin did not enjoy

varying scenes. A house of her own and everything in it hers; prearranged occupations, all useful or beneficent, following each other regularly in an unbroken round—this gave her happiness; this gave her the sense of doing some good in her day and generation. And to Genevieve that was more precious than all else, the feeling that she was doing good. "Ruth is right; it must be enchanting indeed to have money," she went on, in her sweet voice. "I have often planned what I should do myself if I had a fortune. I think I may say that I can direct, administer. I have never seen or read of any charitable institution, refuge, hospital, home, asylum, or whatever it may be, which seemed too large or too complicated for me to undertake. On the contrary, I know I should like it; I feel that I have that sort of capacity." Her face kindled as she spoke; her genius (for she had a genius, that of directorship) was stirring within her.

"You certainly have one part of the capacity, and that is the despotism," remarked Dolly. "The other members of the Board of Managers for the Colored Home, for instance — Mrs. Baxter, Miss Wynne, Miss Kent—they haven't a voice in even the smallest matter, poor souls! You rule that board, and the home too, with a rod of iron. All for their good, of course."

"As it is," continued the younger Mrs. Franklin, combating not Dolly's sarcasms (to which she had paid no attention), but her own sincere longings—"as it is, I cannot build a hospital at present, though I don't give up hope for the future. But I can at least give my prayers to all, and that I do; I never ring a door-bell without offering an inward petition that something I may say will help those whom I shall see when I go in."

"Now that's generous," commented Dolly. "But don't be too unselfish, Genevieve; think of yourself occasionally; why not pray that something *they* may say will be a help to *you*?"

After the arrival of his party at the Warm Springs, Chase devoted a half-hour to an examination of the site, the pool, and the buildings. "When we have made a Tyrol of Buncombe, we'll annex this place as a sort of Baden-Baden," he said. "Thirty-five miles from Asheville—that will just do. Ever tried the baths, Commodore?"

"You must apply to somebody who has rheumatism, Mr. Chase," answered Etheridge, loftily.

"The pool has an abundant supply at a temperature of 104 Fahrenheit," Chase went on, with the gleam of a smile showing itself in his eyes. "Baden-Baden was one of the prettiest places I saw over there. They have laid out a walk along a stream about as big as one from a garden hose. But what a walk could be made here, beside the French Broad!"

They were strolling along the bank of the river, in the red light of the sunset. "Baden-Baden, in fact, compared to this, is an asparagus patch," Chase went on. "Now *these* woods are as wild as Noah."

"Don't you mean old as Noah?" inquired Ruth, laughing.

"Certainly not," said Jared. "Noah was extremely wild. And not in his youth only; in his age as well."

"The first thing, however, to see to would have to be the roads," Chase continued. "I never thought I should have to take a back seat about the United States of America. But I returned from Europe singing small, I can tell you, about our roads. Talk about the difficulty of making 'em! Go and look at Switzerland!"

"By all means," said Ruth, promptly. "Only tell us how, Mr. Chase? And when?" She was walking with her brother, her hat dangling by its elastic cord from her arm.

Chase came out of his plans. "So you want to see Switzerland, do you?" he said, in an indulgent tone.

Ruth lifted her hat, and made with it a gesture which took in the entire horizon. "I wish to see everything in the world!" Jared took her hat away from her, put it on her head and secured it, or tried to secure it. "Will you take me, Jared? I mean some day?" she said, as he bungled with the cord, endeavoring to get it over her hair. "That's not the way." She unbuttoned the loop and adjusted it. It was a straw hat (thanks to Genevieve, a new one), which shaded her face, but left free behind the heavy braids which covered her small head closely from crown to throat.

"Once, pussy, I might have answered yes. But now I'm not so sure," replied Jared, rather gloomily.

"I don't want to go; I only want to stay where you are," exclaimed his sister,

her mood changing. "But if only you had never left the navy! If only you were not tied down in that horrid, horrid Raleigh!"

"Is Raleigh so very horrid?" inquired Chase.

"Any place is horrid that keeps Jared shut up in a warehouse all day," announced Ruth, indignantly.

Mrs. Franklin, who was behind with Etheridge, came forward, took Ruth's arm, and led her back. Jared, thus released, walked on with Horace Chase, his hands in the pockets of his flannel coat.

"She is sorry that you left the service?" Chase inquired.

Ruth overheard this question. "Jared was always well when he was in the navy," she called out. "No, His Grand, I *will* say it: he was always well, and he was happy too; Dolly has told me so. Now he is never well; he is growing so thin that I can't bear to see it. And as for happiness—he is perfectly *miserable!*" Her voice broke; she stood still, her breast heaving.

Jared strolled on. "It's nothing," he said to Chase, who was looking back; "she'll get over it in a moment. She says whatever comes into her head; we have spoiled her, I suppose. She was so much younger, you see; the last of my mother's six children. And the three who came before her had died in infancy, so there was a great to-do when this one lived."

Chase glanced back a second time. Ruth, Mrs. Franklin, and Etheridge had turned, and were going towards the hotel. "She appears to wish that you had remained in the navy; isn't that rather odd?" he inquired, the idea in his mind being simply the facilities that existed for seeing this idolized brother, now that Raleigh was his home instead of the ocean.

"Odd?" repeated Jared. His tone had such a strange vibration that his companion turned and looked at him.

They continued their walk for an hour longer. When they came back, they found the Commodore seated on the veranda of the cottage which had been arranged for their use by Chase's courier. Ruth and Mrs. Franklin were his companions, and Dolly was also there, resting on a sofa which had been rolled out from the room behind. Chase and Jared lighted cigars; Etheridge took out a cigarette.

"Now if we only had Maud Muriel and her pipe!" said Ruth. There was no trace of trouble left in her voice; she had drawn her chair close to her brother's, and seated herself contentedly.

"It's to that pipe you owe the very clever likeness she has made of your dog," remarked Etheridge. "The smoking relaxed her a little without her knowing it, and so she didn't emphasize so religiously as usual the strictly commonplace side."

"Petie *hasn't* a commonplace side," Ruth declared.

"She now wishes *me* to sit to her," said Mrs. Franklin, "for my wrinkles have grown so deep lately that she is sure she can make something satisfactorily hideous. Oh, I don't mind the wrinkles, Mr. Chase!" (for Chase had begun to say, "Not at all, ma'am"). "I received my quietus long ago. When I was not quite forty-four, there was some question about a particular dressmaker whom I wished to see at McCreery's. 'Was she an *old* woman?' inquired an assistant. 'We have only one *old* fitter.' It proved to be the person I meant. She was of my own age. The same year I asked a friend about a party which he had attended the night before. 'Dreadfully dull,' he answered. 'Nobody there but old frumps.' And the old frumps (as I happened to know) were simply twenty or thirty of my contemporaries."

"Yes, it's hard; I have often thought so!" said Etheridge, with conviction. "Men, you see, have no age. But nothing saves a woman."

"Yes, one thing; namely, to look like a sheep," replied Mrs. Franklin. "If a woman wishes to remain young, she must rid her countenance of all expression; she must exercise her facial muscles as little as she possibly can; she must study to be placidly stolid. Most of my wrinkles have been caused by my habit of contorting my wretched face, partly to show my appreciation, my intelligence, but also really, in some measure, on account of sympathy. I have smiled unflinchingly at other people's jokes, looked sad for their griefs, angry for their injuries; I have raised my eyebrows to my hair over their surprises, and knitted my forehead into knots over their mysteries; in short, I have never ceased to grimace. However, even to the sheep-women there comes the fatal moment when their cheeks

begin to look like those of an old baby," she concluded, laughing.

Dolly, for once untalkative, had not paid attention to this conversation; the moon had risen, and she had been watching its radiance descend slowly and make a silver path across the river. It was so beautiful! And (a rare occurrence with Dolly) it led her to think of herself. "How I should have enjoyed, enjoyed, *enjoyed*—if I had only been well!" Even the tenderly loving mother could not have comprehended fully her daughter's heart at that moment. For Mrs. Franklin had had her part, such as it was, on the stage of human existence, and had played it. But Dolly's regret was for a life unlived. "How enchantingly lovely!" she murmured aloud, looking at the moonlit water.

"Yes," said Etheridge; "its beauty is that it's untouched—primeval. Larue, I suppose, would call it primevalish!"

"I had thought of asking the Senator to come along with us," observed Chase.

"In a sedan-chair?" inquired Etheridge. "I don't think you know what a petrified squam-doodle he is!"

"No, I can't say I do. I only know he's a Senator, and we want some Senators. To boom our Tyrol, you know. Generals too. Cottages might be put up at pleasant points near Asheville — on Beaucatcher, for instance—and presented to half a dozen of the best-known Southern generals? What do you say to that?"

"Generals as much as you like; but when you and the Willoughbys spread your nets for Senators, do select better specimens than Achilles Larue! He is only in the place temporarily at best; he'll be kicked out soon. He succeeded the celebrated old Senator who had represented this country for years, and was as well known here as the mountains themselves. When he resigned, there happened to be no one of the right sort ready in the political field. Larue was here, he was a college-bred man, and he had some reputation as an author (he has written a dreadfully dull book, *The Blue Ridge in the Glacial Period*). He had a little money, too, and that was in his favor. So they put him in; and now they wish they hadn't! He has no magnetism, no go; nothing but his tiresome drawing-copy profile and his good clothes. You say you don't know what sort of a person he is? He is a decrier, sir; nothing ever fully pleases him. His opinions on all subjects are clipped to the bone. On the hottest day he remains clammily cold. He never smokes. He has no appreciation of a good dinner. He is a man, sir, who can neither ride nor drive; to sum him up finally, one who has no knowledge whatever of a horse! What do you suppose he asked me when I was looking at the Blue Grass pacer last year? 'Does he possess endurance?' Yes, actually those words, of a *horse!* 'Does he possess endurance?'" repeated Etheridge, pursing up his lips, and pronouncing the syllables in a mincing tone.

"You say he has nothing but his drawing-copy profile and his good clothes," remarked Dolly. "But he has something more, Commodore: the enthusiastic devotion of Mrs. Kip, and Miss Billy Breeze."

Etheridge looked discomfited.

"*Two* ladies?" said Chase. "Why, he's in luck. Bachelor, I suppose?"

"He is a widower," answered Mrs. Franklin. "His wife happened to be a fool (an amiable one). He now believes all women are like her."

"His views on the Glacial Period are all borrowed," grumbled Etheridge. "He can't be original, even on an iceberg!"

"The ladies I have mentioned think that his originality is his strongest point," observed Dolly. "He produces great effects by describing some one in this way, for instance: 'He had small eyes, irregular teeth, and a grin. He was remarkably handsome.' This leaves them open-mouthed! But Miss Billy herself, as she stands, is his greatest effect; she never was outlined in very vivid hues, and now she has so effaced herself, rubbed herself out, as it were (from fear lest he should call her 'sensational'), that she is like a skeleton leaf."

"I declare I'll never go to see the woman again; she *is* such an insufferable goose!" exclaimed Etheridge, angrily.

Jared laughed. And then his mother laughed also, happy to see him amused. But at the same time she was thinking: "No, you won't go to see Billy, Commodore. But you will continue to come to see *us* forever and forever!" And she had a momentary (and weary) vision of Etheridge entering with his hum-ha, six times a week, through the entire remainder of her existence.

"Commodore," said Dolly, "you may

not go to see Miss Breeze. But I am sure you will come to see *us*, with your hum-ha, six times a week, as long as we live."

Mrs. Franklin passed her hand over her forehead. "There it is again!" she thought.

Meanwhile Etheridge had replied, in a reassuring voice: "Well, Dolly, I'll do my best; you may count upon that." And then Ruth, leaning her head against her brother's arm so that her face was hidden, laughed silently.

From the Warm Springs they drove over the Great Smoky Mountains into Tennessee. Then returning, making no haste, they climbed slowly up again among the peaks. At the top of the pass they paused to gaze at the far-stretching view —Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia; on the west, the Cumberland ranges sloping towards Chattanooga; in the east, the crowded summits of the Blue Ridge, their hue an unchanging azure; the Black Mountains with Mitchell, the Cat-tail Peak, the Balsams, the Hairy Bear, the Big Craggy, Great Pisgah, the Grandfather, and many more. The brilliant sunshine and the crystalline atmosphere revealed every detail—the golden and red tints of bald cliffs near them, the foliage of every tree, the farm-houses like white dots thousands of feet below. Up here among the peaks there were no clearings visible; for long miles in every direction the forest held unbroken sway, filling the gorges like a leafy ocean, and sweeping up to the surrounding summits in the darker tints of the black balsams. The air was filled with delicate wild odors, a fragrance which is like no other—the breath of a virgin forest.

"And you want to put a railroad here!" broke out Dolly, suddenly. She addressed Horace Chase, who had drawn up his sorrels beside the carriage.

"Oh no, Miss Dolly; it can't get up so high, you know," he answered, not comprehending her dislike. "It will go through down below—tunnels."

"The principal objection I have to your railroad, Chase, is that it will bring railroad good-byes to this uncorrupted neighborhood," said Jared. "For there will be, of course, a station. And people will have to go there to see their friends off. The train will always be late in starting; then the heretofore sincere Ashevillians will be driven to all the usual exaggerations and falsities to fill up the eternal time; they will have to repeat the same things over and over, stand first on one leg and then on the other, and smile until they are absolute clowns. Meanwhile their departing friends will be obliged to lean out of the car windows in return, and repeat inanities and grin, until they too are perfectly haggard." Jared was now seated beside Etheridge; he had given up his place in the cart to Ruth for an hour or two. Several times Mrs. Franklin herself had tried the cart. She was very happy, for Jared had undoubtedly gained strength; there was a faint color in his cheeks, and his face looked less worn, his eyes a little less dreary.

"How I should like to see *all* the mountains!" exclaimed Ruth, looking at the crowded circle of summits.

"Well,—I suppose there are some sort of roads?" Chase answered.

"Put the two pairs together and make a four-in-hand," suggested Etheridge, eagerly. "Then we might drive down Transylvania way. When I wasn't more than eighteen I often drove a four-in-hand over the—the—the range up there where I was born," he concluded, with fresh inward disgust over the lost name.

"The Green Mountains?" said Mrs. Franklin.

"No; the Whites," Etheridge answered, curtly. His birthplace was Rutland, Vermont. But on principle he never acknowledged a forgotten title.

"This is the country of the moonshiners, isn't it?" asked Chase, his keen eyes glancing down a wild gorge.

"The young lady beside you can tell about that," Etheridge answered.

Chase turned to Ruth, surprised. The color was leaving her face. "Yes, I *did* see; I saw a man shot!" she said, her dark-fringed blue eyes lifted to his with a startled expression. "It was at Crumb's, the house where we staid the first night, you know. I was standing at the door. A man came running along the road; he was trying to reach the house. Behind him, not more than ten feet distant, came another man, also running. He held a pistol at arm's-length. He fired twice; I heard the shots. After the first shot, the man in front still ran; after the second, he staggered along for a step or two, then fell. And the other man ran up the

mountain." These short sentences came out in whispered tones; when she finished, her face was blanched.

"You ought not to have seen it. You ought not to have told me," said Chase, giving an indignant glance towards the carriage: he thought they should have prevented the narration.

"Oh, don't be disturbed, Mr. Chase," said Dolly, looking at him from her cushions with an amused smile. "The balls were extracted, and the man is now in excellent health. Ruth has a way of turning perfectly white and then enormously red on all occasions. She was much whiter last week when it was supposed that Petie Trone, Esq., had inflammation of the lungs."

And Ruth herself was already laughing again, and the red had returned.

"It was a revenue detective," explained Mrs. Franklin; "I mean the man who was shot. The mountaineers have always made whiskey, and they think that they have a right to make it; they look upon the detectives as spies."

But Chase had no sympathy for moonshiners; he was on the side of law and order. "The government should send up troops," he said. "What else are they for?"

"It is not the business of the army to hunt out illicit stills," replied Jared Franklin, all the ex-officer in his haughty tone.

"Well, maybe not; you see I'm only a civilian myself," remarked Chase, in a pacific voice. "Shall we go on?"

They started down the eastern slope. When the cart was at some distance in front, Ruth said: "Oh, Mr. Chase, thank you for answering so good-naturedly. My brother has in reality a sweet temper. But lately he has been so out of sorts, so unhappy."

"Yes, I am beginning to understand about that, Miss Ruth; I didn't at first. It's a great pity. Perhaps something can be done?"

"No; he can't get back into the navy now," said Ruth, sadly.

"But a change of some kind might be arranged," answered Chase, touching the off horse.

At the base of the mountains they followed the river road again, a rocky track, sometimes almost in the water, under towering cliffs that rose steeply, their summits leaning forward a little, as though they would soon topple over. At many points it was a veritable cañon. The swift current of the river foamed so whitely over the scattered rocks of its bed that it was like the rapids of Niagara. Here and there were bold islands; the forest on both sides was splendid with the rich tints of the *Rhododendron maximum* in full bloom; not patches or single bushes, but high thickets, a solid wall of blazing color.

Their stopping-place for the last evening was the farm-house called Crumb's, where they had also spent the first night of their way westward. Crumb's was one of the old farms; the grandfather of David Crumb had tilled the same acres. It was a pleasant place near the river, the house comparatively large and comfortable. The Crumbs were well-to-do in the limited mountain sense of the term, though they had probably never had a hundred dollars in cash in their lives. Mrs. Crumb, a tall lank woman with stooping shoulders and a soft flat voice, received them without excitement. Nothing that life had to offer, for good or for ill, could ever bring excitement again to Portia Crumb. Her four sons had been killed in battle, one after the other, and the mother lived on patiently, hopelessly. David Crumb was more rebellious against what he called their "bad luck." Once a week, and sometimes twice, he went to Asheville, making the journey a pretext for forgetting troubles according to the ancient way. He was at Asheville now, his wife explained, "with a load of wood." The two never spoke of their lost boys; when they talked together it was always about "the craps."

Porshy, as her friends called her, having been warned by Chase's courier that her former guests were returning, had set her supper table with care. People stopped at Crumb's perforce; for, save at Warm Springs, there were no inns in the French Broad Valley. Ruth had been there often. For the girl, who was a fearless horsewoman, was extravagantly fond of riding. At one time or another she had ridden almost every horse in Asheville, including old Daniel himself. Of late years the Crumbs would have been glad to be relieved of all visitors; but the mountain farmers of the South are invariably hospitable—hospitable even with their last slice of corn-bread, their last cup of coffee. Porshy, therefore, had brought out her best table-cloth (home-

spun, like her sheets), her six thin silver teaspoons, her three china teacups and saucers. "Yes, rale chiny, you bet," she had said, in her gentle, lifeless voice, when Mrs. Franklin, who knew the tragedy of the house, was benevolently admiring the painstaking effort. The inevitable doughy hot biscuits were waiting in a flat pan, together with fried bacon and coffee. Chase's supplies of potted meats, hot-house fruit, a plum-cake (from Wilmington), and excellent champagne made the meal an extraordinary combination. The table was set in the kitchen, which was also the living-room. One end of the large low-browed apartment was blocked by the loom, for Portia had been accustomed to spin, weave, dye, and fashion all the garments worn by herself and her family.

As they left the table, the sinking sun sent his horizontal beams through the open windows in a flood of golden light. "Let us go up to the terrace," said Ruth.

The terrace was a small plateau on the mountain-side at some distance above; a winding path led thither through the thick forest. "It is too far," said Mrs. Franklin. "It is at least a mile from here, and it will soon be dark."

"Oh, but I want to go immensely, His Grand. Mr. Chase liked it so much when we were up there on our way out that he says it shall be named after me. And perhaps they will put up a cottage near by."

"Yes, Ruth's Terrace, ma'am. That is the name I propose," said Chase.

"There will be light enough to go up; and then we can wait there until the moon rises," continued Ruth. "The moon is full to-night, and the view will be lovely. You will go, Jared, won't you?"

She had her way, as usual. Chase and Jared, lighting cigars, prepared to accompany her.

"You'll stay here, I suppose, Commodore?" said Chase.

"Stay here! By no means. There is nothing I like better than an evening stroll," answered Etheridge, heroically. And lighting a cigarette, he walked on in advance, swinging his cane with an air of meditative enjoyment. Etheridge always lighted cigarettes. But he smoked in reality very little; no less than four of the slender white rolls were this evening tossed secretly into the underbrush at convenient points, in order that he might go through, conspicuously, the process of lighting, with great gusto, a new one.

Dolly and Mrs. Franklin, meanwhile, sat beside the small fire which Portia had made on the broad hearth of her "best room." The fire, of aromatic "fat-pine" splinters only, without large sticks, had been kindled more on account of the light than from any need of its warmth; for the evening, though cool, was not cold. The best room, however, was large, and the great forest and cliffs outside and the wild river made the little blaze seem cheerful. Portia had been proud of this apartment in the old days before the war. In one corner there was a bed, covered with a brilliant patch-work quilt; on the mantel-piece there was an old accordion and a vase for flowers, whose design was a hand holding a cornucopia; the floor was covered by a rag carpet; and tacked on the walls in a long row were colored fashion plates from *Godey's Lady's Book* for 1856. At ten o'clock Ruth and the Commodore came in. But long after midnight, when the others were asleep, Chase and Jared Franklin still strolled to and fro along the river road in the moonlight, talking. The next day they all returned to Asheville.

At the end of the week, when Jared went back to his business, Chase accompanied him. "I thought I might as well take a look at that horrid Raleigh," he said to Ruth, with solemn humor. "You see, I have been laboring under the impression that it was a very pretty place—a mistake which evidently needs to be corrected."

Ten days later the mud-bespattered Blue Ridge stage came slowly into Asheville at its accustomed hour. The mail-bags were thrown out, and then the postmaster, in his shirt sleeves, with his spectacles on his nose and his straw hat tilted back on his head, began the distribution of their contents, assisted (through the open windows) by the usual group of loungers. This friendly audience had its elbows on the sill. It made accompanying comments as follows: "Hurry up, you veteran of the Mexican war!" "That letter ain't for Johnny Monroe. It's for Jake Morse; I can see the direction from here. Where's your eyes?" "*Six* for General Cyarter? Lucky reb, *he* is!"

Twenty minutes later Genevieve Franklin entered the parlor of L'Hommedieu, a

flush of deep rose-color in each cheek, her eyes lustrous. "Mamma, a letter from Jay! It is too good— I cannot tell you—" Her words came out pantingly, for she had been running; she sat down with her hand over her breast as if to help herself breathe.

"Jared? Oh, where are my glasses?" said Mrs. Franklin, searching hastily in her pocket and then on the table. "Here, Dolly. Quick! Read it!"

And then Dolly, also excited, read Jared's letter aloud.

Ruth came in in time to hear this sentence: "I am to have charge of their Charleston office (the office of the Columbian Line), at a salary of three thousand dollars a year."

"Who? What? Not Jared? And at Charleston?" cried the girl, clapping her hands. "Oh, how splendid! For it's the water, you know; the salt water at last. With the ships coming and going, and the ocean; it won't be so awfully inland to him, poor fellow, as Raleigh and Atlanta."

"And the large salary," said Genevieve, still breathless. "*That's* Horrie! I have felt sure from the first that he would do something for us. Such an old friend of mine. Dear, dear Horrie!"

A week later Chase returned. "Yes, he'll get off to Charleston in a few days now," he said to Mrs. Franklin. "When he is settled there, you must pay him a visit, ma'am. Charleston is a beautiful city. You'll end by going there to live."

"Oh, we can't; we have this house, and no house there. If I could only sell that place in Florida! However, we can stop in Charleston when we go to Florida this winter. That is, if we go," added the mother, remembering her load of debts. But she forgot it again; she forgot everything save her joy in the brighter life for her son. "How can I thank you?" she said to Chase.

"Oh, it's no favor, ma'am. We have always needed a first-class man at Charleston, and we've never had it; we think ourselves very lucky indeed in being able to secure Mr. Franklin."

As he went back to the Old North with Etheridge, whom he had met at L'Hommedieu (as Mrs. Franklin would have said, "of course!"), Chase added some further particulars. "You never saw such a mess as he'd made of it, Commodore. He told me—we had a good deal of talk when we took that French Broad drive—that the business wasn't what he had hoped it would be when he went into it; that he was afraid it was running down. Running down! It was at a standstill; six months more, and it would have been utterly swamped. The truth is, he didn't know how to manage it. How should he? What does a navy man know about leather? He saw that it was all wrong, yet he didn't know how to help it; that took the heart out of him, you see. There was no use in going on with it a day longer; and so I told him, as soon as I had looked into the thing a little. He has, therefore, made an arrangement—sold out. And now he is going to take a place at Charleston — our Columbian Line."

"To the tune of three thousand dollars a year, I understand?"

"He'll be worth it to us. A navy officer as agent will be a feather in our caps. It's a pity he couldn't take command of one of our steamers—with his hankering for the sea. Our steamer officers wear uniforms, you know."

"Take care that he doesn't knock you down," said Etheridge, dryly.

"Oh, I haven't suggested it. I see his weak points," Chase answered.

When Jared Franklin reached Charleston, he went to the office of the Columbian Company. It faced a wharf or dock. From its windows he could see the broad harbor, the most beautiful port of the South Atlantic coast. He looked at Fort Sumter, then off towards the low white beaches of Morris Island. He knew the region well; his ship had lain outside during the war. Deliciously sweet to him was the salt tang of the sea. Already, miles inland, he had perceived it, and had put his head out of the car window. The salt marshes had been to him like a tonic as the train rushed past. The ocean out there in the east, too, that was rather better than a clattering street. Words could never express how he loathed the remembrance of the hides and the leather. A steamer of the Columbian Line came in. He went on board, contemptuous of everything, of course, but enjoying that especial species of contempt. Ascending to the upper deck, he glanced at the rigging and smoke-stacks. They were not what he approved of; but, oh! the solace of abusing any sort of rigging outlined against the sky! He went down and

looked at the engines; he spoke to the engineer; he prowled all over the ship, from stem to stern, his feet enjoying the sensation of something underneath them that floated. That evening he seated himself on a bench at the Battery, with his arms on the railing, and looked out to sea. His beloved old life came back to him, all his cruises—the Mediterranean ports, Villefranche and the Bay of Naples, the harbors of China, Rio Janeiro, Alexandria, tropical islands, the color of the Pacific—while the wash of the water below sounded in his ears. At last he rose; he came back to reality again. "Well, it's a great windfall, of course; and I must certainly do the best I can for that long-legged fellow"—so he said to himself as he went up Meeting Street towards his hotel. He liked Chase after a fashion; he appreciated his friendliness and comprehended his genius for business. But this was the way he thought of him —"that long-legged fellow." Chase's fortune made no impression upon him. At heart he had the sailor's chronic indifference to money-making. But at heart he had also something else—Genevieve.

Chapter VI.

One afternoon early in September Miss Billy Breeze, her cheeks pink, her gentle eyes excited, entered the principal dry-goods store of Asheville, the establishment of Messrs. Pinkham and Bebb. "Kid gloves, if you please, Mr. Bebb. Delicate shades. No. 6." The box of gloves having been produced, Miss Billy selected quickly two dozen pairs. "I will take these. And please add two dozen pairs of white."

Mr. Bebb was astounded. The order seemed to him reckless. Everybody in Asheville knew that Miss Billy's income was six hundred dollars a year. He made up the parcel slowly, in order to give her time to change her mind. But Miss Billy paid for the four dozen pairs without a quiver, and, with the same excited look, took the package and went out. She walked down the main street to its last houses; she came back on the other side. Turning to the right, she traversed all the cross-roads in that direction. When this was done, she re-entered the main street again, and passed through its length a second time. It was Saturday, the day when the country people came to town. Ten mountaineers in a row were sitting on their heels in front of the post-office; mountain women on horseback, wearing deep sun-bonnets, rode up and down the street bartering; wagons passed along loaded with peaches, heaped together as though they were potatoes. Miss Billy was now traversing all the crossroads to the left. When this was accomplished, she came back and began over again.

At half past five o'clock, still walking, she met Achilles Larue. "Oh—really—is this *you*, Mr. Larue? Such a surprise to see you! Lovely day, isn't it? I've been buying some gloves." She opened the package and turned over the gloves hastily. "Light shades, you see. I—I thought I'd better."

Larue, slightly lifting his hat, was about to pass on.

But Miss Billy detained him. "Of course you are interested in the news, Mr. Larue? Weren't you surprised? I was. I am afraid she is a little too young for him. I think it is rather better when they are of *about* the same age—don't you?" She had no idea that she had been walking for four hours. But her body knew; it trembled from fatigue.

Larue made another start.

"But weren't you surprised?" she repeated, hastily. (Oh! he must not go so soon!)

"I don't think I am ever surprised, Miss Breeze."

Here Anthony Etheridge came by, and stopped. He looked sternly at Miss Billy. "But what do you *think* of it, Mr. Larue?" Billy was inquiring.

"I have not thought of it," Larue answered, coldly.

"Are you selling gloves?" asked Etheridge. For the paper having fallen to the ground, the four dozen pairs were visible, lying in confusion over Billy's arm.

"To Mr. Larue?" (Giggle.) "Oh, I couldn't." (Giggle.) "They're only No. 6. The size, I mean."

There was a sound of horses' feet; Ruth Franklin rode round the corner on Kentucky Belle, giving them a gay nod as she passed. Horace Chase and Malachi Hill were with her, both mounted on beautiful horses—one black, one chestnut; and at some distance behind followed Chase's groom. "How *happy* she looks!" murmured Miss Billy, with an involuntary sigh.

"Yes. She has obtained what she likes," commented Larue. "Hers is a frivolous nature throughout; she requires gayety, change, luxury, and now she will have them. Her family are wise to consent. For they have, I suspect, very little money. Her good looks will soon disappear; at thirty she will be plain." And this time, decidedly, he walked away.

Miss Billy, her eyes dimmed by unshed tears, looked after him. "Such a—such a *worldly* view of marriage!" she managed to articulate.

"What can you expect from a fish?" answered Etheridge, secretly glad of his chance. "Achilles Larue is as cold-blooded as a mackerel, and always was. I don't say he will never marry again; but if he does, the woman he selects will have to go down on her knees and stay there" (Miss Billy's eyes looked hopeful); and bring him, also, a good big sum of money in her hand." Here, noticing that one of the pairs of gloves had slipped down so far that it was held by the tips of its fingers only, he turned away with a sudden "Good-afternoon." For he had had rheumatism all night in the small of his back; he could walk, but he could not stoop.

Miss Billy went home much depressed. The night before, after her usual devotions and an hour's perusal of *The Blue Ridge in the Glacial Period* (she read the volume through regularly once a month), she had attempted a thought-transferrence. She had, indeed, made many such experiments since Maud Muriel's explanation of the process. But last night she had for the first time succeeded in keeping her mind strictly to the subject; for nearly ten minutes, with her face screwed up by the intensity of the effort, she had willed continuously: "Like me, Achilles, like me!" (She was too modest even to *think* "love" instead of "like.") "You must! You *shall!*" And now, when at last she had succeeded in meeting him, this was the result! She put away the gloves mechanically: she had bought them not from any need, but simply because she had felt the wish to go out and *do* something when the exciting news of Ruth Franklin's engagement reached her at noon. Stirred as she already was by the success of her own private experiment of the previous night, the secret thought in her heart was: "There may be *two* weddings. Who knows?"

When Etheridge left her, he went to L'Hommedieu. He found Dolly in the parlor with Petie Trone, Esq. Trone's basket had been established by Ruth under the pedestal which held his own likeness; the dog was now lying on his red cushion in the exact attitude of his little effigy above. For Chase had kept his word; Maud Muriel's work had been reproduced in bronze. The squirrel was climbing up the window curtain. "So *you* have to see to the pets, do you?" remarked the visitor as he seated himself. He had known of the engagement for several days; he had already made what he called "the proper speeches" to Mrs. Franklin and Ruth, and to Chase himself. "I have just seen her—on Kentucky Belle," he went on. "Well, he will give her everything, that's one certainty. On the whole, she's a lucky girl."

"It is Mr. Chase who is lucky," answered Dolly, stiffly. She was finishing off the toe of a stocking, and did not look up. "I consider Mr. Chase a miraculously fortunate man."

"Miraculously? How do you mean? Because she is young? The good fortune as regards that is for the wife, not the husband; for she will always be so much his junior that he will have to consider her—he will never neglect her. Well, Dolly, all Asheville has heard the news this morning; the town is ringing with it. And it is such an amiable community that it has immediately given its benediction in the most optimistic way. Of course, though, there are some who maintain that she is marrying him for his money."

Dolly knitted more rapidly.

"And so she is," Etheridge added. "Though not in their sense, for she has never reflected, never thought about it, never made a plan. All the same, it is his wealth, you know, which has fascinated her—his wealth and his liberality. She has never seen anything like it. No one she knows has ever done such things—flowers, jewels, journeys, her brother lifted out of his troubles as if by magic, a future sparkling and splendid opening before her; no wonder she is dazzled. In addition, she herself has a deep, ingrained love of ease—"

Dolly dropped her stocking. "Do you think I intend to sit here and listen to you?" she asked, with flashing eyes.

"Wait, wait," answered Etheridge,

putting out his hand as if to explain; "you don't see what I am driving at, Dolly. As Mrs. Chase, your sister will have everything she wishes for; all her tastes and fancies gratified to the full; and that is no small affair! Chase will be fond of her; and, in addition, he will be excessively indulgent to her in every way. With her nature and disposition, her training, too (for you have spoiled her, all of you), it is really an ideal marriage for the girl, and that is what I am trying to tell you. You might search the world over, and you could not find a better one."

"I don't like it; I never shall like it," answered Dolly, implacably. "And mother, in her heart, agrees with me, though she has, somehow, a higher idea of the man than I have. As for Ruth—Ruth is simply swept away—"

"Exactly; swept into her proper sphere," interrupted Etheridge. "Don't interfere with the process."

"She doesn't understand—" Dolly went on.

"She understands immensely well what she likes! Give Ruth indulgence, amusement, pleasure, and she will be kind-hearted, amiable, generous; in short, good and happy. On the other hand" (here the visitor rose and laid his finger impressively on Dolly's arm)—"on the other hand, there might be another story. Come, I am going to be brutal. I don't know how much money your mother has, but I suspect very little, with the possibility, perhaps, of less. And I can't imagine, Dolly, any one more unhappy than your sister would be, ten years hence, say, if she were shut up here in Asheville, poor, unmarried, her good looks gone, to face a life of dull sameness forever. I think it would kill her! She is not at all the girl to endure monotony, to settle down to resignation, gossip, mendings, whist clubs, embroidery, and the regulation good works."

The house door opened; Mrs. Franklin and Genevieve came in and entered the parlor together. Dolly at the same time left the room. Obliged to walk slowly, she could not slip out; she made a progress that was almost stately, without looking at her sister-in-law or speaking to her.

Genevieve, however, required no notice from Dolly. Her face was lovely in its happy contentment. She shook hands with Etheridge warmly. "I have not seen you since it happened, Commodore. I know you are with us in our pleasure? I know you congratulate us?"

Etheridge had always thought the younger Mrs. Franklin a beautiful woman; she reminded him of the Madonna del Granduca at Florence. Now she held his hand so long, and looked at him with such cordial friendliness, that he came out with the gallant exclamation, "Chase is the one I congratulate, by Jove!—on getting such a sister!"

"Think of all Ruth will now be able to do—all the good! I seem to see even my hospital," added Genevieve, gayly.

"Hum—yes," added Etheridge. Walking away a step or two, he put his hands in the pockets of his trousers and looked toward his feet reflectively for a moment, as though surveying the pattern of his garments—a convenient gesture to which a (slender) man can resort when he wishes to cover a silence.

"For dear mamma, too, it is so delightful," continued Genevieve. She had seated herself, and she now drew her mother-in-law down beside her. "Ruth and Jay together—they will never permit mamma to have another care."

"Yes. I think I'll just run up and take off my bonnet," said Mrs. Franklin, disengaging herself. And she left the room.

Genevieve was not disturbed by this second departure; she was never disturbed by any of the actions or the speeches of her husband's family. She did her own duty regarding them regularly and steadily, month after month; it was part of her rule of conduct. But what they did or said to her in return was less important. "Ruth is a fortunate girl," she went on, as she drew off her gloves with careful touches. "And she appreciates it, Commodore—I am glad to tell you that; I have been talking to her. She is very happy. Horace is such an able and splendidly successful man—a man whom every one must respect and admire most heartily."

"Yes, a clever speculator indeed!" commented Etheridge, ungratefully, throwing over his drive with the bays.

"Speculator? Oh no; it is all genuine business; I can assure you of that," answered Genevieve, seriously. "And now perhaps you can help us a little. Horace is anxious to have the marriage take

place this fall. And I am on his side. For why, indeed, should they wait? The usual delays are generally prudential, or for the purpose of making preparations. But in this case there are no such conditions; he already has a house in New York, for he has always preferred home life. Ruth is willing to have it so; but mamma decidedly, almost obstinately, opposes it."

"Dolly too, I suppose?"

"Oh, I never count Dolly; her temper is so uncertain. But it is very natural that it should be so, and one always excuses her, poor thing! Couldn't you say a word or two to mamma, Commodore? You have known her so long, I am sure you have influence. My chief dependence, of course, is upon Jay. Mamma always yields to Jay."

"Franklin, then, is pleased with the engagement?" said Etheridge, walking about the room, taking up books, looking at them vaguely, and laying them down again.

"How could he *not* be! As it happens, however, we have not yet heard from him, for when our letters reached Charleston he had just started for New York on one of their steamers; some business errand. But he was to return by train, and I am expecting to hear from him to-morrow."

There was a sound outside. "Here they come," said Etheridge, looking out.

And Genevieve rose quickly to join him at the window. Chase and the young clergyman were dismounting. Then Chase lifted Ruth from Kentucky Belle. The groom rode up, another had come running from the Old North stables; the two men with the four horses went away together. "Those are two new horses, you know," said Genevieve, in a low tone; "Horace sent for them. And he lets Mr. Hill ride one of them every day."

"Yes; *horses* enough!" grumbled Etheridge, discontentedly.

Ruth, holding up the skirt of her habit, was coming towards the house, talking to her two escorts. When she entered the parlor, Genevieve went forward and put her arm round her. "I know you have enjoyed your ride, dear?"

"Of course I have. How do you do, Commodore? I have just been planning another excursion with Horace." (The name came out happily and securely.) "To Cæsar's Head this time; you to drive the four-in-hand, and I to ride Kentucky Belle."

"Yes, that's right; arrange it with him," said Chase. "For I must go; I have letters to write which can be postponed no longer. You have had enough of me for to-day, I guess? May I come in to-morrow afternoon—early?"

"Come to lunch," said Ruth, giving him her hand. He held it out for a moment, looking at her with kindly eyes. "You don't know how much I enjoyed my ride," said the girl, heartily. "It is such a joy to be on Kentucky Belle; she is so beautiful, and she moves so lightly! It was the nicest ride I have ever had in my life."

This seemed to please Chase. He took leave of the others and went away.

"A remarkable man!" said Malachi Hill, in a low tone. "No, thank you, Miss Ruth, I won't sit down. But I will wait here, if you will allow it, until he is out of sight; otherwise I might be tempted to follow him. For I may as well confess to you—I have already told Miss Dolly—that I seem to lose my head when I find myself with Chase alone. I am so haunted by the idea of asking him for contributions to our charities—making a regular gorilla of myself, in short—that I have to keep putting my hand over my mouth and *banging* it back. Like this:" and lifting his large, very clean palm, he pressed it over his lips tightly.

"I shall have to see that he is never left alone with you," said Ruth, laughing.

"There! he has turned the corner. Now *I*'ll go the other way," continued the missionary, his seriousness unbroken.

"Mr. Hill is such a dear good man," remarked Genevieve as she closed one of the windows.

"Miss Billy thinks him *recklessly* bad!" commented Ruth. "What is the matter? Why do you shut the window?"

"You were in a draught; after your ride you must be warm, and I was afraid you might take cold."

"I'm a precious object, am I?"

"Yes, dear, you certainly are," replied Genevieve, with all the seriousness of Malachi Hill.

"If that simpleton of a Billy could see little Malachi eat apples, she would change her opinion about him," remarked Etheridge. "A man who can devour with relish four, five, and even six, cold

raw apples (and the Asheville apples are sixteen inches round) late in the evening, cores, seeds, and all, *must* be virtuous—as virtuous as mutton!" He was looking at Ruth as he spoke. The girl was leaning back in an easy-chair; Petie Trone, Esq., had lost no time, he was already established in her lap, and the squirrel had flown to her shoulder. She had taken off her gauntlets, and as she lifted her hands to remove her hat, he saw a flash. "Trinkets?" he said.

"Oh—you haven't seen it?" She drew off a ring and tossed it across to him.

"Take care!" said Genevieve.

But Etheridge had already caught it. It was a solitaire diamond ring, the stone of splendid beauty, large, pure, brilliant.

"It came yesterday," Genevieve explained. Then she folded her hands—this with Genevieve was always a deliberate motion. "There will be diamonds—yes. But there will be other things also; Ruth will remember the duties of wealth as well as its pleasures."

Ruth paid no heed to this; she put on her ring again, using the philopena circlet as a guard; then she said, "Petie Trone, Esq., there will be just time before dinner for your Saturday scrubbing."

Half an hour later, when she returned, the little dog trotting behind her, his small body pinned up in a hot towel, Genevieve cried in alarm, "Where are your rings?"

"Oh," said Ruth, looking at her hands, "I didn't miss them; they must have come off in the tub. Since then I have been in my room, dressing."

"And Rinda may have thrown away the water!" exclaimed her sister-in-law, rushing up the stairs in breathless haste.

But Rinda was never in a hurry to perform any of her duties, and the wooden tub devoted to Mr. Trone still stood in its place. Genevieve, baring her white arms, plunged both her hands into the water, her heart beating with anxiety. But the rings, very soapy, were there.

That evening, at nine o'clock, Mrs. Franklin was galloping through the latest tale of Anthony Trollope. For she always read a novel with racing speed to get at the story, skipping every description; then, if she had been interested, she went back and re-perused it in more leisurely fashion. It was unusual to have a book fresh from the press; the well-fingered volumes which Miss Billy borrowed for her so industriously were generally two or three years old. Horace Chase, learning from Ruth the mother's liking for novels, had sent a note to New York, ordering in his large way "all the latest articles in fiction," a package to be sent to L'Hommedieu once a month. The first parcel had just arrived, and Mrs. Franklin, opening it, much surprised, had surveyed the gift with mixed feelings. She was alone. Ruth, seized with a sudden fancy for a glass of cream, had gone, with Rinda as protector, to a house at some distance, where cream was sold; for with Ruth fancies were so vivid that it always seemed to her absolutely necessary to follow them instantly. The mother turned over the volumes. "It doesn't make me like him a bit better!" she said to herself. But her easy-chair was comfortable; the reading-lamp was burning brightly at her elbow. For fourteen years novels had been her opiates. She put on her glasses, took up the Trollope, and began. She had not been reading long, when her attention suddenly jumped back to the present, owing to a sound outside. The window was open; somebody was coming up the path from the gate, and she recognized—yes, she recognized the step. Letting the book drop, she ran to the house door. "Jared! Why—how did you get here? The stage came in long ago."

"I drove over from Old Fort," answered her son as he entered.

"And you did not find Genevieve? She has gone with Mr. Hill to—"

"I haven't been to the cottage yet; I came directly here. Where is Ruth?"

"Out. But she will be in soon. Dolly isn't well to-night; she has gone to bed."

"The coast is clear, then, and we can talk," said Jared. "So much the better." They were now in the parlor; before seating himself he closed the door. "I have come up about this affair of Ruth's, mother. As soon as I got back to Charleston and read your letters, I started at once. You have been careless, I fear; but at least I hope that nothing has been said, that no one knows?"

"Everybody knows, Jared. At least, everybody in Asheville."

"Who has told? Chase?" said Jared, angrily.

"Oh no; he left all that to us. I have said nothing, and Dolly has said nothing. But—but—"

"But what?"

"Genevieve has announced it everywhere," answered Mrs. Franklin, her inward feeling against her daughter-in-law for once getting the better of her.

"I will speak to Genevieve. But she is not the one most in fault, mother; she could not have announced it unless *you* had given your consent. And how came you to do that?"

"I don't think I have consented. I have been waiting for you."

"Very well, then; we can act together. Now that I have come, Horace Chase will find that there's some one on hand; he will no longer be able to do as he pleases!"

"Our difficulty is, Jared, that it is not so much a question of his doing as he pleases as it is of Ruth's doing as *she* pleases; she thinks it is all enchanting; and she is headstrong, you know."

"Yes. That is the very reason why I think you have been so careless, mother. You were here and I was not; you, therefore, were the one to act. You should have taken Ruth out of town, and kept her away until I could reach you; you should have done this at any sacrifice."

"It is not so easy," began his mother. Then she stopped. For she was living on credit; she owed money everywhere, and there were still ten days to elapse before any remittances could reach her. But she would have borne anything and resorted to everything rather than let Jared know this. "It took me so completely by surprise," she said, beginning again. "I am sure that you yourself had no suspicion of any such possibility when we took that French Broad drive."

"No, I had not. And it enrages me to think how blind I was. He was laying his plans even then; the whole trip, and all those costly things he did—that was simply part of it." And leaving his chair, the brother walked up and down the room, his face darkly flushed with anger. "Ruth — a child! And he — thirty years older!"

"Not that, dear. He is thirty-eight; and she was nineteen last week."

"He looks much more than thirty-eight. But that isn't the point. You don't seem to see, mother, what makes it so insufferable. He has bribed her about *me*, bribed her with that place in Charleston; that's the whole story. She is so happy about that, that she forgets all else."

"I don't like the idea of an engagement any better than you do, Jared. But I ought to say two things. One is, that I don't believe he made any plot as to the Charleston place; I think he likes to help people—"

"Yes, our family!" interrupted the son, hotly. "No, mother, you don't understand him in the least. Horace Chase is purely a business man, a long-headed, driving, money-making fellow; all his ambition (and he has plenty of it) is along that one line. It's the only line, in fact, which he thinks important. But the idea of his being a philanthropist, a benefactor—it would make his partners, for instance, the Willoughbys, laugh all day!"

"Well, have that as you like. But even if he first gave you the place on Ruth's account—for he has fallen very much in love with her; there is no doubt of that—I don't see that he has any need to be a benefactor in keeping you there. They are no doubt delighted to have you; he says so himself, in fact. A navy officer, a gentleman—they may well be!" added Mrs. Franklin, looking for the moment very much like her father, old Major Seymour, with his aristocratic notions.

"Why, mother, people with that brutal amount of money—Chase and the Willoughbys, for instance—don't you know that they look upon the salaries of army and navy officers simply as wretched genteel poverty?" said Jared, forgetting for the moment his anger in amusement over her old-fashioned mistake.

But he could not have made Mrs. Franklin believe this in ten years of repetition, much less in ten minutes. "And the other thing I had to say," she went on, "is that I don't think Ruth is marrying him on *your* account solely."

"Oh yes, she is, though she may not be conscious of it. But when I have given up the Charleston place, which I shall do to-morrow, then she will be free again. The moment she sees that she can do *me* no good, all will look different to her. I'd rather do anything—sell the cottage, and live on a crust all the rest of my days—than have a sister of mine help me along in that way!"

His mother watched him as he paced to and fro. He looked ill; there were hollows at his temples and dark circles under his eyes; his tall figure had begun to stoop. He was the dearest of all her chil-

dren, her idol; his incurable, unspoken regrets, his broken life, were like a dagger in her heart at all times. He would give up his place, and then he would have nothing, and she, his mother, could not help him with a penny. He would give up his place and sell the cottage, and then—Genevieve! It all came back to that; it would always come back to that—Genevieve! She swallowed hard to keep down the sob in her throat. "He is very much in love with her," she repeated, vaguely, in order to say something.

"Who cares if he is? I almost begin to think you like it, after all!"

"No, dear, no; neither Dolly nor I like it in the least. But Ruth is not easy to manage. And Genevieve was sure that you—"

"This is not Genevieve's affair. It is mine!" thundered Jared.

His mother jumped up, ran to him, and gave him a kiss. For the moment she forgot his illness, his uncertain future, her own debts, all her troubles, in the joy of hearing him at last assert his will against that of his wife. But it was only for a moment; she knew—knew far better than he did—that the even-tempered feminine pertinacity would always in the end have its way. Jared, impulsive, generous, affectionate, was no match for his golden-haired wife. In a contest of this sort it is the nobler nature, always, that yields; the self-satisfied, limited mind has an obstinacy that never gives way. She leaned her head against her son's breast, and all the bitterness of his marriage came over her afresh like a flood.

"Why, mother, what is it?" asked Jared, feeling her tremble. He put his arm round her, and smoothed her hair tenderly. "Tell me what it is that troubles you so, dear?"

The gate swung to. Mrs. Franklin lifted her head. "Ruth is coming," she whispered. "Say what you like to her. But, under all circumstances, remember to be kind. I will come back by-and-by." She hurried out.

Rinda and Ruth entered the hall. Rinda went to the kitchen, and Ruth, after taking off her hat and gloves, came into the parlor, carrying her glass of cream, and regaling herself with a preliminary sip. "Jared!" She put down the glass on the table, and threw her arms round her brother's neck. "Oh, I am so glad you have come!"

"Sit down. Here, by me. I wish to speak to you, Ruth."

"Yes — about my engagement. It's very good of you to come so soon;" and she put her hand through his arm in her old affectionate way. Her glance, as she did so, happening to fall upon the ring, she withdrew the hand long enough to hold it before him for a moment. "Isn't that pretty?"

"I do not call it an engagement when you have neither your mother's consent nor mine," answered her brother. "Whatever it is, however, you must make an end of it."

"An end of it? Why?"

"Because we all dislike the idea. You are too young to comprehend what you are doing."

"I am nineteen; that is not so very young. I comprehend that I am going to be happy. And I *love* to be happy! I have never seen any one half so kind as Mr. Chase. If there is anything I want to do, he arranges it. He doesn't wait, and hesitate, and consider; he *does* it. He thinks of everything; it is perfectly beautiful! Why, Jared—what he did for you, wasn't that kind?"

"Exactly. That is what he has bribed you with!"

"Bribed?" repeated Ruth, surprised, as she saw the indignation in his eyes. Then comprehending what he meant, she laughed, coloring a little also. "But I am not marrying him on your account; I am marrying him on my own. I am marrying because I like it, because I want to. You don't believe it? Why—look at me." She rose and stood before him. "I am the happiest girl in the whole world as I stand here! I should think you could see it for yourself!" And in truth her face was radiant. "If I have ever had any dreams of what I should like my life to be (and I have had plenty), they have all come true," she went on, with her hands behind her, looking at him reflectively. "Think of all I shall have! And of where I can go! And of what I can do! Why—there's no end of it!"

"That is not the way to talk of marriage."

"How one talks of it is not important. The important point is to be happy *in* it, and that I shall be to the full—yes, to the

full. His Grand shall have whatever she likes; and Dolly too. First of all, Dolly shall have a phaeton, so that she can drive to the woods every day. The house shall be put in order from top to bottom. And—oh, everything!"

"Is that the way you talk to *him?*"

But the sarcasm fell to the ground. "Precisely. Word for word," answered Ruth, lightly. And he saw that she spoke the truth.

"He is much too old for you. If there were no other—"

But Ruth interrupted him with a sort of sweet obstinacy. "That is for me to judge, isn't it?"

"He is not at all the person you fancy he is."

"I don't care what he is generally, what he is to other people; all I care for is what he is to me. And about that you know nothing; I am the one to know. He is nicer to me, and he always will be nicer, than Genevieve has ever been to *you!*" And turning, the girl walked across the room.

"If I have been unhappy, that is the very reason I don't want you to be," answered her brother, after a moment's pause.

His tone touched her. She ran back to him, and seated herself on his knee, with her cheek against his. "I didn't mean it, dear; forgive me," she whispered, softly. "But please don't be cross to me! You are angry because you believe I am marrying to help *you.* But you are mistaken. I am marrying for myself. You might be back in the navy, and mother and Dolly might have more money, and I should still marry him. It would be because I want to, because I like him. If you had anything to say against him personally, it would be different, but you haven't. He is waiting to tell you about himself, to introduce you to his family (he has only sisters), and to his partners, the Willoughbys. Your only objections appear to be that I am marrying him on your account, and I have told you that I am not; and that he is older than I am, and *that* I like; and that he has money, while we are poor. But he gets something in getting me," she added, in a lighter tone, as she raised her head and looked at him gayly. "Wait till you see how pretty I shall be in fine clothes."

The door opened, and Mrs. Franklin came in

Ruth rose. "Here is mother. Now I must say the whole. Listen, mother; and you too, Jared. I intend to marry Horace Chase. If not with your consent, then without it. If you will not let me be married at home, then I shall walk out of the house, go to Horace, and the first clergyman or minister he can find shall marry us. There! I have said it. But why, *why* should you treat me so harshly? Don't make me so dreadfully unhappy. It would be absolute cruelty!"

She had spoken wilfully, determinedly, but now she was pleading—though it was pleading to have her own way. And slowly into her beautiful eyes, that gazed at them so beseechingly, came two big tears.

Chapter VII.

The wedding was over. Pretty little Trinity Church was left alone with its decorations of flowers and delicate vines, the work of Miss Billy Breeze. Miss Billy, much excited, was now standing beside Ruth in the parlor at L'Hommedieu; for Miss Billy and Maud Muriel were the bridemaids. Maud Muriel had consented with solemnity. "I pity him! But I'll stand by him," she confided to Miss Billy. L'Hommedieu also was decked with flowers. It was a warm autumn day. The windows and doors were open. All Asheville was in attendance, if not in the house and on the verandas, then gazing over the fence and waiting outside the gate. For there were many things to engage its attention. First there was Mrs. Franklin, looking very distinguished; then Genevieve, the most beautiful woman present. Then there was Bishop Carew; for the Bishop had come from Wilmington to officiate. His son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Arlington, rector of Trinity, had begun the marriage service; the Rev. Malachi Hill had carried it on a little further; the Bishop had concluded it, and given the benediction. Asheville admired the Bishop—the handsome, kindly, noble old man, full of dignity, full of sweetness as well. They were proud that he had come to "their" wedding. For that was the way they thought of it. Even the negroes—those who had flocked to old Daniel's race—had a sense of ownership in the affair.

A third point of interest was the general surprise over Maud. As Ruth had

selected the costumes of her bridemaids, Miss Mackintosh was attired for the first time in her life in ample soft draperies, that floated behind her in a train. Her hair, too, arranged by Miss Billy, had no longer the look of the penitentiary. The result was that (to the amazement of the town) the sculptress was almost handsome.

Anthony Etheridge, much struck by this (and haunted by his old idea), pressed upon her more than once a glass of punch (which Maud as steadily declined). "Go to your studio just as you are when this is over," he counselled, in a low tone. "You'll find yourself doing *wonders!*"

Two of Chase's partners were present, Nicholas Willoughby, a quiet-looking man of fifty-eight, and his nephew Walter of the same name; Walter was acting as "best man." The elder Willoughby had made use of the occasion to take a general look at Asheville with reference to Chase's ideas concerning it, in order to make a report to his brother Richard. For Nicholas and Richard were millionaires many times over; their business in life was investment. Asheville itself, meanwhile, hardly comprehended the importance of such an event as the presence within its borders of a New York capitalist; it knew very little about New York. Mrs. Franklin, however, possessed a wider knowledge; she understood what was represented by the name of Willoughby. And it had solaced her unspeakably also to note that both the uncle and the nephew had a personal liking for her future son-in-law. "They have a real regard for him," she said to her son, in private. "And I myself like him rather better than I once thought I should."

Jared had come from Charleston on the preceding day. "Oh, that's far too guarded, mother," he answered. "The only way for us now is to like Horace Chase with enthusiasm, to cling to him with the deepest affection. We must admire unflinchingly everything he says and everything he does — swallow him whole, as it were; it isn't difficult to swallow things *whole!* That's what I shall do. Just watch me." And, in truth, it was Jared's jocularity that enlivened the reception and made it so gay; it reached even Dolly, who (to aid him) became herself a veritable Catherine-wheel of jokes, so that every one noticed how happy all the Franklins were—how delighted with the marriage.

Chase himself appeared well. His rather ordinary face was lighted by an expression of deep inward happiness which was touching; its set lines were relaxed; his eyes, which were usually too keen, had a softness that was new to them. He was very silent; he let his best man talk for him. Walter Willoughby performed this part admirably; standing beside the bridegroom, he "supported" him gayly through the two hours which were given up to the outside friends.

Ruth looked happy, but not particularly pretty. The excitement had given her a deep flush; even her throat was red.

At three o'clock Peter and Piper were brought round to the door; Chase was to drive his wife over the mountains, through the magnificent forest, now gorgeous with the tints of autumn; at Old Fort a special train was waiting to take them eastward, to connect at Salisbury with the Washington express.

A few more minutes and then they were gone. There was nothing left but the scattered rice on the ground, and Petie Trone, Esq., barking his little heart out at the gate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

"IT is desirable that accurate information on the enormities of the slave trade should be spread at home and abroad, and that to slave-holding states all evidence proving the superior advantages of free labor should be freely supplied," was a sentiment uttered by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the jubilee meeting of the Antislavery Society. His vast and influential audience cordially responded to it.

It seems to me that the same sentiment should also be published for the benefit of all those in America or England who are or may become interested in the welfare and progress of the negro races, and of

their advancement towards civilization. With that view, I shall endeavor in this article to lay before you the present actual condition of Africa in respect to slavery, the slave trade, and slave-raiding, and the efforts which are being made to remedy their destructive effects and to extirpate the causes by opening the continent to the influences of legitimate trade.

The maritime exploration of the African coasts by the Portuguese navigators in the fifteenth century was the direct cause of the inception of the traffic in negroes.

From the year when Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope (1497), to the year 1807, when the British government prohibited the exportation of slaves over the high seas, is a period of 310 years. During all this time Africa was surrendered to the cruelty of the slave-hunter and the avarice of the slave-trader. While its people were thus subject to capture and expatriation, it was clearly impossible that any intellectual or moral progress could be made by them. The greater number of those accessible from the coast were compelled to study the best methods of avoiding the slaver and escaping his force and his wiles; the rest only thought of the arts of kidnapping their innocent and unsuspecting fellow-creatures. Yet, ridiculous as it may appear to us, there were not wanting zealous men who devoted themselves to Christianizing the savages who were moved by such an opposite spirit. In Angola, Congo, and Mozambique, and far up the Zambezi, missionaries erected churches and cathedrals; bishops and priests were appointed, who converted and baptized, while at the mouths of the Niger, the Congo, and the Zambezi their countrymen built slave-barracoons and anchored their murderous slave-ships. European governments legalized and sanctioned the slave trade, the public conscience of the period approved it, the mitred heads of the Church blessed the slave gangs as they marched to the shore, and the tax-collector received the levy per head as lawful revenue.

But here and there during these guilty centuries words of warning are not wanting. Queen Elizabeth, upon being informed of the forcible capture of Africans for the purposes of sale, exclaims solemnly that "such actions are detestable, and will call down vengeance on the perpetrators." When Las Casas, in his anxiety to save his Indians, suggests that Africans be substituted for them, the Pope, Leo X., declares that "not only the Christian religion but Nature herself cried out against such a course."

One hundred and sixty-five years after the discovery of the Cape, Sir John Hawkins pioneers the way for England to participate in the slave trade, hitherto carried on by the Portuguese, the Spanish, and the Dutch.

A century later a king of England, Charles II., heads an English company which undertakes to supply the British West Indies yearly with 30,000 negroes.

After the Asiento Contract, under which for thirty years England secured the monopoly of supplying the Spanish West Indies with slaves, as many as 192 ships were engaged every year in the transportation of slaves from the African coast. The countries which suffered most from the superior British method of slave capturing and trading and slave-carrying were Congo land, the Niger Valley, the Guinea and Gold coasts, the Gambia, Cross, and Calabar lands.

The system adopted by the British crews in those days was very similar to that employed by the Arabs to-day in inner Africa. They landed at night, surrounded the selected village, and then set fire to the huts, and as the frightened people issued out of the burning houses, they were seized and carried to the ships; or sometimes the skipper, in his hurry for sea, sent his crew to range through the town he was trading with, and, regardless of rank, to seize upon every man, woman, and child they met. Old Town, Creek Town, and Duke Town, in Old Calabar, have often witnessed this summary and high-handed proceeding.

Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, called the slave trade "an important and necessary branch of commerce"; and probably the largest section of the British public, before those antislavery champions Clarkson and Wilberforce succeeded in persuading their countrymen to reflect a little, shared Boswell's views, as well as his surprise and indignation, when it became known that there were English people who talked of suppressing it.

That the slave trade must have been a lucrative commerce there can be no doubt, when we consider that from 1777 to 1807 upwards of 3,000,000 Africans had been sold in the West Indies. All those forts

which may be seen lining the west coast of Africa to-day were constructed principally by means of the revenue derived from the slave tax.

In 1833 slavery was abolished throughout the British dominions, and the government agreed to pay the slave-owners of the West Indies £20,000,000 redemption-money for 1,000,000 of slaves. On the 1st of August, 1834, the famous Act of Emancipation came into operation. Ten years later, the abolition of the legal status of slavery in India freed 9,000,000 of slaves. Then, little by little, the nations implicated in slavery gravitated to the side of the emancipators. In 1846 the Bey of Tunis, through British influence, decreed that all slaves touching his territory should become free. The French Republic in 1848 declared by a brief act that no more slaves should be admitted into French territory. In 1861 the autocrat of Russia decreed the emancipation of 20,000,000 serfs. The history of the great struggle in the United States is too recent for it to be forgotten that it occasioned the proclamation of freedom on January 1, 1863, by which 6,000,000 of slaves were admitted to the rights of freemen. Finally, and only four years ago, Brazil, after long and laborious efforts of her most enlightened men, heard that the law of abolition of slavery had passed through her Senate—and thus the cruel and inhuman system of man holding fellow-man as a chattel and barterable property was extinguished throughout all America.

It therefore required eighty-two years to extirpate slavery within lands professing to be civilized. Africa in the mean time was not neglected. Her burdens and pains were gradually but surely being reduced. The cruising squadrons sailing up and down the eastern and western coasts made it extremely difficult for slave-ships to break through the close blockade, and after the introduction of steam it was rendered impossible. Education had also greatly spread, and it became a universal conviction that slave-trading was as wicked as piracy.

Now let us see what has already been done, or may in the near future be done, in Africa, which has been during historic time the nursery of slaves. I have before me an autograph letter of Dr. David Livingstone, written in 1872, wherein he concludes a long exposé of the evils of the slave trade which he had met in his travels thus: "The west coast slave-trade is finished, but it is confidently hoped, now that you have got rid of the incubus of slavery [in America], the present holders of office will do what they can to suppress the infamous breaches of the common law of mankind that still darken this eastern coast, and all I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessings descend on whoever lends a helping hand!"

It was this and other letters from Livingstone which provoked that earnest attention to Africa which I feel convinced will not abate until it will be as impossible to kidnap a slave there as in England. The traveller's death, which occurred a few months later, stirred his countrymen into action. At a great meeting held at the Mansion House the necessity for vigorously grappling with the slave trade on the east coast was unmistakably expressed. It resulted in Sir Bartle Frere being sent to Zanzibar to engage the Sultan's co-operation. For that prince derived a considerable revenue from the duty on imported slaves; his subjects were the people against whom Livingstone had written those terrible indictments; the British Indian merchants residing in his capital furnished the means whereby the Arabs were equipped for their marauding expeditions. But with all Sir Bartle's tact, discretion, and proverbial suavity, the mission intrusted to him narrowly approached failure. Fortunately, in Dr. (now Sir) John Kirk, the consul-general, the British government possessed an official of rare ability, and who from long acquaintance with the Sultan knew him thoroughly. Through his assistance, and the opportune appearance of Admiral Cumming with a powerful fleet, a treaty was finally concluded, and the Zanzibar prince was enlisted on the side of the antislavery cause.

Those, however, who expected too much from the treaty were greatly disappointed when, a few months later, reports reached England that the slave trade was as flourishing as ever. No suspicion was entertained of the sincerity of the Zanzibar prince, for upon every occasion involving the punishment of the slavers he proved his honesty by permitting the law, without protest, to be applied. The objects of the treaty were being, however, evaded by the enterprising Arabs on the mainland, who marched their caravans northward

along the coast to points whence at favorable opportunities they could ship their captives to ports in southern Arabia or in the Egyptian protectorate.

To counteract these new proceedings of the Arabs, another large meeting was convened at Stafford House in May, 1874, for the consideration of other means of suppression of the trade. I suggested at that meeting that commissioners should be appointed at various ports along the coast whose duty it would be to keep a record of the number of persons attached to all caravans bound for the interior, as well as of the material of their equipment; that each caravan leader, before receiving permission to set out, should be compelled to bind himself not to engage in the slave-trade, and that such leader on returning to the coast should, upon being convicted of having evaded or broken his obligations, forfeit his bond and be fined $5000; that each captain of a slave-vessel, upon conviction that he was engaged in the transport of slaves, should receive capital punishment; that trading depots should be established on Lakes Nyassa and Tanganika to encourage legitimate commerce in the natural products of the interior; and that the lake coasts should be patrolled by flotillas of steam-launches. The above were the main features of a plan which I still believe would have been adequate in meeting the wishes of the principal speakers in that assembly. Those who know what has since been done by the imperial German government along that same coast and on the lakes will perceive how closely the suggestions are paralleled to-day by the actions of the German commissioners and the trading depots on the lakes belonging to the African Lakes Company. No caravan is permitted to leave without search; gunpowder and arms are confiscated; slave-traders are tried, and hanged after conviction (the chief judge on the German coast lately sentenced seventeen Arabs to be hanged at Lindi). The trading depots of the African Lakes Company are pre-eminently successful in subserving the antislavery cause by suppressing the odious trade in slaves. Had the British done then what is being done now, no other power could have usurped her rights in the immense territory lately abandoned to the Germans.

The history of events at Zanzibar for some years following consists principally of relations of capture of slave-dhows and the confiscation of the vessels, the visit of the Zanzibar prince to England, the appointment of a number of vice-consuls to the principal ports along the coast, the departures of explorers for inner Africa, the gradual but steady increase of missionaries in the interior, and the establishment of Christian missions at Usambara, Mombasa, and Nyassa.

Meanwhile the Arabs in the far interior had discovered a new field for bolder operations in a country west of Lake Tanganika, called Manyuema, and the enormous forested area adjoining it to the north, which has lately been discovered to be about 400,000 square miles in extent. Nyangwé, the principal town of Manyuema, is situate but a few miles south of the vast forest, on the right bank of the Lualaba. It was the furthest point of Livingstone's explorations. Manyuema is surpassingly beautiful, the soil is exceedingly fertile, and the people, though troubled by tribal feuds, are industrious cultivators. By the time Livingstone had penetrated the country the Arabs had assumed lordship over it, and each chief was compelled to pay tribute to them in ivory. The Arabs not only monopolized the ivory, but the fear of them was so great among the Manyuema that, to protect themselves from too many masters, they elected to serve some one powerful Arab, to whom they surrendered themselves, their liberties, as well as their properties of all kinds. In a few years Manyuema was emptied of its elephant teeth. The Arabs then began to extend their operations into the forest, suffering many a disaster and mishap as they advanced. But continuous practice enabled them in the end to thwart the craft of the forest natives, and to acquire that experience by which eventually they easily became masters of every country they entered. The success attending the ventures of such men as Dugumbi, Mtagamoyo, Mohammed-bin-Nasur, and Abed-bin-Salim, and scores of lesser leaders, increased the avarice and excited the ardor of younger and more daring spirits. An apprenticeship with men who had grown gray in the arts of slave-catching and ivory-raiding had taught them that it was a waste of time to pretend to barter cloth and beads as practised in lands east of Lake Tanganika. They had realized how complete was the isolation of the forest aborigines, how the



CAPTURING SLAVES.

little settlements buried in the recesses of the forest were too weak to resist their trained battalions, and how the natives shrank from facing the muzzles of their thundering guns, and how they might range at will and pillage to their heart's content through an unlimited area without let or hindrance.

Having become experts in the science of tracking, ambuscades, and surprises, they became anxious to win fame and fortune after a manner never dreamed of by the earlier traders. The verb "to buy" was to be banished from the vernacular. All that was bestial and savage in the human heart was given fullest scope, unchecked and unreproved. Hence followed the most frightful barbarities and massacres, which spared no age and regarded no sex; fire, spear, arrow, and iron bullet preluded furious loot and pitiless seizure.

Among the earliest to put into practice the terrible knowledge they had gained during their tentative incursions into the forest were Abed-bin-Salim, Tippu Tib, Sayid-bin-Habib, Muini Muhala, Rashid (the nephew of Tippu), Nasur-bin-Suliman, and others. Abed-bin-Salim's case is typical. Among the young Swahili who followed his fortunes were four youthful squires, or apprentices, named Karema, Kiburuga, Kilonga-Longa, and Kibongé. The last of these has given his



IN THE REAR OF A SLAVE CARAVAN.

name to an important Arab station just above Stanley Falls; the other three have since become famous among the central African rapparees and slave-thieves. The names under which they have severally become notorious, and for which they exchanged those derived from their parents, are synonymes given by the bush natives for rapine, lust, murder, arson.

In 1878 Abed-bin-Salim despatched coastward a caravan consisting of Manyuema slaves bearing 350 tusks. At Zanzibar the ivory was sold and the proceeds invested in double-barrelled guns, Minie rifles, and carbines, gunpowder, percussion-caps, buckshot, and bar lead. Within twenty months the new weapons and war munition reached Nyangwé. Kibongé soon after was sent by his master Abed down the Lualaba as supercargo and storekeeper at a station to be strategically chosen, and his three confederates became leaders of three divisions of booty-gatherers, and to draw all slaves, ivory, and flocks of goats into the slave-hold of Kibongé. A native village near the confluence of the Leopold with the Lualaba River was taken, and without loss of time was palisaded as a measure of security. Canoe after canoe was added to their flotilla, in order that detachments might make simultaneous attacks at various points along the Leopold, Lufu, Lowwa, Lira, and Ulindi rivers.

Ivory was the first object of the raiders, women the second, children the third. Ivory was now rapidly rising in value, for the slaughter of fifty thousand elephants in a year makes it scarce. In this region, hitherto unexploited, it was abundant. The natives frequently used it to chop wood upon, or to rest their idols while shaping them with the adze. Being so heavy, two tusks were used to keep their bedding of phrynia leaves from being scattered. They made ivory into pestles to pound their corn, or they stood the tusks on end round their idols, or employed them as seats for their elders in the council-house. Women were needed as wives and servants for the marauders; the little girls could be trained to housework, and bide the growth of the little boys, with whom eventually they would wive, and who in the mean time would be useful as field hands or for domestic duties.



BOY SLAVE.

In a village there would probably be found, on an average, ten tusks, good, bad, and indifferent, thirty full-grown women, and fifty children above five years old, besides a few infants. At the first alarm, a scream from a child or a woman, the warriors and their families dash frantically and pell-mell out of their huts. Then from the ambuscade a volley is fired, and a score fall dead or wounded to the ground, whereat the unseen foes leap out of their coverts to despatch the struggling and groaning victims with knife and spear, and some make mad rushes at a group of terrified children; others dart for a likely-looking woman; a few leap in pursuit of a girl who is flying naked from the scene; some chase a lad who bounds like an antelope over the obstructions. Those not engaged in the fierce chase enter the village and collect to argue over the rights to this or that child. When four or five hundred men rise upon a village whose inhabitants are numerically inferior to them, the event is followed by much fierce discussion of the kind which is not always amicably or easily settled, even when the matter is submitted to the arbitration of the leaders. The rest of the band scatter wildly through the village, and begin collecting the frightened fowls and the bleating goats, rummaging roofs, insides of gourds,

and every imaginable place where a poor savage might be likely to hide his little stock of curios and valuables; others manacle the captives, and question them harshly about their neighbors, or indulge in barbarous fun with some decrepit whitehead. When the results of these pillaging expeditions became known in Nyangwé, and the laden canoes disembarked their ivory, slaves, and fat goats of the famous forest breed, it kindled the envy and cupidity of even Tippu Tib and Sayid-bin-Habib.

Up to 1876, Tippu Tib had been the acknowledged leader of the slavers, on account of his marvellous success. His career had been romantic. From a poor coast slaver, involved in debt to the usurers and money-lenders of Zanzibar, he had grown wealthy and famous. By the storming and capture of Nsama's stronghold (May, 1867) he had become possessed of a fortune in ivory and slaves. He had relieved himself as soon as possible of his embarrassing store by sending his brother Mohammed in charge of his plunder to Unyanyembé, and, with five hundred guns, continued a triumphant and unchecked course from the south of Tanganika, through the heart of Rua, to Nyangwé. As he marched, he ravaged to the right and left of his route, gathered ivory, and made slaves by hundreds. Not far from a district called Mtotila he learned from a captive that the king had disappeared mysteriously many years before, and that though frequent search had been made for him, nothing was known of his whereabouts. Tippu Tib artfully conceived the plan of representing himself as his son, and accordingly schooled himself in all the local knowledge necessary for the deception he intended to practise. By the time he approached Mtotila, Tippu Tib could rehearse the long line of the king's ancestry, the names of his living relatives, and the elders of the land, and was familiar with the events, traditions, and customs of Mtotila. He despatched messengers into the country to announce his arrival, and to tell the wondering people the news of his father's fate, and of his intention to assume his father's rights. The people accepted the story without difficulty, as it harmonized so well with their own conceptions and expectations. The elders were deputed to go and meet their prince. They brought rich presents of ivory and abundance of food, and offered to escort him with honor to his father's land, which Tippu Tib courteously accepted. At every stage of his journey he was welcomed and feasted. On reaching the town of Mtotila he received the chiefs and elders in a grand *barzah*, at which he told the story of his father's disappearance, with a wealth of fictitious details of love and marriage with a king's daughter, of honors showered upon his father, and of the reluctance to his departure which the natives manifested; of his own birth and life; of his recollections of his father's conversations with him respecting Mtotila country, his relatives, and local events — until all were thoroughly persuaded that this able and affable stranger was no other than their lost king's son. He was at once formally accepted and installed as their king; and to ingratiate himself still more, he distributed liberal largess of showy beads and copper and brass trinkets. Before many days had passed the people of Mtotila understood that ivory was very acceptable to their king, and as the article was abundant, and of little value to them, the entire country was ransacked for it, and heaps of it were daily laid before him, until his store of ivory became prodigious. Breaches of the peace between his subjects were compounded by payment in ivory; his favors were sold for ivory; in every imaginable way he augmented his treasure. Finally, when he had depleted Mtotila of elephants' teeth, he sought occasion to embroil Mtotila with the surrounding countries, and his myrmidons were despatched with the native forces to despoil them. Within fifteen months he had gathered nine hundred tusks. He proposed now to the Mtotilas that they should muster carriers to convey his treasure to Kasongo, another country which, according to his reports, he owned, where he had great houses and great estates. In this manner he succeeded in obtaining vast wealth, and the Arabs of the Manyuema settlements, when they viewed his vast store of ivory and innumerable retinue, hailed him as a genius, and recognized his superiority.

The general admiration which had been excited by his genius had greatly subsided by the time I reached Nyangwé in 1876. He was then induced to escort my trans-African expedition a few marches north of Nyangwé, and on his return he undertook the transport of his immense collec-

tions of ivory to Zanzibar, where it is said that he realized the large sum of £30,000 by its sale. Out of these lucrative returns he was able to pay the usurers of Zanzibar the advances of money he had received, with the heavy interest accruing, and with the residue he equipped his large force with the best weapons procurable. In 1881 he was back again in Manyuema, and witnessed with his own eyes the disembarkation of the ivory and slaves obtained by Abed-bin-Salim's agents. Fired at the sight, he lost no time in making his preparations for a second great campaign, which should excel in results his own previous exploits and surpass Abed's successes.



A SLAVER.

He divided his forces into two divisions. The land force he despatched under his nephew Rashid to the Lumami; the flotilla descending the Lualaba he led himself, assisted by his brother and son. The vessels were navigated by the Wenya fishermen, whom during his long residence in Manyuema he had protected and propitiated. These people numbered several thousands, and were scattered along the left bank of the river from the confluence of the Luama to Stanley Falls. The cataracts were therefore no interruption to Tippu Tib's progress or his projects. On a large island just above the lowest of the Stanley Falls, called Wané Sironga (Sons of Sironga), Tippu halted and established his headquarters, whence he was to operate on the left bank as far as the Lumami in conjunction with his nephew Rashid. But for some months before his arrival Abed-bin-Salim's agents had extended their depredations below the Falls along the right bank, leaving a broad desolate track as a witness of their crimes.

It may be true that the development of a country can only take place after a drastic purgation of some sort, but it is also true, fortunately, that there always is some cause to arrest total ruin. In this instance the Arabs themselves had aided the cause. The enslaving bands which escorted me from Nyangwé consisted of trained and educated boy slaves from Manyuema and Unyamuezi and Zanzibar. Many a trusted slave was in the ranks of the expedition which descended the Lualaba to the Atlantic, through whose means a watery highway into the heart of the continent was discovered, and by whom the course of the westward-rolling waves of fire and slaughter was destined to be arrested.

Seven years after we had parted from Tippu Tib in 1876 a small flotilla of steamers was advancing towards Stanley Falls, which was barely sixty miles off, and this is what we saw, as entered in a journal at the time:

"Surely there had been a great change. As we moved slowly up the stream, a singular scene attracted our gaze. This was two or three long canoes standing on their ends, like split hollow columns, upright on the verge of the bank. What freak was this, and what did it signify? To have tilted and raised such weights argued numbers and union. It could never have been the work of a herd of chattering savages. They are Arabs who

have performed this feat of strength, and these upright columnar canoes betray the advent of the slave-traders in the region below the Falls. We learned later that on this now desolate spot once stood the town of Yomburri.

"A few miles higher on the same bank we came abreast of another scene of desolation, where a whole town had been burnt, the palm-trees cut down, the bananas scorched, and many acres of them laid level with the ground, and the freak of standing canoes on end repeated.

"We continued on our journey, advancing as rapidly as our steamers could breast the stream. Every three or four miles we came in view of the black traces of the destroyers. The charred stakes, poles of once populous settlements, scorched banana groves, and prostrate palms, all betokened ruthless ruin.

"On the morning of the 27th November (1883) we detected some object of a slaty color floating down stream. The man in the bow turned it over with a boat-hook. We were shocked to discover the bodies of two women bound together with cord.

"A little later we came in sight of the Arab camp, and discovered that this horde of banditti—for in reality they were nothing else—was under the leadership of several chiefs, but principally under Karema and Kiburuga. They had started sixteen months previously from Wané Kirundu, about thirty miles below Vinya Njara. For eleven months the band had been raiding successfully between the Congo and Lubiranzi. They had then undertaken to perform the same cruel work between the Aruwimi and the Falls. On looking at my map I find that the area of such a territory as described above would measure 16,200 square geographical miles on the left of the Lualaba, and 10,500 square geographical miles on the right of it, the total of which would be equal in statute mileage to 34,570 miles—an area a little larger than the whole of Ireland, and which, according to a rough estimate, was inhabited by about one million people.

"The slave-traders admit they have only 2300 captives in their fold. The banks of the river prove that 118 villages and 43 tribal districts have been devastated, out of which they have only this scant profit of 2300 females and children and about 2000 tusks of ivory. Given that these 118 villages contained only 118,000 people, we have only a profit of two per cent.; and by the time all these captives have been subjected to the accidents of the long river voyage before them, of camp life and its harsh miseries, to the havoc of small-pox, and the pests which misery breeds, there will only remain a scant one per cent. upon the bloody ventures."

If the pitiless course of the slave-hunters were not soon checked, it was easy to perceive that the main Congo, with its 2000 miles of shores, would have soon become a prey to these marauders, that in a little while the scope and incentives to daring enterprise held out by the defenceless river-banks would have emptied Manyuema and Ujiji and Unyanyembé, to extend devastation as far as Stanley Pool, and that the great tributaries, with their 14,000 miles of shores, would have been next visited, until the best portions of Africa would have been depopulated. The Arabs were not pursuing any fixed scheme, but pushed forward according to their means, and would continue to do so in increasing numbers until they met a barrier of some kind. The barrier fortunately had advanced to meet them, and was to be established at Stanley Falls, 1400 miles from the Atlantic. Along the course of the noble river were a series of military stations, which, with the aid of the steamers, could furnish a very strong defensive force. As, however, the stations were but newly planted, and the natives as yet were not familiar with their purposes, time was needed for their education and the consolidation of the infant state.

On February 25, 1885, the powers of Europe and America gave their cordial recognition to the Congo Free State, and sanctioned the employment of all civilized means for the preservation of order, the introduction of civilization and lawful commerce, for the guarantees of the safety of its people and efficient administration. It was markedly stipulated that the new state should watch over the preservation of the native races and the moral and material conditions of their existence, should suppress slavery, and, above all, the slave trade, and punish those engaged in it; that it should protect and encourage without distinction of nationality or creed all institutions and enterprises, religious, scientific, or charitable, organized for this object.

In time to come the regenerated peoples of central Africa will point to the acts of the Berlin Conference as their charters of freedom from the civilized world. For not only did this world-wide recognition hearten the sovereign of the new state and founder of the association which fathered it to continue his benevolent work, but the principles formulated during the sitting of the Conference suggested to ambitious powers the possibilities of immediate expansion of territory, after the example of King Leopold II. The exigencies of diplomacy, even during the Conference, had forced the powers to recognize immense concessions of territory to France and Portugal, so that without the expenditure of a copper French Gaboon was extended to the Congo, and Portuguese Angola was amplified northward until its shores faced the only sea-port of the young state. These political distributions disposed of over one million and a half square miles of African territory.

In February, 1885, when the fate of this section of Africa was being decided by Europe and America in Berlin, there were only three steam-launches and three steel row-boats on the waters of the upper Congo. They had been conveyed in pieces of sixty pounds weight, or hauled on wagons past the cataracts after an enormous expenditure of money and labor. But now that the new state was fairly launched into existence, it was necessary to increase the flotilla, and provide means commensurate with the long list of duties which it had accepted. The revenue which hitherto had solely been the bounty of King Leopold was increased by an export tax on the commercial shipments from the Congo. King Leopold also guaranteed the continuation of his bounty to the year 1900 of £40,000 annually. Belgium granted the annual subsidy of £80,000. From all sources there was an assured revenue of about £150,000. The government, mission societies, and mercantile companies hastened to provide means for the utilization of the long stretches of navigable water above the cataracts. Steamer after steamer, boat after boat, have been sent up, until now on the waters of the upper river there are over thirty steamers and forty steel boats. The banks of the main river are now free from danger of invasion, even were all the numerous bands and slavers south of the equator united in array against the state.

The banks of the great tributaries, Aruwimi, Wellé-Mobangi, Lumami, and Kassai, are equally protected against the incursions of the destroying bands. But though the efforts of the young state, after straining its resources to the utmost, have been marked by signal and unexpected success, a great deal more has to be accomplished before it can proclaim that the slave hunts and ivory raids have altogether ceased.

Wheresoever exploration has revealed a slave-hunter's route, wherever the pioneer has indicated the objective of the raider, wherever it has been supposed danger might arise from northern or eastern Arab, the state has done its best to put a barrier in the shape of a military station; but there is an extent of country 500 miles in length between the sources of the Aruwimi and the Lukuga affluent, and an area of 200,000 square miles, wholly at the mercy of the Arabs of the east coast, and southwestern Tanganika and Rua are not yet under surveillance.

Meantime every event that is occurring in that part of Africa tends to the early extirpation of slave hunting and trading.

Close upon this progressive and silent governmental opposition to barbarism another important and valuable element comes into operation. I mean the influence of Christianity, as efficacious and necessary in its way as the other. There are now Roman Catholic missions at Boma, Kwamouth, New Antwerp in the Bangala country, and New Bruges at the confluence of the Kwango and Kassai, and at New Ghent nearly opposite Bangala. The English Baptists are stationed at Ngombe, Ntundwa, Kinshassa, Lukolela, Bolobo, Lutete's, Lukungu, Bangala, and Upoto, and the Congo Bololo Mission is at Molongo. The American Baptist Missionary Union have their establishments at Palaballa, Banza Manteka, Lukungu, Leopoldville, Chumbiri, Mossembo, Irebu, and Equatorville; Bishop Taylor's mission is represented by missions at Vivi, Ntombé, and Kimpoko, and the Evangelical Alliance at Ngangelo, while the Swedes are at Mukinbungu. These twenty-eight mission stations represent about a hundred Roman Catholic priests and Protestant clergy, who have volunteered in the good work of Christianizing the natives and improving their moral conditions. In 1887 I saw indisputable proofs of the value of their instruction and example. As a

late report from the Congo states, "slowly but surely the negro is being transformed; his intellectual horizon is becoming enlarged, his feelings are being refined." Many natives now volunteer as readily as the Zanzibari for service at remote ports for a term of years. They are to be found in military uniform in the seaport of Banana, as well as at the most northern line of the state, waiting in little fortlets for opportunities to prove their mettle against roving Mahdists. Their children attend the mission schools, and are proving their aptitude in acquiring elementary education, and in workmanly skill in various trades. While parents may still fondly remember many an atrocious feast, their sons affect the manners and customs of civilized men, and become attached to honorable and useful employments, as mechanics, warehousemen, clerks, postmen, brick-makers, boat-builders, navvies, etc.

A wonderfully encouraging evidence to my mind that the labor and thoughtfulness of good men in behalf of Africa are not in vain may be found in the vast army of carriers now employed in the transport of European goods to Stanley Pool, past the cataract region. Ocean steamers ascend the lower Congo for over a hundred miles, and discharge their miscellaneous cargoes at Mataddi. The loads for transport overland are of sixty and seventy pounds weight. As they are discharged by the ships, they are stacked in warehouses until the human burden-bearers demand their freight. These apply in companies from ten to two hundred strong, under their respective headmen. The price for carrying a man's load from Mataddi to the Pool is a sovereign's worth of barter stuffs, according to each carrier's personal selection. The distance of portage between the two points is about 230 miles, and is performed in between fifteen and twenty days. Though a trying work for natives unaccustomed to it, the Bakongo, who have been carriers for generations, handle their burdens with ease.

In 1884, when I left the Congo, the total number of carriers thus employed did not exceed 300. But such has been the rapid progress of events, and the favor with which the carrier profession has been regarded by the natives, that the total number of carriers furnished by an area of not more than 30,000 square miles is now about 75,000. Yet this immense army is wholly insufficient to transport the vast quantity of material discharged every month from the ships.

It was calculated by the promoters of the Congo Railway now in process of construction that one train a week would be sufficient for some years for the necessities of the upper Congo, but the crowded magazines of Mataddi and the increasing demands for transport prove that a daily train will scarcely suffice. I have lately received a large supply of photographs of the railway cuttings and bridge-work, and one glance at them shows the serious nature of the undertaking. The engineers are still engaged in the rocky defiles, slowly laboring up the slopes to gain the altitude of the ancient plateau. Fifteen miles of the track, I have been told, are in running order, and the embankments extend for twenty-five miles further. When the rails have been laid thus far, the progress will be much more rapid, and the engineers will be able to state with precision how long a time must elapse before its completion. It is scarcely necessary to add that the arrival of the railway at Stanley Pool will insure the salvation of two-thirds of the Congo basin. After that, attention will have to be drawn to Stanley Falls, 1100 miles higher, and a railway of thirty-two miles in length will enable us to pass the series of cataracts in that region, and to command the river for about 1700 miles of its course.*

We must not omit to mention that while Livingstone was making his terrible disclosures respecting the havoc wrought by the slave-trader in east central Africa, Sir Samuel Baker was striving to effect in north central Africa what has been so successfully accomplished in the Congo State. During his expedition for the discovery of the Albert Nyanza, his explorations led him through one of the principal man-hunting regions, wherein murder and spoliation were the constant occupations of powerful bands from Egypt and Nubia. These revelations were followed by diplomatic pressure upon the

* Last December (1891) the foreign population of the Congo State was as follows:

Belgians, 338; British, 72; Italians, 63; Portuguese, 56; Dutch, 47; Swedes, 35; Danes, 32; French, 18; other nationalities, 83. Total, 744.

Their professions are as follows:

State officials, 271; merchants and clerks, 175; consuls, 2; doctors, 4; missionaries, 80; captains and sailors, 43; engineers, 12; artisans, 157. Total, 744.



A SLAVE MARKET.

Khedive Ismail, and through the personal influence of an august personage he was finally induced to delegate to Sir Samuel the task of arresting the destructive careers of the slavers in the region of the upper Nile. In his book *Ismailïa* we have the record of his operations by himself. The firman issued to him was to the effect that he "was to subdue to the Khedive's authority the countries to the south of Gondokoro, to suppress the slave trade, to introduce a system of regular commerce, to open to navigation the great lakes of the equator, and to establish a chain of military stations and commercial depots throughout central Africa." This mission began in 1869, and continued until 1874.

On Baker's retirement from the command of the equatorial Soudan the work was intrusted to Colonel C. G. Gordon —commonly known as Chinese Gordon. Where Baker had broken ground, Gordon was to build; what his predecessor had commenced, Gordon was to perfect and to complete. If energy, determination, and self-sacrifice received their due, then had Gordon surely won for the Soudan that peace and security which it was his dear object to obtain for it. But slaving was an old institution in this part of the world. Every habit and custom of the people had some connection with it. They had always been divided from prehistoric time into enslavers and enslaved. How could two Englishmen, accompanied by only a handful of officers, removed 2000 miles from their base of supplies, change the nature of a race within a few years? Though much wrong had been avenged, many thousands of slaves released, many a slaver's camp scattered, and many striking examples made to terrify the evil-doers, the region was wide and long; and though within reach of the Nile waters there was a faint promise of improvement, elsewhere, at Kordofan, Darfoor, and Sennaar, the trade flourished. After three years of wonderful work, Gordon resigned. A short time afterwards, however, he resumed his task, with the powers of a dictator, over a region covering 1,100,000 square miles. But the personal courage, energy, and devotion of one man opposed to a race can effect but little. His peculiar qualities shone forth conspicuously. He underwent the same trials as formerly. He signalized his detestation of the slavers by severe punishments, by summary dismissals of implicated pashas and mudirs, by disbandment of the suspected soldiery; but the land still suffered from waste, the roads in the interior were still being strewn with bones, and after another period of three years he again resigned.

Then followed a revulsion. The Khedivial government reverted to the old order of things, Gordon's decrees were rescinded, the dismissed officers were reinstated, venality and oppression and demoralization displaced justice and equity and righteousness, until the sum of the enormities was so great that it provoked the great revolution in the Soudan. Then ended the attempt to suppress slavery in north central Africa. All traces of the work of Baker and Gordon have long ago been completely obliterated.

Attention has been given of late to Morocco. This near neighbor of England is just twenty years behind Zanzibar. The sentiments which the English people expressed at the Mansion House and Stafford House in regard to the slave trade at Zanzibar in 1873–4 are remarkably like those which are uttered to-day respecting Morocco. But it will require something more than diplomatic missions to the court of the Sultan to suppress the Moorish slave trade. Sir John D. Hay, who during his long stay in that country won the titles of the "Mussulman's Friend" and "Counsellor of the Throne," was accustomed to make periodical journeys to the Moorish court, and the Sultan used to meet his representations with promises of reform and amendment, but as soon as he set out on his return to Tangier, the native officials would set themselves to undo the good caused by Sir John's visit. Sir William Kirby Green, his successor, was also successful in eliciting assurances that the trade would be stopped, and now Sir Charles Euan-Smith lately paid a visit, but unfortunately the results have been *nil.* It is doubtful whether England alone can induce the Sultan and his ministers to press the needed reforms in the face of national opposition, or that anything less than the concerted action of England, France, Germany, and Spain can succeed. A demonstration by England alone, without the cordial assent of the other powers, would doubtless be regarded as a step towards annexation rather than as an

expression of the hostility of the British nation to the slave trade. But meantime the importation of negroes from the Nigritian basin and southwestern Soudan into the public slave markets of Morocco will continue until for very shame it will irritate Europe into taking more decided steps in the name of humanity to force the ever-maundering authorities to decree the abolition of the slave trade, and to carry the decree into immediate effect. It is surely high time that the "China of the West," as it has been called, should be made to feel that its present condition is a standing reproach to Europe. While the heart of Africa responds to the civilizing influences moving from the east and the west and the south, Morocco remains stupidly indifferent and inert, a pitiful example of senility and decay.

The remaining portion of North Africa which still fosters slavery is Tripoli. The occupation of Tunis by France has diverted such traffic in slaves as it maintained to its neighbor. Though the watchfulness of the Mediterranean cruisers renders the trade a precarious one, the small lateen boats are frequently able to sail from such ports as Benghazi, Derna, Solum, etc., with living freight, along the coast to Asia Minor. In the interior, which is inaccessible to travellers, owing to the fanaticism of the Senoussi sect, caravans from Darfoor and Wadai bring large numbers of slaves for the supply of Tripolitan families and Senoussian sanctuaries. The country is of course under Turkish authority, and vizirial letters and firmans have been frequently issued since 1848 forbidding the importation of slaves and all traffic in them, but we might as well expect the Bedouins of Arabia to cease their nomadic life at the bidding of the Pasha of Haleb as the fanatical Mussulmans of the Fezzan to abstain from slavery at the mere command of the Governor of Tripoli.

The descent of the Congo to the Atlantic in 1877 suggested to King Leopold the foundation of a state. The Berlin Conference was a consequence of the success attained by the King. The partition of Southwest Africa among France, Portugal, and Belgium inspired the Germans to seek territorial possessions in the Dark Continent, and the movement of Germany excited Great Britain to action, and thus public attention was once more diverted to eastern Africa.

From the Abyssinian frontier as far as the Portuguese possessions, and stretching inland to a line which may roughly be said to be about east longitude 30°, was an area covering about 1,500,000 square miles which belonged to no power. It was agreed that it should be divided into three spheres of influence. The Germans fixed upon the southernmost, the Italians upon the most northern; the British chose the central. Each power contracted to confine its operations within its own sphere, and to proceed to organize and administer it as opportunity offered upon a civilized basis. There was no intention to launch out into any enterprise of conquest, but each power proposed to make its title good by renting or leasing tracts within its sphere from the native princes or tribal chiefs, by making treaties with them for the sovereignty of their lands, in return for annual subsidies and protection from violence, meanwhile being certain of immunity from all interference or opposition from its neighbor.

The Germans were the earliest to commence work. Through the agency of a company they made a treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar for his long strip of coast land, undertaking to pay him a certain sum per annum for the right of collecting the customs. But the imprudent conduct of the officers, their imperious and peremptory manner of proceeding, impelled the Arabs to attempt to drive them from the coast. At Kilwa, Dar Salaam, Bagamoyo, and Saadani the officers of the German company were attacked; some had to fly, others were massacred, and innocent British missionaries returning home after a long residence in the interior were waylaid and murdered by the excited natives; and the first attempts of German colonization ended disastrously. Naturally the imperial German government could not brook this humiliation, and Major Wissman, a well-known explorer, was appointed with full powers to suppress the revolt. Within two years the Arabs were crushed, but the German position in East Africa became completely changed in consequence. It had been originally proposed to hold the East African coast by lease from the Sultan, with the view of including the Hinterland as far as Lake Tanganika within the sphere of their colonizing operations when results would permit; but the Germans now claimed

nearly the whole of the east coast and east central Africa. This led in 1890 to the Anglo-German Convention, by which the German frontier was drawn south of latitude 1° S., across the Victoria Nyanza, thence east to the Indian Ocean, skirting the northern base of Kilima-Njaro to Wanga, a few miles south of the port of Mombasa. The British territory extended north from Wanga on the sea as far as the mouth of the Juba River, a distance of about 450 miles, thence inland as far as the Congo State. These two great divisions of Africa, now converted into British and German territory, included the major part of the area wherein the slave trade of the east central part of the continent so long flourished. The countries west of Lake Nyassa, extending westward to Portuguese territory and south to the Zambezi, conceded to the great South African Company, absorbed the remainder of the slavery area. These last are under the control of a British commissioner, Mr. H. H. Johnston, to whom is granted an annual subsidy of £10,000 from the South African Company, and who, with the aid of two British gunboats now on their way to Lake Nyassa, must shortly succeed in closing the interior of Africa in that direction to all slave caravans.

Since the Anglo-German Convention the Germans have shown themselves ready and willing to do their part towards the suppression of the slave trade in the same thorough manner that they met the rising of the Arabs. The coast towns are fortified and garrisoned; they are marking their advance towards Lake Tanganika by the erection of military stations; severe regulations have been issued against the importation of arms and gunpowder; the Reichstag has been unstinted in its supplies of money; an experienced administrator, Baron von Soden, has been appointed an imperial commissioner, and scores of qualified subordinates assist him. The Belgian Anti-slavery Society is sending a steamer, *viâ* the Congo, Kasai, Sankuru, and Lumami, to Lake Tanganika as a cruiser for that lake; the German Catholic African Society is sending another steamer, in charge of Major von Wissman, *viâ* the Zambezi, Shiré, Lake Nyassa, and Stevenson Road to Tanganika. These two steamers will effectually prevent slaves being transported across the lake from the eastern part of the Congo State. In German East Africa itself slave hunts have ceased for many years; but it is traversed in several places by slave caravans, principally from the southwest and west. These routes will be now closed by the cruisers on Lakes Nyassa and Tanganika, and the stations along the Stevenson Road. Henceforward we need have no concern about that part of Africa. The northern boundaries, a thousand miles in length, are not so well guarded, though the Germans are engaged in the transport of a steamer to Lake Victoria, and possess three stations along the southwestern shores; but between Lakes Tanganika and Victoria is a broad tract of country which will no doubt have to be watched, lest the slavers, finding this unguarded, may unite in making this a pathway to the coast.

These strategic efforts to the west and southwest of German East Africa, and the continuous upward advance of the stations and flotillas of King Leopold towards the east, limit the operations of the slave-traders to that narrowing and untravelled area lying between Stanley Falls and Lake Tanganika, and will have the effect of determining the Arabs to seek outlets eastward through British East Africa, which, in its present state, is most backward in fulfilling the objects of united Europe. Were it not for the condition that British East Africa is in to-day we could say that the slave trade in equatorial Africa was completely extinguished, and we could almost point to the period wherein even slavery would be extirpated.

The partition of Africa among the European powers, as will have been seen, was the first effective blow dealt to the slave trade in inner Africa. The east coast, whence a few years ago the slavers marched in battalions to scatter over the wide interior of the continent for pillage and devastation, is to-day guarded by garrisons of German and British troops. The island of Zanzibar, where they were equipped for their murderous enterprises, is under the British flag. Trading steamers run up and down the coast; the Tana and Juba rivers are being navigated by British steamers; two lines of stations secure communications inland for 300 miles from the sea. Major von Wissman is advancing upon Lake Tanganika; Herr Boorchert is marching upon Lake

Victoria; Captain Williams is holding Uganda. These results have followed very rapidly the political partition of the continent.

The final blow has been given by the act of the Brussels Antislavery Conference, lately ratified by the powers, wherein modern civilization has fully declared its opinions upon the question of slavery, and no single power will dare remain indifferent to them, under penalty of obloquy and shame.

The first article of the Brussels act is as follows:

"The powers declare that the most effective means for counteracting the slave trade in the interior of Africa are the following:

"1. Progressive organization of the administration judicial; religious and military services in the African territories placed under the sovereignty or protectorate of civilized nations.

"2. The gradual establishment in the interior by the responsible power in each territory of strongly occupied stations in such a way as to make their protective or repressive action effectively felt in the territories devastated by man-hunters.

"3. The construction of roads, and in particular of railways connecting the advanced stations with the coast, and presenting easy access to the inland waters, and to the upper reaches of streams and rivers which are broken by rapids and cataracts, so as to substitute economical and speedy means of transport for the present means of portage by men.

"4. Establishment of steamboats on the inland navigable waters and on the lakes, supported by fortified posts established on the banks.

"5. Establishment of telegraphic lines, assuring the communication of the posts and stations with the coast and with administrative centres.

"6. Organization of expeditions and flying columns to keep up the communication of the stations with each other and with the coast, to support repressive action, and to assume the security of roadways.

"7. Restriction of the importation of firearms."

The above articles concern three powers especially, Great Britain, Germany, and the Congo State, so far as regards the efficient counteraction of the slave trade. In examining them one by one, we find that Great Britain, which in the past was foremost in the cause of the slave, has done and is doing least to carry out the measures suggested by the great Anti-



AN ARAB.
Adapted from a photograph by F. Remington.

slavery Conference. We must also admit that as regards furthering the good cause, France is a long way ahead of England.

The Congo State devotes her annual subsidies of £120,000 and the export tax of £30,000 wholly to the task of securing her territory against the malign influences of the slave trade, and elevating it to the rank of self-protecting states.

The German government undertakes the sure guardianship of its vast African territory as an imperial possession, so as to render it inaccessible to the slave-hunter, and free from the terrors, the disturbances, the internecinal wars, and the distractions arising from the presence or visits of slavers. It has spent already large sums of money, and finds no difficulty in obtaining from Parliament the sums requisite for the defence and the thorough control and management of the territory as a colonial possession. So far the expenses, I think, have averaged over £100,000 annually.

The French government devotes £60,000 annually for the protection and administration of its Gaboon and Congo territory.

These two objects include in brief all that the Antislavery Conference deemed necessary, for with due protection and efficient administration there can be no room for slave hunting or trading.

Now the question comes, what has England done in the extensive and valuable territory in East Africa which fell to her share as per Anglo-German agreement signed July 1, 1890? The answer must be that she has done less than the least of all those concerned in the extirpation of the slave trade.

The Germans have crushed the slave-traders, have built fortified stations in the interior, have supplied their portion of the east coast with a powerful flotilla of steamers, are engaged in transporting cruisers to the three great lakes on her borders, have surveyed and are extending surveys for several railways in the interior, have not lost time in discovering ways of evading the territorial wants, but have set about to supply these wants as indicated by the International Conference of Brussels; and were we able to obtain an instantaneous photograph of the present movements of the Germans throughout their territory, we should know how to fully appreciate the hearty spirit with which they are performing their duties.

And were we able to glance in the same way as to what is occurring on British soil, we should be struck by the earnestness of the Germans as compared with the British.

Both governments started with delegating their authority to chartered companies. On the part of the Germans, however, the imprudence of their agents imperilled their possessions, and the imperial government set itself the task of reducing malcontentism to order, and settling the difficulties in its own masterful manner, and is engaged in providing against their recurrence before surrendering the territory again to the influences of the company.

The British East African Company, on the other hand, has been comparatively free to commence its commercial operations, undisturbed by armed opposition of aborigines or of Arab and Swahili residents. The welcome given to it has been almost universally cordial. The susceptibilities of the Arabs were not wounded, and the aborigines gratefully recognized that the new-comers were not hostile to them. Concessions were obtained at a fair price, and on payment of the stipulated price the company entered into possession, and became, with the consent of all concerned, masters of the British East African territory—a territory far more ample than what the founders of the company had hoped for at first.

Had the British East African Company confined its transactions and operations to the coast, it is well known that the returns would have been most lucrative, for over and above the expenditure we see by their reports that there would have been a yearly net gain of over £6000 available for dividend, which by this time would have been trebled.

But the Berlin Conference of 1884–5 expressly stipulated (Article VI.) that all powers exercising sovereign rights or having influence in the said territories (shall) undertake to watch over the preservation of the native races, and the amelioration of the moral and material conditions of their existence, and to co-operate in the suppression of slavery, and, above all, of the slave trade; (that) they will protect and encourage all institutions and enterprises, religions, etc., re-established or organized, which tended to educate the natives; and in Article XXXV. it is stipulated that the power which in future takes possession of a territory, or assumes a protectorate, recognizes the obligation to insure in the territories occupied by it on the coasts of the African continent the existence of an adequate authority to enforce respect for acquired rights.

Therefore the back-land of British East Africa could not remain the theatre of slave raids, or unclaimed.

It devolved upon the occupants of the sea-frontage to exercise their sovereign rights, and in the due exercise of these to watch over the native races of the back-lands, and to co-operate for the suppression of slavery and the slave trade. It was incumbent upon them also to protect and encourage the Christian missions, without distinction of nationality or creed, which were established in Uganda—the most important because most populous and most promising of these back-lands. And to insure its acquired right to those countries it was necessary that the British company should be represented by adequate authority there, otherwise it would be in the power of any person, society, or pow-

er to bar its claim to them by actual occupation.

Following the declarations of the powers at the Berlin Conference in 1885 is the act of assembled civilization at Brussels in 1890, emphasizing and reiterating the conditions upon which sovereignty shall be recognized.

The British East African Company as a commercial company is unable with its own means to meet these conditions. What it can it will, and its ability is limited to a sacrifice of all the dividends available from its commercial operations on the coast for the benefit of the whole territory, and subscribing a few more thousands of pounds to postpone retreat. Yet as the delegate of the British government the company is bound not to neglect the interior. It is pledged to insure the protection of British subjects in Uganda, to protect the Waganda from internecine and factional wars, to place steamers on Lake Victoria for the protection of the lake coasts, and to prevent the wholesale importation of fire-arms. But in the attempt to do what Europe expects to be done the company has been involved in an expense which has been disastrous to its interests. It has established adequate authority in Uganda, but the maintenance of the communication between Uganda and the coast is absolutely ruinous. It has to pay £300, or thereabouts, the ton for freight. Thus, to send 150,000 rounds of ammunition, which is equal to twelve tons, costs £3600. To send the cloth currency required for purchase of native provisions for the force costs £12,000. Add the cost of conveyance of miscellaneous baggage, European provisions and medicines, tools, utensils, tents, besides the first cost of these articles and the pay of the men, and we at once see that £40,000 per annum is but a small estimate of the expense thus entailed upon the company. Meantime the transportation of steamers to Lake Victoria, the erection of stations connecting the lake with the sea, and many other equally pressing duties, are utterly out of the question. The directors understand too well what is needed, but they are helpless. We must accept the will for the deed.

This much, however, is clear: Europe will not hold the British East African Company, but England, responsible for not suppressing the slave trade and slave hunt. The agreement with Europe was not made by the company, but by Great Britain through her official and duly appointed representatives. When her official representatives signed the act of the Brussels Antislavery Conference, they undertook in the name of Great Britain the important responsibilities and duties specified within the act. The representatives of all Europe and the United States were witnesses to the signing of the act. To repudiate the obligations so publicly entered into would be too shameful, and if the majority in Parliament represents the will of the people there is every reason to think that the railway to the Victoria Nyanza which is necessary for carrying into effect the suggestions of the Antislavery Conference will be constructed.

I have been often asked what trade will be benefited by this railway to the Nyanza, or what can be obtained from the interior of Africa to compensate for the expense—say £2,000,000—of building the railway. There is no necessity for me to refer to the commercial aspect of the question in such an article as this, but there are some compensating advantages specially relating to my subject-matter which may be mentioned.

First. England will prove to Europe and the world that she is second to no other power in the fulfilment of her obligations, moral or material.

Second. She will prove that she does not mean to be excelled by Germany, France, or Belgium in the suppression of the slave trade and the man hunt, nor is averse to do justice to the Africans whom she has taken under her wing.

Third. She will prove that the people on British territory shall not be the last to enjoy the mercies and privileges conceded to the negroes by civilization, that the preservation of the native races and their moral and material welfare are as dear to England as to any other power, that the lives of her missionaries shall not be sacrificed in vain, that the labors of her explorers are duly appreciated, that she is not deaf to the voices of her greatest and best, and, in brief—to use the words uttered lately by one of her ministers—she will prove that "her vaunted philanthropy is not a sham, and her professed love of humanity not mere hypocrisy."

The objective point for the British East African Company, for the people and gov-

ernment of Great Britain, is the Victoria Nyanza, with 1400 miles of coast-line. So far as the British as a slavery-hating nation are concerned, their duties are simply shifted from the ocean coast to the Nyanza coast, 500 miles inland. The slave-trader has disappeared from the east coast almost entirely, and is to be found now on the lake coasts of the Victoria, or within British territory. The ocean cruiser can follow him no further; but the lake cruiser must not only debar the guilty slave-dhow from the privilege of floating on the principal fountain of the Nile, but she must assist to restrict the importation of fire-arms from German territory, from the byways of Arab traffic, from the unguarded west; she must prevent the flight of fugitives and rebels and offenders from British territory; she must protect the missionaries and British subjects in their peaceful passage to and fro across the lake; she must teach the millions on the lake shores that the white ensign waving from her masthead is a guarantee of freedom, life, and peace.

To make these great benefits possible, the Victorian lake must be connected with the Indian Ocean by a railway. That narrow iron track will command effectively 150,000 square miles of British territory. It is the one remedy for the present disgraceful condition of British East Africa.

AN AMERICAN IN AFRICA.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

ABOUT four months ago young William Astor Chanler went into Africa, to be gone two years. When he returns, his story will be well worth the telling; but even should he never return, his story, unfinished as it is to-day, has certain values. It has that value which attaches to the work of those who explore the few territories still unknown to us; it has another value in the intense personality of the young man himself, and still another in that he is the first man born in this country to carry the American flag into Africa at the head of so important an expedition. There is so much desire for acclaim to-day, and so much of it is given unsought, that it is hard to believe Chanler was well on his way into Africa before any, save a very few, knew that he had gone. This in itself, in a day when paragraphs and special articles herald the arrival and the departure of the man who crosses the ocean in an open dory, gives an interest to his expedition. Young men who do important things for the sake of the things themselves, and not for the after-clap of applause, are so few that it seems almost a pity to spoil Mr. Chanler's modest departure by even this reference to it. But there are other reasons why his story



WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER.

should be written, the chief one being, to my mind, the chance that what Chanler has done and what he hopes to do may suggest to other young men who do not have to work that there are more dangerous as well as more profitable sports than following hounds across country, and that they may get much amusement, and may benefit the world, and gain experience and strength for themselves, not by following his footsteps, but by making their own footsteps mark the way into new countries and among strange peoples.

It is always satisfactory to have any one who does fine things live up to the part. It is depressing to have the man who has run blockades and led armies stand dumb and confounded when the general conversation leaves war and fighting and shifts to a question of ethics or the play.

There is a story that Voltaire called upon Congreve, and that the latter begged him to take him as a gentleman, and not as a writer of plays, and that Voltaire replied to this that had Congreve been merely a gentleman he would not have climbed three flights of stairs to call upon him. I have always sympathized with Congreve in this story, although it is supposed to make him out something of a snob. Perhaps he personally was a snob, but the spirit in which he spoke was certainly the right one and the more self-respecting. It must be very trying to go through life only as the man who painted this, or who discovered that, or who won the other thing, and to feel that if that one great card were taken away you would not be considered at all, especially so if you happen to be a very decent sort of fellow without it, as no doubt Congreve was, and a most charming companion as well. The highest compliment I ever heard paid William Black was by an ingenuous youth who had whipped salmon streams and drunk brandies and sodas with him for a year, and who one day said, innocently, "They tell me, Black, you write things." We have all met explorers and other great men; I have seen one who kept his seat while twelve women stood, and a painter who is the greatest of his school, and who did not know whether Lord Rosebery was the name of a novel or of a peer of the realm. When one of these men left the narrow path he had opened up, or the other his studio, he was lost and helpless. Now this is obviously wrong. It is not enough today to have made several millions if you lack the education to spend it, or to have written a successful novel if you cannot talk intelligently on another man's novel. At least, it is more satisfactory to others if you are rounded out, and have more than one string to play upon. You cannot lean back at table and say, "I do not have to join in this talk—which, by-the-way, I do not understand—because I am the president of the X. Y. Z. Railroad, and I am a king in Wall Street." To be a king in Wall Street or anywhere else must be a very fine thing, but you do not want to spend your life in Wall Street. You certainly pay the man who has been playing Hamlet for three years a much higher compliment if you ask his opinion on the political situation, or the best way in which to invest a fortune, than to tell him that you have seen him act and think he is great.

If you should meet Chanler as I met him last he would appeal to you as a most live, interesting, and entertaining youth, and not at all the sort of young man you would expect to meet at the head of three hundred negroes in the heart of Africa.

When I saw him last summer in London he was deep in the work of preparation, but he did not allow this to interfere with whatever the present serious business of the moment might be, whether it was a discussion of the coming Presidential election in our own country or the selection of a button-hole at Simpson's. Part of his day was spent closeted with the officers of the East Africa Company, another part in Whitechapel buying Tommies' discarded red coats as presents for African kings; and later he was testing smokeless powder and repeating-rifles, or choosing canned meats and bottled medicines, and still later walking past Stanhope Gate and critically inspecting the gowns on the lawn, or ordering a dinner at the Savoy with enviable taste. His world was not limited to the continent of Africa, nor did his conversation teem with treks and Soudanese porters, and anecdotes of the slave trade and the quick effectiveness of jungle fever. Indeed, so little was he given to any one topic that it was rather amusing, after he had interested those about him with reminiscences of Harvard or the boulevards, to ask him for a story of the land of the Masai, and to

watch the faces of his hearers as the worldly, idle, and conscientiously dressed youth of the minute before told how men look who are dying of thirst, or how an elephant is liable to act when you fire at it.

Chanler came of age and into his money when he had just completed his Sophomore year at Harvard. He is now twenty-five years old, and one of the four years which have passed since he left Harvard was spent in Africa. He went there with only one white companion, his servant, George Galvin, and led an expedition of 180 men around the mountain of Kilima-Njaro and through the land of the Masai, where Henry M. Stanley has said it is not safe to go with even a thousand rifles. He did this, as he told a celebrated African explorer whom he met in this wilderness of central Africa, "for fun." This to a man who was trying to do the same thing under the patronage of an emperor, three geographical societies, and backed by a trading company, must have been a trifle aggravating. The explorer mentions the fact in his book, and marvels not so much at the boy and his white servant (who was then but eighteen years old) having done what they did, as at the nonchalant manner in which they regarded what was to him a life's work.* The experience young Chanler gained during the progress of this expedition only whetted his appetite for more, and at the same time fitted him for organizing and leading an expedition of much greater importance. For the last year and a half he has been making preparations for this expedition, which, he has assured his friends, if it be successful, will be his last.

On September 16, 1892, his caravan left Lamu for Somâli Land, a country in East Africa extending along the coast from Abyssinia to Cape Guardafui. In about two months after the date of his departure he expects to reach Mount Kenia, where he will halt for some weeks to ascend the mountain, which is estimated to be over 18,000 feet high. From Mount Kenia he purposes to push north through the desert to the southern extremity of Lake Rudolph, and after this lake region is explored, will enter with his caravan from Lake Stephanie into 600 miles of utterly unknown territory, which lies between the lakes and the Juba River. If he reach this river, Chanler will follow it to the ocean, and then journey along the sea-shore to Lamu.

This route, which is roughly outlined in a paragraph, necessitates a march of 3000 miles, and it will be two years before it is accomplished and before we shall hear from Mr. Chanler again. The dangers in this march are actual and many, and the benefits to science, if it be accomplished, will be of incalculable value. In that portion of it which stretches from Mount Kenia to Lake Rudolph, Count Teleki lost one-third of his caravan from thirst and disease; and if he pass through the lands of the Gallas and the Somals, Chanler will have succeeded where Prince Ruspoli Revoli, Ferrandi, and James failed, and in attempting which Baron von der Decken lost his life. But Chanler enters it with a larger and more complete expedition than was possessed by any of these explorers, and with the backing of experience and all the advantages of perfect health and youth.

The preparation of an expedition of this sort, and the variety of work it entails, is not merely a question of marching through an unknown country, of putting one foot after the other, and shooting at those animals or men who get in the way, but it involves a knowledge of men, and a knowledge of the endurance of a man as compared with the endurance of a camel, for instance, of medicine and of agriculture, of engineering and of war, of geography and of diplomacy. To get into the country at all, Chanler had first to propitiate the powerful East Africa Company, to assure the representatives of several governments that he did not mean to interfere with the peoples over whom they exercised a protectorate, and to obtain permission from Lord Salisbury to carry two hundred and fifty rifles, and to borrow from the Emperor Francis Joseph the services of Lieutenant von Hohnell, of the Austrian navy. He had to know enough of agriculture, for one thing, to properly plant certain cereals, so that on his return journey he might be able to enjoy their fruit; of surgery, to care for the sick or wounded in his outfit; of photography, to reproduce the scenes and people which he will be the first white man

* "Many of our colonial wiseacres might envy the energy and keen insight into African affairs which have enabled this youth of twenty-three, with a still more youthful companion, to lead a caravan of 180 men into regions as yet totally unexplored."—From *Across East African Glaciers*, by Dr. Hans Meyer.

to see; and of military tactics, to organize and discipline a force of three hundred men. He had to know just how few men could carry how much baggage, and to leave behind what was bulky, and yet save that which was essential. Several of his own ideas were most original. One was to have his servant George take lessons from a wizard of High-Holborn in sleight of hand, so that he might impress the native magicians; and another, the preparation of a search-light, which is to be used to show the position of a certain tribe which always attacks at night. And to this latter he added a stock of war-rockets which go through the air in various colors and in irregular lines, and with which he intends to pursue retreating foes. One of the most amusing of his preparations was the purchase of a dozen pair of flesh-colored gloves, which he intends to pull carelessly off his hands while conversing with African kings, and so impress them with the idea that he is skinning himself alive, and that he rather likes the sensation. These are the idle little things which are only interesting here as going to show how many details go to make up the whole of an African caravan. In graver matters Chanler showed a consideration which was much more mature than one would have expected to find in a youth of his years. His selection of Hohnell as his solitary lieutenant exhibits his earnestness to obtain the best results from his journey. For Hohnell's maps are the best, or among the best, that have been made of Africa, and he was taken on this expedition because they were the best. Men who would have gone for the love of the adventure or for fame could have been had for the asking, but Chanler's aim is an earnest one. All his equipments are of the best—his scientific instruments; his telescopic cameras, which enable him to photograph an object half a mile distant, and yet make it look when developed as though it had been taken at a few yards' range; and the typographical paraphernalia are of the most accurate and latest makes. He is not going "for fun" this time. When he returns, it is interesting to know that it is not his desire to rest on his lion-skins or pose upon lecture platforms, but that his hope and ambition is to be able to serve his country by representing it and the city of New York in Congress. This is not unnatural in the great-great-grandson of John Jacob Astor, who opened up the great Northwest, or in the son of John Winthrop Chanler, for three consecutive terms a Democratic Congressman of New York city.

To most young men it would be quite enough to have opened up a new country; their ambition, or restlessness, or desire for power and responsibility, or whatever it is which makes young men exert themselves, would be amply satisfied by this; but Chanler treats himself to this expedition into Africa, and thinks his serious work in life lies after his holiday in that strange country is over. But then when you have said that, you have told the whole story. Chanler is not content to be like most young men.

Editor's Study.

I.

IT was the impression of the spectators of the horse show in Madison Square Garden last autumn that the day of the horse has come. When electricity shall have wholly relieved him of drudgery, and the bicycle of labor, he may be bred exclusively for beauty and pleasure and fashion. The noble animal himself loves pomp and war. He likes to be observed. He is excited by the call of the trumpet, the lights and bustle of the arena, the strains of the military band; and he is quite conscious, as he plunges or dances about the ring, that he is the centre of the admiring eyes of ten thousand spectators. It is for him that the women dress, and display at his festival the elaborate and enchanting toilets that formerly were shown at the opera. Is it remarkable that the horse can call out, in foul weather or fair, this brilliant throng of fashion and expense? Not at all. His horse sense might tell him that he may be only *fesch* for a day, like literature, or German opera, or authors' readings. Even at the moment his dangerous rival is the heroic contest of the football elevens, which in muscle and intelligence knocks out of sight the Pan-Hellenic games of Olympia.

Is it not true that in our day football has become a finer art than wrestling and cestus-pounding? And yet the horse might be justified in fancying that he is in permanent favor, for the young girl has taken him up with appreciative fervor. In private he may be said to have taken the place of the æsthetic gown and the worship of the lily. It is not only the tall girl, whose slim grace and style are the important feature of the closing years of the nineteenth century, who drives the restless pair, and manages with ease the four-in-hand, but her compact little sister, with steady hand and cool eye and nerves of steel, sits the box with equal courage and assurance. The skill that by-and-by might keep in play a dozen suitors draws the reins and swings the whip and controls to their steady work the fiery four, who would take advantage of any awkwardness or lack of nerve to dash away in a wild run that the sinews of a Hercules could not check. Behind the horse, or on his back, the young lady of the period is his master, simply because this is her taste, and that her business is to understand him. Is there anything she cannot do that she wills to do? Does this mean that the horse has taken the place of Ibsen and of Browning, and that hereafter we are to look for the young lady not in the literary club, but in the stable?

The question, innocent as it seems, opens a wide field of inquiry. As an isolated fact, it may be nothing that the students of Ibsen have become breakers of steeds and horse-compellers, or that the classes that have overcultivated their minds in reading clubs should appear *en masse* at the horse show. These are simply indications of a movement that distinguishes this age from all others. We are going very fast. Society was more shocked some years ago by the appearance in the field of female baseball clubs than it would be now by the advent of female football teams. Woman has taken all fields for her province, and is scarcely anywhere challenged. If there are female thieves, why should there not be female sheriffs? These are unimportant details. We have ceased to be astonished at finding women in unexpected places. And yet the change of the position and manner of women in society is so great that we have not yet fully comprehended it. The old habit of dependence on the other sex has almost vanished, and would no longer be described as ladylike. The change is most marked in the new generation. The young woman is practically independent; the lady of fashion has her own check-book, and orders her own establishment as completely as the shop-girl who has neither check-book nor establishment orders her own life. The maiden at her college is almost as independent as the bachelor at his. The traveller notices a great difference in the appearance and manner of women within the last ten years. The woman who travels has a more businesslike and self-contained air. She is no longer helpless; she is scarcely ever timid. The timid, flustered woman has almost gone out of fashion. When she comes into a crowded railway station she comes with a straightforward, resolute, unassuming air, like a man. She knows exactly what she wants; she is not flurried; she does not need to go about nervously asking questions of stupid men. She has her watch and her time-table, and quietly takes her place and her rights. Only one thing she has not learned, and that is, not to break into the head of a line waiting at the ticket-office or the post office window. In time she will fall wholly into the ordered line of life by learning to respect the rights of others, although they may be men. She is so clever and practical and businesslike that she has less and less occasion to presume upon the accident of her sex. A company of young girls travelling to their college have much the manner and ease of a company of "men" travelling to their college, though of course infinitely more grace and attractiveness. All this is not a spasmodic movement, a mere leap-year freak. It indicates a radical change going on in the structure of society, an advance along the whole line of the great body of women to independence—the great body that may not care a rap for suffrage, and that do not make the least noise about their "rights." They simply take them.

II.

By the opening of the Nicaragua Canal the United States will be in the middle of the world instead of at one end of it. It is a little curious how the dreams of genius come true. For four hundred years there has been a little cloud upon the reputation of Columbus as a visionary who blundered upon a continent, and died

without knowing the extent of his blunder. He thought he was taking a new cut to the Orient. And, lo! while we are celebrating his blunder and the marvellous outcome of it, our eyes are opened to the fact that this *is* the way to India, China, and Japan, and that we need not force that passage by railways across the continent, as we have been trying to do, but that we shall speedily go by water, as Columbus started to do. The main travelled road between the two parts of the Old World is not to be on a line through frozen seas and wildernesses, drawn from London to Yokohama, but in latitudes agreeable to the mariner. And to this route the United States will hold the key, unlocking the gates to the commerce of the world, and closing them to war. If we have fighting to do, it will be fighting to keep the peace. It is not fortuitous that America was upheaved where it is in the waste of waters, or that the streams of immigration begin to pour upon it from both sides. It is just getting thoroughly alive to the responsibility of its position, and while it raises statues to the genius of Columbus, and is cutting out the route that he sought, it is forced to see that no hostile flag can be allowed to be planted on the Sandwich Islands to dictate to the commerce of the world, or threaten the normal development of the republican idea on this continent. Uncle Sam is "studying" about this thing, not blustering or wanting the earth, or being fooled by any star or manifest destiny, but trying to fall in with the ways of Providence in time, in order to stand self-poised in the great revolution in commerce and migration which the twentieth century will certainly bring in.

III.

Probably no complaint is oftener heard from busy men well on in life than that of interruptions, the hundred little things that daily take them away, apparently, from their occupations or purposes. It might be inferred from their complaints that half the lives of most people was literally wasted in these little distractions. There is no doubt that daily diverting calls do hinder a man from accomplishing work he has in hand, but it is not demonstrated that these interruptions are not the best thing for him and for the world. It could be proved that no man ever accomplished anything in the world who was not very much interrupted, and it is evident that no man is of much account who is not liable to these annoyances. The value of a man in himself or to the community is pretty accurately gauged by the demands made upon his time. It could be shown that if what he is attempting to do is useless, the world will not interrupt him. It has little need of that sort of man. And probably, also, he is fulfilling his destiny, and being of the greatest service he can be in this life, in attending to these ten thousand calls which seem to interfere with his plan. As a man gets on into the thick of life, he can less and less command his time, and he is apt to grumble more and more at the waste of his powers. The chance is that these interruptions are his salvation. It is not only that diversity of interests is essential to his mental and physical health, but these only can bring out his full powers. The man interrupted a great deal is very much in contact with all sorts of life, and presently he gets a good many of his facets polished up that can reflect it. He lives vividly in a hundred ways instead of vegetating in one. And besides, the world has reason to thank God that the intentions of many men are frustrated, and that they have not time to do all the evil or the good they intend. Give almost any man rope enough, and he will hang himself. It is the interruptions that not only keep him from moral suicide, but keep him fresh. The world is just now flooded with books. The remark or the incident that formerly a man or a woman would have told to a friend or a circle, in the way of making human intercourse lively, now goes into a book to add to the task of the reading world. The public has to suffer because it has no call to interrupt these writers. But it is these very harassing interruptions of life that are the good genius of literary fiction. If the able novelists produced undisturbed up to their power—that of a Jacquard loom—the world could not contain the books they would write. And yet a domestic annoyance, or the solicitation of a world wanting help in its trivial affairs, or a fit of sickness, they do not recognize as angels in disguise. Less books and better is probably what the public is thinking, and if it philosophized on the general subject, it would be to say that the life fullest of interruptions is the best life.

IV.

There is a more subtle medium for diffusing ideas than electricity, a freemasonry in thought more mysterious than the intuition of woman in matters of fashion. Perhaps it is not diffusion, but only simultaneousness of appearance. Attention has recently been called to a movement in France for the Spiritualization of Thought. It is perhaps too strong an expression to call it a movement. It is at least the recognition of a necessity. Its apostles are few, and not bound together by a common motive, though they have a temporary alliance in a common object, while the disciples are not numerous enough to make the impression of a crusade. There is a unity, at any rate, in the recognition of the truth that the moral decadence of France in literature, in politics, in arms, in society, can only be overcome by the creation of higher ideals. If war is declared on Realism, it is not upon Reality as opposed to Romanticism, but upon a sordid conception of life, which is sure to be the outcome of what is called Realism. The appeal is to youth, to the vital quality of youth, which is the fresh vigor of a pure nature, even in those advanced in years. The declaration is that human life is a precious thing, that every soul is capable of elevation, and that the gospel of the worthlessness and failure of life is responsible for much of the sickness and *ennui* of modern society. This is the gospel of the fiction which is without hope, and is simply cynical over the misery and the weariness it graphically exposes. France must regain its ideals, say all the preachers and lecturers and writers who have made a mark in this revival of faith. But how different are the motives of the teachers! Wagner, who speaks of youth with such eloquent sympathy, is an Alsacian Protestant minister, preaching to a small congregation in a suburb of Paris, in the spirit of the Reformation. Vogüé, who has more hearers, is a Catholic, devout, and devoted to the permanency of the hierarchy in the world as a universal controlling power through its adoption of the spirit of the Gallic Church, and in sympathy with the liberalizing methods exhibited in a portion of the Roman Catholic communion in America. Lavisse, lecturer at the Sorbonne, who draws great crowds of young men, and evokes most enthusiasm, is an agnostic, a republican, and a patriot. He is a student of the military power of Prussia. That is the subject of his lectures. He shows how by discipline, by science and physical training, Prussia has won her victories. He calls youth out of effeminacy to duty. He is not a preacher of conquest or territorial extension for the sake of France, but the Rhine provinces must be liberated from the oppression of force and dynastic despotism, in order that they may join in the free movement of enlightened Europe. In all these teachers there is the same estimate of the worth of human life, and of its tendency to degeneration without ideals.

But this awakening is not only in Paris. Simultaneously, and without concert of action, preachers and teachers in America are beginning to speak about the value of life, are urging the necessity of ideals. It is as if the great patient public were weary of the low estimate set on life; were tired of the proclamations of its downward tendency, of the fiction that preaches failure under the guise of representing things as they are, of the morbid verse that inculcates the gospel of *néant*, of the representation to youth that it is useless to strive, for the common end of all struggle is only defeat, or that hollow success of position and money which is worse than defeat. It ought to be philosophically seen that both success and defeat of this kind come from false ideals. Surely the new teachers are right in saying that observation of life teaches, that which is one of the offices of fiction to teach, that the admitted meanness and sordidness of life, even material poverty and disappointment of recognition, cannot touch, to hurt, the soul that has in itself the resources of the higher life. It is this ideal, and not the notion that, whatever we do, nothing much will come of it, that can make our common life better. But the Study did not intend to fall into moralizing, only to note the new awakening in America to the value of the life that now is.

V.

A striking illustration of the influence of the ideal in life, not new, to be sure, but freshly put, is found in the *Children of the Ghetto*, London "pictures of a peculiar people," by I. Zangwill, issued in America by the Jewish Publication So-

ciety. Nowhere else has been given us more realistic pictures of the shabbiness, the unwholesomeness, the close-packed human misery, the squalor, the vulgarity, the sharp struggle in the mean competition of life, in the East End of London. The filthy tenement-houses, the scavengers of the streets, the ragged hawkers and venders of cheap and damaged goods, the mean shopkeepers, the consumptive girls who barely support life in sewing for the "sweaters," the shabby peddlers and smart commercial travellers, and the prosperous skinflints, are all drawn from inside knowledge. Yet the wretched children and attenuated women, the venerable old men in tatters who try to live by odd jobs, those people who would come near to starvation but for the soup-kitchens, lead another life quite removed from their exterior misery. Many of them are victims of the most fantastic superstitions and ceremonial absurdities; yet they have home centres, family life, altars about which they gather. They do not neglect the synagogue (orthodox or other) nor the school; they observe all the fasts and feast days of their ancient faith; prayer is always made; Scripture is always recited. In the privacy of home, about the most wretched table, there is something of the nobility of the higher life; many of the most ignoble in the walks in which they earn bread are scholars, poets in feeling, deeply read in the Law, in the vast and tangled mysteries of the Talmud; and in the ceremonies over the feast of fried fish and black bread the accompaniment of the meal is the noblest literature in the world. In all the squalor, in all the contumely, in all the disintegration of modern scepticism and schism of creeds and observances, the race instinct never dies; if it grows weak in prosperity and contact with Christian civilization, it is sure to revive in misfortune, like the remembrance in trouble of a lost faith once learned at the mother's knee. There is the pride of a fabulous antiquity, of separateness, of being the peculiar people of a partial divinity, the consciousness of a unique origin, and the belief in a wonderful race destiny. There is a world of poetry, of dreams, of imagination, of high calling, of intellectual subtlety even, in which sordid London, not Jewish, has no part nor lot. The common life in the Ghetto is far enough from being ideal; it needs a poet to see any gleam of the ideal on it; but, for all that, the continuing life of this race is in an ideal region. Is it matter of wonder that the race produces so many great artists?

VI.

There is an ideal strain that never dies out of the world, a note of hope and courage and chivalry that is like music heard in the upper air. Assurance of this, if the dead in the serene place where they are know what is taking place in the world of their former activity and love, must have been conveyed to the late occupant of the Easy Chair from a December meeting of the Century Club of New York when it assembled to listen to Mr. Parke Godwin's eulogy. The audience, the man, and the theme were in singular harmony. The club, which is the home of all the liberal arts, and especially of the antique art of being a gentleman, had asked the member who best represents its traditions to speak about the late member who in his life best illustrated them. To that distinguished company, to the men who have helped to lay the foundation of art and letters in America, and to the new generation which adorns them, Mr. Godwin spoke of that high spirit, that continuing ideality, which joins all the eras. The forms of speech, the modes of utterance, change even in thirty years, but the qualities of a good life, the quality of good literature, remain always the same. Mr. Godwin spoke as Mr. Curtis himself would have spoken upon a theme that he loved and that kindled his imagination. To the listening new generation there was in the oration the flavor, the urbanity, the poetic enthusiasm, of the literature and the social life of forty years ago. There was an air of distinction even in the familiar personal reminiscences, an exquisite compliment to his audience in the finished and melodious diction, an uplifting inspiration in the careful portrait of the stainless knight of letters and of politics. As the orator described the spell of enchantment which fell on the noble audience that heard the eulogy which Curtis pronounced upon Bryant, his hearers needed no imagination to comprehend it, for they were sitting under a spell of like potency. Grace of manner, felicity of language, nobility of the conception of life—these things were no longer of the past. How fresh and natural was the charm, and yet how

antique! It was as if his hearers were invited to wander, without haste, in an ancient garden, with its old-fashioned flowers — the pinks, the marigolds, the sweet-williams, the daffodils—the odors of which recall the tenderest passages in our lives, where the birds that sing are the birds whose names we know, and the light that is on it is the light of youth and love. The persons we met there were indeed of "Our Best Society," the souls who think that now is the time to be chivalrous, now is the moment to live or to die socially or politically or actually for a good cause, those who keep the faith in conduct, in art, in letters, and do not let the flag trail in the mire. They live on, and one or another takes up their spirit and their high conception of the inestimable value of a good life. While Mr. Godwin spoke with a grace that is as old as the oldest poet, and an eloquence that recalled the most fascinating orators, his hearers believed that those qualities of which he spoke are our only permanent possession.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 1st of January.—The second session of the Fifty-second Congress convened on the 5th of December.

The President delivered his annual message to Congress on the 6th. Among other statistical facts it included the following: The total amount of our foreign trade during the last fiscal year was $1,857,689,610, an increase of $128,283,604 over the previous year; the aggregate traffic on our railroads amounted to 704,398,609 tons of freight, an increase of 13,054,172 tons; the value of farm products had increased from $1,363,646,866 in 1860, to $4,500,000,000 in 1891; the revenues for the fiscal year from all sources were $425,868,260 22, and the expenditures $415,953,806 56, leaving a balance of $9,914,453 66; compared with the preceding year, the receipts from customs duties had fallen off $42,069,241 08, while the receipts from internal revenue had increased $8,284,823 13. The President expressed the opinion that the protective system had been largely instrumental in promoting the prosperity of the country; recommended that all further tariff legislation should be left to the incoming Congress; congratulated Congress upon the success of the existing reciprocity measures with foreign countries; reviewed the results of the Behring Sea treaty with Great Britain; recommended the laying of a submarine cable to the Hawaiian Islands; called attention to the encroachments of the French upon the territory of the republic of Liberia; repeated his recommendation of aid to the American Company engaged in building the Nicaragua Canal; urged that no further legislation on monetary matters should be attempted until the close of the International Monetary Conference at Brussels; favored the system of subsidies in connection with the foreign mail service; advocated the continuance of liberality in the granting of pensions to disabled soldiers; recommended that the quarantine regulations should be uniform in all our ports, and controlled by national legislation; urged the proper restriction of immigration; and congratulated the country upon the fact that our relations with foreign governments were entirely amicable.

The following bills were passed by the House: The Printing Bill, December 9th; the Army Appropriation Bill, December 14th; a bill to increase the pensions of Mexican war veterans, December 19th.

On the 12th of December a band of outlaws, connected with the Mexican revolutionist Garza, crossed the Rio Grande near St. Ignacio, burned a Mexican barrack, killed several soldiers, and returned to Texas.

A new French cabinet was formed on the 5th of December, with M. Ribot as Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs. A committee appointed by the French Chamber of Deputies for the investigation of matters concerning the government's connection with the late scheme for the construction of the Panama Canal reported the discovery of legislative bribery and extensive frauds involving several leading officials. Many arrests were made, and in the great excitement which ensued fears were entertained for the stability of the existing government. All the enemies of the republic, including Bonapartists, royalists, and anarchists, were reported to be preparing to avail themselves of any emergency that might promise them an advantage.

A new Spanish cabinet was formed on the 10th of December, with Señor Sagasta at the head.

Charles Emmanuel Schenck was elected President of the Swiss Republic December 15th.

DISASTERS.

December 14*th.*—An explosion occurred at the Barnfurlong Colliery, Wigan, England, causing the loss of more than twenty lives.

December 18*th.*—In a railroad wreck at Nelson, Minnesota, on the Great Northern Railroad, eight men were killed and several others injured.

December 21*st.*—The greater part of the village of Berson, Gironde, France, was destroyed by fire. Fourteen lives were lost.

OBITUARY.

December 3*d.*—In New York city, Commander Roswell Dwight Hitchcock, U.S.N., aged forty-seven years.

December 5*th.*—At St. Andrews, Scotland, the Right Rev. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane, aged eighty-six years.

December 7*th.*—At New Haven, Connecticut, Professor John S. Newberry, of Columbia College, New York, aged seventy years.

December 15*th.*—At Hot Springs, Arkansas, Randall Lee Gibson, United States Senator for Louisiana, aged sixty years.

December 18*th.*—In London, England, Sir Richard Owen, scientist, aged eighty-eight years.

December 27*th.*—At Evanston, Illinois, Orange Judd, journalist, aged seventy years.

GENTLE TERRORISM.—Drawn by George du Maurier.

The Professor: "Will you give me a kiss, my dear?"
Effie (*an habitually naughty girl*): "Oh, mammie....I'll be *good*, I'll be *good*....I promise!"

Editor's Drawer.



BILLINGTON'S VALENTINE.

IT was St. Valentine's day, and owing to an engagement to go duck-shooting, Billington had taken a holiday. The storm had, however, broken up the shooting, and Billington was now seated in the sitting-room of his apartments alone, except for his own thoughts. The rain outside spattering in fitful showers against the windows, and the fact that all his bets had gone wrong for several days past, had inclined him to be serious, and two valentines he had just received completed the work.

For an hour he had been engaged in that dismal occupation of looking himself squarely in the face.

Both presents were cigar-cases, and the messages on the two cards were identical—simply these words: "From St. Valentine." One of the cases was solid silver, exquisitely chased, and engraved with Billington's crest and coat of arms; the other was simply two bits of flexible card-board covered and bound together with a piece of old brocade, on which was embroidered a sprig of apple blossoms.

"I wish I had the courage," said Billington, for the twentieth time. He half turned and looked at the two cases, and presently stretched out his arm lazily to take up one of them. At first his hand hovered over the embroidered one, but the beautiful chasing on the other struck him, and he leaned over and took up that. "Very handsome," he said to himself, inspecting it. "That girl has a great deal of taste. So that was the reason she wanted to see my coat of arms." He reached over and put the case down carefully, and after a second's reflection picked up the other one. "That's a really lovely thing," he said; "those apple blossoms are perfect. She made that herself, and, by Jove, that's a piece of the old dress she wore that night at the Valentine ball ten years ago! Lord! Lord!" He leaned his head back and shut his eyes. "How sweet she was that night!" he said, with his eyes still shut. "She seventeen, and I twenty-five. I remember I told her she had the spirit of her great-grandmother in her, and she said she had only her dress on her. I remember I did not have the money to buy her flowers, and I went and found her a bunch of apple blossoms that had come out in the warm spell. I told her it was a miracle performed for her; and they were the only flowers she wore. I did not ask her to marry me only because I did not feel that I had a right to do it till I could support her; and then I came off to New York to—get able." Here he stopped, and his countenance changed.

"Well, I got her the place at the Institute," he said, in a defensive tone. Once more he leaned his head back. "Let me see; what was the old rhyme I repeated to her that night?

'Roses are red, violets are blue,
Pinks are sweet, and so are you.'

And that other?

'Tumdy, tumdy, tumdy tine.'

Ah! this is it:

'As sure as the bloom grows on the vine,
I'll choose you for my Valentine.'"

He lapsed into silence, and after a second got up slowly, and walked about the room with his hands deep in his pockets. Catching sight of himself in a mirror, he stopped and gazed at himself earnestly. "What a cursed ugly thing a man is!" he said, turning away. He flung himself into his chair again, and retired within himself once more. Suddenly he sat up. "By Jove, I'll do it!" he said. "In five years I won't be fit for any woman to have."

He reached over and took a sheet of paper and a pen, dipped his pen in his silver inkstand, and with a look of determination on his face, squared himself to write. "St. Valentine's day," he began, and paused. A look of perplexity came on his face, which deepened into one of worry. He laid the pen down. "Which one?" he said to himself, half audibly. He looked into the fire. "Oh, hang it, I'll write a valentine," he said; and dipping the pen into the ink again, he began to write briskly:

"My patron saint, St. Valentine,
Why dost thou leave me to repine,
Still supplicating at her shrine?

"But bid her eyes to me incline,
I'll ask no other sun to shine,
More rich than is Golconda's mine.

"Range all that woman, song, or wine
Can give, wealth, power, and fame combine,
For her I'd gladly all resign.

"Take all the pearls are in the brine,
Sift heaven for stars, earth's flowers entwine,
But be her heart my Valentine."

Here he stopped and read it over. "That's pretty good for an off-hand effort," he said to himself. He read it over again. "'More rich than is Golconda's mine,'" he repeated. "I wonder if that could be considered personal? 'For her I'd gladly all resign,'" he read. "By Jove this would do for either." He leaned back, and the same expression his face had worn a little while before came back on it. Suddenly, with a growl, he sat up and began again; but his pen would no longer go. Only the old rhyme rang in his head:

"Roses are red, violets are blue,
Pinks are sweet, and so are you."

He picked up the embroidered case and looked at it. As he did so he seemed to catch a faint odor of apple blossoms, and he actually lifted the case to his face to see if it were only fancy. Ah, if he had only had then a fourth of what he had now, how different it might have been! Now he made ten thousand a year, but wanted fifty thousand. He put the case down and picked up the silver one. Fifty thousand! Horses, equipages, books, paintings, travel, honors—everything almost—except the perfume of apple blossoms. He laid the case down and took up his pen. He had in mind such rhymes as "line," "thine," "resign," "entwine," but the old verse,

"As sure as the bloom grows on the vine,
I'll choose you for my Valentine,"

drove out all others. Once more there came that subtle perfume of the apple blossoms. There seemed to be a sudden lighting up. He gazed out of the window, and became aware that the rain had stopped and the sun was shining.

"Oh, hang it!" he said, "I'll go to walk." He folded up his valentine, and putting it into an envelope, he placed it in his pocket unaddressed. He went out, and strolled up the Avenue, looking at the pretty girls whom the sunshine had brought out like so many flowers. Presently he stepped into a florist's and bought a large bunch of glorious roses, great rich crimson buds with long stems, each fit for a princess to wear. He paid for them, and gave the address to which he wished them sent. The price, he thought, half grimly, was more than his month's board used to cost. This almost interfered with the other thought that twenty-five dollars was a small matter with him now. He took out the valentine, and picked up a pen to address it; but put it back into his pocket again unaddressed, and continued his stroll, bowing to men, and bowing and smiling to girls he met. He went on into the Park. There was a faint hint of green in some favored spots, and, to his surprise, as he passed on, he came on a little bush in blossom—an apple bush. It grew in a sunny nook sheltered from the north, and by one of those freaks of nature, in the warm humid days that had come it had been dreaming of the spring, and one bough had blown into full bloom. Billington stopped with a sudden thrill of pleased surprise, and climbing down the bank, he broke off the apple bough—his pleasure rather heightened by the reflection that a policeman might arrest him: it reminded him of his boyhood.

As he strolled back down the Avenue the sidewalks were gay with walkers, and showy equipages with fine horses and pompous coachmen rolled by with all the livery of wealth. Billington was just admiring a handsome pair of strange sorrels to a new brougham, when he became aware that the coachman was drawing up to him. He looked at the carriage, and in it sat one of the subjects of his thoughts that morning. She had never looked handsomer, and when she gave him her daintily gloved hand with a cordial pressure, Billington had never liked her better.

"I never saw such an abstracted air," she laughed. "I really thought you were not going to speak to me."

"I was thinking of you at the time—I believe," said Billington, wondering if only a part of the truth were not a lie. He condoned with his conscience by adding a whole truth. "I was just wondering whose turnout this

was, and thinking it the handsomest on the Avenue."

"Isn't it lovely!" she said. "Papa gave it to me as a valentine. Aren't those sorrels darlings?" Billington could truthfully say that they were. He was reminded of the card-case, and he thanked her very warmly, and was pleased to see the color deepen in her face. She did not often color.

"You will find a valentine for you at home when you get back, I suspect," he said.

"What is it?" she asked, eagerly.

"The only thing in town worthy of your acceptance after those horses," said Billington.

"I don't know about that," she said, with more coyness in her manner than she often showed. Billington wished he had sent the verses along with the roses.

"Don't you want to take a little drive in the Park?" she asked, moving her seal-skin robe a little. Billington was just going to say that nothing would give him more pleasure, when, glancing up, he saw one whom he had not seen for quite a little while, but who had been in his thoughts oftener than once that morning. She was not strolling at the holiday pace of the richly dressed throng of pleasure-seekers, but was tripping along at a most businesslike gait, threading her way in and out among the saunterers. As she passed Billington she glanced up and saw him, and a smile of recognition lit up her face.

"Good-morning," she smiled, and tripped on.

"What a very pretty woman!" said the girl in the carriage. "And such a pretty frock, and hat too! Who is she?"

"She is a young artist," said Billington, still following with his eye the neat, trim figure working its way along through the throng on the sidewalk. "I have known her a long time." "For her I'd gladly all resign," sprang a verse into his mind.

"Can she paint?" asked the girl.

"Ah, really, I don't believe I know," said Billington. "I know she has ability."

"Well, come on, get in," she said, moving, and making room for him beside her.

"Ah, no, I believe I can't go," said Billington. "I'd like to do so some other time, but I have been to the Park, and I have to go down and attend to a matter. Good-by."

"Good-by; I hope to see you soon. What are you going to do this evening? Why not come home to dinner with us?"

The impatient horses started off too quickly for Billington to speak his reply, so he simply smiled and bowed it after her.

He looked down the Avenue, but could not see the person he was looking for; when the carriage drew off his attention, he had lost her. He was just about to curse his luck, when he caught sight of her again crossing the street. The next minute Billington was spinning down the street. The light that came into her face and the pleased tone in her voice when he overtook her made a warm glow come about his heart.

"I thought I had lost you," he said, almost out of breath.

"I did not think you wished not to," she answered, with a look half mischief, half inquiry. "Wasn't that Miss Van Sheckeldt?"

"Yes," he said; and to prevent further investigation he said, "Won't you let me give you these?" He handed her the apple blossoms.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed as she took them. "Apple blossoms, upon my word! Where on earth did you get them?" She was holding them off and turning them around at arm's-length to admire them. "I wanted just these very things to finish a painting I am on of 'Spring Captive.' Do you know I believe you can perform miracles?"

"I don't see that you needed them," said Billington. "You can create them. Do you know that your needle has the soul of an artist in it?"

"I don't know; I am glad you think so, though. I was afraid I had not got them exactly right, and I wanted them to be just right. I wanted to show my appreciation of all your kindness to me since we have known each other."

Billington felt a good deal more than he said, and more than he hoped he showed.

She broke off a sprig of the blossoms and placed it in her bosom. The act and the unconscious grace with which she did it carried him back ten years. The perfume of the blossoms stole in upon his senses.

"Won't you go to walk with me?" he asked her, earnestly.

"Oh, I'd like to do it, but I cannot. I have my class. You know I am a teacher now," she said, proudly. "The place you got me has done everything for me, and the prize I got enabled me to get the place I have. Well, here's my place. By-the-way, Miss Van Sheckeldt's father is the new trustee. Good-by."

She had shaken hands with him and was gone up the steps before Billington was aware that it was beginning to shower. Billington strolled across to the flower shop to get out of the rain, but just as he reached the door some one called him. He turned as Miss Van Sheckeldt's carriage rolled up.

"Let me take you home," she said. "I caught you! Whom were you going to order flowers for?" she asked, laughing.

"For no one; they are ordered," he said; "and remember, they were ordered before I saw you this morning."

"Come and confide in me, and save the gloss on that immaculate hat," she said; and Billington sprang in, pulled up the seal-skin robe, and drove off by her side as the rain began to pour.

That afternoon he addressed his valentine.

His friends all declare it was a true love match.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.



THE ADVENTURES OF A CART-WHEEL.—Drawn by H. M. Wilder.

AN INAUSPICIOUS START.

THE man, whoever he was, who coined the epithet "pink of propriety" must have known our family physician, Dr. Curtiss. Fastidious and dainty in externals, he is no less so in all that pertains to the real man. More fallible people look on him as a stranger to human mistakes and foibles, and some who respect his skill fear to expose to him their weaknesses of body and soul. Imagine, then, the relish with which a mischance of his is enjoyed.

The other morning, after a particularly hard night, Dr. Curtiss was roused very early by repeated calls from his telephone. Everybody knows the innate maliciousness of telephones, especially at seasons when "Central" is sleepy or has important business on hand. This time the instrument exhibited total depravity, and it was only after a prolonged series of vain efforts that the doctor succeeded in communicating with his patients. When, therefore, he came down to breakfast his overtaxed nerves were still tingling; but he controlled himself, and sitting down in his place, bowed his head to ask the customary blessing. An exclamation of horror from his wife cut short the petition. He had begun the solemn and devout formula with "Hello!" G. B.

THE RHYME OF THE GUILELESS GONDOLIER.

GAYLY the gondolier gonders
In his black Venetian yawl,
And silent and swift he wanders
Up and down the Grand Canawl.

Then the Yankee tourist ponders,
As he sits him in the boat,
Why the gay gondolier gonders
Where he hasn't got a vote.

Why isn't he, then, much fonder
Of our free and happy land,
Where he'd never have to gonder,
But could keep a peanut stand?

His strength there he need not squander,
And his duties could not shirk,
For he would not have to gonder;
He would only have to work!

For there's labor over yonder,
And there's other kinds of biz.
Let the gondo-liar gonder;
He is better where he is.

VENICE, 1892. LAURENCE HUTTON.

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

"NOW," said the editor of the Quohosh *Genius of Liberty* to his reporter, "in your work I shall look for a calm, dispassionate statement of fact. My paper is noted for its veracity, and no exaggeration is allowed on any subject. Do you think you understand that clearly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you may attend the Skimgullet-Dumsquizzle wedding, which takes place at noon to-day, and I'll see how you handle it," said the editor, turning to his desk.

This is what the new reporter handed in after the festivities were over:

"It is the custom of most newspapers, in giving accounts of local weddings, to speak of the bride as beautiful, even if she is as ugly as a mud fence. The *Genius of Liberty* scorns such flattery, however. If a woman is beautiful, we hesitate not to say so, but if she is not, it is not our fault. We proclaim the fact. We wish we could say that Miss Melinda Dumsquizzle, who became Mrs. Dennis Skimgullet at noon to-day, was lovely in form and feature, but we cannot. While we have seen uglier girls, it must be conceded by all impartial observers that brick-dust hair and a multitude of freckles do not look well on a bride. However, she did the best she could under the circumstances in wearing a tolerably thick veil, and rigged out as she was, in a dress of cream satin, looked quite presentable at a distance. Hardly so much can be said of her husband, who walked with a limp, and whose sparsely settled chin whiskers of a pale dun-color would have improved his appearance if they had been shaved off. We ascertained by careful inquiry that Skimgullet is old enough to be his wife's father, and has, in point of fact, committed the offence of matrimony twice before. Some say that both his former wives were starved to death; others, that he worked them to death. Which is correct, the *Genius of Liberty* does not pretend to say. The statements are given for what they may be worth. What Miss Dumsquizzle saw in him to marry is a mystery, unless she thought she would be more successful than her predecessors in getting hold of the money which he is said to keep buried somewhere on his farm. We heard it said that her father owed Skimgullet $135, and that the latter threatened to have him arrested on a charge of forgery if he did not get Melinda to marry him; but this statement has not been verified yet. The presents were not very numerous, and the most expensive one that we saw was a peachblow vase worth a dollar at retail. The couple left on the accommodation for a bridal tour of two days to Podunk. We asked the Rev. X. E. Geticks how much the groom gave him for tying the knot, and he said seventy-five cents. This, therefore, can be relied upon as official."

"Young man," said the editor, after reading the reporter's account, "you are far too high a genius to bury your talent in a small place like Quohosh. I would like to keep you, but I am sure that would be doing you an injustice. I think you had better go to New York, where your talents will be appreciated as they deserve. And, by-the-way, when you go to the station to buy your ticket, avoid making the fatal mistake of buying a return ticket. We are fond of you, but not so very fond that absence could fail to increase it." W. H. SIVITER.



WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE.

BRAUN (*after the fourteenth clean miss*). "The next time I come out I'm going to bring a gun that 'll shoot a quart of shot and spread it over forty feet of space, and maybe I'll be able to hit something."

THE MARINER AND THE BOY.

THE small boy sat in the old decaying boat, and the ancient mariner—a bit of human junk, he called himself—sat near at hand.

"Yes," the mariner said, in answer to the boy's question, "I've been cast away on a desert island several times, but only once with fatal results. That was back in the fifties. I was before the mast then, and I'd sailed from Yokohama on the brig *White Wings*, loaded with figs and bound for Baltimore. For ten days we had favoring winds, and the boat just flew ahead like as though she was an express train. On the eleventh day, just as we was roundin' Cape Horn, the wind changed and hit us right in the teeth. Try hard as we could we couldn't make no headway; coal was runnin' short, and our engines got sort o' clogged with salt, and there we was, driftin', driftin', driftin', nobody knew where.

"The Captain he was scared to death, for he'd studied his geography close, an' he knew well enough that down south o' Cape Horn nobody knows what there is. The maps all shows that there's nothin' but water there, but it don't say how deep, and the Captain was afraid that like as not the *Sara Jane*—"

"*White Wings* was her name, wasn't it?" asked Tommy, respectfully.

"No," said the mariner, looking straight ahead and not moving a muscle. "It was the *Sara Jane*. The *White Wings* was another boat that was capsized and went to the bottom of the Indian Ocean with all on board on the next to her last trip. I'll tell you about her some other time—though, if you'd ruther hear about her now, I'll spin that yarn?"

"No," said the boy; "I'd like to hear about the desert island."

"Then here she goes. There we was driftin', driftin', driftin'," resumed the mariner. "The only thing anybody knew as to where we was was that there we was, and I tell you, Tommy, it's an awful thing to be where you don't know where you are—which was our position exactly. As I said, the Captain he was scared, knowin' as he did how little he knew of that unknown sea, so he calls me in.

"'Jack,' says he, kind of whitelike in the face, 'we was schoolmates, wasn't we?'

"'Cap'n,' I answers, 'we was, but time works many changes.'

"'They does, Jack,' he says, with a sort of sob that was affectin' to hear. 'And little we thought in them days when we was porin' over atlases an' maps an' geographies, hand in hand, that here back in the fifties we should be driftin', driftin', driftin' in that blue spot at the bottom of the Eastern Hemisphere on page forty-two.'

"'Cap'n,' says I, 'you're a truthful man, just like you always was in your early youth. What can I do for you?'

"'Nothin', Jack,' says he.

"An' with that I goes back to my post by the donkey-engine on the fore-deck; but I knew full

well the Cap'n hadn't sent for me for nothin', and I puzzles for some time wonderin' what was up, but with no effect.

"'He'll send for me again,' says I, with a knowin' shake of my head; and he did. Inside o' four hours I was back in the cabin again.

"'Good-mornin', Cap'n,' says I, ignorin' the fact as how I'd already seen him before.

"'Good-mornin', Jack,' says he. 'We was schoolmates once, Jack, wasn't we?'

"'Cap'n,' says I, regardless of havin' heard them same words already before, 'we was.'

"'Do you remember, Jack—' says he, then lookin' at me full of gratitude like, seein', no doubt, as I was sparin' his feelin's. 'Do you remember how you allers led the class in geography?'

"'Yes, Cap'n, I does,' says I. 'I allers was interested in the world,' says I, 'havin' to live in it; an' in namin' where places was an' in locatin' localities with the pointer I was the flower of the flock,' says I, a lump comin' in my throat as I thought o' them happy days.

"'Little did we think—' he began again.

"'That's a fact, Cap'n,' says I, sort of feelin' like I didn't care to hear that remark all over again. 'We thought very little them days,' I says.

"'Come here, Jack,' says he, risin' from his chair an' takin' me by the hand. 'I want you to set your eye on this map here, an' then callin' up all the geography as you ever knowed, tell me if that yeller speck down here in the blue sea below Cape Horn was there when we studied geography. If that's an island, Jack,' he says, little knowin' what was before him—'if that's an island we are saved, but if it's a fly-speck, Jack, I'm afeard we're done for.'

"Then I looked at the map an' tried to call up what I remembered about geography, but it wouldn't come. So I says:

"'Cap'n,' says I, 'what's the use o' botherin'? If that's an island, we're due there now, but if it's a fly-speck, we're here yet.'

"'Then go on deck, Jack,' says he, 'for that's the best way to settle the point. If she's an island you'll see her, if she's a fly-speck you won't—only be quick, Jack, an' let me know what you discover.'

"So I bows respectful like to the Captain, an' I runs up on deck, an' I looks astern, an' I sees the island dead behind, an' we goin' backwards before the wind forty knots an hour. I tell you, Tommy, my heart leaped into my throat an' nigh choked me, for I saw at once that it was a desert island with nothin' but rocks a-growin' on it, an' all o' them tough an' havin' no substance for man to live on in 'em. An' I also sees that nothin' but a sudden change o' the wind such as 'ain't never happened in my time can save us from backin' square into that unfortunate spot, wreckin' the *Sara Jane* an' makin' castaways of us forever.

"I turned about as quick as I could, an' made three tacks that landed me in the Captain's cabin.

"'Well?' he says, as I enters.

"'Far from it, Cap'n,' says I. 'We're candidates for castaways,' says I. 'The fly-speck's an island, an' if we ain't on it now we will be inside of seven seconds.'

"The Cap'n groaned an' took out his watch, an' just then we struck.

"'You was wrong, Jack,' he says. 'We were on it in six seconds.'

"Then we both runs up on deck, me first, so as to clear the way for him, an' then a dreadful sight met our gaze, for when we reached the deck we found it was twenty feet under water. The *Sara Jane* had went down that quick the water hadn't been able to flow down the cabin steps yet.

"'We'll have to swim for it, Jack,' said the Captain, when he sees the water was over his head.

"Swim for what?' I asks, sarcastic like. 'Starvation?'

"'What do you mean, Jack?' he asks, kind of upset by my manner. 'It ain't a desert isle, is it?'

"'That's what she is,' says I. 'An' one o' the worst kind. She's desert o' board, an' the rocks is all that pointed she's desert o' lodgin'.'

"'Then,' says the Captain, 'I ain't goin' to exert myself gettin' to no such place. Drownin's good enough for me.'

"And with that," said the mariner, wiping a tear from his eye, "the Cap'n went back into his cabin, while I swum ashore."

"Was he drowned?" asked Tommy.

"I presume he was," returned the mariner. "I never seen him again, an' he allers was a lucky man. If he'd been unfortunate like me, he'd have swum ashore and starved to death."

"You weren't starved to death, were you?" asked Tommy, with manifest astonishment.

"I wasn't, eh? Well, if I wasn't, what do you suppose I died of? Mumps? Don't be foolish, Tommy," said the old sea-dog, shaking his finger at the boy warningly. "When a man gets cast away on a desert island where there ain't nothin' to eat nor no water to drink, an' he ain't never rescued, it's a very foolish thing to ask him if he was starved to death. You might just as well ask a boy in bathin' if he's wet, as ask questions like that other."

"But," insisted Tommy, "I can't see how it could be."

"And I," insisted the mariner, "I can't see how it couldn't be. There I was on the island alone. Everybody else was drowned. The ship was gone an' I had no provisions about me. Nothin' but rocks grew on the island, an' I ain't never been able to eat rocks successful like. What else was there left for me to do?"

"Nothing," said the boy, a puzzled look on his face.

"Exactly," said the mariner, rising. "There was nothin' to do, and that's what I done."

With which explanation he walked away, leaving Tommy to think it over.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE ON A WINTRY DAY.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVI. APRIL, 1893. No. DXV.

THE CITY OF BROOKLYN.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

JUST as a summer rain begins with big drops out of a half-clear sky, so the rush to Brooklyn sets in around the New York end of the East River bridge on every work-day evening. The gaping maw of the bridge has been at work lazily during the afternoon sucking in a few stragglers and throwing out little squads of folk from the trains that run behind it. But when five o'clock comes the drops of the approaching tempest of humanity that is to storm the place like a revolutionary mob around a Bastille begin to appear in Printing-house Square. They come faster, and run together in little rivulets up Park Row, down Chatham Street, along Centre Street, and across the City Hall Park—all turned one way, all streaming toward the bridge. Even then they give no warning of what is to come, except to those who know that the torrent is as certain to develop and as sure to become tremendous as that tidal bore which daily swells the Saguenay with its overwhelming flood.

The black drops come faster and thicker. They splash in sudden numbers from the near-by office buildings and the horse-cars. The little streams now lengthen out, and form far up and down the streets and across the park in Broadway. It is five o'clock, and the offices in the buildings that hold villagefuls are closing. It is no longer a sprinkle. It is a shower. Farther and farther away the human drops mingle; bigger grow the converging streams. At half past five the wholesale stores and the warehouses are closing. It is a torrent now. At six the factories and the workshops thrust a myriad toilers upon the streets. The very clouds of the city's humanity appear to have gathered over one spot. The streams have become swollen rivers. The usual confines no longer hold the two-legged drops which now jostle one another off the sidewalks, into the gutters, out upon the roadways, all over the park's asphaltum. The outlook from the upper stories of the neighborhood is upon a sea of people, in droves like wild cattle, coming up as if out of the earth from every direction, pushing, hurrying, covering every open place like locusts. Now it is a pelting rain. Half an hour passes, and the elevated trains, which come like breathing, absorb half the crowd so fast that the station stairs become as the beds of inverted cataracts up which the dark torrent climbs resistlessly. The horse-cars from both directions stop and discharge people as guns are wheeled up, fired, and dragged away on a battle-field. It is a cloudburst, and it has made a mill-race—something far bigger than that—the swollen drain of a human freshet.

Thirty thousand men, women, and children are in the torrent, thirty thousand pedestrians in a ninety-minute downpour; for though the rush is between five o'clock and seven, it is thinned at both ends, and the bulk of it is compressed in a period of between sixty and ninety minutes. This is not counting the almost equal numbers that seek the elevated cars. The surging black waves, white-capped with human faces, hurl themselves against the granite steps that lead to the yawning iron throat of the bridge and spread over them. There is no more sign of individual motion than there is in the herds of sheep one looks down upon from the Colorado mountains when the droves are moving along the valleys like floating brown islands, as clouds move against the sky. Overhead, on a trestle that crosses from the City Hall Park, another black current, from the steam-cars, keeps

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pace with the tide below. In that way the exodus to Brooklyn moves over everything ahead of it, as if, were the bridge to fall, the people would still keep straight on, filling the river, and pressing forward upon the undermost bodies.

We read about the European capitals, treated with the skill of artists, clothed with the glamour of tradition, and colored by the fancy that grows richer with the distance of its subject. But what has London to show like that daily congestion at the Brooklyn bridge? What crowds in Paris are to be measured with this? What European city has even one of the many strange conditions that produce this scene? Here come the elevated railways that carry three-quarters of a million souls a day, the surface vehicles of the million and six hundred thousand people of Manhattan, the streets leading from the densest population in America, all meeting in one little square, all pouring out people, and all the people streaming into a great trumpetlike mouth of iron in order to be shot across a hanging cobweb of metal threads into a city that has not its mate or counterpart on earth—Brooklyn! It is like a city in some things. It is a vast aggregation of homes and streets and shops, with a government of its own. Yet many things it has not got—things with which many a little town could put it to the blush. And every other city earns its own way, while Brooklyn works for New York, and is paid off like a shop-girl on Saturday nights.

"Stop shoving so!" "Look out who you're pushing!" "Don't try to run over me, I say." These are notes from the chorus of the solid mass of persons that crowd up the stairs to the bridge cars. On the upper platform the trains sweep away regiments at a time. Burly bridge policemen are there, urging every one forward, and at times—until the newspapers cry out, periodically—putting their hands on their betters and wedging them into the cars, through three doors at once, as revolvers are charged. There are fourteen other ways to Brooklyn, all by ferry-boats, and at the time of which I write all these are crowded. They are not mobbed, like the bridge, to be sure, but they are packed with people so that you can only see the rims of the decks as you see the edge of a grocer's measure that has been filled with pease. At first the big bridge hurt the business of the ferry companies, but after a while it built up a surplus and paid them back, just as our elevated roads in time increased the traffic of the horse-cars. In a word, then, everything that is going to Brooklyn at nightfall is crowded. That is even true of the drays which start empty for the bridge that carries forty-one millions of passengers in a year, and for the ferries, one company of which collects thirty-six millions of fares annually.

What is Brooklyn, to which all these persons go? It would be a quarter of New York, like the east side or Harlem, if it were not for the East River, and the political division of the soil into two counties. It is the home of the married middle people of New York, Manhattan Island being the seat of the very rich, the very poor, and the unmarried. It has been called the sleeping-room of the metropolis. It is far more and far better than that. It will become a proud part of the Greater New York of the time to come. And that will be before the realization of the rest of the boast of the fatalists, that "whatever is is."

Nine hundred thousand persons call Brooklyn "home," though, as a rule, they write New York opposite their names on the hotel registers when they travel. All the people of the Greater New York do that. The Brooklyn people inhabit a great fan-shaped city whose handle is out by Jamaica, Long Island, while the sticks of the fan reach to the edge of New York Harbor and the East River from near the Narrows to Newtown Creek on the way to the Sound. In this great area are several tenement districts and three considerable shopping centres, but, in the main, Brooklyn is made up of hundreds of miles of avenues and streets lined with little dwellings. These are the homes of men who work in New York, and earn between $1500 and $3000 a year. Speaking generally, these men are far more interested in New York than in Brooklyn. They do not know in which ward of Brooklyn they live, they cannot name the sheriff or their members of Assembly, and in politics the only local episodes that stir them are the contests for the mayoralty.

As New York is recruited from the country, so is Brooklyn. Many a countryman who comes to New York and prospers never masters the metropolis, or feels at ease or safe in it. Sooner or



THE HEIGHTS, FROM WALL STREET FERRY.

later such ones move to Brooklyn, where there is elbow-room and a hush at night, and where they see trees and can have growing flowers. Those who are married when they come, and the great self-respecting majority of the poor who marry afterward, are certain to settle in Brooklyn, or, in far fewer numbers, in the other suburban towns. They must choose between cozy homes and crowded tenements. There lies the secret of the suburb, whose growth is only matched by a few cities, which are all in the West. It is customary to say that we New-Yorkers move to Brooklyn, or settle there, to save money. That is true, but comfort and self-respect are in the same dish of the scale with the saving for all whose incomes are small. It is possible for a clerk to own a house in Brooklyn; it is easier for a clerk to fly than to own one in New York. But the people go to Brooklyn to rent houses, not to buy them. They pay the landlords one-fifth of their incomes, or $25 to $50 a month, and that is about half what they would pay to live relatively well in New York — in tenements and flats, mind you, whereas they have houses across the river. Once in Brooklyn, in the evening, these men stay there. They do not go to New York for their dissipation. They do not maintain great social clubs. Few patronize the Brooklyn theatres. The fun these men have is what their wives provide for them.

The women are very different. Just as the few old rich families on the Heights (in Brooklyn) used to despise New York as a "shoddy" town and a Babel, so the great mass of wives in the miles of dwellings look down upon the metropolis. It must clothe and feed them, but it may not have their love. They regard it as a cold and monstrous place, where people live for years next door to other people without getting acquainted, where the un-American rich have set up social boundaries, where nice children may not play out-of-doors without maids to watch them, where the morals of growing boys and girls are in danger, and where young wives sit cooped up in barracklike tenements, without society—unless their country cousins come to town to see them. On the other hand, these women are intensely interested in Brooklyn. Their husbands buy the *Eagle*, *Times*, *Standard-Union*, or *Citizen* (Brooklyn newspapers), and find them Greek, but the wives digest their paragraphs with gusto. It is a woman's town. By day there are no men in those endless miles of dwellings. They have gone to New York to make six trips in as many days, and to bring back millions of money in pay envelopes on the sixth day. The women have the city to themselves, and rule over the children, maids, nurses, shade trees, flowers, and pretty door-yards. Thus encouraged, each studies her own neighborhood. Each remembers how the others called on her when she moved to Brooklyn, and each calls on those who come after her.

The wives cut a great figure there—a lovely figure, of course—and one that reveals wholesome and normal conditions. Everything tends to widen their freedom—the quiet city, the saving in rents, the absence of the men, and the fatigue or the desire for entertainment, either or both, of the men at night. Therefore the women have had the opportunity to build up a very pretty rivalry for self-improvement. They get the latest books from the libraries. They go to cooking-school in order to shine at dinners of their own preparing. They flock to dancing-school that they may triumph at their own parties. They prepare papers to read in other houses so that the others may read papers at theirs. There is no whim of feminine fashion that is set spinning in New York but whirls when it gets over to Brooklyn—always provided that it does not cost too much or require going to the theatre. The women are the very backbone of the churches, in which they sing and hold fairs, and by means of which they figure in circles that are proud of them. Is it any wonder that they cannot tolerate New York, where the shopkeepers won't send a purchase around the corner without pay in advance, where the pews are private property in the best churches, and where a lady feels herself of no account in the hurly-burly? In Brooklyn the police understand who owns the town, and the car-drivers pull up in the middle of a block. Besides, if my lady has no carriage, she observes that her neighbors also use the horse-cars.

I have said that the women provide dissipation for their husbands at night. That is a curious feature of Brooklyn life. It has no Ward McAllister, no Four Hundred—nothing that those names imply. It is true that there used to be a smart set on the Heights, and there are others in Clinton Avenue, in New York and Brooklyn avenues, and on the Park Slope, but then no one has ever decided that one is any better than another. Instead of one crowning triumph of caste, society there is divided into church coteries as a basis, and out of these grow many sorts of little circles, each combination being reproduced over and over again, beyond calculation, in the same district, and in the many districts which in Brooklyn are quite as distinct as if they were separate cities. The lesser circles of which I speak are bowling clubs, whist clubs, euchre clubs, poker clubs, literary guilds, musical coteries, amateur dramatic companies, and dancing classes. Poker is played for small stakes in many circles in Brooklyn—solely, I trust, because it has charms to keep the men at home; but bowling is a passion with the Brooklyn folk. Investigate what set you will, and it is almost sure to include a bowling club in its ramifications and adjuncts. A page of the Brooklyn *Eagle* almanac is devoted to the bowling matches of seventy clubs, but those are the clubs of skilful, earnest players, and do not form a drop in the bucket of the clubs formed by neighborhood coteries all over the town.

Brooklyn was a string of villages before the great bridge was built. The Heights, overlooking New York, where a row of house gardens has been built on the roofs of the river-side storehouses,

ST MARK'S PLACE, NEAR BROOKLYN AVENUE.

was settled by the Dutch in the old days. They used to pull away from the bustle of town in rowboats after business hours. They called the place variously—Breucklen, Broucklyn, Breuckelen, and Brucklyn. Such shipping firms as the Lows and others followed the Dutch to the tree-clad Long Island shore from time to time. In 1790 there was talk of building the national capital there, and very much later Plymouth Church and Henry Ward Beecher made the Heights world-famous. The Hill district, northeast and far back of the original ferry, grew up on its own account; and so did Williamsburg, which was incorporated as a village in 1827, and swallowed up by Brooklyn in 1855. Greenpoint, beyond Williamsburg, grew into a town; ancient Flatbush, straight back from the ferry, was a Dutch farming village; Bushwick was another; East New York was a suburban outgrowth; and South Brooklyn, a seat of heavy population, maintained its distinct individuality. The growth over the seams between these places began in anticipation of the building of the bridge, and to-day not only are all these towns joined, but the fan-handle is pushing into Jamaica, which ancient burgh of the Dutch will soon be nominally what it already is in fact—a part of Brooklyn.

This is very like the history of Manhattan Island, with its villages of Chelsea, Greenwich, Bloomingdale, Harlem, and the rest, that, like drops of quicksilver, ran into and lost one another. But the parallel goes little further. The Manhattan Dutch were traders and had money; the Long Island Dutch were farmers. One looks in vain for Brooklyn Knickerbocker families of great wealth in land and houses. They are not there. During many decades in Brooklyn, now nearly 270 years old, farms have been changing into city blocks, but the prevailing rule of the place, marked by littleness in financial operations, affected the transformation. The process was slow. The farmers sold a little now and a little later, to middle-men, ahead of the actual demands of the inrushing tide of humanity. Some of the old families, like the Bergens, Brevoorts, Bensons, and others, are still there, and are well-to-do; but, as a rule, the old families were large, and not one parallels the fortunes across the East River. Many new and old families who have got rich in various ways have gone to New York. The same centripetal force which the metropolis exerts as far away as San Francisco to pull millionaires into its brilliant vortex is felt in Brooklyn, whence, for a century or more, those who have amassed riches or an identity have come to New York to enjoy the fruits thereof. Cases like those of Seth Low, Roger A. Pryor, Demas Barnes, and a certain wealthy brewer, who have but just come to New York, form a long list as one looks back over the years that reach at least as far as present memory goes.

Some of these had as fine houses as any in Brooklyn, and were distinguished in the social, commercial, professional, or intellectual life of the town. And that brings me to speak of the houses of the place. The old city, and what is even yet the greater part of it, was solidly built up, like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and St. Louis, of brick and frame houses, set close against one another. It was one of the cities that seem to have been turned out by a quarry company and a saw-mill. We think now that the stage of our civilization which was thus marked was the natural result of the beginning of large towns when America was almost wholly agricultural, and men who came to the cities sought a complete, diametric change from country life. To-day a later generation has a different taste. Tired of the monotone of brick and mortar, spending months of every year in the country, the people delight in detached houses, trees, flowers, and elbow-room. Even the newer parts of New York demonstrate the hold this new longing has upon all our people in every section of the country. In oldest Brooklyn there are not even door-yards; but the chief beauty and charm of that city was that it always had long and pretty gardens or rear yards. It has never been fortunate in gaining fine houses, if we accept the New-Yorker's or the Londoner's interpretation of that term; but I am not competent to reflect the general New York sentiment on that subject, though Manhattan Island is my birthplace, for I have always admired the villalike homes of the modestly rich in Brooklyn more than the fortified castles of my millionaire neighbors in New York.

The oldest fine Brooklyn houses on the Heights are of brick and brownstone, like our own on Manhattan. They are

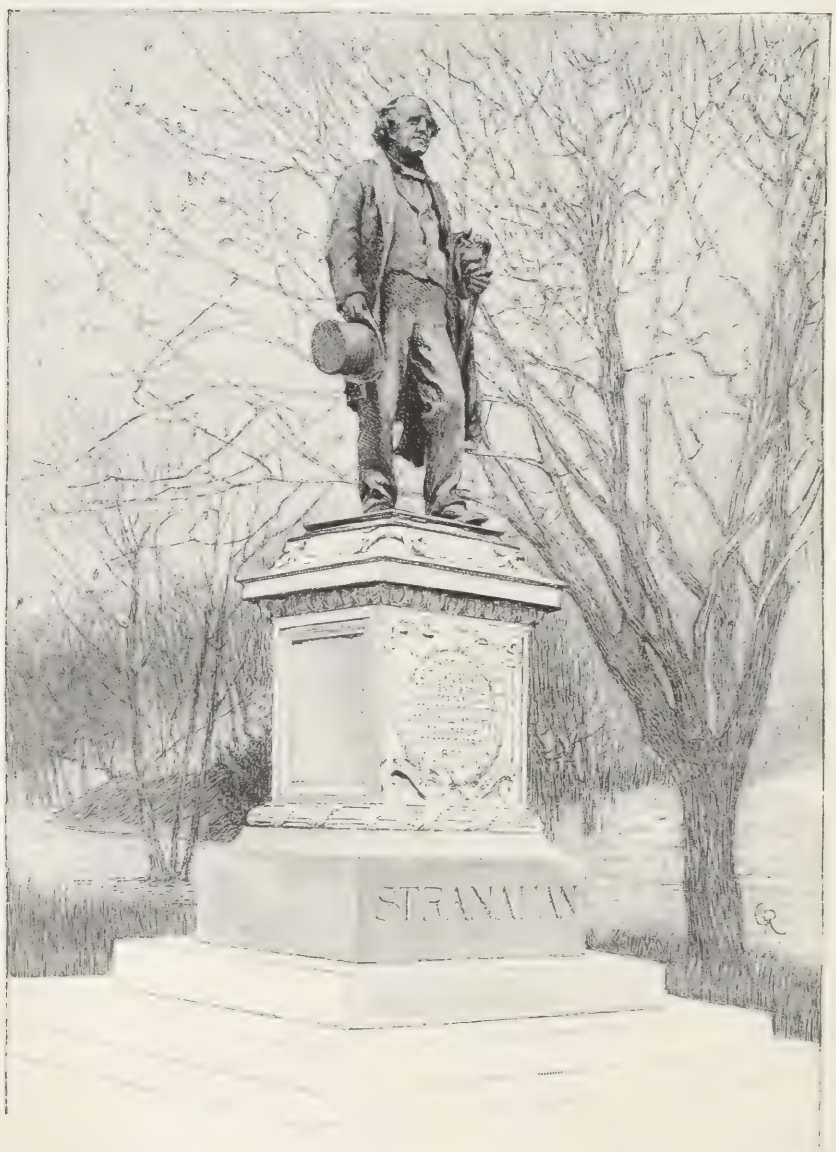
becoming boarding-houses now, for the Heights district is not what it was in days of yore. It is not this district that I would have praised at its best. But out on Clinton and Washington avenues, on the Hill, there grew up a fine array of frame and brick villas, set in spacious grounds, with carriage drives and trees, conservatories, flower beds, croquet and tennis grounds, and a combined effect of semi-rusticity, which I made many a trip to enjoy when such spots were few and I was younger. This Hill splendor and comfort is still maintained, and is the seat of a comfortable circle of those rich who typify the spirit of Brooklyn in their love for their homes, for quiet, and for the charms of nature. They no longer monopolize this quintessence of the Brooklyn spirit, for other and newer districts share in such display. There is a beautiful part of the Twenty-fourth Ward, where New York, Brooklyn, and St. Mark's avenues pursue their ways between noble houses, decorating ample grounds. This is more modern, more beautiful, and is, perhaps, supported by greater wealth than the older beauty-spot of the town. Another among the new and attractive residence districts is the Park Slope section, where, on Eighth and Ninth avenues, are many houses of considerable showiness, more closely built, but revealing the varied individual tastes of the owners.



STATUE OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.—J. Q. A. WARD, SCULPTOR.

This new region is close to Prospect Park, which is one of those great triumphs of civic enterprise whose class includes Central, Forest, Fairmount, and Druid Hill parks, in four of our older cities. Prospect Park is not one of the largest of these. It comprises only 516 acres, but every rod of it is the subject of taste and care, and its drives, ponds, playgrounds, and various other ornaments are all of the finest. The people have been adding to its attractions in notable ways quite recently. At its entrance they have erected a great soldiers' and sailors' monument that has the form of a memorial arch of granite, the design of Mr. John H. Duncan, of New York. It is of great size and massive appearance, but the piers are hollow, and stairs within them lead to a hall at the top, where it is proposed to maintain a museum of war relics. Another new and interesting ornament in the Park is the statue of James S. T. Stranahan, by Frederick Macmonnies, the sculptor and artist, whom Brooklyn claims as one of her sons. This is a

bronze statue of a man who is yet living among those who have paid this high and singular compliment to him as the creator of their park and boulevard system. He also earned the public gratitude for lending the force of his earnestness and influence to quicken the building of the bridge across to the metropolis. He is aged now, though sound in limb and mind, and is closing a life that shines with many and striking virtues. He has been the chief constructive character of the city, an apostle of annexation, a member of the Greater New York commission, was for many years the president of the Park Board, and was once a member of Congress. Active as is his record, his single aim seems ever to have been to enrich the public, and self-interest never marred his work or weakened the love of his neighbors. Prospect Park has other statues, of Lincoln, J. Howard Payne, Moore, and Washington Irving. But perhaps the sculptured figure which attracts the most attention from visitors is that of Henry Ward Beecher, which rises above the flagging in front of the City Hall. Brooklyn has six other parks and three noble boulevards. These parks are all small, but one of them is, in my opinion, the most beautiful of all the small parks of the United States; at least, it ranks next to Battery Park, whose beauty is solely that of its situation at the point of Manhattan Island. This beautiful Brooklyn pleasure-place is Washington Park, best known by its old name of Fort Greene. It contains only thirty acres, but they are high upon the Hill, and overlook the first and fourth cities of America, the first of our harbors, the local navy-yard, and many other notable sights. By day the view is majestic; by night it is gorgeous.



STATUE OF JAMES S. T. STRANAHAN, IN PROSPECT PARK.
FREDERICK MACMONNIES, SCULPTOR.

But I have strayed from the pretty residence districts of the city before I had my last word about them. There is a fine district of pretty residences of a much more modest character in what is called East New York. There is promise of a noble residence district in Flatbush; and along the shore of the harbor, between Brooklyn and Fort Hamilton, are several suburban towns that are made up of picturesque homes. These places are not in Brooklyn, but they are of it. In one of the pretty dwelling districts within the



THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' ARCH.—JOHN H. DUNCAN, ARCHITECT.

city a Du Maurier might find new grist for his pencil, because those who enjoy the fruits of generations of refinement find as neighbors such *nouveaux riches* as a millionaire chewing-gum manufacturer, the leading jockey of America, his most ambitious rival on the turf, a pawnbroker, and a milliner. In administering this touch of color let it not be supposed that I reflect upon the old and dignified circles of the town. I do not need to tell any American reader that in the ornamental quarters of Brooklyn are as refined and progressive folk as any old city in the country boasts.

Brooklyn is a city of residences. From a balloon it would look like a sea of them, only broken here and there by parks and factory districts, but so largely made up of so vast an area of dwellings as to have earned for the city the nickname of "the bedroom of New York." In one place this great level of low dwellings is broken by a clutter of tall structures, such as we see in the more complete cities that serve as trading centres for the regions of country around them. That is at the lower end of Fulton Street (the Broadway of Brooklyn). Here the main ferry, the great bridge, the Post-office, and the City Hall have centralized trade and the travel of the people. The huge piles of iron and masonry at this point are used for offices, banks, insurance companies, and the great mercantile establishments of the town. From beside many of these buildings run the streets which lead, at many odd angles, to every part of the spreading city. It is a queer spot—a miniature mountain range of tall roofs rising above an otherwise unbroken level of low ones. It is still more queer in that half of it is for the men, and the other half for the women. The men's half would seem familiar to every resident of a city. The women's half is the extraordinary yet natural result of an assemblage of nearly half a million women and girls in a city of dwellings.

Here is a long double row of shopping stores, many of which are palatial and enormous. They compare favorably with the best and largest of the department stores of New York; and since they are

new, and stand almost side by side, the district impresses the visitor more than our less compact shopping region in New York. Along the double line, beside the giant stores, are restaurants and small shops by the score. This centralization at this point is a new thing, and the bar-rooms, cigar shops, and various places that offered goods for masculine needs and tastes have all been bought out and moved away, so that lovely woman may be uninterfered with in her opportunities for "shopping" over the whole area. In place of the former traders are now seen those who deal in candy, soda-water, flowers, bric-à-brac, pictures, boots and shoes, millinery, children's clothing, music, medicines, patterns, and stationery. The number of women who crowd there to buy is remarkable. It is not always easy to pass along the streets in the neighborhood of the more showy windows. The music of their voices beats upon an atmosphere in which the odor of cologne is perceptible, and the scene is rendered gaudy by the flowers and gay colors that are woven to and fro past the splendor of the window decorations. It is said of a great shopping store in another suburb that its business languishes because it has no other place of the kind near by in which the women may compare prices; but if that is a fault, here must be perfection, since such emporiums are massed as they are nowhere else that I have been in the world. Carriages are few, men are in a ridiculous minority, and the police gain the appearance of giants among so many women. Indeed, the crowds of ladies pouring in and out of the great doorways set the fanciful spectator to imagining what Eden might have been were Adam and his part in life dispensed with.

Atlantic Avenue has a minor shopping district at one end of town, and Williamsburg has its own quite pretentious trading quarter at the other end. Here, by-the-way, in Williamsburg, is a peculiar German district, known politically as the Sixteenth Ward. There are many persons in it who never saw the Brooklyn City Hall, or even the bridge. They put signs in the shop windows reading, "English spoken here." They employ petty neighborhood lawyers and agents to pay their taxes and deal with the great English-speaking world beyond them. They maintain their own target and singing clubs, their dance halls, their delicatessen shops and pork-butchers, their beer saloons and summer gardens. It is said of them that when a financial crash, like the failure of the Barings, palsies capital everywhere, and gilt-edged bonds beg purchasers, a man may sell a house or a piece of land in that strangely foreign quarter.

The city has no hotels worthy of its size, and needs none. It has not one morning newspaper. It has no vicious section or houses of evil savor, no gambling-dens, no speculative exchanges. New York supplies all these things for it. But it has several evening newspapers, of which the leading ones are the *Eagle* (Democratic) and the *Times* (Republican), the last-named journal being published in the Eastern (or Williamsburg) District. The *Eagle* is admired by journalists all over the country as the best example of a purely local newspaper. It publishes all the news of the world; but its first aim is to record the affairs of Brooklyn, and this it does with remarkable thoroughness, and with such fairness that even in political contests it publishes full reports upon both sides. It is clean and dignified, and has prospered to the point of owning a model building which is one of the "sights" of the town. The *Times* is such another journal, deserving of praise for the same characteristics.

I have said that the men of Brooklyn do not support great social clubs. I was referring to the average and typical citizen who works in New York, and whose kind inhabit the long reaches of quiet and shady streets. The other class, whose professional and mercantile careers keep them in Brooklyn, as well as the well-to-do men of all sorts who possess the leisure, are supporting several clubs, such as the Brooklyn and the Hamilton, in old Brooklyn; the Lincoln, Oxford, and Union League, on the Hill; the Montauk, of the Park Slope; the Hanover, in the Eastern District; the Algonquin, of South Brooklyn; and the Crescent, an organization of a large number of young men with country quarters and a fondness for out-of-door life. The old club of the old residents is the Brooklyn, and the Hamilton is of the same class, but is more youthful and alert. There are twenty-five lesser clubs which I have not mentioned, but of the above it may be said that all are admirable and important, though not one is decidedly prosperous in the degree



SHOPPING ON FULTON STREET.

which marks the prosperity of clubs in the more masculine great cities. A peculiarity of some of these clubs—which they borrow from the character of the city—is the manner in which the members refer to their wives, and, in the old Brooklyn Club, to their personal servants, with the knowledge that these personages are known to the other members. The ladies share the club life to a slight extent, four of the leading clubs having restaurants and rooms for ladies, after a well-established fashion which obtains in New Orleans and Chicago, and which has crowded the toe of one boot into New York club life as I write. "Interest your wife, and she will let you join," is the principle upon which this evolution is working.

Brooklyn has always had a sharp taste for music, and feasts itself upon a varied programme of good quality during every winter. The Brooklyn Philharmonic is an organization of citizens, but not of musicians, which for many years has employed one orchestra or another to give concerts over there. For many years Theodore Thomas played for it; but since his orchestra could no longer be had, the plan of the Philharmonic has



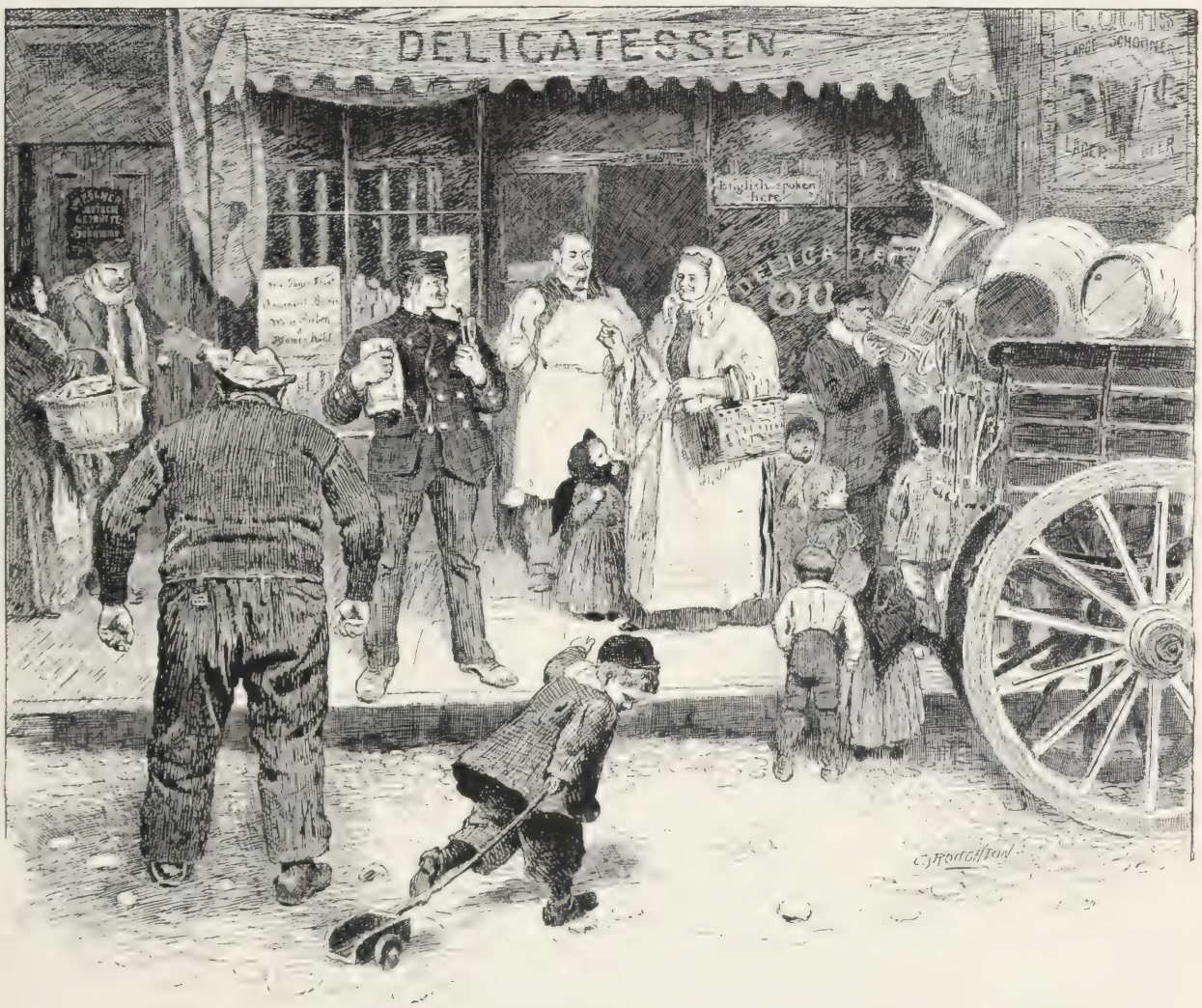
THE NEW TABERNACLE

slightly changed, and in inducing the Boston Symphony Orchestra to play in Brooklyn, it gives only its moral support to the venture. The more active musical society now is the Seidl Society. One purpose of this society is to bring Anton Seidl and his orchestra over there for a course of concerts, but the society is unselfishly working to cultivate the musical taste of the people beyond its clientèle and their friends. The Brooklyn Choral Society of three hundred voices gives winter concerts after the manner of the Handel-Haydn Society of Boston, the famous oratorios being excellently rendered by them. The Apollo Club, of three or four score voices, forming a male chorus, and led by Mr. Dudley Buck as conductor, gives several concerts a year before fine assemblages that fill the Academy of Music. The Amphion Society, in the Eastern District, is such another organization. The Euterpe Society, under the direction of C. Mortimer Wiske, is a society of musicians maintaining an orchestra of gentlemen and ladies, some of whom are professionals. A male chorus is also formed of this membership, and the concerts of the society are admirable. The conductor, Mr. Wiske, is also the director of the work of the Choral Society. Brooklyn has two dozen other musical clubs. The Arion Society and the Saengerbund are leading German organizations, of which there are many. Their concerts and masquerade balls are great events, in the estimation of the large German element in the city. The Germania is their social club.

Brooklyn is famous for its amateur dramatic and operatic clubs, of which it has more than twenty. Some of these are composed of cultivated persons, some have seen members win distinction on the stage, and all contribute greatly to the winter pleasures of the town. Strangely enough, where this is true the theatres are second-rate at the best, and the legitimate drama is but slightly successful. Lawrence Barrett liked Brooklyn, and used to say that he meant to build up a clientèle there. In time he had a following, but not a great one. The city is too close to New York, and its play-goers prefer the fresher plays and greater variety of the metropolitan stage. In Brooklyn the preparation of the average citizen for a night at the theatre is the donning of a hat and overcoat or a bonnet and wrap. There is no display of fashion or of beauty much adorned. Musical farces and opéras comiques draw best there. The place has half a dozen theatres, the finest being the Academy of Music, and the Amphion Academy in the Eastern District; but the greatest success there has been that of a firm who built a variety theatre upon the site of that old forgotten market-house to which the bodies of the dead were taken from the ruins of the ill-fated Brooklyn Theatre.

On the other hand, Brooklyn has always been distinguished for the number of its churches (now 352), and its good fortune in attracting brilliant and able preachers to preside over their congregations. Of the galaxy of talented men of the last great era of Brooklyn's church work, the Rev. Richard S. Storrs remains, and is no less greatly beloved and admired than before. The Rev. Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, of the Central Congregational

Church, has risen far above the firmament, with a following that considers him the most eloquent preacher in the town. The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, is another leading figure there. The Rev. Dr. T. D. Talmage is, of course, the preacher whose popularity is widest. A new personage of note in church circles is the young Catholic bishop, Dr. McDonnell, an engaging man of brilliant parts, who has already brought to the front, around himself, the brainy, cultivated Catholics of the city.



A SCENE IN "KLEIN DEUTSCHLAND," SIXTEENTH WARD.

But a character who cannot be left out of any description of the strong forces which make Brooklyn peculiar is Mr. Hugh McLaughlin, the most remarkable and the oldest Democratic boss in America. He is now sixty-four or sixty-five years of age, with a Scotch face, though of Irish blood. He holds no office in the government or in the Democratic organization, and appears at no political meetings or councils, yet he is the absolute ruler of the Democratic "machine," and has been for a longer period than any active Democratic politician of to-day can remember. It seems to be a superstition over there that he is to be consulted about all party matters, and that his dictum shall be final. He sits all day in an auction shop in which he has no interest, a gentle, soft-spoken, undemonstrative man, who finds enjoyment in smoking, but none in drink or profanity. He acts as the political clearing-house of his party. His plan seems to be to listen to everybody on all sides of every disturbing question, and at the end to let fall a word or a sentence that shall settle each question in its turn. "I wouldn't if I were you," or "I don't think so," becomes a command against a proposed course of action. "All right" or "Go ahead" serves

as an order to move. He never dictates or speaks imperatively. He is secretive and tactful, and listens rather than talks. He is often able to manage so that troublesome matters settle themselves without his interference. When there are several men who want a nomination that can go to but one, he says to each, "Go out and make your case." Of course they stir the town and the Democracy, and, before the "boss" decides, the applicants themselves perceive which is the strongest, if not the best, among them. Thus, year in and year out, this strangest of these strange products of our political methods pursues his course. He is given to announcing at times that "the people want a young man for Mayor," or "the people want a soldier for sheriff," and intelligent men actually insist that he thinks himself the agent of the people and the interpreter of their wishes. He was a fish-dealer in his youth, and he made money then and afterward. He lives well, and plays the part of an amiable father to a large family.

There is a view of Brooklyn which gives it the appearance of a smoky seat of manufactures. It is obtained from the east side of New York, looking over at the great sugar-refineries which tower like Rhenish castles beside the swift East River. Brooklyn really has great manufacturing interests, and many of the goods that the people of the country buy as of New York make are really made in Brooklyn. The census reports 10,560 manufacturing establishments in 229 different lines of industry. These employ nearly 104,000 hands. Very large hat-works, chemical-works, foundries and iron-works, candy factories, coffee and spice mills, and boot and shoe factories are notable among the industrial establishments of the place. It will be news to most persons, I think, that thirty lines of steamships (all but two or three of them transatlantic) dock at Brooklyn wharves, and



ALONG THE DRY DOCKS.

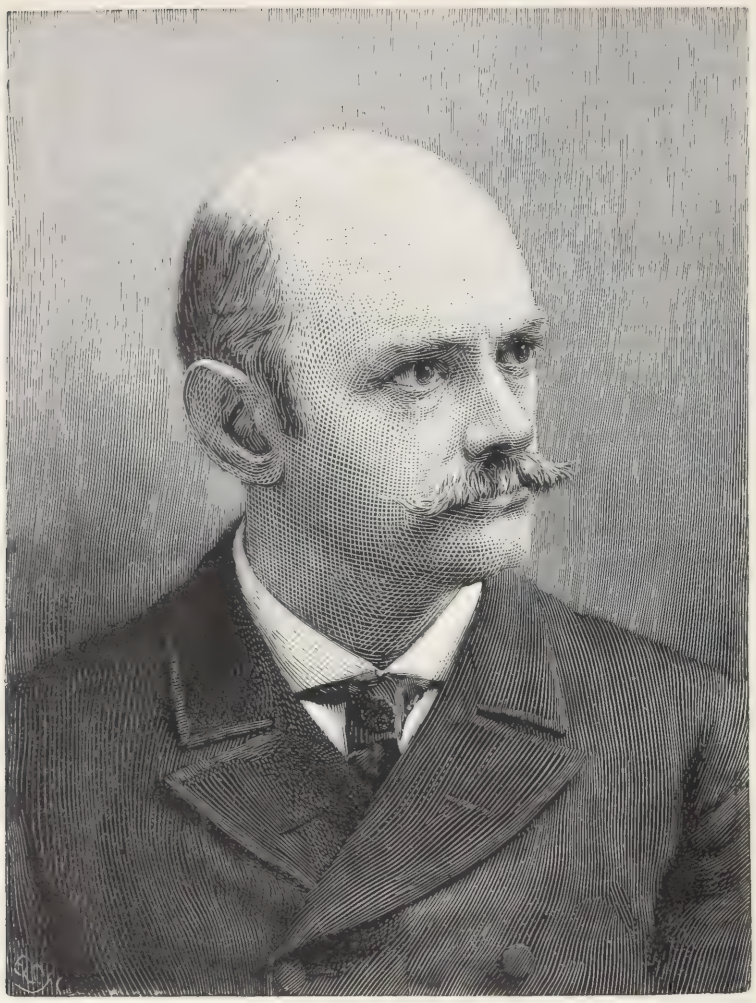


THE SUGAR-REFINERIES AT NIGHT.

use 231 steamers in their regular service. The city has fourteen dry docks, upon which 2000 vessels are docked every year, and thirteen grain-elevators are upon its water-front. So will it also surprise those who have not yet reflected upon the size of the town to know that it has thirty-nine more miles of paved streets than New York city, or 380 miles in all. It is in advance of New York in the use of the trolley electric system for surface cars, and its principal street railways are adopting that power rapidly. It has had elevated railways for years.

The growth of Brooklyn in population has been very remarkable. It is only twenty years ago that the city was smaller than Boston is now, having less than 400,000 souls. In 1880 her people numbered 566,689. In 1890 the census-takers estimated the number of residents at 806,343; and to-day no one who is familiar with the strides the town has been making, and the number of new houses that have been built and occupied, questions that the place contains more than 900,000 inhabitants. This growth is a loss to New York, to be sure. It is mainly made up of those who draw support from Manhattan Island, but find Brooklyn more convenient, and in other ways preferable to our annexed district. New York regards this with complacency, knowing full well that no city except London compares with her in size if the truth is acknowledged. This truth is that her dependents and subjects should be counted without regard to political boundaries, that interfere in law and on the map but not in copartnership of interests with those who live on Manhattan Island.

In no city that I have yet studied is there such an enthusiasm for education as in Brooklyn. From that, again, one sees how thoroughly it is a city of homes, and how closely allied to the hearth-stone are all the interests which prosper, while all that languish are certain to be those which are apart from or antagonistic to home influences. Whatever a mother would concern herself about is what thrives in Brooklyn, and everything else is poor or despairing. The schools are wonderful: the effort toward the polish of pretty and refining accomplishments is epidemic; the churches have made the town famous: the shopping stores are second only to those of New York's; the parks are all that they should be. But the clubs and theatres are second rate; the bar-rooms



JOSEPH C. HENDRIX.

are mere kennels; the hotels and restaurants are few and poor, and the wholly vicious resorts are none at all. Brooklyn is the only female among our cities—the sister city to New York. Like a good woman, she offers little to the chance visitor, impelled to come by idle curiosity, and nothing to the *roué*. But if you live in her house, as one of her family, you are well off indeed.

First among the schools, in point of a celebrity that has grown out of long and good standing, are the Packer Collegiate Institute for girls, and the Polytechnic Institute for boys. Both are thoroughly modern schools, with a large attendance. A certificate from the Packer secures admission to Smith, Vassar, or Wellesley, and the four courses of instruction at the Polytechnic lead to collegiate degrees. The Adelphi Academy is another fine school; and then come the public schools, which, under six years of management by the Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix, have reached a high degree of development, and now appeal to the pride and affection of the town. There are nearly 100 of these schools. They are housed in modern buildings, some of which are beautiful, and cost $70,000 to $100,000 each. They are features of a very rich, commodious system enjoyed by 100,000 pupils, and officered by teachers of whom it is said that they exhibit more intellectual activity than one finds among the teachers in any other of the older cities. Under President Hendrix's administration, the Department of Public Instruction took up the question of secondary or higher education, and elaborated its development to a point that required the expenditure of a million dollars and more. The largest girls' high-school under one roof in America and the most beautiful of all the boys' high-schools have resulted from this. Both schools are thoroughly equipped, and so ordered that in the girls' school, for example, three courses of study are provided, requiring two, three, and four years. Knowing that I question whether the people should be taxed for a system more elaborate than the poorest are able to take advantage of, Mr. Hendrix spoke boldly for his policy.

"A people with a highly developed common-school system," said he, "is better than a dull, degraded, despairing peasantry. The schools give to the people a share in the government, in actual benefits that they feel. They are more interested in their government, and more anxious to support and defend it in consequence. For the children, a perfect common-school system offers grand opportunities. A poor boy in Brooklyn has the chance to gain the education that the sons of the rich obtain. He may start in our primary grade and go through Cornell University without the payment of a cent for tuition."

But in Brooklyn these public opportunities for education are swelled by private philanthropy and popular combination.



SALUTING THE FLAG.
FRIDAY MORNING SERVICE AT
PACKER INSTITUTE.

The Pratt Institute is a noble monument of Brooklyn's progress, and of such love as many of her people bear for their city. Among the most enlightened citizens the admiration for this educational establishment is remarkable. It is a new benefaction, but one that has met with a great success, which, after all, is but proportioned to the advantages it almost gives away to whosoever wishes them. Mr. Charles Pratt, a wealthy business man of New York, whose great fortune had come through connection with a modern gigantic commercial combination, established the institute which bears his name. He did so after years of study of the question how he could do the most good with the money he was able to devote to the people. He was a resident of Brooklyn and a lover of it. Manual training, as an adjunct to the schools, for the training of the eye and hand, he concluded to be as important as any need which he was able to assist in supplying. We often hear it urged that the elaborate superficiality of our inflated public-school system — as it is called by its critics — turns the heads of the young, and causes them to regard themselves as superior to those who earn their livelihoods with

their hands. If that is even in a measure true, such institutions as this, which is a veritable six-story hive of busy and willing young artisans, are of priceless value as offsets to such a tendency among the masses of public pupils. Mr. Pratt, who has now passed away, dealt with this offspring of his philanthropy in a spirit of royal liberality. Apart from its buildings, their equipment, and those adjuncts which yield a part of its revenue, he endowed it with two millions of dollars. The following extract from a report for last year (1892) shows how much he bestowed upon it:

Endowment fund	$2,000,000 00
Real estate, building and equipment fund, to be used as required	835,000 00
Cost of present Institute buildings, equipment, and grounds	523,337 61
Cost of Astral, Inwood, and Studio buildings	332,437 07
	$3,690,774 68
Income from endowment fund, rents, leases, etc.	$182,136 23
Less deficit (expenses and receipts of the Institute)	120,462 90
	$61,673 33

The Institute was founded in 1887, "to make the way open to as many young people as possible to intelligently enter upon the technical high-school course of instruction, and to establish for other schools a type of what kindergarten and primary education should be"; in a word, to make a school which should be complete, from the primary to the graduating courses, and for fitting the youth of both sexes to gain their livelihoods at skilled manual labor. It has courses in many trades, but its best teaching is toward thrift, self-reliance, and an appreciation of the dignity of intelligent toil.

The Institute buildings are models of their kind, as well as types of what the future school-houses are to become, now that elevators increase the height of buildings and render the higher floors even more desirable than the bottom ones. These houses, of which the Institute has several, are built of brick and stone, and are notable for their strength, simplicity, plentiful illumination by windows, and the neatness and cleanliness that distinguish all parts — even the engine-room, foundry, and machine and plumbing shops. In the rooms of the department of science and technology a visitor sees the boys and young men at work as carpenters, as wood-workers, at moulding and forge-work, at painting, sign-writing, frescoing, and wall-papering, and in the studies that are pursued in a well-equipped machine-shop. He also sees boys and girls and men and women studying in complete chemical laboratories and at wood-carving. Classes of girls learn dress-making, millinery, plain sewing, art needle-work, biology, cookery, laundry-work, and what is called "home nursing," which is a science including and going beyond what is known as "first aid to the injured." Other classes study drawing (including mechanical and architectural drawing), clay-modelling, designing, and painting. There are music classes, and classes in phonography, type-writing, and book-keeping, and the foundation includes a kindergarten, a large circulating library, a very excellent technical museum with a wide range of exhibits, a class in agriculture studying in a country district on Long Island, a play-ground for ball and tennis, and a class in "thrift," taught by the practical means of a savings-bank managed upon the profitable system of a building and loan association.

In the high-school department, which includes physics, chemistry, and the technical courses, further instruction is given in English literature and our language, mathematics, natural science, political economy, French, Spanish, Latin, elocution, and physical culture, forming all together a three years' course for both sexes. The circulating library has a branch in the Astral model tenements in Greenpoint, the rents from which are part of the Institute's revenue, as is the income from the Studio building, which is separate from the Institute and at a distance, and in which some artist graduates have already taken work-rooms.

Perhaps I have given more space to this great school than the room for my article warrants, and yet I have but skimmed the surface of what I would like to tell about it. To me it is one of the most interesting products of the remarkably quick intellectual spirit of the town, and the time that it takes to go through the buildings is as enjoyably spent as if the workers there were actors in another sort of theatre. The milliners' work, made of Canton flannel and farmer's satin, is often as stylish as if it was seen on Broadway. The home-nursing practice attracts gentlemen to study it beside their wives, and to experiment upon a most amiable boy, whom they bandage as if he

had not a sound limb, and lift in and out of bed as if he was at death's door. The cooking classes are attended by well-to-do housewives by day, and their servant-girls at night. The gymnasium is well equipped, and both boys and girls practise in separate classes there—the girls in picturesque short-skirted costumes, which I had described to me, but was not permitted to admire except upon hearsay. The plumbers' class and its neat products in solder-work, the paper-hangers' street of open cabins that are papered as nothing short of a Browning Society was ever "papered" before, the class of art seamstresses turning out needle-work that ranks with jewelry, the sewing class with a little boy interested and skilful in its work, the bevy of girls in coarse smocks carving beauty into wood, and the chemistry room packed with young men and women, and decorated with blackboards bearing appalling triumphs in chemical formulæ—these are but fragments from the memory of what I saw while I was in this busy and attractive temple of learning and education. Though some of the trades are taught, it is not "a trade school." In some of the courses of study it is purely professional, such as the training of teachers in the arts, domestic science, and kindergarten departments. In these lines no higher grade is reached in the country. In the departments of science and technology it resembles the English technical schools, and assumes a place between the public schools and the higher universities, or schools of engineering. In the high-school, with which is allied the Froebel Academy of Brooklyn, it carries on a complete course from the kindergarten to the college. In the library the books have a circulation surpassing that of any library in Brooklyn, and this is not of a common character. The percentage of works of fiction is much lower than in any other library in town; and the Institute is carrying on, in this branch, classes in library training and economy for the instruction of library assistants and others. The Institute is unique, and reflects only the intelligent thought of its founder and directors.

But "if all signs come true," as the old saying is, there is in Brooklyn an institution that will yet become a rival of our Metropolitan Museum of Art and our Museum of Natural History, while performing a more extensive work than both. I refer to the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Its president is General John B. Woodward, its vice-presidents are the Rev. Richard S. Storrs and the Hon. James S. T. Stranahan, and Professor Robert Foster is its secretary. This is so old an ornament of the town as to date from "a meeting of several gentlemen at Stevenson's tavern in 1823," for the purpose of establishing a free library for the apprentices of Brooklyn. As a result, in 1825 General Lafayette laid the corner-stone of the library building. In 1843 the charter of the library association was amended to enlarge its scope, and it then became the Brooklyn Institute. "For many years the Institute was a most important factor in the social, literary, scientific, and educational life of Brooklyn. Its library had a large circulation; its public hall was the scene of many social and historic gatherings; and from its platform were heard such eminent scientific men as Agassiz, Dana, Gray, Henry, Morse, Mitchell, Torrey, Guyot, and Cooke; such learned divines as Drs. McCosh, Hitchcock, Storrs, and Buddington; and such defenders of the liberties of the people as Phillips, Sumner, Garrison, Emerson, Everett, Curtis, King, Bellows, Chapin, and Beecher."

A Mr. Augustus Graham, one of the founders, gave to the Institute the building it occupied on Washington Street, and bequeathed to it $27,000 for lectures, collections, and apparatus illustrating the sciences, toward a school of design and a gallery of fine arts, and for maintaining Sunday evening religious lectures. In time the Institute weakened in vitality, and it was not until 1887–8 that its new scope was formulated. The building was improved in readiness for what was to follow, and what followed reads like the magical growth of a venture in Chicago or St. Louis, where all the people take hold with a will in every improving public enterprise.

During a little more than a year after the reorganization a membership of 350 was recorded. The Brooklyn Microscopical Society became the department of microscopy; the American Astronomical Society, of which Garrett P. Serviss is president, became the department of astronomy; and the Linden Camera Club and Brooklyn Entomological Society were merged into the Institute as special

departments. Some of these associations which then, or since then, allied themselves with the great body were proud organizations. They were not wholly composed of Brooklyn people, and their standing was acknowledged abroad. Nothing shows the popular and forceful nature of the new interest in the Brooklyn Institute more than this magnetism that it exerted upon the other scientific and educational foundations around it. Seven other departments were added, and next year the growth was even more remarkable. The citizens supported a movement to secure museums in connection with the Institute, and the new name "Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences" was adopted. In 1890 the headquarters building was burned, and the members accepted shelter for their classes from many educational and religious societies. But the wonderful growth did not stop. The geographical department, under President Cyrus C. Adams, exhibited in this year the collection of maps, charts, globes, and kindred objects, which has since been shown in many cities, and is unrivalled by any such collection on the continent. In the same year the citizens' movement bore fruit in legislation at Albany, authorizing the city to expend $300,000 in the erection of museum buildings for the Institute whenever the association should become possessed of $200,000 with which to maintain them.

In 1891–2, six hundred and thirty-two new members came in, one-third of the number being teachers in the public and private schools. The architectural department established a school for junior architects and draughtsmen; the department of painting established the Brooklyn School of Fine Arts; departments of music and pedagogy were formed; the photographic section housed itself advantageously; one summer school of painting, under Mr. William M. Chase, was established by the sea on Long Island, and another was started in the Adirondacks. The lectures and meetings numbered 405, and more than 100,000 persons attended them. Exhibitions of collections were given by several departments. In the mean time the Institute sold its old building, and from that and other sources the new association has raised more than the needed $200,000. The city is about to begin building the museum on a conspicuous site beside Prospect Park, and when it is finished only "a nominal rental" is to be charged for it. No one doubts that it will be handsome and complete, or that the edifice will be extended and added to from time to time as the collections grow.

There are now twenty-five departments in the Institute. In addition to the earlier ones already mentioned are the departments of architecture, anthropology, electricity, engineering, fine arts, geography, music, painting, pedagogy, philology, political and economic science, psychology, and sculpture. Each of these sections holds meetings, maintains a lecture course, and is making collections. The initiation fee is five dollars, and the yearly dues are five dollars. For that sum an associate member, so called, may attend forty-five lecture courses, including hundreds of lectures, may take advantage of the collections, may enjoy the library of 15,000 volumes, and may attend a wide variety of receptions, addresses, and the other entertainments of the general body. It is a great and wonderful work, and has been the result, or else the creator, of a revolution in the city of Brooklyn. From having few monuments of art, and, at best, an inharmonious interest in intellectual progress, Brooklyn is now possessed of this extraordinary organization, already operating like a powerful dynamo to stir thousands of households, to gather the citizens at meetings that take place every day, and to embellish the place with a museum whose beginning is thought to be but as a seed from which a tree may grow.

I close this study of Brooklyn with the reflection that whether it might have been better done or not, it will still attract the interest that attaches to news for most of my readers in my own town. It has been said of us New-Yorkers that if we travel at all, it is only to go to Europe. And it is certainly true, and of my life-long knowledge, that most New-Yorkers see Brooklyn only when a funeral takes them to the cemeteries in and beyond it. They will find it well worth an occasional visit for its own sake. Its peculiarities are not all even hinted at here. It has no transient population, and nothing, therefore, to amuse a floating crowd. Its drives are fine, notably that by way of Prospect Park and the Ocean Parkway to Coney Island. It is a grand place for fast horses and the sport of driving. It is soon to have a new road,



A CORNER IN THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY, PRATT INSTITUTE.

to be called the "Shore Drive," and to follow the edge of our Upper Bay—a road not equalled in scenic attractiveness by any that we now have in New York. The city has no promenade for the display of fashion, and its people are fond of boasting that whatever electrical force it is that makes us metropolitan, that keeps all New-Yorkers under a strain, and that charges even the night air like a magnificent essence of strong coffee, is lacking in beautiful Brooklyn. Rest, comfort, and cozy homes, that bring independence even to the poor, are the richest offerings of this lovely sister of the metropolis. She has grown almost as old in years as New York has—if that should be spoken —but she has never kept evil company or late hours, or indulged in any dissipation. The consequence is that to-day she is more green and coquettish and attractive to all whose tastes are not vitiated by the artifices of a metropolis than New York has been in the last half-century.

LOVE AND DEATH.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

THOUGH Death to Doubt's dim eyes must seem
Of radiant Love the strange extreme,
Yet through God's universe the two are one—
Shadow and light of Heaven's eternal Sun.



An April Birthday.—At Sea.

By James Russell Lowell

ON this wild waste, where never blossom came,
Save the white wind-flower in the billow's cap,
Or those pale disks of momentary flame,
Loose petals dropped from Dian's careless lap,
What far-fetched influence all my fancy fills
With singing birds and dancing daffodils?

Why, 'tis her day whom jocund April brought,
And who brings April with her in her eyes;
It is her vision lights my lonely thought,
Even as a rose that opes its hushed surprise
In sick men's chambers, with its glowing breath
Plants Summer at the glacier edge of Death.

Gray sky, sea-gray as mossy stones on graves;—
Anon comes April in her jollity;
And dancing down the bleak vales 'tween the waves,
Makes them green glades for all her flowers and me.
The gulls turn thrushes, charmed are sea and sky
By magic of my thought, and know not why.

Ah, but I know, for never April's shine,
Nor passion gust of rain, nor all her flowers
Scattered in haste, were seen so sudden fine
As she in various mood, on whom the powers
Of happiest stars in fair conjunction smiled,
To bless the birth of April's darling child.



"ANON COMES APRIL IN HER JOLLITY."

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

II.—INTIMATE.

THERE are entertainment, instruction, and inspiration in the heterogeneous display of the leaders of the republic and their wives and daughters; and there is no other country where all this is so amply true of the people whose business is "getting on," who have not yet reached the resting-point where they may practise the art of living gracefully. One of the meanest of human vices is shrinking, and in this country there is no valid excuse for it. If an American man or woman fails to stand up at least self-respectfully before the highest of men or the haughtiest of social queens, it is because of the depressing recognition of defeat in the struggle of life. There is little of interest in those who do not live up to their sovereignty—in the women, for example, who stand against the walls at an afternoon reception at which the public is supposed to be welcome. If one is curious about them, they may be found at their desks the next morning, or at their boarding-house tables in the evening descanting on the social glories they have shared by going unbidden and unknown where any one can go, and by extorting, to the utter misery and often unseemly wrath of tired and overburdened women, return cards from the families of cabinet officers and Senators. Poor women! How much insolence they are willing to endure for a pasteboard evidence of familiarity with greatness, the worthlessness of which is recognized by every other seeker after like testimonials!

It would not do to say that the throngs that may be seen in Washington drawing-rooms every afternoon and every evening are not refined. The most refined and delicate morality in the world is that of the American woman—of the woman who has never departed from American traditions, and who has not permitted French innuendo to stimulate her Anglo-Saxon nature. The woman who has made the home, and has not only kept her hearth clean, but has maintained her faith in her husband as in her church, may be untrained in the finer arts of life, may be ignorant of etiquette, of letters, of arts, of all that is deemed essential to the appropriate furnishing of a polite mind, but there is a sweet purity in her heart which forbids us to say that she is unrefined, and which compels us to acknowledge that her spotlessness is more beautiful than the polish of many a woman who considers herself vastly her superior.

We will not say, then, that this living picture of the admirable and prosperous products of the republic is unrefined. It may be crude, angular, sharp of voice, tuneless, cold, uninteresting perhaps, except to one who is studying institutions. The men and women of the world often find it insipid, and if Washington offered nothing more in the way of social attractions than is to be had at the official crushes of the season, it would not be the popular winter resort of wealth and fashion that it is.

It is not always possible to say why fashion or society seeks this place or that and transforms it into a resort. The leader of a set or a social trust, or something of that nature, may determine the momentous matter. But we are not now inquiring why is Newport, or Mount Desert, or Lenox, or Tuxedo. They are, and that is the end of it. But why is Washington popular with those to whom its superficial outward social life must be most aggressively offensive?—with those who have no interest in the problems of that part of humanity which dwells in the outer darkness beyond the pale?

Every town and city that is worthy of any consideration has its intimate life, which is of the very best. Even in New York, where the fashionable mob is so large and glittering as to obscure and nearly blot out what is modest and seemly, there is an inmost core which the gossip of the newspapers does not penetrate. The men and women of Washington who are beings apart in the crowded assemblages of the White House and its kindred dwelling-places, and who look on their fellow-beings with whom they are officially thrown into social contact as strange personalities of comparatively small importance in the universal scheme,



BELLES OF WASHINGTON.

—these are the people who make the inmost life of the capital. They are of the world of American society, and like their kind elsewhere. If a man of the set is in public life, either it is by accident, or he is a social acquisition for purposes of stimulating entertainment.

There was an old Washington, and there is a new. The day has gone by when life was dominated by the first Southern families, whose pride and affections were shared between their genealogical importance and their old madeira. The time has gone by, too, when the circle of the Supreme Court was the innermost of the seven social circles, and when the ponderous anecdotes of the bar, interlarded with law-Latin, furnished Attic salt for heavy feasts. If a judge and his family are now in the innermost circle, it is for other acquirements than those that have made him eminent in his profession. There is no basic reason why society should eagerly accept a great lawyer whose life has been spent in the narrow drudgeries of his office, and whose wife has developed amid the narrow social surroundings of a country town. There have been vulgar and offensive men and women in the Supreme Court circle; and while all who are of the best and brightest at the capital pay due deference to rank and position, the principal reason for their solidarity is entertainment—not necessarily elevating or instructive or sternly moral, but entertainment that is not awkward or shabby.

Not many years ago, according to the veracious wit of a clever woman, Washington relapsed into a village when Congress adjourned, and there are those who have lingered on in the growing city who will tell you that all this is changed, and that the Washington you knew once has departed forever, has been swallowed up by the inrushing tide of new people, who have discovered there attractions that are not to be met with elsewhere. In a large and general way the people who say this are superficial, and they are mistaken, although in the matter of detail they may be perfectly right. It is very easy, at



THE NEW PET.

least not at all difficult, to mistake a change of customs for a change of people —a development of methods for a revolution.

Washington remains essentially what it was. There are more people there, and some of them belong to strange species, but the interest remains the same, the interest of a capital to people of leisure who are blessed with intellects that need something that will add spice and agreeable flavor to their ceremonial functions. The city has spread out wonderfully towards the hills of the northwest, where Mr. Cleveland set his home amid the oaks, on a slope from which the monuments of the city can be seen over the tops of trees. Wealth has made the city one of its pleasant abodes. Society has increased, and the innermost circle is harder to find, and harder, perhaps, to enter, but it is much the same as it was ten or fifteen years ago, although its manner of enjoyment is different. In a word, there are so many eyes upon it, most of them strange, many of them unkindly critical, that its men and women have to be conventional.

Not that Washington was ever a city where perversity and froward disposition prevailed. The benighted person who deems it a city of scandals is likely to mistake the atmosphere of a hotel dining-room for that of a dinner-giving home. There are stories, and there have been whispers, and uncomfortable beings have drawn long faces. Possibly, nay, probably, men and women have often, even in Washington, begun, and perhaps finished, that time-worn burlesque which opens with an argumentative dialogue—usually

carried on between two persons who cannot tell whether Plato was a Greek, a Jew, or an Egyptian—a discussion as to whether platonic friendship between a man and a woman is possible. To an old man of the world it may seem hard to believe that this stale device is still in use, but such a one must remember that it was old and stale when he first used it, and the elder men of his time doubtless laughed at him for supposing that fish could still be caught with that bait. And yet it is as true of men and women as it is of anglers and trout, to each generation the old tricks are new, and life must be lived over again each time a human being is brought into the world.

When Washington was in the comfortable habit of relapsing into a village, the manners and customs of the place were most worthy of the commendation and enjoyment of a man or woman of sympathetic nature and abundant leisure. When the jasmine and the forsythia began to burst into blossom, or later, if Congress insisted on legislating into the heats of summer, there was a delightful freedom about life that does not exist now, owing to the metropolitan character which the capital has seen fit to assume. A man might then profitably waste a whole afternoon on a bench in Lafayette Square, listening to the music of the birds and of a feminine voice, and lazily discussing love or art, or other people, or any subject that is dear to a woman's inmost thoughts. It was not improper then to sit on the stoop through the warm evenings, and to continue there the flirtations of the season that was passed, innocuous from their very frankness. There was an open-air life, an unconcealed state of affairs, an indifference to suspicions, that argued both of innocence and intimacy; but as Washington grew and other people went to it to share its attractions, it became improper—that is, unsafe—to walk home from the theatre under the stars and moon, or to linger in the shadows of the doorway, or to do a thousand and one things that one's friends might safely talk about, but that would become flaming swords, injurious to reputation, if they should be gossiped over by impartial strangers coming from the colder commercial metropolises.

There are no simple picnics now to which the privileged once rode by twos



RECEPTION OF THE BARBARIANS.

or threes or fours, held at the hospitable country house of some Washingtonian with rural tastes. Some one as clever almost as the clever woman, but suffering under the misfortune of being a man, has said that there was a time in Washington's social history when a woman might give a ball if she had a case of apollinaris. That simple time has departed. The woman of Washington who undertakes a ball in this day of the city's history faces all the expense and a good many more of the difficulties that confront her sister of New York or Philadelphia or Boston.

It was a great event in the old day when the State Department found itself charged with the duty of entertaining some duly accredited foreign embassy, pagan or Christian, dusky or otherwise. Then what has been dubbed in the navy the "royal yacht," meaning thereby a small, untrustworthy vessel supposed to be useful in time of war as a despatch-boat, was utilized for festal purposes, and the embassy and the guests of the Secretary of State were carried down the Potomac to visit the tomb of Washington. There were lunch and music and talk, bright sunshine and much gayety. If the ambassadors were interesting, they became acquainted with what of Washington the Secretary of State or his family thought to be good enough for themselves; but if they were peculiarly and irreparably pagan, they enjoyed the view of the river and its shores in the society of their accompanying missionaries. Perhaps these pleasant excursions continue to be a feature of Washington society, but if they do, an invitation must be far more rare than it used to be, for necessarily there are many more people in the capital whom the Secretary's family are obliged to consider good enough, while the accommodations of the boat remain limited.

In the old day—the men and women who made part of its panorama call it that, especially if they have moved away and are not of the Washington of the present—in the old day there used to be moonlight excursions down the river to a once ambitious "terminal point"—to use a seductive railroad phrase—and society lunched and gossiped and flirted at so much a head in behalf of the Garfield Memorial Hospital, or of some other equally worthy object of charity.

During the winter the cabinet officers and their families used to hold what were known as "card receptions." They were comfortably crowded, and were pleasant. Other and unofficial families followed the example, and one might go almost any evening of the week, including Sunday, to some particular house, and meet the same people that one met the evening before, and that one would meet the evening following. These were assemblages of friends, with an infusion of whatever distinguished visitors might happen to be in the city. Naturally there was a tinge, sometimes amounting to a taint, of officialism in the gatherings; for the cabinet families cannot neglect the law-makers who provide the means for carrying on their departments. Congress and its wife was asked in due rotation, but the people who were really wanted were invited to the season's series, and there was hardly a single evening in the week when one who was admitted might not meet most of the others at a designated place.

There was no ostentation in these evening parties. There was sometimes a rude intrusion. Occasionally a hostess who, in common with her other receiving friends, had endured the insolence of an unasked intruder—man or woman—felt compelled to take strong measures. The capital of the nation is infested with a human insect that devotes its energies to boring into places where it is not wanted. Possibly its kindred exist elsewhere; but there has been so much freedom of access to the houses of men whose careers depend upon popularity, and so much dread among those in high places of unwittingly trampling upon influential feelings, that the breed is especially encouraged there. Then, again, there are two notable features which mark the society of the capital—the presence of officials and statesmen who are known far and wide, and the absence of men who are distinguished in the sciences and the arts.

The old day was not the day of champagne and terrapin, but of simple tea, and simple tea's ordinary table companions. To think what havoc may be wrought by a single enterprising millionaire! He came, and the tea table vanished. The man with the case of apollinaris hides his diminished head. The cabinet officer who is not very rich, to whom his salary is important enough to make an appre-

AT THE COUNTRY CLUB.

ciable part of the year's income, slinks away among the people who do not entertain—first, because they cannot, and second, because they are not entertained. The day came when the fine old-fashioned family mansions, long considered of most ample proportions, were found to be too small. Ballrooms were added to them, the antique domestic quiet thrummed with sounds of strange instruments, and the domestic gray was touched here and there with gilt. Champagne and terrapin succeeded tea and crackers, while dancing took the place of conversation. The out-of-door life of communities that harbor millionaires was made part of a pageantry to which the capital had thus far been a stranger. Country clubs and hounds, aniseseed bags and beagles, paper hunts and *al fresco* breakfasts—all these made the poor old picnic and its simple luncheons seek the deep shadows of a remote and somewhat impecunious past. Lingering and luxurious dinners made the "card receptions" impracticable. In a word, the Washington society which is not official, which is part of that which fills the ballrooms and dining-rooms of the great commercial cities, which is presented to the Queen and rides on the coaches from Paris to Versailles, which hunts at the Country Club and Cedarhurst, and occasionally in Genesee, and in Kent, which knows what the set of the Prince—the only Prince—does at midnight, which gambles at Monaco, and yachts, and keeps stables, and bets, which makes of pleasure a vocation, and the care of its rents, and often of its mind, an avocation—that society does in Washington as nearly as it can what it does in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or at the various summer places to which it makes its way when the proper time comes. It is becoming a narrower and narrower circle, although, fortunately, no man within it has yet arisen who can draw the line about it sharply, and who can number and name the people who properly belong to it. And doubtless this can never be done in Washington, for reasons that shall be shown further on. But still the narrowing must go on, and the people of the innermost set, who are on the most intimate terms with one another, must continue to grow more and more exclusive, and, for the preservation of their own comfort and pleasures, to increase the circumspection with which they admit to their tables the new-comers who are making their way to the capital.

In essence and in spirit Washington does not change. In outward form and manner transformation is overtaking it, as it overtakes all villages that have the enterprise or that are under the necessity of becoming cities. The singular charm of the place has been always the presence and touch of statecraft. In the earlier time, when the pace was slow, moderate cleverness had a better chance than it has to-day; and when everybody was satisfied with apollinaris and sandwiches, there may have been a trifle more demand upon the intellect, as there was certainly less upon the resources of gastronomy. Wealth certainly has its advantages—sometimes to its possessor alone, but not always—in a contest for social supremacy. There are people to whose entertainments men and women are now flocking whose doors would turn on their hinges most infrequently if it were not for their lavished wealth. They mark the new intrusion. They are of those who not long ago began to seek the capital for a new sensation, and they are responsible for the mighty change which seems so radical to those who are affected by it. The time has come when the moderate people, moderate in means and in wit, must dwell together in Washington, as they do in other cities and villages of the country. The splendors of society are for the richest and cleverest, with an infusion of respectable people who have social traditions and faculties. For in this land of equal rights these things signify what noble birth means in less favored nations. The man or woman whose father and remoter ancestors were distinguished statesmen may count for nothing if the fortunate descendant has not a certain adaptability which is much more likely to be the acquisition of the child of a hard and graceless city trader. There is a certain polite mob in a dinner and ball giving society which is as essential to the *mise en scène* as the supers on the stage. Every one knows the well-bred, agreeable human background. It is in Washington what it is elsewhere. There are the dancing men, some of them clerks of the departments, preferably of the State Department, of course, while many of them were of the army and navy until cruel Secretaries, who, it is boldly charged, wanted to do all the

dancing themselves, ordered most of the youngsters off to sea or to distant and dreary posts on the frontier. Excepting the military and diplomatic youth—the lay figures, the necessary filling, as it were—the crowd huddled in the back of the picture, that serves to mark more definitely the distinction of the figures in the foreground, is as familiar and as commonplace as the mass of any society in the world.

It is a subtle change that has come over Washington. The gates are closed to many to whom they once opened gladly. The joys of remoteness, of seclusion, are now unknown to those who once helped to make them. Poverty has done this for many—poverty that a few short years ago was "moderate means," but which is unable to pay its way to the present standard. Once there was a Senator who announced that, having become the leading constitutional lawyer of the Senate, he intended to become a leader in society, and in those days he had opportunities to make his way into the presence of gentility, and to tread on the prejudices of good-breeding with the heavy foot of the clown. He could not do it very well now. He could not do it at all on his mere position. He could only gain his peep into the charmed circle if his political influence should become of importance to a social leader. Rank does not count unless it is accompanied by social attributes, or unless its power or influence is worth conciliating. A seat in the cabinet no longer necessarily elevates the holder's family to social heights. It may be—nay, it has been—that the daughters of a cabinet officer have been known only in official circles, and in what may be termed the suburbs of the real citadel. Even a Chief Justice and his *ménage* may go unsought, although it is not to be imagined that his social progress would be barred if he should do any seeking.

Yet, notwithstanding the change, the reason why people enjoy Washington remains the same. The clever people who make life at the capital enjoyable are those who are engaged in the work of statecraft. Once they used to make their own pleasures. They used to command and direct. That part of society which had accomplished nothing beyond the accumulation of a pile of gold and the polishing of itself to some semblance of worthiness used to sit at the feasts of statesmen with humble gratitude, and to drink the tea of statesmen's wives with becoming reverence for those who dwelt continuously under the roofs that sheltered greatness. Now, in a great measure, statesmen sit at the feasts of wealth, if they have wit and conversation and manners, and are capable of affording amusement to those who give the feast, who drive the coach, who own the hounds, who have the magic power to furnish inspiration to wit, to surround its possessor with the stimulation of beauty, and to satisfy all his sensuous nature with the delights that wealth can conjure with.

It is not true that fewer people are enjoying the richness of the inmost life of the capital. Nor is it true that the delights are either less or different. There are more people at the very core because Washington is larger, and the gain is greatest in the leisure classes. There are some people who were, and who are not, and they regard the changed aspect of affairs with a jaundiced eye; but there is much the same kind of intercourse now at the long and luxurious dinners as there was a dozen years ago at the less ostentatious and perhaps more democratic assemblages. If there is any important departure, it is in the increase in number of eager women who are in touch with public men for the first time, and who find their natural capacities enormously gratified and stimulated by the insight they obtain of the intrigues by which men rise to power, the very men with whom they dine and talk, and on whom they use their exquisite arts of coquetry. It is one of the most beautiful experiences in their lives, this introduction to the finer arts of politics, of the larger game that is played for great stakes on the national field. A true woman never fails to find infinite pleasure in watching the rise of a politician in whom she has a personal or a friendly interest, and the downfall of his enemy; while, as for the statesman, is it necessary to say that hours of labor are assuaged by the subtle flattery of this feminine adulation?

The women of Washington have a rational interest in the subjects that are of the utmost importance to the national life, taking sides and entertaining hopes with the men in whose careers they have most interest. The people who were at the capital on the evening when the news came of Mr. Blaine's nomination had an



GENIUS IN SOCIETY.

exceptionally good opportunity to know how intense is feminine enthusiasm for a political champion, and can therefore readily understand why it is that a poor unfortunate male being who is cursed with principles may find himself left out of many pleasant houses if he has the folly to permit his principles to make him an obstacle to the progress of the favorite.

Are not women thus the world over? In New York they like to know about men's clubs. They organize parties for the purpose of seeing what men see behind the scenes. But they cannot all take more than an affected interest in what appeals so little to the mind as the doings of the men about town; and, in their season, even hunting, dogs, horses, and the vast variety of out-of-door sports must pall upon clever women. They fancy a little art, a little literature, and a little charity in their turn, and therefore in the commercial cities artists and literary men furnish a mild form of the entertainment that in Washington is supplied by the statesmen, the difference being that artists and literary men in the great cities are subject to a somewhat infrequent demand, and stand no chance whatever against the millionaire, while the statesman is always and everywhere the superior. They do not talk current literature in Washington society, at least not in that kind which is now under consideration, nor do they talk much of the arts or philosophy or science of the times. Occasionally some one goes to the capital at a time when a literary sensation is the victim of gossip, and society catches up with the literature of the day while its maid is brushing its hair in the morning.

The great affairs of nations, and the distinguished men of this and other countries, are the reigning food for thought and sentiment in Washington drawing-rooms and at Washington dinner tables. The talk of society is the better because the proportion of clever men is very

much greater than it is in other cities; and it is another wonderful tribute to the adaptability of the American people that the wit and conversation of society are so quickly taken up by many men who enter national public life well on towards the middle period, coming out of provincial towns and small cities, emerging from the shadows of rural law offices, and from homes of the chromo period. It is not alone distinction and ability that society demands, but agreeable and entertaining distinction and ability. Society only tolerates men and women who are witless and dumb if they have traditions.

The inmost and best life of Washington rests upon the same basis as the official society, but there must be a spot in the garden reserved for the rarest plants. To the average man and woman the game of politics is the most entrancing that is played, and on the large board of the nation it is full of a noble interest. The chit-chat of art and letters does not figure largely in the social talk of the capital, but there must be a fine flavor of the best that has been written in the talk of cultivated people who are not artisans of the craft, and you may find that in Washington, as it has been always found in the society of capitals.

The tourist and the unfortunate often find Washington society crude and vulgar, and the majority knows no more of what makes up the inner life of the capital than the majority is likely to know of the inner and best life of other places. To those who see life and judge Washington from a herdic, or in the vestibule of the hotels, or from the stairway of the White House on a crowded night, or from the newspapers that lash its most patent vices, may be repeated what a clever woman once said to one of their kind:

"I think that perhaps you would like Washington better if you knew it."

RETRIBUTION.

A STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

I.

IN the fall of the year 1660 Master Ebenezer Turnpenny left Coventry with his wife and his daughter Polly, a lass of some twelve years of age, to join business with his brother in Southwark, his brother being a saddler, with a great shop not far from St. Mary Overies Church, where he did much for the American trade, and was accredited very rich.

All of that money which his house and his saddler shop, with the good-will and fixtures, etc., had fetched, and which amounted to nigh four hundred pounds, which was a great sum of money for people of their condition in those times, he must carry along with him upon the journey. So, the last night in Coventry, he packed all this money into a leathern money-belt, which he had sewed with his own hands, and which he purposed strapping about his waist.

So off upon their journey on a Wednesday morning, and should have made the "Doe and the Swan" in the Corn Hill by at least four of the clock on Thursday afternoon for sure. But as it fell out, first one thing happed and then another thing. First a horse cast a shoe and then fell lame, and then the coach was ditched in turning out of the way for a drove of swine; so that it was nigh five o'clock against they had come as far as St. Albans, and still far from London, which they could not hope to reach that day. Indeed, the weather was so dull and overcast, with a fine rain falling, that it was already dusking, which put them all to a great pass, and this was why: The King having late come to his own, and so the court being set in London, a prodigious crowd of people had flocked to the city in hopes of gain or preference, so that all the roads and fields and heaths in the outskirts of the town were infested by highwaymen and footpads.

So they were all glad enough to stop at the "Dog and Doe" over night, though the mother, poor soul, being then nigh to her time, fell a-crying as though her heart would break at the thought of making another stage in their long journey.

There was at the "Dog and Doe" a man drying himself beside a roaring fire —a very tall, well-mannered gentleman,

who gave Master Turnpenny a good-evening, and had up a fresh crock of hot spiced ale, over which they grew presently mightily friendly and confidential together.

The strange gentleman said he was a messenger of the Linen-Drapers' Company of York, and now upon his way to London with six hundred pounds in goldsmiths' bills, to bring which safe to London he had hid them betwixt his stockings and the soles of his feet.

Master Turnpenny, upon his part, being warmed by the ale, told all about the four hundred pounds in gold that he carried in his money-belt.

Now the next morning, as they sat at breakfast, in comes mine host with news that both pair of traces and one of the bridles had been cut by some one the night before. So it was nigh noontide before this gearing was mended and they were able to leave St. Albans, travelling mightily slow, because of the tenderness of the harness, so that, this day being also thick and mucky with rain, night came upon them very early.

They might have stopped at the "Thorn Bush" at Highgate, but poor Mistress Turnpenny would have naught of such a thing, but fell again weeping and crying at the thought of making another stage and they so near the end of it all, whereupon they stopped only long enough to borrow two lanthorns from the landlord, which the coachman hung in front of the coach to light the way, for the roads were so foul with the rain, and the ditches beside the way so filled with water, that it was only with great ado that the coachman could save the coach from being either ditched or bogged until we might come upon higher ground.

Now they were come somewhere beyond Highgate when those in the coach suddenly heard some one cry out to the driver in a loud voice. Thereupon the coach stopped with a sharp turn, and then stood stock-still in the middle of the road, and another loud voice asked whether this was not the Coventry stage, whereto the driver answered yes, and for God's sake to do him no harm. Thereupon Master Turnpenny thrust his head out of the coach window and called out to know what was the matter, when a man suddenly stepped up to the coach door with a lanthorn in his hand, which he held up so as to throw the light within and upon them all. They could not see his face very clear, because the top of the lanthorn threw a shadow across it; yet the light was strong enough to show that he wore a vizard mask, and that in the other hand he held a great long pistol, which shone and twinkled when the light of the lanthorn fell upon the barrel thereof.

At the sight of this pistol Polly and her mother fell to shrieking and screaming; but not for long, for presently another fellow steps up to the door nigh to them, with a drawn sword in his hand, and swore with a most dreadful, horrible oath that if they did not upon the instant stop their screeching he would cut the throats of both of them. Whereupon they instantly fell silent from sheer terror, Polly with her face buried in her mother's skirts.

"Who are you?" says Master Turnpenny to the fellow with the pistol. "And what is it that you want?"

"Why," says the rogue, "that you know already without the asking or the telling. We be gentlemen of the road, and what we want is the four hundred pounds which you have in the money-belt around your waist."

When the poor man heard these words he knew well enough that he had been betrayed, and also knew his betrayer by his voice, and that he was the selfsame man with whom he had been so mightily friendly the night before at the "Dog and Doe," and to whom he had told where his money was hid. Whereupon he cried out with a loud and bitter cry: "Oh, thou traitor! I know thee!" And therewith, before any one knew what he was about to do, sprang at the fellow, and catched him by the throat, and that so violently that the pistol flew one way and the lanthorn the other, and they both out into the miry road, the honest man upon the top.

Mistress Turnpenny had swooned away, but Polly, when she saw her father and the man struggling together in the darkness and the wet, fell to shrieking and screaming again, and with no one to stop her, for the fellow who had threatened her, and two others that she had not seen before, had run to aid their comrade. He, with all the breath he could spare—for the other, who had him upon his back in the mud and was strangling him—was calling to them to come, for he was being killed.

They had picked up the lanthorn, and by the light of it Polly saw that the robber whom her father had overthrown held him down with his arms tight clasped about his neck. Then she beheld one of the wretches clap his hand to his side, whereupon still another cried out, "Do not kill the man!"

Then the fellow raised his fist, though she could see nothing in it because of the darkness, and struck her father a heavy blow upon the side of the body, whereupon he instantly cried out in a dreadful voice, "Oh God, the wretches are killing me!" Again she saw the man strike, and again her father cried out, "Oh God!" and then was silent.

Upon this the man who held him about the neck let go his hold, and he rolled over into the muddy road.

Then the fellow who had bid the others not to kill him said, in a loud voice, "You have murthered the man!" and thereupon the girl swooned away and knew no more.

II.

Master Richard Turnpenny's house, whither his brother's widow and daughter were fetched, was said to have been built in the time of King Richard. It was indeed a very old house, with gables that overhung the footway so far that it seemed a marvel how the house could stand at all.

Behind the house was a garden with plats of flowers (mostly tulips which came to Master Turnpenny from Holland), and a great apple-tree in the midst, with a seat beneath it in the pleasant shade.

As for Master Turnpenny, he was very kind to his niece and his sister-in-law, and though sometimes short and testy of speech, was never so to the poor widow. It was in this home that little Robin was born, some two or three months after they two had been brought there, and there he grew up a great boy, forever running in and out of the saddler shop where the journeymen and 'prentices were at work.

Whenever the weather was pleasant there were always some cronies of the saddler who would come of an evening to sit and chat and gossip; for the good saddler had many friends, and was a churchwarden, and in high esteem amongst all that lived in that parish as a man of great parts.

Amongst others that came, and sometimes on a Sunday after church, and as often as not to stay to dinner, was one Master Humphrey Doe. He was a very good, worthy gentleman, a silversmith, in Coleman Street, and very well thought of by the best merchants in the city. He was not more than eight or nine and twenty years of age, but seemed more like eight or nine and forty to Polly, being wise and thoughtful beyond his years.

He and Polly had been the best of friends from the time when she had first come to Southwark, for she being then sad, he would tell her quaint stories to make her smile, and would bring her barley-sugar, and sometimes toys, and sometimes a book with pictures in it. For, indeed, though twelve years old, she was mightily young for her age, and like a little child.

Once when they were grown great friends, she leaning against his knee, he asked her whether she would not marry him when she grew to be a woman, and she answered yes, very seriously. Her uncle and Master Humphrey thereat fell a-laughing, and after that the silversmith always called her his little wife. Polly, who was then only twelve years old, did not mind this pleasantry at the time, but when she had grown fifteen or sixteen years old it was a very different matter. Yet even then Master Humphrey always called her so, and would only laugh when she would stamp her foot and bid him not do so, and tell him that she would never be his wife.

At last a time came when he went to Holland, and thence to Italy. He was there for more than a year, and when he came back, lo and behold, Polly was no longer a child, but a young woman. She was mightily afeared that he would call her his little wife again; but he did not, for now he called her Polly, and that very seriously, too.

After Master Humphrey had thus come home from abroad, he came and went as often and more often than ever, though he no longer made merry with Polly as before. Now he could hardly find a word to say to her, either by way of jest or anything else. Nevertheless, when he went a-walking with the family sometimes of a Sunday afternoon, he always walked with her and little Robin, for he seemed to have grown mightily fond of Robin, and would talk much to him, and let him play with his cane. And it was to the little boy that

he always brought barley-sugar, for he did not know that Polly was still fond of it, though too proud to ask for it, and so would wait till he was not by, and would then make Robin give her a piece.

III.

In Master Humphrey's diary there appears under date February 19, 1664, the following:

"Comes to me to-day one Hugh Carey, and would deposit with me, as his banker, £51 10*s.*, which same he tells me is in part an annuity paid his father for sundry services rendered the King in Oliver's day.

"'Tis no wonder that money is so scarce at court that the King cannot pay his debts honestly got, when annuities are given to every idle Tom-Jack who suffered a rap and trouble in times gone bye. This young man is a chirurgeon. (Mem.—He did speak of Joel Whittiker by way of reference. To stop in and see Master Whittiker when next I am by.)"

Thereafter follow from time to time other entries in which Hugh Carey's name appears, and one may see not only how the acquaintance arose betwixt the two, but also what manner of man the young chirurgeon was; how weak beside the slow and steady disposition of the silversmith. Nevertheless, Master Humphrey appears to grow by degrees mightily fond of him, and at last the diary says:

"Went to Southwark, it being Sunday, and very warm and sweet for this time of year. Stopped at H. C.'s lodging and took him along with me. In the afternoon went a-walking to those fields over against the Tower. Robin would have me toss him stones across the water to make them skip. P. and H. C. walked all the while together, talking very merrily. Indeed, they did all seem mightily pleased with the young man, who is, in truth, vastly well-looking, with eyes as black as sloes."

After this the diary tells continually of Master Hugh Carey's going to visit at the saddler's house, and by-and-by Master Humphrey does not seem so well pleased thereat. One day the diary says:

"Comes Hugh Carey this morning before church, and would have me go to church with him. Found the sermon mightily dull, and do marvel that ministers, who have naught else to do, should not write better discourses. After church H. C. would have me go with him to Southwark; but told him no, and that I was ill, and so home alone. Very dull and vaporish in my spirits, so stayed at home and read Fox's *Martyrs* all the afternoon. After supper comes in H. C. Had been to Southwark alone, and told me that they had asked after me. Was very merry, and would have prescribed medicines for my distemper, as though his drugs could cure a sore heart. But would have none of them. (Talked much of P.)" And then the diary adds, "Do pray heaven that I may not have play'd the fool."

Then at last that appears written that must have fallen upon Master Humphrey like lightning from a clear sky. "Poor soul," it says, "though I should not pity him yet do I pity him.

"Last night H. C. did come to my house in a most sad and unhappy frame. He flings himself down into a chair without a word, and sat brooding, with his chin in his hand, for so long that at last I cried out: 'What has happened to you? And are you sick, or what has happened?' And he answered: 'Sick? Aye, I am sick, heart and soul.' And lo! therewith he hides his face in his hands and falls a-crying.

"'What is it that ails you?' I cried, for it frightened me to see a man thus weep and cry. Whereat he made answer, 'It is because I suffer like one in hell, who sees the gates of heaven standing open, and yet cannot enter because he is bound hand and foot.'

"Now I could have no patience with such words as these, for it was not the way that one man talks to another who has a weighty matter upon his mind, but such as the actors use in the playhouses to one another. And I began to think that even his tears did not seem real, but were put on, so answered him more harshly, mayhap, than I should have done, for truly he is a poor weak creature, blown hither and thither by every wind.

"'Come,' says I, 'be a man, and do not cry so, like a child or a woman. Look up, and tell me what there is upon your mind, if there is aught upon it.' Whereupon he looked up as I bade him.

"'I have been to Southwark to-day,' says he, 'and I have seen—you know whom.'

"'Well,' says I, though my heart was mightily heavy, 'and what then?'

"'Why,' says he, 'this: Polly hath as good as told me that she careth for me.'

"'Very well,' says I, pretty steadily; 'and what then?'

"'Why,' says he, 'I am like one who seeth heaven stand open and cannot enter.'

"'Come, come,' says I, 'do not talk so, but tell me what you mean.'

"Therewith he tells me his story, which, poor wretch, was somewhat thus: That five years ago last spring he came to London from Worcestershire, where he had been living with his mother and father in most extreme poverty, for his father had lost his arm in the civil wars, and all that had once been his by confiscation. It happening that he had given shelter to the King after his escape from Worcester, and had been betrayed to the Parliament by one of his own kin. Wherefore, having lost all, they fell from deeper to deeper poverty, until they had come to direful need.

"He told me that when it was known that the King had come to his own again, his father, then being unable to travel because of the sickness whereof he died, would have the son go up to London for to present his claims, and see whether the King would not return somewhat of that which had been lost for his sake. That he found the town full of people, who had gathered thither upon the same errand as himself, and no way by which he could bring his petition before the King, having neither money nor influence, so that before a great while he found himself in greater need than he had been in the country, with winter coming on and not one single penny in his purse.

"Now in the very same house where he lodged there was a wild fellow, some ten or twelve years older than himself, who had fought with the King both at Dunbar and at Worcester, and then had gone abroad and served in the Dutch war. In this time of his extremity this swashbuckler comes upon him one day, sitting a prey to the utmost gloom and melancholy, and thereupon began cursing and swearing at a great rate, and protested that he would never be satisfied until he knew why he sat thus in the dumps; wherefore, having no one better to whom he might confide his troubles, he told all that was upon his mind.

"He tells me that the bully sat him down quite seriously and began a discourse, the upshot of which was the confession that he was one of a band of highway robbers, one of whom had been killed in a brawl the week before, and that if he, Carey, chose to take it, there was room for him in the place of that other who had perished.

"Now at this he tells me he cried, 'Out upon you!' and would hear nothing of that business at first. But the other confirmed him otherwise with many arguments: that it was only from the crop-heads (as he called them) that they robbed, and that they touched no true man; that they could not wait for the King to give them back what was by rights theirs; that all must live, and that it was better to live off the crop-heads than to starve to death in honesty or to live off honest men. So that the end of the matter was that Carey promised to join their band, and to go with them upon an expedition which they had planned for that very night.

"'As soon as I had promised to join them,' says he, 'my new friend brought me up another of the company from below—a fellow who had ridden in from St. Albans that very morning with news of the Coventry stage coming to town, and of one who brought four hundred pounds with him in a money-belt.'

"When he told me this," says Master Humphrey in his diary, "I sat as one stricken dumb; but he did not observe me, but continued, telling me how they robbed the coach and killed poor Polly's father.

"'I cried out to them,' said he, 'not to kill the poor man; but they would not hear me.' And no doubt he spake the truth, for so I had heard others tell the story. He said that when he, a raw country boy, saw that thing done, he flung down the lanthorn which he had picked up from the road, and ran off through the open fields, leaping over ditches and hedges as though he had gone stark, staring mad. He did not go into the town all that night, and when day broke he found himself without one farthing in his pocket more than he had the night before, and that done which could never be mended. And as for his evil companion who had so tempted him, he never saw him afterward; for whether he were afraid that the young man might betray him to the magistrates or no, he never came back to his lodging for his chest that he had left there.

"'And now,' says he, 'I have told you all the worst;' and thereupon went on to say that though he loved Polly, he had so much conscience and soul that he could not ask her to marry him; and thereupon he appealed to me for advice and counsel, and asked me did I think that he could ask her to be his wife with all this upon him. And I, poor wretch, could not find heart in my cowardice to tell him the real truth, which I saw he did not know. Then he reminded me, as though I was a judge, that he had gotten no good of it all, that he truly repented, and so on; whereby I saw that he wanted the excuse to do as he wished, and that he wanted me to bid him go on with what he wished to do.

"Then he told me that he was now well enough off in the world to keep a wife, and went on with his discourse to this purpose: that a day or so after that thing had happened he had heard in a tap-room that the King went every morning to walk in the park, and to fling bits of cake to the ducks and the swans. So he went and got into the canal, and hid under the bank before the break of day, and lay there for a great long while. By-and-by there came a party of gentlemen, all of them bareheaded but one, whereupon, though so simple a country lad, he knew that that one must be the King, so jumped out of the water all dripping wet, and runs and kneels at his feet. They would have haled him away, but the King forbade them, and the lad handed him the petition which his father had writ. And so came the annuity of which he spake when he first came to me.

"More he would have said, but I cut him short. 'And do you not know, then,' said I, 'who it was that was murdered that night?' and he answers, 'Nay.'

"'And can you not guess?' said I; and again he answers, 'Nay.'

"'Why, then,' said I, 'I am sorry to tell you that it was Mistress Polly Turnpenny's own father.'

"He said not a word, but sat looking at me; then, after a while, he arose and went forth without speaking, and like a man suddenly stricken with blindness."

IV.

Perhaps Master Humphrey thought his own way was now made clear for him. At any rate he one day took his courage in his hand and made a try for that upon which his heart was most set of all things in the world.

That day he walked home from church with Polly and her mother and her uncle, and took dinner with them.

After dinner he asked to have a few words with Polly's mother and uncle. So all three went off together to Master Turnpenny's closet, where Polly heard them talking, first one, then another, then another, till at last she grew tired of waiting and went into the garden, and there sat down upon the bench beneath the shade of the apple-tree.

By-and-by came footsteps, and Polly, looking up, saw it was Master Humphrey Doe. He sat down beside her on the bench, and said not a word for a while; then of a sudden he at last broke the silence.

"Polly," said he, and then stopped short, with his face as red as fire. Then, beginning again, "Polly, do you know why I have come hither so much to this house?"

"No," said she, "unless it is that you and my uncle are very good friends." But though she said no, her heart beat very fast, and she could not look in his face.

"Aye," says he, "we are good enough friends. But that is not all the reason I come; 'tis—because I love you."

Polly sat as though turned to stone. At first she could not speak, but after a while found voice to whisper, "Oh, sir, you know not what you say; it cannot be that you mean it."

"Aye," he said, "but I do mean it. I do know what I say;" and then, all his steadiness melting away, he told her that he had loved her ever since he saw her a young maid, and that he loved her now that she was grown a woman, and should love her as long as ever he lived. But still, through all he said, she sat dumb, and could not answer him or raise her eyes, though he could see that she trembled, and so seeing, strove to soothe her. He told her that he would not press her now for an answer, but that he loved her all the more that her mind was not set upon such things. Then he would have taken her hand, which rested upon the bench beside him, but she would not let him, but snatched it suddenly away, and cried out, finding her voice at last, that indeed she could not care for him as he wished.

"And why do you say that, Polly?" said he.

"I know not," said she; "but I cannot care for you so." And thereupon both were silent again.

But all the while he was thinking of Hugh Carey, and was wondering if Polly had him in her mind also. At last he said, in his steady voice, "Methinks I have done all wrong to speak to you as I have spoken. Let it be as though I had said nothing, but were your own brother. Tell me this, Polly, is there one for whom you do care?"

But though he said he spoke as her brother, she did not so take it.

"Sir," she cried, and her face flamed as red as fire, "do you dare speak so to me?" and thereupon arose; and he arose too, beseeching her to hear what he had to say, and that it was for her own sake. But she gave him no chance to say more, but turned and left him standing there, and so went straight to the house and to her own room, and locked and double-locked her door.

When she came down stairs again, Master Humphrey Doe had gone. Her mother was in the room below, and had been weeping, and her uncle was standing, looking out into the garden, drumming upon the window-sill with his fingers. By-and-by he stopped his drumming, and turned around.

"Well, Polly," says he, "thou art a saucy chit, and hard to please." And thereupon he clapped on his hat that lay upon the table, and stumped out of the house and into the garden.

V.

After that day Master Humphrey came no more to that house. But neither did Hugh Carey come, and Polly wondered why that was so, for the last time she had seen him he told her that he could not keep long away from her, and now he did not come there any more.

"'Tis a long time," says her uncle one day, "since Master Carey hath been here to see us. I wonder why our young leech cometh no more?"

And so did Polly wonder too, but said nothing of it, but stood looking out of the window, seeing nothing for the tears that came into her eyes.

Nor did any of them see Master Carey for all that winter. Poor Polly could think of nothing else than that he had been making sport of her. She often went away by herself to cry over it all, and to feel that she was the most unhappy girl in the world. Then came the spring once more, and then one day she suddenly met him. She had gone to the linen-draper's at the bridge end, and when she came forth from the shop again she saw Master Carey standing upon the other side of the way, though at some little distance. He was leaning in a corner of the wall wrapped in his cloak, and Polly knew by the manner in which he stood that he had been waiting for her. She made no sign of having seen him, but went on her way, though her heart beat as though to stifle her. By-and-by footsteps came behind her. She knew very well who it was that followed her, but she would not turn her head to look. Presently Hugh Carey was beside her, though without greeting her in any way.

"La!" said she, "and is it you, Master Carey? Sure you come upon one so sudden 'tis fit to scare the wits out of a body."

He made no answer to her silly, shallow speech, but walked along beside her in silence.

"It hath been a long time since I have seen you," said he at last.

"And have you, then, cared for that?" said she.

"Aye," said he, simply, and then fell silent again.

It was Polly who next spoke, asking him why, then, if he so cared to see them all he did not come to her uncle's house as he used to do.

"I cannot tell you that," says he; "but I can never come there again, Polly."

It was the first time that he had ever called her Polly, and when he did so, she raised her eyes and looked at him. She met his look fixed steadily upon her; then she looked quickly down again, and walked on, with her breast rising and falling quickly.

So they reached the street end, and there stopped short as of one mind. Then at last he asked her whether he might not meet her sometimes when she went out from home, and she answered him yes, albeit her voice was scarce louder than a whisper.

Now it being toward the dusking of the evening and very cool, the two thought nothing of a man that approached them wrapped in a long black cloak. It was not until he had come very close, and

dropped the cloak from before his face, that they saw that it was Master Humphrey.

Polly could not forbear to cry out. Then she stood still all of a tremble, for she had never seen Master Humphrey with such a face as he then wore.

He said nothing to her, but stood stock-still, staring at Hugh Carey most balefully; and Hugh Carey did not look up, but stood there with his head bowed, not daring to stare back again.

"Aye," said Master Humphrey at last, "you may well keep your face hid, you may well do so, for you are a villain, and that you know full well!"

All this while Polly stood, as white as a sheet, and when Master Humphrey called Hugh Carey a villain she thought they would have come to blows, as did two gentlemen once, in front of their house, when one called the other a villain, was run through the body with a sword, and died in the chemist shop over the way. But it was not so with these, for Hugh Carey, instead of answering Master Humphrey, only besought him, in a low voice, to have pity, and not to betray that which he knew.

"Have pity!" says Master Humphrey, very scornfully. "Who thinks to pity you? I say again thou art a coward and a villain!" Then he turned to Polly. "And you," says he, "what do you do meeting him thus in the street who does not dare come to your house?" And he spoke so sternly that she fell a-crying as though her heart would break.

Master Humphrey looked at her steadily for a while, and then, in a more gentle voice, he bade her hush her crying, and to remember that they stood in the street. But she, though all of a tremble, cried out that she hated him, and he should not talk so to her, and she cared not where they stood. Then she began weeping more than ever, until she seemed like to be half frantic with it all. Then of a sudden she was brought to herself as though with a douche of cold water, for she felt one catch her by the arm, and as though sight came back to her, she saw Master Humphrey's face looking into hers, and knew that it was he who held her arm.

"Child," said he, and Polly knew not his voice could be so stern, "you know not what you say or do! This is no fit place for you to be; go home." Then, more quietly: "Go home, my dear, to your mother. And as for you, Master Carey, you go home too, and hereafter come not again, but bear your burdens as other men bear theirs, for all have to bear their burdens."

Therewith he left the two without another word, nevertheless there was that in his voice said as plain as speech that it was to be as he had bid them. So Master Carey turned and went his way, and Polly, too, turned and ran home, still sobbing so that those whom she passed turned to look after her, it being then nigh dark.

VI.

It was this same year that the black plague came to England again, having been brought over, it was said, from Holland. Polly's mind was filled full of her own troubles, and she paid but little heed to all that her uncle said about the plague having come again. It was not until one afternoon, when the good worthy saddler came running into the house, bareheaded, with the published bills of mortality in his hand, crying in a loud voice, "Heaven help us! It hath come at last. Here be nine hundred and twenty dead of the plague in this one week!" that she really awoke to what was coming. Then followed that dreadful time when the people began to flee away, for the plague had indeed fairly come inside the town and to the Tower Hamlets, and a terror fell of a sudden upon all. Day after day the press crowded across London Bridge, carts and wagons and coaches and people afoot, men and women and little children, some of the little ones crying, some laughing and thinking it all a good jest.

And by-and-by, in a little while, the plague was come into Southwark also, and Polly and Robin were forbid to go forth beyond the garden, for doleful things were seen and heard in the streets and everywhere. Then the plague came into three houses in their street, and six died there of it, and were taken away at night in the dead-cart.

So things went from worse to worse, until by-and-by the magistrates began sealing the houses wherein the plague broke out, as they had been doing for a week and more in London. The very first day there was a house sealed in the next street to where Master Turnpenny lived, and Polly, when her mother and her uncle were not by to stop her, slipped



"HE SAT DOWN BESIDE HER ON THE BENCH."

out of the house and around to see it. There saw the door tight locked with a padlock, and a great fiery red cross painted upon one of the panels of the door, just as she had heard tell of within the city. The windows were tight fastened with great bars nailed across the shutters, and whilst she stood there she saw of a sudden the face of a young girl of about her own age, but white as death, and seeming mightily sick, stare at her from one of the upper windows, and in an instant go away again. Thereat she screamed out with fright, and ran off home as fast as she could, for fear lest she should catch the plague, and be locked up in the house as that poor girl had been.

But in spite of all these things Polly still had time to muse and wonder, when the mood was upon her, what had become of my Master Carey in all this dreadful time. It was during just such a mood as this that she one day overheard her uncle talking to their neighbor, Master Bloomfield, over the garden wall, and Master Bloomfield telling how a certain physician had died that day in the open street in front of Master Blake the locksmith's shop. Her uncle said that he marvelled that more physicians did not die, they being in the greatest danger of all, having to go into those houses where the plague was the worst, and to be always with them who were possessed.

Polly stood by a window listening, and when she heard what was said her heart suddenly crumbled away within her; for it came to her suddenly that mayhap Hugh Carey was dead, and that that was the reason that she heard not from him.

All that day she was as one in a dream. She could neither eat nor find ease or rest anywhere, but was up and down and up and down continually.

In the afternoon she had gone out into the garden, and was sitting there brooding, when she suddenly heard some one approaching, and looking up, saw that it was Master Humphrey. He had come to see the saddler about Master Gildersmith, the linen-draper, who was just recovering from the plague; but she was too engrossed in her own thoughts to wonder why he had come. Master Humphrey did not sit him down, but stopping near her, asked her how she did, as though it had been only yesterday that he had seen her last.

She answered him that she did very well, but could find so little voice that he could hardly have heard her.

"Why, Polly," says he, and smiled very pleasantly, "do you fear an old friend like me? Cannot we be friends, and let by-gones be by-gones?"

He stood for a while waiting for her to answer him; but she could not.

When next he spoke it was to say: "Child, you are grown mightily thin and pale. Sure are you not sick?"

Then she said no, that she was not sick; but therewith all that trouble came back, and she hung her head lower than ever, for the tears came into her eyes, and one dropped upon the back of her hand, and for all the world she would not have him see them or know that she was crying. And all the while he stood there without saying a word, until by-and-by she so far recovered from her vapors that she could look up without his seeing that she had been weeping. For of a sudden it had come upon her to question Master Humphrey about Hugh Carey, and of what was come to him.

"Tell me, sir," said she, "is the plague so bad in the city as people do say?"

He answered, very seriously, aye, that it was as bad, and worse.

It was some time before she could ask him that next thing.

"And tell me," said she at last, "doth a doctor who is with the sick people run more chance to catch the plague than others?"

Most like Master Humphrey knew whereof she spake, for he was silent for a great long while, and then said, "I know not." And then again, after a while, and in a very constrained voice, "I saw Master Hugh Carey yesterday."

She said nothing more, and he by-and-by asked her had she any other thing that she would ask. She shook her head; whereupon he turned away and left her without saying anything further.

VII.

The very next evening Master Humphrey came again. They all were sitting upon a bench in front of the house, for the weather was hot, and there was always a coolness in that place when the wind was blowing from the south.

The streets at this time were everywhere quiet, for neighbors no longer gossiped and laughed as they were used to do,

but each family sat by itself for fear lest it should catch the plague from the other families. So they sat there together very seriously, saying nothing, Master Turnpenny taking a pipe of tobacco, which he said was sovereign to keep away the infection.

The sun had set some time, and the gray of twilight was coming on, when Master Humphrey suddenly came walking up the street, in the middle of the way, as all did in those days.

Master Turnpenny bade him be seated. He shook his head and said nay, that he was come upon a message to Polly and her mother. Thereupon, turning to them, he told them that it was from the young doctor, Hugh Carey.

He said that the young man had bid him ask them whether they would not come at seven o'clock the next evening to a place he named—an open space at the bank-side where a wall ran close along beside the river—for that he, Hugh Carey, had somewhat of import to say to them, and that he himself was to wait and to fetch their answer back with him.

"But what can it be that he would tell us?" says Polly's mother. "Sure he can have nothing to tell us that is near to us to affect us, whom he scarce knows."

"Aye," says Master Humphrey, "but he has something to tell that is very near to you, but what it is I may not tell, for so I have promised him, and was a fool to do so, and might else have prevented a world of trouble."

"But," says Master Turnpenny, who had been listening to all this, "'tis the strangest thing that I ever heard tell. Why should he bring these two so far as the bank-side to tell them that thing that you might tell or that he might write?"

"That I know not either," says Master Humphrey, "for I would have had him write, but no, he would not, but must needs bespeak them himself."

"Why," says Polly's mother, "I see nothing for it but to do as he asketh us."

Therewith, his message having been delivered, Master Humphrey would not stay longer, but forthwith left them, wondering what was the business that Hugh Carey would have with the two women.

Now in those troublous times when death was everywhere, the footpads had been growing mightily bold, and sometimes robbed people in the open streets at mid-day, so Polly's uncle would go with them that day, taking a stout club for a walking-stick.

It was the first time that Polly had been so far from home since the beginning of the plague, and now, whether it was because of her condition, that had been wrought up to such a pitch by all that had happed, I cannot say, but she thought she had never beheld such an awful, dreadful sight in all of her life.

The place where they had come, and where they were to meet Master Carey, was a place where folk used to come sometimes of a summer evening for to take the air, and some to fish from the wall which was built close to the river edge, and some to sit upon the wall and watch them. It was then a very pleasant place, with plenty of people to see and many that they knew to talk to. But now there were none but two men and a woman there; two that sat against the wall, and one that lay flat upon the ground close to the wall. They did not go nigh them; but Polly wondered whether they had the plague, and had crawled there because it was cooler; and like enough it was so.

The sun was so low that it shone upon the houses over the river, and was so red that those houses looked as though they were all afire. At that time, the magistrates having given orders that great fires should be lighted in the streets, the black smoke hung over all the town, so that it seemed to Polly that she did, as it were, look into the mouth of hell. It was all very still and silent, excepting from the town, whence she could hear, she thought, a moaning and a groaning, and indeed it was a most dreadful, awful thing to see and hear.

So she and her mother and her uncle stood looking across the river and at the town; and none spoke, but each busy in thought; only every now and then Polly would fall a-shuddering and trembling as though a fit of the ague had passed over her, and it seemed her uncle and her mother were also mightily serious as they stood staring across the river at the town.

Then presently came one dressed all in black, walking alone down by the wall; and thereat Polly's heart leaped within her, and she caught her mother by the arm, for she knew who it was, and that it was Hugh Carey.

Master Turnpenny beheld him almost as soon, and bid Polly and her mother look, for yonder came Master Carey with-

out he was mistook, and then bade those two to go a little way to meet him.

Polly's mother asked him whether he too would not go with them; but he said nay, that Master Carey had asked only them to come, and what he had to tell was for their ears and not for his.

So they two did as he bade; but when they had come within a few steps, Master Carey called out to them to stand where they were and not to come any nearer him, for he carried the plague in his clothes.

So they stood where they were, and he looked at Polly, and she looked back at him; and when he spoke it was "Say, Polly," and then, again, "Polly." Nor did he seem to see her mother, but looked at her alone. When he next spoke, it was to a purpose that called the red to her face so that it burned like fire.

"Polly," said he, "you know well that I love you—do you not? And I may say that to you now, for this is the last time that I may ever speak to you again, and I would not have you come and tell you this without your mother to hear me say it."

Then Polly's mother cried out in amaze: "Sir! What is it you say?" And Polly trembled more than ever, and held her more tightly by the arm.

But still it was as though he did not hear the mother or know that she was by, for he said: "I ask you not, Polly, whether you do love me, but only tell you that I love you, and then to ask you to listen to what I have to say and to pity me. Oh, Polly! I am indeed a poor wretch, and have done that that were you an angel in heaven and I a devil in hell we could not be further apart." And then, again, says: "I might have gone all through my life and never have told what I have to tell; but I would sacrifice myself for you, and, though I love you, I would have you hate me because it would be better for you to do so."

Then, even though her mother was by, Polly spoke up and said, "I do not hate you and never can hate you, and that you know as well as I!"

"Aye," he said, "you will hate me when I have told you—will you not?"

But she said again nay, that she should never hate him.

Now all this time Mistress Turnpenny had been too amazed to speak, but at last she found voice, and, trembling, cried out to him what did all this mean, and what was it he would say, and to tell them at once, and so spare them anxieties. Thereupon he, clutching his hands tight together, and speaking in a voice that they could scarce hear, says,

"Polly, do you remember how your father died?"

Then the young girl caught tight hold of her mother, lest she should fall, and her mother also caught tight hold of her, so that she hurt her.

"Tell what you have to tell," cried the mother, "and keep us no longer waiting. What is it you have to tell?"

Then he said, "I was there."

When he had so said, a great silence fell over all, till at last Polly's mother spake again, as though her voice were choking, and asked him if he were one of the highwaymen. He tried not to answer straightway, but would have told a long story of how it came about, but that she would not hear, but asked him again and again if he were one of the highwaymen, until at last he had perforce to answer, and said, "Yes." Thereupon the poor woman screamed aloud, and cried out that he was a murderer, and called him other dreadful names, and asked him how he had dared to ever come into their house; and all the while he leaned as pale as death against the wall.

When she had ended, he would have spoken to Polly again, but her mother bade him be silent, and that if he oped his mouth to speak to her she would call Master Turnpenny, and that she would have done so already had he been worth the killing.

Then Polly spoke to her mother, and the tears were raining down her face, and besought her that she would hear what he had to say, for that it could not be so bad as she thought it. But her mother turned upon her, and bade her be silent in such a voice as Polly never heard her speak before.

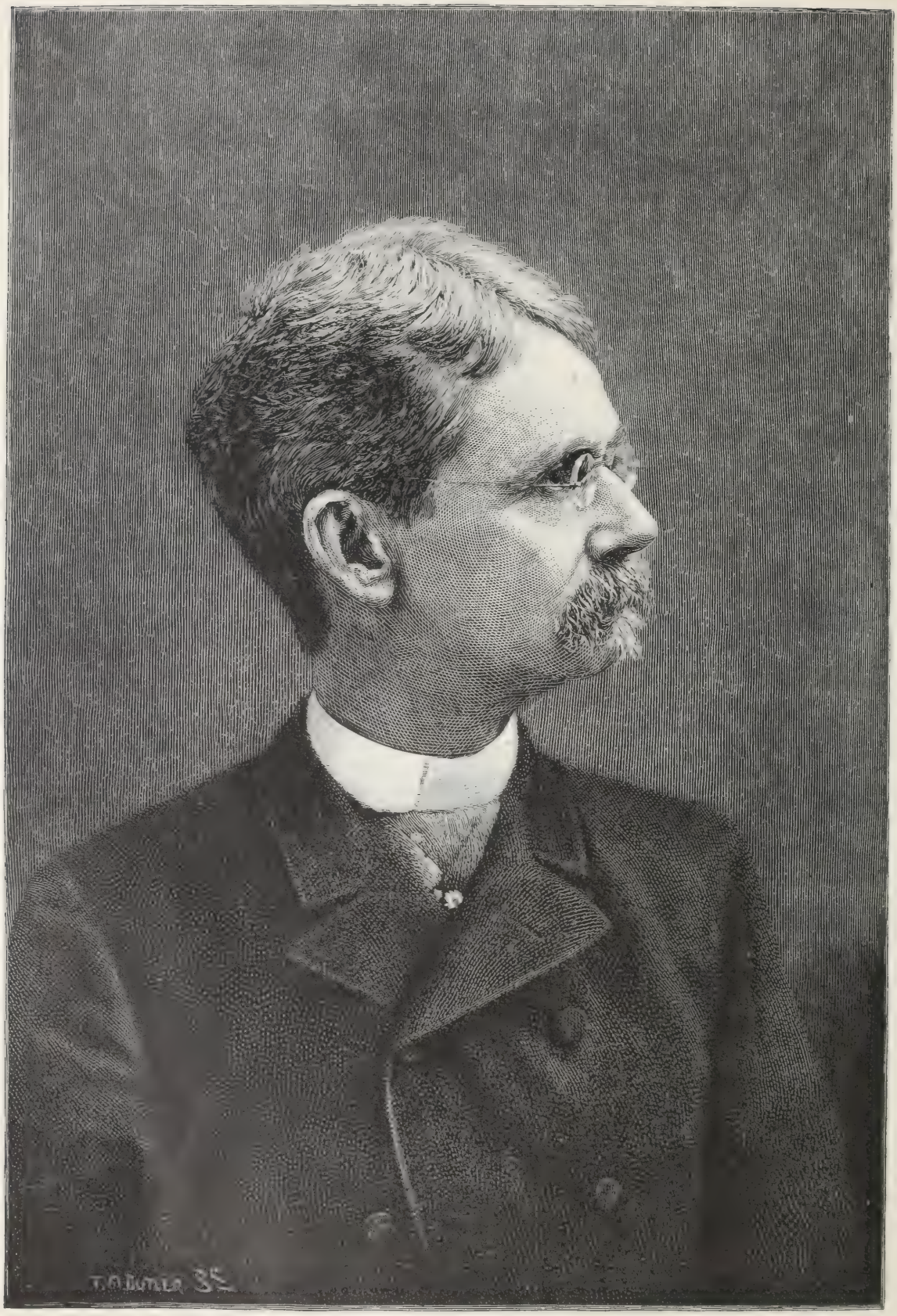
"Aye, Polly," he cried, "let it be as she says, and let me suffer, for I suffer for your sake. And it is better for you to think me a murderer, as she sayeth."

Then Polly's mother stamped her foot, and bade him to be gone, and to say not another word to them. And thereupon he turned and walked slowly away along by the wall, Polly looking after him until everything was lost in the tears that rained down her face.

So he went back to the town, and there died of the plague.



"THEREUPON THE POOR WOMAN SCREAMED ALOUD, AND CRIED OUT THAT HE WAS A MURDERER."



JOHN J. INGALLS.

KANSAS.—1541–1891.

BY JOHN JAMES INGALLS.

THE other continents are convex, with an interior dome or range, from whose declivities the waters descend to the circumference; but North America is concave, having mountain systems parallel with its eastern and western coasts, whose principal streams fall into the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Between the Appalachian and the Cordilleran regions, a vast central valley, more than two thousand miles wide from rim to rim, extends with uniform contour from the tropics to the pole. The crest of this colossal cavity nearly coincides with the boundary between the Dominion and the United States, its northern part drained by the Mackenzie and Red rivers into the Arctic Ocean, and its southern by the Mississippi and its six hundred tributaries into the Gulf of Mexico.

In a remote geological age this continental trough was the bed of an inland sea, whose billows broke upon the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains—archipelagoes with precipitous islands rising abruptly from the desolate main.

The subsiding ocean left enormous saline deposits, which at varying depths underlie much of its surface, and which later were succeeded by tropical forests and jungles, nurtured by heat and moisture, their carbon stratified in the coal measures of the interior, and beneath whose impervious shadows, after many centuries, wandered herds of gigantic monsters, their fossil remains yet found in the loess of the Solomon and the Smoky Hill. In a subsequent epoch, as the land became cooler by radiation and firmer by drainage, the saurians were succeeded by ruminants, like the buffalo and the antelope, which pastured in myriads upon the succulent herbage, and followed the seasons in their endless migrations.

Mysterious colonizations of strange races of men—the Aztecs, the mound-builders, the cave-dwellers—whose genesis is unknown, appeared upon the fertile plains and perished, leaving no traces of their wars and their religions, save the rude weapons that the plough exhumes from their ruined fortifications, and the broken idols that irreverent science discovers in their sacrificial mounds.

Upon the western acclivity of the basin, where its synclinal axis is intersected by its greater diameter, lies the State of Kansas—"Smoky Waters"; so called from the blue and pensive haze which in autumn dims the recesses of the forests, the hollows of the hills, and broods above the placid streams like a covenant of peace. It is quadrangular—save for the excision of its northeastern corner by the meanderings of the Missouri—200 miles wide by 400 miles long, and contains the geographical centre of the territory of the United States. Its area of 52,000,000 acres gradually ascends from an elevation of 900 feet above tide-water to the altitude of 4000 feet at its western boundary. It has a mean annual temperature of 53°, with a rainfall of 37 + inches; an average of 30 thunder-storms, 198 days exempt from frost, and 136,839 miles of wind every year. This inclined plane is reticulated by innumerable arroyos, or dry runs, which collect the storm waters, whose accumulations scour deepening channels in the friable soil as they creep sinuously eastward, forming by their union the Kaw (or Kansas) and Arkansas rivers, two of the most considerable affluents of the Missouri.

The confines of the valleys are the "bluffs," no higher than the general level of the land, worn into ravines and gulches by frost and wind and rain, carving the limestone ledges into fantastic architecture, and depositing at their base an alluvion of inexhaustible fertility. Dense forests of elm, cottonwood, walnut, and sycamore, mantled with parasitic growths, clothe the cliffs and crags with verdure, and gradually encroach upon the "rolling prairies." The eye wanders with tranquil satisfaction and unalloyed delight over these fluctuating fields, treeless except along the margins of the indolent streams, gorgeous in summer with the fugitive splendor of grass and flowers, in autumn billows of bronze, and in winter desolate with the melancholy glory of undulating snows.

By imperceptible transition the rolling prairies merge into the "Great Plains," plateaus elevated above the humid currents of the atmosphere, rainless except for casual showers, presenting a sterile expanse, with vegetation repulsive and

inedible, a level monotony broken at irregular intervals by detached knobs and isolated buttes. Above their vague and receding horizon forever broods a pathetic and mysterious solemnity, born of distance, silence, and solitude.

The dawn of modern history broke upon Kansas three and a half centuries ago, when Marcos de Naza, a Franciscan friar, returning from a missionary tour among the Pueblos, brought rumors of populous cities and mines richer than Golconda and Potosi in the undiscovered country beyond the Sierra Madre. In 1541, twenty years after the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, under the orders of Mendoza, Viceroy of India, with a little army of 300 Spaniards and 800 Mexicans, marched northward from Culiacan, then the limit of Spanish dominion, on an errand of discovery and spoliation. Crossing the mountains at the head of the Gila River, he reached the sources of the Del Norte, and continued northeasterly into the Mississippi Valley, descending from the plains to the prairies, crossing the present area of Kansas diagonally nearly to the fortieth degree of north latitude.

At the farthest point reached in his explorations he erected a high cross of wood, with the inscription, "Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, commander of an expedition, reached this place." He left some priests to establish missions among the Indians, but they were soon slain. In his report to Mendoza, at Mexico, Coronado wrote: "The earth is the best possible for all kinds of productions of Spain. I found prunes, some of which were black, also excellent grapes and mulberries. I crossed mighty plains and sandy heaths, smooth and wearisome and bare of wood, and as full of crooked-back oxen as the mountain Serena in Spain is of sheep."

Coronado was followed sixty years later by Don Juan de Onate, the conqueror of New Mexico, and in 1662 by Penalosa, then its governor, who marched from Santa Fe, and was profoundly impressed by the agricultural resources of the country which he traversed.

The desultory efforts of the Spaniards to subdue the savages and acquire control of the territory continued for a century, when the French became their competitors, under the leadership of Marquette, Joliet, Hennepin, Iberville, and La Salle, by whom formal possession of the Mississippi Valley was taken in 1682 for Louis XIV. By this monarch the whole province of Louisiana, including what is now called Kansas, with a monopoly of traffic with the Indian tribes, was granted in 1712 to Crozat, a wealthy merchant of Paris, who soon surrendered his patent, and its privileges were transferred to the Mississippi Company. Under their auspices the city of New Orleans was founded in 1718 by Bienville, who, in the following year, despatched an expedition under the command of Colonel du Tissonet, who visited the Osages at their former location in Kansas, and crossed the prairies 120 miles to the villages of the Pawnees at the mouth of the Republican River, where Fort Riley now stands. He continued his march westward 200 miles, to the land of the Padoucahs, where he also set up a cross, with the arms of the French king, September 27, 1719.

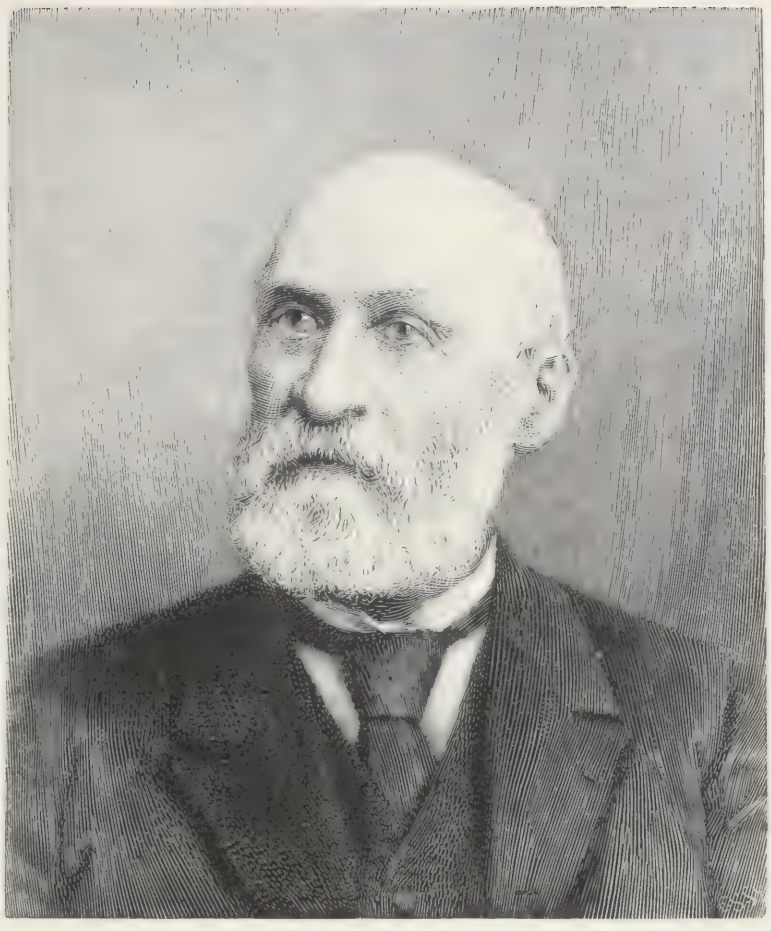
In 1724, De Bourgmont explored northern Kansas, starting from the "Grand Detour," where the city of Atchison now stands. In 1762, Kansas, with the rest of the Louisiana territory, was ceded by France to Spain. In 1801 it was retroceded by Spain to France. On the 30th of April, 1803, it was sold by Napoleon, then First Consul, to the United States, Thomas Jefferson, President. This was the largest real-estate transaction which occurred that year, being 756,961,280 acres, for $27,267,621, being at the rate of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents per acre. The Anglo-Saxon was at last in the ascendant.

Attached in 1804 by act of Congress to the "Indian Territory," the following year to the "Territory of Louisiana," and in 1812 to the "Territory of Missouri," Kansas remained, after the admission of that State in 1820, detached, without local government or a name, until its permanent organization thirty-four years afterwards.

This mysterious region, so far, so fascinating, the object of so much interest and desire, inaccessible except by long voyages on mighty rivers whose sources were unknown, or by weary journeys in slow caravans disappearing beyond the frontier, had for some unknown reason long been marked on the maps of explorers and described in the text of geographers as "the Great American Desert."

Though for many centuries populous and martial Indian tribes, the aristocracy of the continent, making war their occu-

pation and the chase their pastime, had without husbandry sustained their wild cavalry upon its harvests; though the Spanish adventurers had reported that "its earth was strong and black, well watered by brooks, streams, and rivers"; though the French trappers and voyageurs had enriched the merchants of St. Louis, New Orleans, and Paris with its furs and peltries; though Lewis and Clarke had penetrated its solitudes and blazed a pathway to the Pacific; though Pike had discovered the frowning peak indissolubly associated with his name; and Pursley and the traders of Santa Fe had traversed the prairies of the Arkansas and the mesas of the Pecos—yet in popular belief half a century ago the trans-Missouri plains were classed with the steppes of Tartary and the arid wastes of Gobi.



CHARLES ROBINSON.

The flight of the Mormons to Salt Lake in 1844, and the California exodus in 1849, following the trail which was succeeded by the pony express, the overland stage line, and the Union Pacific Railroad, familiarized thousands of travellers from all parts of the country with its enchanting landscape, its superb climate, and its unrivalled though unsuspected capacities for agriculture and civilization. To them it was not a desert; it was an oasis, compared with which, in resources, fertility, and possibilities of opulence, all the rest of the earth was Sahara.

The surf of the advancing tide of population chafed restlessly against the barrier, realizing the truth of the majestic and impressive sentence of Tocqueville, written a quarter of a century before: "This gradual and continuous progress of the European race toward the Rocky Mountains has the solemnity of a providential event; it is like a deluge of men rising unabatedly, and daily driven onward by the hand of God."

The origin or genesis of states is usually obscure and legendary, with prehistoric periods from which they gradually emerge like coral islands from the deep. Shadowy and crepuscular intervals precede the day, in whose uncertain light men and events, distorted or exaggerated by tradition, become fabulous, like the gods and goddesses, the wars and heroes, of antiquity. But Kansas has no mythology; its history has no twilight. The foundation-stones of the State were laid in the full blaze of the morning sun, with the world as interested spectators. Its architects were announced, their plans disclosed, and the workmen have reared its walls and crowned its dome without concealment of their objects, and with no attempt to disguise their satisfaction with the results. Nothing has been done furtively nor in a corner.

The first bill for the organization of Kansas was presented by Senator Douglas in 1843, under the name of the Territory of Nebraska. The next, two years later, named it the Territory of Platte, and afterwards it was again twice called Nebraska.

January 23, 1854, Senator Douglas re-

ported as a substitute for his former measure the bill for the organization of the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, which, after fierce and acrimonious debate, passed both Houses of Congress, and was approved by President Pierce on the 30th of May. The eastern, northern, and southern boundaries of Kansas were the same as now. Its western limit extended 673 miles, to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, including more than half of the present area of Colorado, with its richest mines and its largest cities.

Intense political excitement preceded and followed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which gave the measure its chief political significance, and the conquest of Kansas was not the cause but the occasion of the conflict which ensued. The question of freedom or slavery in the Territory, and in the State to be, was important, it is true, but it was merely an incident in the tragedy, unsurpassed in the annals of our race, opening with the exchange of fourteen slaves for provisions by the Dutch man-of-war in the harbor of Jamestown in 1619, and whose prologue was pronounced by the guns that thundered their acclamations when the Confederate flag was lowered for the last time upon the field of Appomattox.

The incipient commonwealth lay in the westward path of empire—the zone within which the great commanders, orators, philosophers, and prophets of the world have been born; in which its Saviour was crucified; in which its decisive battles were fought, its victories over man and nature won, the triumphs of humanity and civilization achieved.

Had the formation of its domestic institutions alone been the stake, it would still have been compensative for the valor of heroes and the blood of martyrs. The diplomacy of great powers has often exhausted its devices upon more trivial pretexts, and nations have been desolated with wars waged under Cæsars and Napoleons for the subjugation of provinces of narrower bounds and inferior fertility.

But there was a profound conviction, a premonition, among thoughtful men that vastly more was involved; that further postponement of the duel between the antagonistic forces in our political system was impossible; that the existence of the Union, the perpetuity of free institutions, and the success of the experiment of self-government depended upon the issue.

The statesmen of the South, long accustomed to supremacy, had beheld with angry apprehension the menacing increase of the North in wealth and population; the irresistible tendency of emigration to the intermontane regions of the West and the Northwest, already dedicated to freedom. With prophetic vision they foresaw the admission of free States that would make the South a minority in the Senate, as it was already in the House, and hasten the destruction of the system of servile labor upon which they wrongly believed their prosperity to depend.

The conscience of the North apparently became dormant upon the subject of the immorality of slavery when, ceasing to be profitable, it disappeared, by the operation of natural laws, from the valleys of the Merrimac, the Connecticut, and the Hudson. It seemed to have been lulled into an eternal sleep by the anodyne of the Missouri Compromise; but it was roused into renewed activity when the repeal of that ordinance, supplemented by the Dred Scott decision, disclosed the intentions of the Southern leaders to maintain their ascendency by the extension of slavery over all the territories of the republic, a policy whose success threatened their political supremacy and their industrial independence.

Events have shown that the magnitude and significance of the Kansas episode were not exaggerated. It was the prelude to a martial symphony, the preface to a volume whose finis was not written until the downfall of slavery was recorded.

It would be a congenial task, but the present scope and purpose neither require nor permit a detailed narrative of the tumultuous interval from the organization of the Territory to the admission of the State. Its history has been written by its partisans. Its actors have been portrayed by their foes or their worshippers. The contests waged by Atchison and Stringfellow against the "abolitionists," and by Brown and Montgomery against the "border ruffians," the battles and murders and sudden deaths, the burning of houses and sacking of towns, the proclamations, bulletins, and platforms, the fraudulent elections and the dispersion of legislatures, form a unique chapter in our annals that waits the impartial chronicler. Neither side was blameless. Each was guilty of wrongs, begotten of

the passions of the crisis, that culminated during the rebellion in border forays, encounters, reprisals, and retaliations, shocking to humanity, whose memory time cannot obliterate nor charity condone.

In the preliminary movement for the occupation of the new Territory, the slavery propagandists had the advantage of proximity. They swarmed across the Missouri border, establishing camps, taking possession of the polling-places, securing eligible sites for towns, and by obstructing the navigation of the river, compelled the emigrants from the North to make a long circuitous land journey through Iowa and Nebraska. They received re-enforcements and contributions of money, stores, and arms from many Southern States, and elected the first Territorial Delegate, J. W. Whitfield, who sat from September 20, 1854, till the adjournment of the Thirty-third Congress.

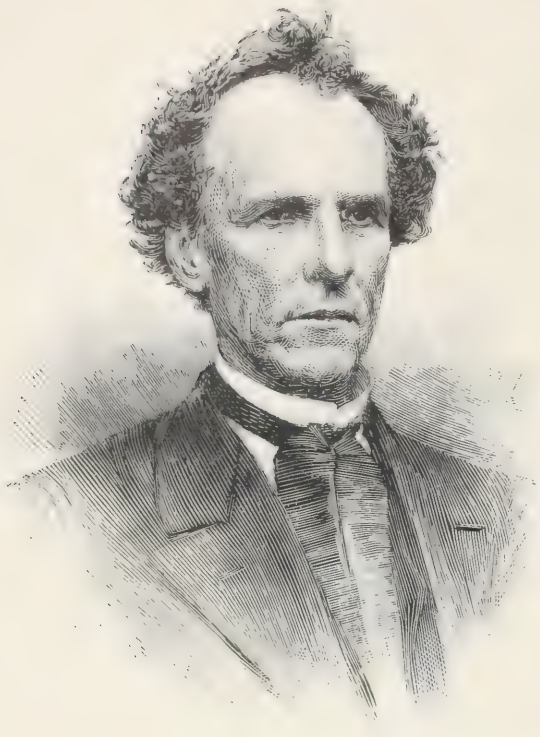
By the census taken in February, 1855, the number of legal voters in the Territory was 2905, but at the election of members of the first Legislature, four weeks later, 5427 votes were cast for the Southern candidates, and 791 for their opponents, the increment being largely due to the importation of electors from Missouri, who came into the Territory on the day of the election, and having voted, returned home at night.

By this guilty initiative they obtained on the threshold an immense advantage. They secured absolute control of the political agencies of the Territory. The Legislature which assembled at Pawnee in July adopted the slave code of Missouri *en bloc*, supplementing these statutes with original laws making many new offences against the slave system punishable with death, and compelling every official, candidate, and voter to take an oath to support the fugitive-slave law.

The idea of permanently colonizing Kansas with free labor from the North by systematic migration, and thus determining the question of the institutions of the new empire of the West, originated with Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, who organized the Emigrant Aid Society in that State in 1854. The example was immediately followed in other parts of the North, and the pioneer colony reached the mouth of the Kansas River July 28th. Among the most prominent leaders of the colonists from New England were Samuel C. Pomeroy, afterwards for twelve years a Senator of the United States, and Charles Robinson, an early settler in California, where he had fallen wounded in an armed struggle for what he believed to be the cause of popular rights against corporate injustice and tyranny. By one of those singular and pleasing coincidences which the judgment would reject as an unreal and extravagant climax in a romance or drama, he camped for the night on his overland journey in 1849 in the enchanting valley of the Wakarusa, to which five years later he returned to found the city of Lawrence, the intellectual capital of the State, of which he became the first Governor, and where, in the afternoon of an honorable, useful, and adventurous career, he still survives, his eye not dim nor his natural force abated, the object of affectionate regard and veneration.

The emigrants from the North were almost without exception from civil life, laborers, farmers, mechanics, and artisans, young men of the middle class, reared in toil and inured to poverty, unused to arms and unschooled in war. They were intelligent, devout, and patriotic. They came to plough and plant, to open farms, erect mills, to saw lumber and grind corn, to trade, teach school, build towns, and construct a free State. But one of them —James Henry Lane—had any military experience. He had been a colonel in the Mexican war, of an Indiana regiment, and was afterwards a Democratic Lieutenant-Governor and member of Congress from that State. He had an extraordinary assemblage of mental, moral, and physical traits, and with even a rudimentary perception of the value of personal character as an element of success in public affairs, would have been a great leader, with an enduring fame. But in arms he was a Captain Bobadil, and in politics a Rittmeiter Dugald Dalgetty. He proposed to "settle the vexed question and save Kansas from further outrage" by a battle between one hundred slave-holders, including Senator Atchison, and one hundred free-State men, including himself, to be fought in the presence of twelve United States Senators and twelve members of the House of Representatives as umpires!

He was the object of inexplicable idolatry and unspeakable execration. With his partisans the superlatives of adulation were feeble and meagre. With his foes the lexicon of infamy contained no epithets sufficiently lurid to express their



JAMES HENRY LANE.

abhorrence and detestation. They alleged that he never paid a debt nor told the truth, save by accident or on compulsion, and that to reach the goal of his ambition he had no convictions he would not sell, made no promise he would not break, and had no friend he would not betray.

A lean, haggard, and sinewy figure, with a mephistophelian leer upon his shaven visage, his movements were alert and restless, like one at bay and apprehensive of detection. Professing religion, he was never even accused of hypocrisy, for his followers knew that he partook of the sacrament as a political device to secure the support of the church; and that with the same nonchalant alacrity, had he been running for office in Hindostan, he would have thrown his offspring to the crocodiles of the Ganges or bowed among the Parsees at the shrine of the Sun. His energy was tireless and his activity indefatigable. No night was too dark, no storm too wild, no heat or cold too excessive, no distance too great, to delay his meteoric pilgrimages, with dilapidated garb and equipage, across the trackless prairies from convention to convention. His oratory was voluble and incessant, without logic, learning, rhetoric, or grace; but the multitudes to whom he perpetually appealed hung upon his hoarse and harsh harangues with the rapture of devotees upon the oracular rhapsodies of a prophet, and responded to his apostrophes with frenzied enthusiasm.

He gained the prize which he sought with such fevered ambition; but after many stormy and tempestuous years, Nemesis, inevitable in such careers, demanded retribution. He presumed too far upon the toleration of a constituency which had honored him so long and forgiven him so much. He transcended the limitations which the greatest cannot pass. He apostatized once too often; and in his second term in the Senate, to avoid impending exposure, after a tragic interval of despair, he died by his own hand, surviving ten days after the bullet had passed through his brain.

The Northern press, alive to the importance of the struggle, united in an appeal to public opinion such as had never before been formulated, and despatched to the Territory a corps of correspondents of unsurpassed ability and passionate devotion to liberty. Foremost among these apostles were William A. Phillips, who, after long and distinguished service in the army and in Congress, lives in literary retirement upon a magnificent estate near the prosperous city of Salina, which he founded; Albert Dean Richardson, whose assassination in New York in 1869 prematurely closed a brilliant career; and James Redpath, subsequently editor of the *North American Review*. Their contributions reached eager readers in every State, and were reprinted beyond the seas, chronicling every incident, delineating every prominent man, arousing indignation by the recitation of the wrongs they denounced, and exciting the imagination with descriptions of the loveliness of the land, rivalling Milton's portraiture of the Garden of Eden. No time was ever so minutely and so indelibly photographed upon the public retina. The name of no State was ever on so many friendly and so many hostile tongues. It was pronounced in every political speech, and inserted in every party platform. No region was ever so advertised, and the impression then produced has never passed away.

The journalists were re-enforced by the poets, artists, novelists, and orators of an age distinguished for genius, learning, and

inspiration. Lincoln, Douglas, Seward, and Sumner delivered their most memorable speeches upon the theme. Phillips and Beecher, then at the meridian of their powers, appealed to the passions and the conscience of the nation by unrivalled eloquence and invective. Prizes were offered for lyrics, that were obtained, so profound was the impulse, by obscure and unknown competitors. Lowell, Bryant, Holmes, Longfellow, and Emerson lent the magic of their verse. Whittier was the laureate of the era. His "Burial of Barbour" and "Marais du Cygne" seemed like a prophet's cry for vengeance to the immigrants, who marched to the inspiring strains of "Suona la Tromba," or chanted, to the measure of "Auld Lang-Syne,"

> "We cross the prairies as of old
> Our fathers crossed the sea."

The contagion spread to foreign lands, and alien torches were lighted at the flame. Walter Savage Landor wrote an ode to free Kansas. Lady Byron collected money, which she sent to the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for the relief of the sufferers in Kansas. Volunteers from Italy, France, and Germany, revolutionists and exiles, served in the desultory war, many of whom afterwards fought with distinction in the armies of the Union. It was the romance of history. The indescribable agitation which always attends the introduction of a great moral question into politics pervaded the souls of men, transforming the commonplace into the ideal, and inaugurating a heroic epoch. The raptures that swelled the hearts of the pioneers yet thrill and vibrate in the blood of their posterity, like the chords of a smitten harp when the player has departed.

The free-State settlers, being powerless to overcome or reverse the political action of their adversaries, adopted the policy of ignoring it altogether. They resolved to endeavor to change the Territory into a State without the formality of an enabling act of Congress. Their competence to do this was denied on the ground that it was in opposition to the regularly organized political authorities, but they chose delegates to a convention, which met at Topeka, and framed a Constitution that was adopted in December, 1855, by 1731 for to 46 against, its friends only participating in the election.

A Governor and other State officers and a Delegate in Congress were chosen in January. The national House of Representatives, July 3, 1856, passed a bill for the admission of the State under this Constitution, but it was rejected in the Senate.

Acting, however, upon the theory that the State existed, the Legislature chosen under the Topeka Constitution assembled July 4, 1856, but was dispersed by United States troops commanded by Colonel Sumner, on the order of President Pierce, who denounced the movement as an insurrec-

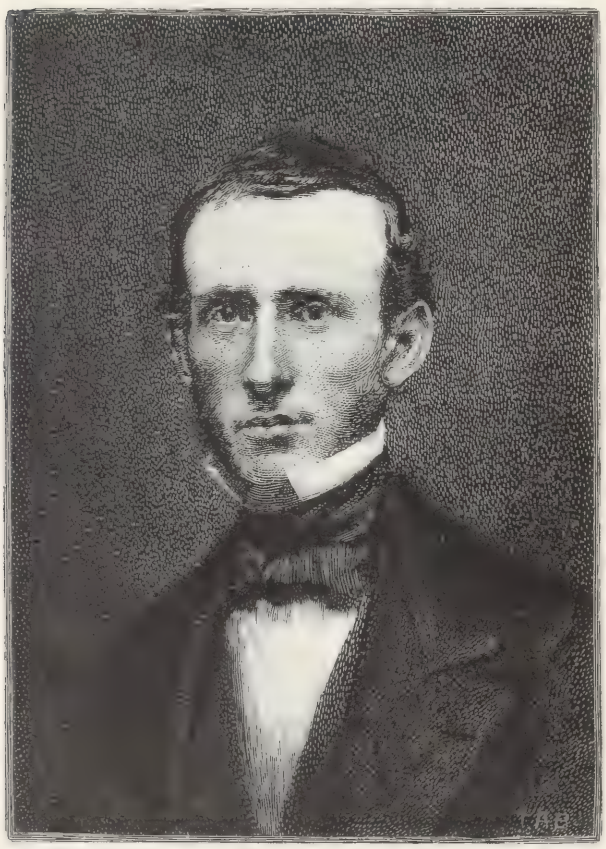


MARCUS J. PARROTT.

tion requiring the forcible interposition of national authority. Further attempts to organize were thwarted by the arrest of the leaders for usurpation of office and misprision of treason.

Immigration from the North increased, and under the assurance of Governor Walker that the election should be honest and peaceable, the two parties had the first actual test of their relative strength, October, 1857, when the Free-State electors chose 33 out of 52 members of the Legislature. For Delegate in Congress 3799 votes were cast for Epaphroditus Ransom, who had been Governor of Michigan, 1848–9, and 7888 for Marcus J. Parrott, an ambitious and popular member of the Leavenworth bar.

Born in South Carolina, of Huguenot ancestry, Parrott was at an early age domiciled in Ohio, whither his family had removed to escape the contaminating influences of slavery. He was graduated at Yale, and trained to the law. He came to the Territory two years before, at the age of twenty-six, politically in sympathy with the party in power, and expecting to be the recipient of its favors. Imbued with a passion for liberty, he revolted at the methods pursued by its foes, and espoused the cause of freedom with the ardor of a generous and impulsive nature. Reared in affluence, and of easy fortune, he was familiar with the ways of the world, and united to the bearing of a



MARTIN F. CONWAY.

courtier a captivating suavity of address which propitiated all sorts and conditions of men. He was like a thread of gold shot through the rough woof of the frontier. Though not of heroic stature, his dark vivacious countenance, the rich melody of his voice, and his impressive elocution gave him great power as an orator. He possessed the fatal gift of fluency, but wanting depth and sincerity, seemed like an actor seeking applause rather than a leader striving to direct, or a statesman endeavoring to convince the understanding of his followers. His service in Congress demanded the indulgent judgment of his constituents, and failing of an election to the Senate when the State was admitted, he yielded to the allurements of appetite, squandered two fortunes in travel and pleasure, and the splendid light of his prophetic morning sank lower and lower until it was quenched in the outer darkness of gloom and desolation.

The leaders of the pro-slavery forces from this time practically abandoned their aggressive efforts, admitting that they had been overcome by the superior resources of the North; but the so-called "bogus Legislature," before its expiration, called another convention, which sat at Lecompton, and adopted the Constitution known in history by that name. It recognized the existence of slavery in the Territory, forbade the enactment of emancipation laws, and prohibited amendments before 1864. Knowing its fate if submitted to the people, it provided that only the clause relating to slavery should be voted upon, but that the instrument itself should be established by act of Congress admitting the State. The slavery clause was adopted by 6256 to 567, the Free State men refraining from voting; but as soon as the new Legislature met, an act was passed submitting the entire Constitution to the popular vote, January 4, 1858, when it was rejected by 10,256 to 162, the pro-slavery men not appearing at the polls.

The debate was then transferred to Congress, and the effort to admit the State under the Lecompton Constitution failed, although the President urged it, and its friends were in a majority in both Houses. The tempting bribe of the English bill, which was offered as a compromise, was rejected by the people in August by 11,088 to 1788, and thus the curtain fell on Lecompton.

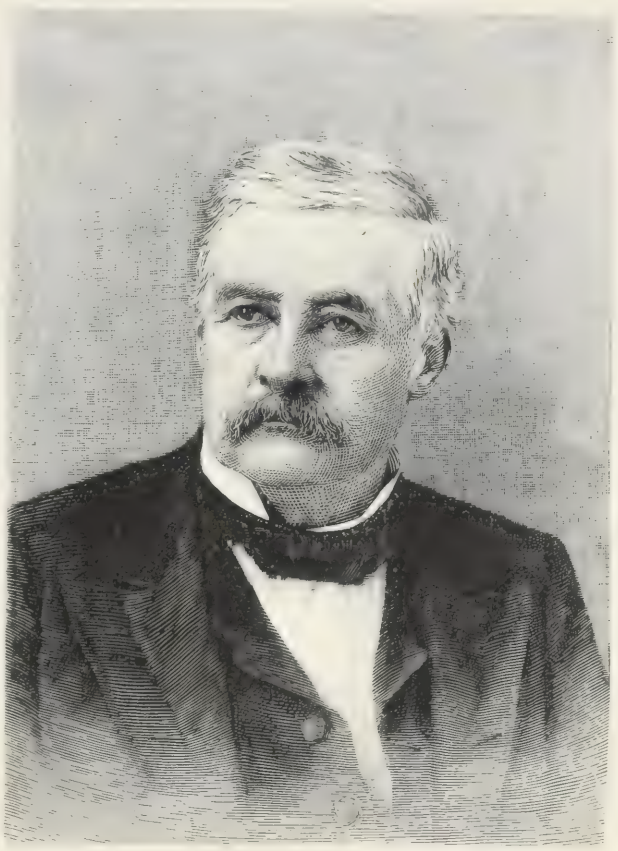
The abortive series of Constitutions was enlarged by the formation of the fifth at Leavenworth, which was also ratified by the people, but rejected by Congress on the ground that the population was insufficient. The Territorial existence of Kansas closed with the adoption, October 4, 1859, by a vote of 10,421 to 5530, of the Wyandotte Constitution, under which,

the Southern Senators having departed, Kansas was admitted into the Union January 29, 1861.

The long procession of Governors and acting Governors sent to rule over the Territory vanished away like the show of eight kings, the last having a glass in his hand, Banquo's ghost following, in the witches' cavern in *Macbeth*—Reeder, Shannon, Geary, Stanton, Walker, Denver, Medary, and Beebe—"come like shadows, so depart!"

It is a strange illustration of Anglo-Saxon pride of race, and of its haughty assumption of superiority, that in a State which apotheosized John Brown of Osawatomie, and gave a new definition to the rights of man, suffrage was confined to "white male citizens." But the people of Kansas were too brave and strong to be long unjust. The first colored man regularly enlisted as a soldier was sworn and mustered at Fort Leavenworth. The first colored regiment was raised in Kansas, and the first engagement in which negroes fought was under the command of a Kansas officer, October 26, 1862. The citizen longest in office in the State—for nearly thirty years—was colored, and born a slave.

The admission of the State and the outbreak of the rebellion were coincident, and, as might have been predicted from their martial gestation, the people devoted themselves with unabated zeal to the maintenance of the Union. Being outside the field of regular military operations, inaccessible by railroads, exposed to guerilla incursions from Missouri, and to Indian raids from the south and west, the campaign of defence was continuous, and for four years the entire population was under arms. Immigration ceased. By the census of June, 1860, the number of inhabitants was 143,463; at the close of the war it had declined to 140,179. Fields lay fallow, and the fire of the forges expired. Towns were deserted and homesteads abandoned. The State sent more soldiers to battle than it had voters when the war began. Under all calls, its quota was 12,931; it furnished 20,151, without bounty or conscription. Nineteen regiments, five companies, and three batteries participated in 127 engagements, of which seven were on her own soil. From Wilson Creek to the Gulf every great field in the Southwest was illustrated by their valor and consecrated by their blood. Her proportion of mortality in the field was the largest among the States, exceeding 61 in each 1000 enlistments, Vermont following with 58, and Massachusetts with nearly 48. Provost-Marshal-General Fry, in his final roster of the Union armies, in which all are alike entitled to honor, because all alike did their duty, wrote this certificate of precedence in glory: "Kansas shows the highest battle mortality of the table. The same singularly martial disposition which induced about one-half of the able-bodied men of the State to enter the army without bounty may be supposed to have increased their exposure to the casualties of battle after they were in the service."



EDMUND G. ROSS.

With the close of the war the first decennium ended, and the disbanded veterans returned under the flag they had redeemed to the State they had made free. Attracted by homesteads upon the public domain, by just and liberal exemption laws, and by the companionship of the brave, those heroes were re-enforced by a vast host of their comrades, representing



PRESTON B. PLUMB.

every arm of the military and naval service from all the States of the Union. Not less than 30 per cent. of its electors have fought in the Union armies, and the present commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, Timothy McCarthy, witnessed the defence of Sumter and the surrender at Appomattox.

Population increased from 8601 in 1855 to 140,179 in 1865, 528,349 in 1875, 1,268,562 in 1885, and 1,427,096 in 1890. In a community so rapidly assembled the homogeneity of its elements is extraordinary. Kansas is distinctly the American State. Less than 10 per cent. of its inhabitants are of foreign birth, principally English, Germans, and Scandinavians, and less than four per cent. of African descent. The State is often called the child of the Puritans, but, contrary to the popular impression, the immigration from New England was comparatively trivial in numbers, much the larger contributions having been derived from Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Pennsylvania, New York, and Kentucky. It is the ideas of the Pilgrims and not their descendants that have had dominion in the young commonwealth, which resembles primitive Massachusetts before its middle classes had disappeared and its society become stratified into the superfluously rich and the hopelessly poor.

Within these pastoral boundaries there are no millionaires nor any paupers, except such as have been deprived by age, disease, and calamity of the ability to labor. No great fortunes have been brought to the State, and none have been accumulated by commerce, manufactures, or speculation. No sumptuous mansions nor glittering equipages nor ostentatious display exasperate or allure. Legislation protects wages and cabins no less than bonds and palaces, and the free school, the jury, and impartial suffrage have resulted in the establishment of justice, liberty, fraternity, and equality as the foundations of the State.

Politically, as might have been predicted, the Republican party, whose birth is indissolubly associated with the efforts to dedicate Kansas to freedom, continued supreme for thirty years. During that period the State had but one Governor and one member of Congress of another faith, and there have been few Legislatures in which the membership of the opposition has risen as high as 20 per cent. This supremacy has not been favorable to national leadership, both parties having reserved their allegiance and their favors for more doubtful constituencies.

An equilibrium which compels the presentation of strong and unexceptionable candidates and the practice of honesty and economy in administration is better than a disproportionate majority which makes the contest end with a nomination. When one party has nothing to hope and the other nothing to fear, degradation and decay are inevitable. Intrigue supplants merit; the sense of responsibility disappears; manipulation of primaries, caucuses, and conventions displaces the conflict and collision of opinion and debate. Paltry ambitions become respectable. Little men aspire to great places, and distinguished careers are impossible.

In addition to those elsewhere mentioned, others who have been prominent in State and national affairs are Martin F. Conway, the first Representative in Congress, a native of Maryland, a diminutive, fair-haired, blue-eyed enthusiast, with the bulging brow and retiring chin of Swinburne, an erratic political dreamer whose reveries ended at St. Elizabeth; Generals James G. Blunt, Robert B. Mitchell, George W. Deitzler, Charles W. Blair, Albert L. Lee, and Powell Clayton, military leaders, and eminent also in civil life; Edmund G. Ross, the successor of Lane in the Senate, who forfeited the confidence of his constituents by voting against the impeachment of President Johnson, and was subsequently appointed by President Cleveland Governor of New Mexico; Thomas A. Osborn, who, after serving as Governor (1873–7), had a remarkably successful diplomatic career as United States Minister to Chile and Brazil; John P. St. John, twice Governor, prominently identified with the cause of prohibition, and the candidate of its advocates for the Presidency in 1884; John A. Martin, a distinguished soldier, editor of a leading journal, Governor 1884–8, in whose administration the municipal organization of the State was completed; Preston B. Plumb, Senator from 1877 until his untimely death, December 20, 1891; and Bishop W. Perkins, his successor by appointment, after several terms upon the bench, and eight years of distinguished service in the House of Representatives; Thomas Ryan, ten years member of Congress, and now representing the United States as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico.

Philosophers and historians recognize the influence of early settlers upon the character and destinies of a community. Original impulses are long continued, like the characteristics and propensities which the mother bestows upon her unborn child. The constant vicissitudes of climate, of fortune, of history, together with the fluctuations of politics and business, have engendered in Kansas hitherto perpetual agitation, not always favorable to happiness, but which has stimulated activity, kept the popular pulse feverish, and begotten a mental condition exalted above the level monotonies of life. Every one is on the *qui vive*, alert, vigilant, like a sentinel at an outpost. Existence has the excitement of a game of chance, of a revolution, of a battle whose event is doubtful. The unprecedented environment has produced a temperament volatile and mercurial, marked by uncalculating ardor, enterprise, intrepidity, and insatiable hunger for innovation, out of which has grown a society that has been alternately the reproach and the marvel of mankind.

For a generation Kansas has been the testing-ground for every experiment in morals, politics, and social life. Doubt of all existing institutions has been respectable. Nothing has been venerable or revered merely because it exists or has endured. Prohibition, female suffrage, fiat money, free silver, every incoherent and fantastic dream of social improvement and reform, every economic delusion that has bewildered the foggy brains of fanatics, every political fallacy nurtured by misfortune, poverty, and failure, rejected elsewhere, has here found tolerance and advocacy. The enthusiasm of youth, the conservatism of age, have alike yielded to the contagion, making the history of the State a melodramatic series of cataclysms, in which tragedy and comedy have contended for the mastery, and the convulsions of nature have been emulated by the catastrophes of society. There has been neither peace, tranquillity, nor repose. The farmer can never foretell his harvest, nor the merchant his gains, nor the politician his supremacy. Something startling has always happened, or has been constantly anticipated. The idol of to-day is execrated to-morrow. Seasons of phenomenal drought, when the sky was brass and the earth iron, have been followed by periods of indescribable fecundity, in which the husbandman has been embarrassed by abundance, whose value has been diminished by its excess. Cyclones, blizzards, and grasshoppers have been so identified with the State in public estimation as to be described by its name, while some of the *bouleversements* of its politics have aroused the inextinguishable laughter, and others have excited the commiseration and condemnation, of mankind.

But as in spite of its anomalies and the obstacles of nature the growth of the State in wealth and numbers has been unprecedented, and its condition is one of stable and permanent prosperity, so, notwithstanding the vagaries and eccentricities into which by the appeals of reform-

ers and the pressure of misfortune they have sometimes been betrayed, the great body of the people are patriotic, conservative, and intelligent to a degree not surpassed elsewhere, and seldom equalled among the children of men.

The social emancipation of woman is complete. The only limitation upon her political equality with man is in the right of suffrage, which is confined to municipal and school-district elections. Women are exempt from jury duty, from military service, and from work upon the highways; but, whether married or single, they can practise the professions, engage in mercantile business, follow any industry or occupation, and pursue any calling, upon the same conditions as men. The distinction of sex is recognized only in its natural sense and use. The property, real and personal, of a single woman remains her own after marriage, unless voluntarily alienated. She can sue and be sued in her own name, and her estate is not liable for her husband's debts, nor can the homestead be sold or encumbered without her consent. When the marriage is ended by death, the survivor is entitled to a moiety of the joint and several estate, with the remainder to the children. Agitation for full suffrage is active, and will undoubtedly ultimately prevail.

The first bonds voted in the State were for school-houses, and the first tax levied in every community, the largest tax, and the tax most cheerfully paid, is the school tax. For the education of her children Kansas has already spent the enormous total of forty million dollars, nearly one-half the entire cost of State and municipal government. Equal facilities are afforded to whites and blacks. More than twenty-one million dollars are invested in school-houses, State buildings, lands, and other property for educational purposes. The average school year is twenty-seven weeks, supported by State, district, and county taxation, amounting in 1890 to $5,696,659 69.

This magnificent educational system wears the triple crown of the State University, at Lawrence, with a faculty of thirty-six members and 474 students, the State Normal School, at Emporia, with a faculty of eighteen members and 1200 students, and the Agricultural College, at Manhattan, with an endowment from public lands of $501,426 33, $15,000 annually from the government as an experiment station, an annual income of $65,000, a faculty of eighteen members, and 575 students.

Public education is supplemented by private and denominational schools, with an average yearly attendance of 6500, and buildings and endowments valued at two and a quarter million dollars. Such efforts and sacrifices have already produced perceptible and gratifying results. The illiterate fraction in Kansas is the smallest save one in the nation. The general standard of intelligence is unusually high. The State publications and reports are models for imitation, notably the Biennial of the State Board of Agriculture, speaking whereof the London *Times* in 1880 said, "the resources the book describes fill the English mind with astonishment and envy."

The curse and bane of frontier life is drunkenness. The literature of the mining camp, the cross-roads, and the cattle ranch reeks with whiskey. In every new settlement the saloon precedes the school-house and the church, is the rendezvous of ruffians, the harbor of criminals, the recruiting station of the murderer, the gambler, the harlot, and the thief; a perpetual menace to social order, intelligence, and morality, above whose portal should be inscribed the legend engraved on the lintel of the infernal gates, "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate."

Agitation against the evils of intemperance was contemporary with the political organization of the Territory. The founders of Topeka and Lawrence forbade the sale of intoxicating beverages within their corporate limits, and the debate continued until 1881, when a constitutional amendment was adopted forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical, and scientific purposes. This was enforced by appropriate legislation, and the validity of the amendment and of the statutes was sustained by the Supreme Courts of the State and of the nation. After futile and costly resistance, the dram-shop traffic has disappeared from the State. Surreptitious sales continue, club drinking and "joints" are not unknown, but the saloon has vanished, and the law has been better enforced than similar legislation elsewhere. In the larger towns prohibition is not so strictly observed as in the rural districts, where public opin-

ion is more rigid; but in all localities the beneficent results are apparent in the diminution of crime, poverty, and disorder. Banned by law, the occupation is stigmatized, and becomes disreputable. If the offender avoids punishment, he does not escape contempt. Drinking being in secret, temptation is diminished, the weak are protected from their infirmities, and the young from their appetites and passions.

Much of the prominence of Kansas is due to the novel and startling methods employed by its journalists to invite public attention to the opportunities found here for success and happiness. They have been the persistent and conspicuous advocates of immigration, railroads, schools, churches, manufactories, and improvements.

The first printing-press was brought by Jotham Meeker in 1833 to Shawnee Mission, a station of the Methodist Church, established in what is now Johnson County, in 1829. Upon its primitive platen were printed religious books, pamphlets, tracts, and a newspaper in the Indian tongue, in a region then more remote and inaccessible than Alaska now. This venerable relic, after nearly sixty years of service, is still on duty in one of the southern counties of the State. The first newspaper in the Territory was the Leavenworth *Herald*, printed in the open air under an elm-tree on the levee of the city of that name. It has been succeeded by a swarming multitude of original, ingenious, and brilliant ventures in journalism, magazines, reviews, periodicals, papers, daily and weekly, varying in excellence, but united in vociferous and persistent affirmation that Kansas is the best State in the most glorious country on the finest planet in the solar system; that its soil is the richest, its climate the most salubrious, its men the most enterprising, its women the most beautiful, its children the most docile, its horses the fastest, its cattle the largest, its sheep the woolliest, its hogs the fattest, its grasshoppers the most beneficent, its blizzards the warmest, its cyclones the mildest, its droughts the wettest, its hot winds the coldest, its past the most glorious, its present the most prophetic, its destiny the most sublime.

They remind the bewildered reader of the feat of the Hindoo necromancer who throws a ball of cord into the air, catches the depending end, and climbing hand over hand, disappears in the blue abyss of the sky. Their versatile and extravagant spirit appears in the extraordinary nomenclature which serves to attract the attention of the searcher after truth. Among them may be found *The Thomas* (County) *Cat*, *The Wano Rustler*, *The Paralyzer*, *The Cherokee Cyclone*, *The Cimarron Sod House*, *The Lake City Prairie Dog*, *The Bazoo*, *The Lucifer*, *The Prairie Owl*, *The Kincaid Knuckle*, *The Bundle of Sticks*, *The Cap-Sheaf*, *The Dodge City Cowboy*.

The newspapers have been the advance-agents of civilization, often the voice of one crying in the wilderness. They have reversed the ancient order, and instead of waiting for subscribers and advertisers, they have been the sappers and miners of the assault upon the solitudes of nature. The moral tone of the press is exceptionally pure, its intellectual plane unusually elevated; it is generous in the treatment of public men, just in the criticism of opponents, broad and liberal in views of State and national policy and administration.

The hunger and thirst for knowledge, which has created and in turn is stimulated by the press, has a wider scope, and the people are omnivorous readers of metropolitan journals and leading periodicals. With the church and the school have been established great numbers of public and private libraries, so that religion, learning, and literature have become the moving forces of every community. The State library and the collection of the State historical society at the capital, and the public libraries in other localities, are richer and larger than those of many of the older States.

The venerable jest that there is no Sunday west of the Mississippi is not entirely jocular. It has a suggestion of truth. The same influence which makes men indifferent to the past renders them careless also of the future. Ambition and cupidity are the ruling passions in new communities, and the chief end of man is not to glorify God and enjoy Him forever, but to make money and run for office. The concern for this world is much greater than for that which is to come. Religion is conservative. It stands upon authority, and demands obedience. The pioneer is radical, impatient of dogmas, and a "kicker" by instinct. He detests bigots, hypocrites, and fossils. His mind being inquisitive, its tendency is toward

materialism and rationalism rather than faith. He is not disturbed by anathemas, and with composure hears himself described as an agnostic; but he is reverent, tolerant, and devout. He recognizes religion as one of the great beneficent forces of the universe, an indispensable premise in the syllogism of human destiny, without which society would be a sophism and the soul of man a fallacy. Kansas attests her convictions by 4000 church organizations, representing every denomination, with an aggregate membership of nearly 317,000, having 2339 houses of worship, and property valued at about $9,000,000.

The first railroad track was laid in Kansas March 20, 1860, on the Elwood and Marysville line, opposite the city of St. Joseph. On the 23d of April the Albany, a pioneer locomotive, a veteran which had been used from Boston to the Missouri as railroads advanced across the continent, was ferried over the river, and drew the first train on the first section of the Pacific Railroad. Construction ceased with the breaking out of the war, but was resumed with great vigor at its close. Stimulated by liberal donations from cities, towns, and counties, railroad building became a mania, with disastrous results. In addition to the great trunk lines through populous and productive regions, subsidiary branches, unnecessary auxiliaries, and superfluous feeders were built, without earning capacity, burdening communities with irretrievable self-imposed debts, absorbing the revenues of those which were remunerative, giving poor service, and rapidly deteriorating from neglect and poverty.

In August, 1863, the grading of the Kansas Pacific Railroad was begun at the State line between Kansas and Missouri, in the dense forest of cottonwoods that then shaded the site of what has since become a populous suburb of one of the great cities of the West. The contractor erected at the initial point a pillar, inscribing on the face towards the east "Slavery," and on the face towards the west "Freedom." This line was completed to Lawrence in November, 1864, but the first 40 miles were not accepted by the government until October, 1865.

There are now 109 railroad companies in the State, many of them consolidated, with more than 10,000 miles of track, assessed at $50,865,825 34. Of the 106 counties, all but five are traversed by railroads, and the traveller entering a Santa Fe train at Atchison can within a week, in a Pullman car, reach the city of Mexico over almost the identical route followed by Coronado in his expedition 350 years ago.

This great corporation, chartered in 1857 and permanently organized in 1864, was not operated until 1869, and then only as a local line from Topeka to the Osage coal fields, 30 miles southwest. Its land grant was considered of doubtful value, and capitalists looked askant upon the project of constructing a railroad along the unpeopled sands of the Arkansas Valley, which were still the grazing-ground of the buffalo and the hunting-ground of the savage. The site of Wichita, alliteratively described by M. M. Murdock, its prophet and herald, as "the peerless princess of the plains," with its palaces, temples, marts, electric lights, and railways, water-works, elevators, flouring-mills, and packing-houses, had not been traced among the whispering reeds and scattered cottonwoods of the meadows bordering on the American Nile. The subirrigation which makes the corn and wheat crops independent of the rainfall had not been discovered. The fertility of the loose and shifting soil was not suspected, and the vast region seemed doomed to perpetual solitude and sterility.

Some bolder spirits, gifted with the prescience essential to great designs, foresaw the future, and sent the surveyors and graders, the advance-guard of civilization, into the desert. Contemporaneously with construction, they advertised the lands and the State, sending agents to all parts of the Union and to every country in Europe, penetrating Russia to the Crimea; inviting immigration; selling farms at low rates on long time; extending payments and giving aid in time of distress; exhibiting the productions of orchards and farms; bringing harvest-home excursions from other States; distributing maps, pamphlets, and statistical tables as numerous and as chromatic-colored as autumnal leaves. Similar methods, though not as extensive nor as liberal, were employed by the managers of the Missouri Pacific, Fort Scott and Gulf, the Union Pacific, and other trunk lines, under the stimulus of which lands rapidly advanced in value, and much that was sold at from three to five dollars is now worth as high as one hundred dollars per acre.

The farms of Kansas were not made to order. They waited for the plough. There were no forests to fell, no stumps to extract, no rocks to remove, no malaria to combat. These undulating fields are the floors of ancient seas. These limestone ledges underlying the prairies, and cropping from the foreheads of the hills, are the cemeteries of the marine insect life of the primeval world. This inexhaustible humus is the mould of the decaying herbage of unnumbered centuries. It is only upon calcareous plains in temperate latitudes that agriculture is supreme, and the strong structure and the rich nourishment imparted essential to bulk, endurance, and speed in animals, to grace, beauty, and passion in women, and in man to stature, courage, health, and longevity.

Here are valleys in which a furrow can be ploughed a hundred miles long, where all the labor of breaking, planting, cultivating, mowing, reaping, and harvesting is performed by horses, engines, and machinery, so that farming has become a sedentary occupation. The lister has supplanted the hoe; the cradle, the scythe, and the sickle are as unknown to Western agriculture as the catapult and culverin to modern warfare. The well-sweep and windlass have been supplanted by the windmills, whose vivacious disks disturb the monotony of the sky. But for these labor-saving inventions the pioneers would still linger in the valleys of the Ohio and Sangamon, and the subjugation of the desert would have been indefinitely postponed.

The ozone of the air, its dryness, and the elevation of the land produce nervous exaltation, which creates enthusiasm, movement, energy, push, vigor, and "go"; by whose operation men are transformed into "rustlers" and "boomers," inventors of new methods to overcome the hostility of nature, and coiners of novel phrases to express their defiance of destiny. Platitudes are unknown, and all epithets are superlative. Imagination predominates; established formulas and maxims are disregarded. Upon the rainless and sterile uplands the strata of the earth are pierced for water; and marble, paint, cement, fire-clay, gypsum, coal, and salt are discovered in the descent. If chinch-bugs and noxious insects attack his crops, parasites and epidemics are imported for their destruction. Foiled and thwarted by the baffling clouds, the undaunted husbandman bombards the invisible moisture of the firmament with explosive balloons, and effusively welcomes the meteorological juggler who summons with his incantations aqueous spirits from the vasty deep. The faith which removes mountains into the sea animates every citizen, and rejects the impossible with calm disdain.

The present wealth of Kansas, real and personal, reaches the astounding aggregate of nearly seventeen hundred million dollars*—many times more than the valuation of all the States in the Union when the government was established, after one hundred and fifty years of colonial existence. This enormous accumulation nominally represents a period of forty years, but has actually been created in much less, for life in Kansas from 1854 to 1865 was a bivouac, and the real development of the State did not begin until peace was restored. Twenty years ago half its area was pastured by buffalo, and a considerable part was covered by the reservations of hostile Indians, whose depredations continued until 1880, resulting in more than two hundred deaths, or captivities less merciful than the grave, and the expenditure of millions for the defence of the frontier.

Even as late as 1875, agriculture beyond the Blue was regarded by many as an uncertain and by some as a desperate experiment. Nature appeared to resent the invasion of her solitudes. The horrors of internecine war were followed by a succession of droughts and hot winds, that, in turn, were re-enforced by swarms of locusts, which descended from the torrid mesas of New Mexico and the sterile Piedmont of Colorado and Wyoming, obscuring the pitiless sun by their desolating flights, leaving the earth they devastated defiled by their loathsome exuviæ, and poisoning the atmosphere with the fetor of their decay. It was like the incarnation of nature's secret and evil forces, as if the bacilli and microbes of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday" had become visible, endowed with wings, malignant intelligence, and insatiable voracity.

That the State survived the infliction of this series of disasters seems incredible. A people less sanguine, buoyant, and res-

* Extra Census Bulletin No. 14, October, 1891.

olute, more unschooled in the lessons of adversity, would have succumbed. They would have surrendered unconditionally, and abandoned their parched fields and farms to the coyote and the prairie-dog. But the malevolent energies of the desert, having been marshalled for this final onset, were repulsed by an indomitable persistence superior to their own, and sullenly withdrew. While envious rivals were jeering, and jealous competitors were flouting, pointing with scorn's slow, unmoving finger at the droughts, grasshoppers, hot winds, crop failures, and other calamities of Kansas, the world was suddenly startled and dazzled by her collective display of horticultural and agricultural products at the Centennial at Philadelphia, which received the highest awards. Since that time there has been no arena in Europe or America in which Kansas has declined competition, and at the New Orleans exposition, in 1885, she took sixty-five first and second premiums on wheat, corn, flour, sugar, fruit, and cattle, leading all the States in the Union.

This year (1891) the yield of wheat has been 58,550,653 bushels, nearly one-tenth of the entire crop of the country; of oats, 40,000,000 bushels; unfavorable conditions have reduced by one-third the average corn crop of 200,000,000 bushels. These, supplemented with roots, sorghum, broom-corn, millet, hay, rye, barley, garden vegetables, honey, and wine, have enriched the farmers of Kansas with wealth far exceeding the year's yield of the gold and silver mines of the United States. The total aggregate value of all farm products for the years 1889 and 1890 was $283,740,491, and that of the present biennial, judging by the previous rate of increase, will exceed $300,000,000.

The courage, sand, and grit of the people, their nervy faith in fortune, the confidence of capitalists in the staple value of Kansas lands and in the industry and integrity of their owners, have marvellous illustration in the fact that during the ten years between 1880 and 1890 a recorded real estate mortgage indebtedness was incurred of nearly five hundred million dollars, exclusive of loans upon chattels, State and railroad land contracts, personal liabilities, city, township, and county subsidies for railways and other public objects, aggregating probably two hundred millions more. This feverish period culminated in a delirium of public and private credit known in local history as "the boom of 1887," whose frenzy and disaster have not been exceeded since the bursting of the "Mississippi bubble," or the collapse of the "tulipomania" of the seventeenth century.

The building of superfluous towns, the construction of unnecessary railroads, the organization of counties and the location of county-seats, the entry of public lands for the sole purpose of mortgaging the inchoate title at excessive valuations, became established industries. The agents of Eastern companies eagerly competed for the privilege of placing loans upon quarter sections without a fence or furrow, often far beyond their market value. Professional "boomers," with a retinue of surveyors and cappers and strikers, invaded the State, bought and platted additions, which they sold at exorbitant prices to resident and foreign speculators, victims to the epidemic passion for sudden wealth, whose inexplicable contagion infected the reason of men with its undetected bacteria.

The reaction came like the "next morning" after a night of revelry and debauch. The plunderers disappeared with the ready money of the people, leaving, instead of anticipated wealth, an intolerable burden of maturing indebtedness upon deluded purchasers. Empty railroad trains ran across deserted prairies to vacant towns. Successive droughts and siroccos destroyed the crops in the western half of the State. The laborers, mechanics, and speculators, having erected costly business blocks that found no tenants, and residences that remained uninhabited, being without further occupation, sought employment elsewhere. The population declined. Pay-day came. The coupon matured. Taxes fell due. Creditors became clamorous. Merchants refused credit, and public and private treasuries were depleted.

These accumulated misfortunes were supplemented in 1890 by an irruption of false teachers, with the instruction that such disasters were the result of vicious legislation, and could be cured by statute; that banks should be destroyed, debts repudiated, property forcibly redistributed, and poverty abolished by act of Congress. It was an exhibition of what Burke described as the "insanity of nations." Conservative, thoughtful, and patriotic men

yielded to an uncontrollable impulse of resentment against society. This outburst shocked the public credit, temporarily destroyed the ability of the debtor to borrow or to pay, diminished the value of property, and inflicted an irremediable wound upon the State's good name. But it vanished like one of the ominous and sudden catastrophes of the sky. With the return of prosperity came the restoration of reason. More than half the enormous indebtedness has already been liquidated, and the whole will be honestly and resolutely paid. A Kansas loan is as secure as a government bond.

The Arabs say that he who drinks of the Nile must always thirst; no other waters can quench or satisfy. So those who have done homage and taken the oath of fealty to Kansas can never be alienated or forsworn. The love of the people for their State is not so much a vague sentiment as an insatiable passion. The anniversary of its admission is observed by the schools as a festival and holiday, with commemorative exercises. Days are set apart in spring, by Executive proclamation, to decorate the hills and road-sides with trees, as a lover adorns his bride with jewels. The defects of climate and the disasters of husbandry are indulgently explained and excused as the foibles of a friend from whom better things may be anticipated hereafter. The wanderers, whom caprice or misfortune may temporarily banish, are recalled by an irresistible solicitation as they remember the bright aspect of its sky, which is like a smile, and the soft touch of its atmosphere, which is like a caress.

The cross which Coronado reared at the verge of his wanderings long since mouldered, and the ashes of the adventurer have slept for ages in their ancestral sepulchre in Spain. He found neither Quivera's phantom towers nor Cibola's gems and gold; but a fairer Capital than that he sought to despoil has risen like an exhalation from the solitude he trod, and richer treasure than he craved has rewarded the toilers of an alien race. Upon their effulgent shield shines a star emerging from stormy clouds to the constellation of the Union, and beneath they have written, "*Ad astra per aspera*," an emblem of the past by whose contemplation they are exalted, the prophecy of that nobler future to which they confidently aspire.

THE REFUGEES.*

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II.—IN THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE START OF THE "GOLDEN ROD."



THANKS to the early tidings which the guardsman had brought with him, his little party were now ahead of the news. As they passed through the village of Louvier in the early morning they caught a glimpse of a naked corpse upon a dunghill, and were told by a grinning watchman that it was that of a Huguenot who had died impenitent; but that was a common enough occurrence already, and did not mean that there had been any change in the law. At Rouen all was quiet, and Captain Ephraim Savage, before evening, had brought both them and such property as they had saved aboard his brigantine the *Golden Rod*. It was but a little craft, some seventy tons burden, but at a time when so many were putting out to sea in open boats, preferring the wrath of nature to that of the King, it was a refuge indeed. The same night the seaman drew up his anchor and began to slowly make his way down the winding river.

And very slow work it was. There was half a moon shining and a breeze from the east, but the stream writhed and twisted and turned until sometimes they seemed to be sailing up rather than down. In the long reaches they set the yard square and ran, but often they had to

* Begun in January number, 1893.

lower their two boats and warp her painfully along, Tomlinson of Salem (the mate) and six grave tobacco-chewing New England seamen, with their broad palmetto hats, tugging and straining at the oars. Amos Green, De Catinat, and even the old merchant had to take their spell ere morning, when the sailors were needed aboard for the handling of the canvas. At last, however, with the early dawn, the river broadened out, and each bank trended away, leaving a long, funnel-shaped estuary between. Ephraim Savage snuffed the air and paced the deck briskly, with a twinkle in his keen gray eyes. The wind had fallen away, but there was still enough to drive them slowly upon their course.

"Where's the gal?" he asked.

"She is in my cabin," said Amos Green. "I thought that maybe she could manage there until we got across."

"Where will you sleep yourself, then?"

"Tut! a litter of spruce boughs and a sheet of birch bark over me have been enough all these years. What would I ask better than this deck of soft white pine and my blanket?"

"Very good. The old man and his nephew, him with the blue coat, can have the two empty bunks. But you must speak to that man, Amos. I'll have no philandering aboard my ship, lad; no whispering or cuddling or any such foolishness. Tell him that this ship is just a bit broke off from Boston, and he'll have to put up with Boston ways until he gets off her. They've been good enough for better men than him. You give me the French for 'no philandering,' and I'll bring him up with a round turn when he drifts."

"It's a pity that we left so quick, or they might have been married before we started. She's a good girl, Ephraim, and he a fine man, for all that their ways are not the same as ours. They don't seem to take life so hard as we, and maybe they get more pleasure out of it."

"I never heard tell that we were put here to get pleasure out of it," said the old Puritan, shaking his head. "The valley of the shadow of death don't seem to me to be the kind o' name one would give to a play-ground. It is a trial and a chastening—that's what it is; the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. We're bad from the beginning, like a stream that runs from a tamarack swamp, and we've enough to do to get ourselves to rights without any fool's talk about pleasure."

"It seems to me to be all mixed up," said Amos, "like the fat and the lean in a bag of pemmican. Look at that sun just pushing its head over the trees, and see the pink flush on the clouds, and the river like a rosy ribbon behind us. It's very pretty to our eyes and very pleasing to us, and it wouldn't be so, to my mind, if the Creator hadn't wanted it to be. Many a time when I've lain in the woods in the fall and smoked my pipe, and felt how good the tobacco was, and how bright the yellow maples were, and the purple ash, and the red tupelo blazing among the brushwood, I've felt that the real fool's talk was with the men who could doubt that all this was meant to make the world happier for us."

"You've been thinkin' too much in them woods," said Ephraim Savage, gazing at him uneasily. "Don't let your sail be too great for your boat, lad, nor trust to your own wisdom. Your father was from the Bay, and you were raised from a stock that cast the dust of England from their feet rather than bow down to Baal. Keep a grip on the Word, and don't think beyond it. But what is the matter with the old man? He don't seem easy in his mind."

The old merchant had been leaning over the bulwarks, looking back with a drawn face and weary eyes at the red curving track behind them which marked the path to Paris. Adèle had come up now, with not a thought to spare upon the dangers and troubles which lay in front of her, as she chafed the old man's thin cold hands and whispered words of love and comfort into his ears. But they had come to the point where the gentle, still-flowing river began for the first time to throb to the beat of the sea. The old man gazed forward with horror at the bowsprit as he saw it rise slowly upwards into the air, and clung frantically at the rail as it seemed to slip away from beneath him.

"We are always in the hollow of God's hand," he whispered, "but, oh, Adèle, it is a dreadful thing to feel His fingers moving under us."

"Come with us, uncle," said De Catinat, passing his arm under that of the old man. "It is long since you have rested. And you, Adèle, I pray that you

will go and sleep, my poor darling, for it has been a weary journey. Go now, to please me, and when you wake, both France and your troubles will lie behind you."

When father and daughter had left the deck, De Catinat made his way aft again to where Amos Green and the captain were standing.

"I am glad to get them below, Amos," said he, "for I fear that we may have trouble yet."

"And how?"

"You see the white road which runs by the southern bank of the river. Twice within the last half-hour I have seen horsemen spurring for dear life along it. Where the spires and smoke are yonder is Honfleur, and thither it was that these men went. I know not who would ride so madly at such an hour unless they were the messengers of the King. Ah, see, there is a third one!"

On the white band which wound among the green meadows a black dot could be seen, which moved along with great rapidity, vanished behind a clump of trees, and then reappeared again, making for the distant city. Captain Savage drew out his glass and gazed at the rider.

"Ay, ay," said he, as he snapped it up again. "It is a soldier, sure enough. I can see the glint of the scabbard which he carries on his larboard side. I think that we shall have more wind soon. With a breeze we can show our heels to anything in French waters, but a galley or an armed boat would overhaul us now."

De Catinat, who, though he could speak little English, had learned in America to understand it pretty well, looked anxiously at Amos Green. "I fear that we shall bring trouble on this good captain," said he, "and that the loss of his cargo and ship may be his reward for having befriended us. Ask him whether he would not prefer to land us on the north bank. With our money we might make our way into the Lowlands."

Ephraim Savage looked at his passenger with eyes which had lost something of their sternness. "Young man," said he, "I see that you can understand somethin' of my talk."

De Catinat nodded.

"I tell you, then, that I am a bad man to beat. Any man that was ever shipmate with me would tell you as much. I just jam my helm, and keep my course as long as God will let me. D'ye see?"

De Catinat again nodded, though, in truth, the seaman's metaphors left him with but a very general sense of his meaning.

"We're comin' abreast of that there town, and in ten minutes we shall know if there is any trouble waitin' for us. But I'll tell you a story as we go that 'll show you what kind o' man you've shipped with. It was ten years ago that I speak of, when I was in the *Speedwell*, sixty-ton brig, tradin' betwixt Boston and Jamestown, goin' south, with lumber and skins and fixin's, d'ye see, and north again with tobacco and molasses. One night, blowin' half a gale from the south'ard, we ran on a reef two miles to the east of Cape May, and down we went with a hole in our bottom like as if she'd been spitted on the steeple o' one of them Honfleur churches. Well, in the morning, there I was washin' about, nigh out of sight of land, clingin' on to half the fore-yard, without a sign either of my mates or of wreckage. I wasn't so cold, for it was early fall, and I could get three parts of my body on to the spar, but I was hungry and thirsty and bruised, so I just took in two holes of my waist belt, and put up a hymn, and had a look round for what I could see. Well, I saw more than I cared for. Within five paces of me there was a great fish, as long pretty nigh as the spar that I was grippin'. It's a mighty pleasant thing to have your legs in the water and a beast like that all ready for a nibble at your toes."

"Mon Dieu!" cried the French soldier. "And he have not eat you!"

Ephraim Savage's little eyes twinkled at the reminiscence. "I ate him," said he.

"What!" cried Amos.

"It's a mortal fact. I'd a jack-knife in my pocket, same as this one, and I kicked my legs to keep the brute off, and I whittled away at the spar until I'd got a good jagged bit off, sharp at each end, same as a nigger told me once down Delaware way. Then I waited for him, and stopped kicking, so he came at me like a hawk on a chickadee. When he turned up his belly, I jammed my left hand with the wood right into his great grinnin' mouth, and I let him have it with my knife between the gills. He tried to break away

then, but I held on, d'ye see, though he took me so deep that I thought I'd never come up again. I was nigh gone when we got to the surface, but he was floatin' with the white up, and twenty holes in his shirt front. Then I got back to my spar, for we'd gone a long fifty fathoms under water, and when I reached it I fainted dead away."

"And then?"

"Well, when I came to it was calm, and there was the dead shark floatin' beside me. I paddled my spar over to him, and I got loose a few yards of halyard that were hangin' from one end of it. I made a clove-hitch round his tail, d'ye see, and got the end of it slung over the spar and fastened, so as I couldn't lose him. Then I set to work and ate him in a week, right up to his back fin, and I drank the rain that fell on my coat, and when I was picked up by the *Gracie*, of Gloucester, I was that fat that I could scarce climb aboard. That's what Ephraim Savage means, my lad, when he says that he is a baddish man to beat."

Whilst the Puritan seaman had been detailing his reminiscence his eyes had kept wandering from the clouds to the flapping sails and back. Such wind as there was came in little short puffs, and the canvas either drew full or was absolutely slack. The fleecy shreds of cloud above, however, travelled swiftly across the blue sky. It was on these that the captain fixed his gaze, and he watched them like a man who is working out a problem in his mind. They were abreast of Honfleur now, and about half a mile out from it. Several sloops and brigs were lying there in a cluster, and a whole fleet of brown-sailed fishing-boats were tacking slowly in. Yet all was quiet on the curving quay and on the half-moon fort, over which floated the white flag with the golden fleurs-de-lis. The port lay on their quarter now, and they were drawing away more quickly as the breeze freshened. De Catinat, glancing back, had almost made up his mind that their fears were quite groundless, when they were brought back in an instant, and more urgently than ever.

Round the corner of the mole a great dark boat dashed into view, ringed round with foam from her flying prow and from the ten pairs of oars which swung from either side of her. A dainty white ensign drooped over her stern, and in her bows the sun's light was caught by a heavy brass carronade. She was packed with men, and the gleam which twinkled every now and again from amongst them told that they were armed to the teeth. The captain brought his glass to bear upon them and whistled. Then he glanced up at the clouds once more.

"Thirty men," said he, "and they go three paces to our two. You, sir, take your blue coat off this deck or you'll bring trouble upon us. The Lord will look after His own if they'll only keep from foolishness. Get these hatches off, Tomlinson. So. Where's Jim Sturt and Hiram Jefferson? Let them stand by to clap them on again when I whistle. Starboard! Starboard! Keep her as full as she'll draw. Now, Amos, and you, Tomlinson, come here until I have a word with you."

The three stood in consultation upon the poop, glancing back at their pursuer. There could be no doubt that the wind was freshening; it blew briskly in their faces as they looked back, but it was not steady yet, and the boat was rapidly overhauling them. Already they could see the faces of the marines who sat in the stern, and the gleam of the lighted linstock which the gunner held in his hand.

"Hola!" cried an officer, in excellent English. "Lay her to, or we fire!"

"Who are you and what do you want?" shouted Ephraim Savage, in a voice that might have been heard from the bank.

"We come in the King's name, and we want a party of Huguenots from Paris who came on board of your vessel at Rouen."

"Brace back the fore-yard and lay her to," shouted the captain. "Drop a ladder over the side there and look smart. So. Now we are ready for them."

The yard was swung round, and the vessel lay quietly rising and falling on the waves. The boat dashed alongside, her brass cannon trained upon the brigantine and her squad of marines with their fingers upon their triggers ready to open fire. They grinned and shrugged their shoulders when they saw that their sole opponents were three unarmed men upon the poop. The officer, a young active fellow with a bristling mustache like the whiskers of a cat, was on deck in an instant, with his drawn sword in his hand.

"Come up, two of you," he cried. "You

stand here at the head of the ladder, sergeant. Throw up a rope, and you can fix it to this stanchion. Keep awake down there, and be all ready to fire. You come with me, Corporal Lemoine. Who is captain of this ship?"

"I am, sir," said Ephraim Savage, submissively.

"You have three Huguenots aboard."

"Tut, tut! Huguenots, are they? I thought they were very anxious to get away; but as long as they paid their passage, it was no business of mine. An old man, his young daughter, and a young fellow about your age in some sort of livery."

"In uniform, sir. The uniform of the King's guard. Those are the folk I have come for."

"And you wish to take them back?"

"Most certainly."

"Poor folk; I am sorry for them."

"And so am I, but orders are orders, and must be done."

"Quite so. Well, the old man is in his bunk asleep, the maid is in a cabin below, and the other is sleeping down the hold there, where we had to put him, for there is no room elsewhere."

"Sleeping, you say? We had best surprise him."

"But think you that you dare do it alone? He has no arms, it is true, but he is a well-grown young fellow. Will you not have twenty men up from the boat?"

Some such thought had passed through the officer's head, but the captain's remark put him upon his mettle.

"Come with me, corporal," said he. "Down this ladder, you say?"

"Yes, down the ladder, and straight on. He lies between those two cloth bales." Ephraim Savage looked up with a smile playing about the corners of his grim mouth. The wind was whistling now in the rigging, and the stays of the masts were humming like harp-strings. Amos Green lounged beside the French sergeant who guarded the end of the rope-ladder, while Tomlinson the mate stood with a bucket of water in his hand exchanging remarks in very bad French with the crew of the boat beneath him.

The officer made his way slowly down the ladder which led into the hold. The corporal followed him, and had his chest level with the deck when the other had reached the bottom. It may have been something in Ephraim Savage's face, or it may have been the gloom around him, which startled the young Frenchman, but a sudden suspicion flashed into his mind.

"Up again, corporal," he shouted. "I think that you are best at the top."

"And I think that you are best down below, my friend," said the Puritan, who gathered the officer's meaning from his gesture. Putting the sole of his boot against the man's chest, he gave a shove which sent both him and the ladder crashing down on to the officer beneath him. As he did so he blew his whistle, and in a moment the hatch was back in its place and clamped down on each side with iron bars.

The sergeant had swung round at the sound of the crash, but Amos Green, who had waited for the movement, threw his arms round him and hurled him overboard into the sea. At the same instant the connecting rope was severed, the fore-yard creaked back into position again, and the bucketful of salt water soused down over the gunner and his gun, putting out his linstock and wetting his priming. A shower of balls from the marines piped through the air or rapped up against the planks, but the boat was tossing and jerking in the short choppy waves, and to aim was impossible. In vain the men tugged and strained at their oars, while the gunner worked like a maniac to relight his linstock and to replace his priming. The boat had lost its way, while the brigantine was flying along now with every sail bulging and swelling to bursting-point. Crack! went the carronade at last, and five little slits in the mainsail showed that her charge of grape had flown high. Her second shot left no trace behind it, and at the third she was at the limit of her range. Half an hour afterwards a little dark dot upon the horizon with a golden speck at one end of it was all that could be seen of the Honfleur guard-boat. Wider and wider grew the low-lying shores; broader and broader was the vast spread of blue waters ahead. The smoke of Havre lay like a little cloud upon the northern horizon, and Captain Ephraim Savage paced his deck with his face as grim as ever, but with a dancing light in his gray eyes.

"I knew that the Lord would look after His own," said he, complacently. "We've got her beak straight now, and there's not so much as a dab of mud be-

twixt this and the three hills of Boston. You've had too much of these French wines of late, Amos, lad. Come down and try a real Boston brewing, with a double stroke of malt in the mash-tub."

Chapter XXV.

A BOAT OF THE DEAD.

For two days the *Golden Rod* lay becalmed close to Cape La Hague, with the Breton coast extending along the whole of the southern horizon. On the third morning, however, came a sharp breeze, and they drew rapidly away from land, until it was but a vague dim line which blended with the cloud banks. Out there on the wide free ocean, with the wind on their cheeks, and the salt spray pringling upon their lips, these hunted folk might well throw off their sorrows, and believe that they had left forever behind them all tokens of those strenuous men whose earnest piety had done more harm than frivolity and wickedness could have accomplished. And yet even now they could not shake off their traces, for the sin of the cottage is bounded by the cottage door, but that of the palace spreads its evil over land and sea.

"I am frightened about my father, Amory," said Adèle, as they stood together by the shrouds and looked back at the dim cloud upon the horizon which marked the position of that France which they were never to see again.

"But he is out of danger now."

"Out of danger from cruel laws, but I fear that he will never see the promised land."

"What do you mean, Adèle? My uncle is hale and hearty."

"Ah, Amory, his very heart roots were fastened in the Rue St. Martin, and when they were torn, his life was torn also. Paris and his business, they were the world to him."

"But he will accustom himself to this new life."

"If it only could be so! But I fear, I fear that he is over-old for such a change. He says not a word of complaint, but I read upon his face that he is stricken to the heart. For hours together he will gaze back at France with the tears running down his cheeks. And his hair has turned from gray to white within the week."

De Catinat also had noticed that the gaunt old Huguenot had grown gaunter, that the lines upon his stern face were deeper, and that his head fell forward upon his breast as he walked. He was about, however, to suggest that the voyage might restore the merchant's health, when Adèle gave a cry of surprise, and pointed out over the port quarter. So beautiful was she at the instant, with her raven hair blown back by the wind, a glow of color struck into her pale cheeks by the driving spray, her lips parted in her excitement, and one white hand shading her eyes, that he stood beside her with all his thoughts bent upon her grace and her sweetness.

"Look!" she cried. "There is something floating upon the sea. I saw it upon the crest of a wave."

He looked in the direction in which she pointed, but at first he saw nothing. The wind was still behind them, and a brisk sea was running of a deep rich green color, with long, creaming, curling caps to the larger waves. The breeze would catch these foam crests from time to time, and then there would be a sharp spatter upon the decks, with a salt smack upon the lips, and a pringling in the eyes. Suddenly, as he gazed, however, something black was tilted up upon the sharp summit of one of the waves, and swooped out of view again upon the further side. It was so far from him that he could make nothing of it, but sharper eyes than his had caught a glance of it. Amos Green had seen the girl point, and observed what it was which had attracted her attention.

"Captain Ephraim," said he, "there's a boat on the larboard quarter."

The New England seaman whipped up his glass and steadied it upon the bulwarks.

"Ay, it's a boat," said he, "but an empty one. Maybe it's been washed off from some ship, or gone adrift from shore. Put her hard down, Mr. Tomlinson, for it just so happens that I am in need of a boat at present."

Half a minute later the *Golden Rod* had swung round and was running swiftly down towards the black spot which still bobbed and danced upon the waves. As they neared her they could see that something was projecting over her side.

"It's a man's head!" cried Amos Green.

But Ephraim's grim face grew grim-

mer. "It's a man's foot," said he. "I think that you had best take the gal below to the cabin."

Amid a solemn hush they ran alongside this lonely craft which hung out so sinister a signal. Within ten yards of her the fore-yard was hauled aback, and they gazed down upon her terrible crew.

She was a little thirteen-foot cockleshell, very broad for her length, and so flat in the bottom that she had been meant evidently for river or lake work. Huddled together beneath the seats were three folk, a man in the dress of a respectable artisan, a woman of the same class, and a little child about a year old. The boat was half full of water, and the woman and child were stretched with their faces downwards, the fair curls of the infant and the dark locks of the mother washing to and fro like water-weeds upon the surface. The man lay with a slate-colored face, his chin cocking up towards the sky, his eyes turned upwards to the whites, and his mouth wide open, showing a leathern crinkled tongue like a rotting leaf. In the bows, all huddled in a heap, and with a single paddle still grasped in his hand, there crouched a very small man clad in black, an open book lying across his face, and one stiff leg jutting upwards, with the heel of the foot resting between the rowlocks. So this strange company swooped and tossed upon the long green Atlantic rollers.

A boat had been lowered by the *Golden Rod*, and the unfortunates were soon conveyed upon deck. No particle of either food or drink was to be found, nor anything save the single paddle, and the open Bible which lay across the small man's face. Man, woman, and child had all been dead a day at the least, and so, with the short prayers used upon the seas, they were buried from the vessel's side. The small man had at first seemed also to be lifeless, but Amos had detected some slight flutter of his heart, and the faintest haze was left upon the watch-glass which was held before his mouth. Wrapped in a dry blanket, he was laid beside the mast, and the mate forced a few drops of rum every few minutes between his lips, until the little speck of life which still lingered in him might be fanned to a flame. Meanwhile Ephraim Savage had ordered up the two prisoners whom he had entrapped at Honfleur. Very foolish they looked as they stood blinking and winking in the daylight from which they had been so long cut off.

"Very sorry, captain," said the seaman, "but either you had to come with us, d'ye see, or we had to stay with you. They're waitin' for me over at Boston, and so I really couldn't tarry."

The French soldier shrugged his shoulders, and looked around him with a lengthening face. He and his corporal were limp with seasickness, and as miserable as a Frenchman is when first he finds that France has vanished from his view.

"Which would you prefer, to go on with us to America, or to go back to France?"

"Back to France, if I can find my way. Oh, I must get to France again, if only to have a word with that fool of a gunner."

"Well, we emptied a bucketful of water over his linstock and priming, d'ye see, so maybe he did all he could. But there's France, where that thickening is over yonder."

"I see it! I see it! Ah, if my feet were only upon it once more!"

"There is a boat beside us, and you may take it."

"Mon Dieu! what happiness! Corporal Lemoine, the boat! Let us push off at once."

"But you need a few things first. Good Lord! who ever heard of a man pushin' off like that? Mr. Tomlinson, just sling a keg of water and a barrel of meat and of biscuit into this boat. Hiram Jefferson, bring two oars aft. It's a long pull with the wind in your teeth, but you'll be there by to-morrow night, and the weather is set fair."

The two Frenchmen were soon provided with all that they were likely to require, and pushed off with a waving of hats and a shouting of "Bon voyage!" The yard was swung round again, and the *Golden Rod* turned her bowsprit for the west. For hours a glimpse could be caught of the boat, dwindling away on the wave-tops, until at last it vanished into the haze, and with it vanished the very last link which connected them with the great world which they were leaving behind them.

But whilst these things had been done, the senseless man beneath the mast had twitched his eyelids, had drawn a little gasping breath, and then finally had opened his eyes. His skin was like gray parchment drawn tightly over his bones, and

the limbs which thrust out from his clothes were those of a sickly child. Yet, weak as he was, the large black eyes with which he looked about him were full of dignity and power. Old De Catinat had come upon deck, and at the sight of the man and of his dress he had run forward, and had raised his head reverently and rested it in his own arms.

"He is one of the faithful," he cried; "he is one of our pastors. Ah, now indeed a blessing will be upon our journey!"

But the man smiled gently and shook his head. "I fear that I may not come this journey with you," said he, "for the Lord has called me upon a further journey of my own. I have had my summons, and I am ready. I am indeed the pastor of the temple at Isigny, and when we heard the orders of the wicked King, I and two of the faithful, with their little one, put forth in the hope that we might come to England. But on the first day there came a wave which swept away one of our oars and all that was in the boat, our bread, our keg, and we were left with no hope save in Him. And then He began to call us to Him, one at a time, first the child, and then the woman, and then the man, until I only am left, though I feel that my own time is not long. But since ye are also of the faithful, may I not serve you in any way before I go?"

The merchant shook his head, and then suddenly a thought flashed upon him, and he ran with joy upon his face and whispered eagerly to Amos Green. Amos laughed, and strode across to the captain.

"It's time," said Ephraim, grimly.

Then the whisperers went to De Catinat. He sprang in the air, and his eyes shone with delight. And then they went down to Adèle in her cabin, and she started and blushed, and turned her sweet face away, and patted her hair with her hands as woman will when a sudden call is made upon her. And so, since haste was needful, and since even there upon the lonely sea there was one coming who might at any moment snap their purpose, they found themselves in a few minutes, this gallant man and this pure woman, kneeling hand in hand before the dying pastor, who raised his thin arm feebly in benediction as he muttered the words which should make them forever one.

Adèle had often pictured her wedding to herself, as what young girl has not? Often in her dreams she had knelt before the altar with Amory in the temple of the Rue St. Martin. Or sometimes her fancy had taken her to some of those smaller churches in the provinces, those little refuges where a handful of believers gathered together, and it was there that her thoughts had placed the crowning act of a woman's life. But when had she thought of such a marriage as this, with the white deck swaying beneath them, the ropes humming above, their only choristers the gulls which screamed around them, and their wedding hymn the world-old anthem which is struck from the waves by the wind! And when could she forget the scene — the yellow masts and the bellying sails, the gray drawn face and the cracked lips of the castaway, her father's gaunt earnest features as he knelt to support the dying minister, De Catinat in his blue coat already faded and weather-stained, Captain Savage with his wooden face turned towards the clouds, and Amos Green with his hands in his pockets and a quiet twinkle in his blue eyes! Then, behind all, the lanky mate and the little group of New England seamen, with their palmetto hats and their serious faces.

And so it was done amid kindly words in a harsh foreign tongue, and the shaking of rude hands hardened by the rope and the oar. De Catinat and his wife leaned together by the rail when all was over, and watched the black side as it rose and fell, and the green water which raced past them.

"It is all so strange and so new," she said; "our future seems as vague and dark as yonder cloud banks which gather in front of us."

"If it rest with me," he answered, "your future will be as merry and bright as the sunlight that glints on the crest of these waves. The country that drove us forth lies far behind us, but out there is another and a fairer country, and every breath of wind wafts us nearer to it. Freedom awaits us there, and we bear with us youth and love, and what could man or woman ask for more?"

So they stood and talked while the shadows deepened into twilight, and the first faint gleam of the stars broke out in the darkening heavens above them. But ere those stars had waned again one more toiler had found rest aboard of the *Golden Rod*, and the scattered flock from Isigny had found their little pastor once more.

Chapter XXVI.

THE LAST PORT.

For three weeks the wind kept at east or northeast, always at a brisk breeze, and freshening sometimes into half a gale. The *Golden Rod* sped merrily upon her way, with every sail drawing, alow and aloft, so that by the end of the third week Amos and Ephraim Savage were reckoning out the hours before they would look upon their native land once more. To the old seaman, who was used to meeting and to parting, it was a small matter; but Amos, who had never been away before, was on fire with impatience, and would sit smoking for hours, with his legs astride the shank of the bowsprit, staring ahead at the sky-line, in the hope that his friend's reckoning had been wrong, and that at any moment he might see the beloved coast-line looming up in front of him.

"It's no use, lad," said Captain Ephraim, laying his great red hand upon his shoulder. "They that go down to the sea in ships need a power of patience, and there's no good eatin' your heart out for what you can't get."

"There's a feel of home about the air, though," Amos answered. "It seems to whistle through your teeth with a bite to it that I never felt over yonder. Ah, it will take three months of the Mohawk Valley before I feel myself to rights!"

"Well," said his friend, thrusting a plug of Trinidado tobacco into the corner of his cheek, "I've been on the sea since I had hair to my face, mostly in the coast trade, d'ye see, but over the water as well, as far as those navigation laws would let me. Except the two years that I came ashore for the King Philip business, when every man that could carry a gun was needed on the border, I've never been three casts of a biscuit from salt water, and I tell you that I never knew a better crossing than the one that we have just made."

"Ay, we have come along like a buck before a forest fire. But it is strange to me how you find your way so clearly out here, with never track nor trail to guide you. It would puzzle me, Ephraim, to find America, to say naught of the Narrows of New York."

"I am somewhat too far to the north, Amos. We have been on or about the fiftieth since we sighted Cape La Hague. To-morrow we should make land, by my reckoning."

"Ah, to-morrow! And what will it be —Mount Desert? Cape Cod? Long Island?"

"Nay, lad; we are in the latitude of the St. Lawrence, and are more like to see the Acadia coast. Then, with this wind, a day should carry us south, or two at the most. A few more such voyages, and I shall buy myself a fair brick house in Green Lane of North Boston, where I can look down on the bay, or on the Charles or the Mystic, and see the ships comin' and goin'. So I would end my life in peace and quiet."

All day Amos Green, in spite of his friend's assurance, strained his eyes in the fruitless search for land; and when at last the darkness fell, he went below and prepared his fringed hunting-tunic, his leather gaiters, and his raccoon-skin cap, which were very much more to his taste than the broadcloth coat in which the Dutch mercer of New York had clad him. De Catinat had also put on the dark coat of civil life, and he and Adèle were busy preparing all things for the old man, who had fallen so weak that there was little which he could do for himself. A fiddle was screaming in the forecastle, and half the night through hoarse bursts of homely song mingled with the dash of the waves and the whistle of the wind, as the New England men, in their own grave and solid fashion, made merry over their home-coming.

The mate's watch that night was from twelve to four, and the moon was shining brightly for the first hour of it. In the early morning, however, it clouded over, and the *Golden Rod* plunged into one of those dim clammy mists which lie on all that tract of ocean. So thick was it that from the poop one could just make out the loom of the foresail, but could see nothing of the foretopmast stay-sail or the jib. The wind was northeast, with a very keen edge to it, and the dainty brigantine lay over, scudding along with her lee rails within hand's-touch of the water. It had suddenly turned very cold—so cold that the mate stamped up and down the poop, and his four seamen shivered together under the shelter of the bulwarks. And then in a moment one of them was up, thrusting his forefinger into the air and screaming, while a huge white wall sprang out of the darkness at the very

end of the bowsprit, and the ship struck with a force which snapped her two masts like dried reeds in a wind, and changed her in an instant to a crushed and shapeless heap of spars and wreckage.

The mate had shot the length of the poop at the shock, and had narrowly escaped from the falling mast, while of his four men two had been hurled through the huge gap which yawned in the bows, while a third had dashed his head to pieces against the stock of the anchor. Tomlinson staggered forward to find the whole front part of the vessel driven inwards, and a single seaman sitting dazed amid splintered spars, flapping sails, and writhing, lashing cordage. It was still as dark as pitch, and save the white crest of a leaping wave, nothing was to be seen beyond the side of the vessel. The mate was peering round him in despair at the ruin which had come so suddenly upon them, when he found Captain Ephraim at his elbow, half clad, but as wooden and serene as ever.

"An iceberg," said he, sniffing at the chill air. "Did you not smell it, friend Tomlinson?"

"Truly I found it cold, Captain Savage, but I set it down to the mist."

"There is a mist ever set around them, though the Lord in His wisdom knows best why, for it is a sore trial to poor sailor men. She makes water fast, Mr. Tomlinson. She is down by the bows already."

The other watch had swarmed upon deck, and one of them was measuring the well. "There is three feet of water," he cried, "and the pumps sucked dry yesterday at sundown."

"Hiram Jefferson and John Moreton, to the pumps!" cried the captain. "Mr. Tomlinson, clear away the long-boat, and let us see if we may set her right, though I fear that she is past mending."

"The long-boat has stove two planks," cried a seaman.

"The jolly-boat, then?"

"She is in three pieces."

The mate tore his hair, but Ephraim Savage smiled like a man who is gently tickled by some coincidence.

"Where is Amos Green?"

"Here, Captain Ephraim. What can I do?"

"And I?" asked De Catinat, eagerly.

Adèle and her father had been wrapped in mantles, and placed for shelter in the lee of the round-house.

"Tell him that he can take his spell at the pumps," said the captain to Amos. "And you, Amos, you are a handy man with a tool. Get into yonder long-boat with a lantern, and see if you cannot patch her up."

For half an hour Amos Green hammered and trimmed and calked, while the sharp measured clanking of the pumps sounded above the dash of the seas. Slowly, very slowly, the bows of the brigantine were settling down and her stern cocking up.

"You've not much time, Amos lad," said the captain, quietly.

"She'll float now, though she's not quite water-tight."

"Very good. Lower away. Keep up the pumping there. Mr. Tomlinson, see that provisions and water are ready, as much as she will hold. Come with me, Hiram Jefferson."

The seaman and the captain swung themselves down into the tossing boat, the latter with a lantern strapped to his waist. Together they made their way until they were under her mangled bows. The captain shook his head when he saw the extent of the damage. "Cut away the foresail and pass it over," said he.

Tomlinson and Amos Green cut away the lashings with their knives, and lowered the corner of the sail. Captain Ephraim and the seaman seized it, and dragged it across the mouth of the huge gaping leak. As he stooped to do it, however, the ship heaved up upon a long swell, and the captain saw in the yellow light of his lantern long black cracks which radiated away backwards from the central hole. "How much in the well?" he asked.

"Five and a half feet."

"Then the ship is lost. I could put my finger between her planks as far as I can see back. Keep the pumps going there! Have you the food and water, Mr. Tomlinson?"

"Here, sir."

"Lower them over the bows. This boat cannot live more than an hour or two. Can you see anything of the berg?"

The mist had thinned away suddenly, and the moon glimmered through once more upon the great lonely sea and the stricken ship. There, like a huge sail, was the monster piece of ice upon which they had shattered themselves, rocking

THE WEDDING ON BOARD THE "GOLDEN ROD."

slowly to and fro with the wash of the waves.

"You must make for her," said Captain Ephraim. "There is no other chance. Lower the gal over the bows. Well, then, her father first, if she likes it better. Tell them to sit still, Amos, and that the Lord will bear us up if we keep clear of foolishness. So! You're a brave lass, for all your niminy-piminy lingo. Now the keg and the barrel, and all the wraps and cloaks you can find. Now the other man, the Frenchman. Ay, ay! passengers first, and you have got to come. Now, Amos. Now the seamen, and you last, friend Tomlinson."

It was well that they had not very far to go, for the boat was weighed down almost to the edge, and it took the bailing of two men to keep in check the water which leaked in between the shattered planks. When all were safely in their places, Captain Ephraim Savage swung himself aboard again, which was but too easy, now that every minute brought the bows nearer to the water. He came back with a bundle of clothing, which he threw into the boat. "Push off!" he cried.

"Jump in, then."

"Ephraim Savage goes down with his ship," said he, quietly. "Friend Tomlinson, it is not my way to give my orders more than once. Push off, I say!"

The mate thrust her out with a boat-hook. Amos Green and De Catinat gave a cry of dismay, but the stolid New-Englanders settled down to their oars, and pulled off for the iceberg.

"Amos! Amos! will you suffer it?" cried the guardsman, in French. "My honor will not permit me to leave him thus. I should feel it a stain forever."

"Tomlinson, you would not leave him! Go on board and force him to come."

"The man is not living who could force him to do what he had no mind for."

"He may change his purpose."

"He never changes his purpose."

"But you cannot leave him, man! You must at least lie by and pick him up."

"The boat leaks like a sieve," said the mate. "I will take her to the berg, leave you all there if we can find footing, and go back for the captain. Put your heart into it, my lads, for the sooner we are there, the sooner we shall be back."

But they had not taken fifty strokes before Adèle gave a sudden scream. "My God!" she cried, "the ship is going down!"

She had settled lower and lower in the water, and suddenly, with a sound of rending planks, she thrust down her bows like a diving water-fowl, her stern flew up into the air, and with a long sucking noise she shot down swifter and swifter, until the leaping waves closed over her high poop lantern. With one impulse the boat swept round again, and made backwards as fast as willing arms could pull it. But all was quiet at the scene of the disaster. Not even a fragment of wreckage was left upon the surface to show where the *Golden Rod* had found her last harbor. For a long quarter of an hour they pulled round and round in the moonlight, but no glimpse could they see of the Puritan seaman; and at last, when, in spite of the bailers, the water was washing round their ankles, they put her head about once more, and made their way in silence and with heavy hearts to their dreary island of refuge.

Desolate as it was, it was their only hope now, for the leak was increasing, and it was evident that the boat could not be kept afloat long. As they drew nearer they saw with dismay that the side which faced them was a solid wall of ice sixty feet high, without a flaw or crevice in its whole extent. The berg was a large one, fifty paces at least each way, and there was a hope that the other side might be more favorable. Bailing hard, they paddled around the corner, but only to find themselves faced by another gloomy ice crag. Again they went round, and again they found that the berg increased rather than diminished in height. There remained only one other side, and they knew, as they rowed round to it, that their lives hung upon the result, for the boat was almost settling down beneath them. They shot out from the shadow into the full moonlight, and looked upon a sight which none of them would forget until their dying day.

The cliff which faced them was as precipitous as any of the others, and it glimmered and sparkled all over where the silver light fell upon the thousand facets of ice. Right in the centre, however, on a level with the water's edge, there was what appeared to be a huge hollowed-out cave, which marked the spot where the *Golden Rod* had, in shattering herself, dislodged a huge bowlder, and so, amid her own ruin, prepared a refuge for those who had trusted themselves to her. This cavern was of the richest emerald-green,



"THERE WAS PERCHED IN FRONT OF THEM NO LESS A PERSON THAN CAPTAIN EPHRAIM SAVAGE OF BOSTON."

light and clear at the edges, but toning away into the deepest purples and blues at the back. But it was not the beauty of this grotto, nor was it the assurance of rescue, which brought a cry of joy and of wonder from every lip, but it was that, seated upon an ice bowlder and placidly smoking a long corn-cob pipe, there was perched in front of them no less a person than Captain Ephraim Savage of Boston. For a moment the castaways could almost have believed that it was his wraith, were wraiths ever seen in so homely an attitude, but the tones of his voice very soon showed that it was indeed he, and in no very Christian temper either.

"Friend Tomlinson," said he, "when I tell you to row for an iceberg, I mean you to row right away there, d'ye see, and not to go philandering about over the ocean. It's not your fault that I'm not froze, and so I would have been if I hadn't some dry tobacco and my tinder-box to keep myself warm."

Without stopping to answer his commander's reproaches, the mate headed for the ledge, which had been cut into a slope by the bow of the brigantine, so that the boat was run up easily on to the ice. Captain Ephraim seized his dry clothes and vanished into the back of the cave, to return presently warmer in body and more contented in mind. The long boat had been turned upside down for a seat, the gratings and thwarts taken out and covered with wraps to make a couch for the lady, and the head knocked out of the keg of biscuits.

"We were frightened for you, Ephraim," said Amos Green. "I had a heavy heart this night when I thought that I should never see you more."

"Tut, Amos; you should have known me better."

"But how came you here, captain?" asked Tomlinson. "I thought that maybe you had been taken down by the suck of the ship."

"And so I was. It is the third ship in which I have gone down; but they have

never kept me down yet. I went deeper to-night than when the *Speedwell* sank, but not so deep as in the *Governor Winthrop*. When I came up I swam to the berg, found this nook, and crawled in. Glad I was to see you, for I feared that you had foundered."

"We put back to pick you up, and we passed you in the darkness. And what should we do now?"

"Rig up that boat sail and make quarters for the gal, then get our supper and such rest as we can, for there is nothing to be done to-night, and there may be much in the morning."

Chapter XXVII.

A DWINDLING ISLAND.

Amos Green was aroused in the morning by a hand upon his shoulder, and springing to his feet, found De Catinat standing beside him. The survivors of the crew were grouped about the upturned boat, slumbering heavily after their labors of the night. The red rim of the sun had just pushed itself above the water-line, and sky and sea were one blaze of scarlet and orange, from the dazzling gold of the horizon to the lightest pink at the zenith. The first rays flashed directly into their cave, sparkling and glimmering upon the ice crystals and tinging the whole grotto with a rich warm light. Never was a fairy's palace more lovely than this floating refuge which nature had provided for them.

But neither the American nor the Frenchman had time now to give a thought to the novelty and beauty of their situation. The latter's face was grave, and his friend read danger in his eyes.

"What is it, then?"

"The berg. It is coming to pieces."

"Tut, man; it is as solid as an island."

"I have been watching it. You see that crack which extends backwards from the end of our grotto. Two hours ago I could scarce put my hand into it. Now I can slip through it with ease. I tell you that she is splitting across."

Amos Green walked to the end of the funnel-shaped recess, and found, as his friend had said, that a green sinuous crack extended away backwards into the iceberg, caused either by the tossing of the waves or by the terrific impact of their vessel. He roused Captain Ephraim and pointed out the danger to him.

"Well, if she springs aleak we are gone," said he. "She's been thawing pretty fast as it is."

They could see now that what had seemed in the moonlight to be smooth walls of ice were really furrowed and wrinkled like an old man's face by the streams from the melting ice which were continually running down them. The whole huge mass was brittle and honeycombed and rotten. Already they could hear all round them the ominous drip, drip, and the splash and tinkle of the little rivulets as they fell into the ocean.

"Hullo!" cried Amos Green; "what's that?"

"What, then?"

"Did you hear nothing?"

"No."

"I could have sworn that I heard a voice."

"Impossible. We are all here."

"It must have been my fancy, then."

Captain Ephraim walked to the seaward face of the cave and swept the ocean with his eyes. The wind had quite fallen away now, and the sea stretched away to the eastward smooth and unbroken save for a single great black spar which floated near the spot where the *Golden Rod* had foundered.

"We should lie in the track of some ships," said the captain, thoughtfully. "There's the codders and the herring-busses; we're over-far south for them, I reckon. But we can't be more'n two hundred mile from Port Royal, in Acadia, and we're in the line of the St. Lawrence trade. If I'd three White Mountain pines, Amos, and a hundred yards of stout canvas, I'd get up on the top of this thing, d'ye see, and I'd rig such a jury-mast as would send her humming into Boston Bay. Then I'd break her up and sell her for what she was worth, and turn a few pieces over the business. But she's a heavy old craft, and that's a fact, though even now she might do a knot or two an hour if she had a hurricane behind her. But what is it, Amos?"

The young hunter was standing with his ear slanting, his head bent forwards, and his eyes glancing sidewise, like a man who listens intently. He was about to answer, when De Catinat gave a cry and pointed to the back of the cave.

"Look at the crack now!"

It had widened by a foot since they had noticed it last, until it was now no longer a crack. It was a pass.

"Let us go through," said the captain.

"It can but come out on the other side."

"Then let us see the other side."

He led the way, and the other two followed him. It was very dark as they advanced, with high dripping ice walls on either side, and one little zigzagging slit of blue sky above their heads. Tripping and groping their way, they stumbled along, until suddenly the passage grew wider and opened out into a large square of flat ice. The berg was level in the centre, and sloped upwards from that point to the high cliffs which bounded it on each side. In three directions this slope was very steep, but in one it slanted up quite gradually, and the constant thawing had grooved the surface with a thousand irregularities by which an active man could ascend. With one impulse they began all three to clamber up, until, a minute later, they were standing not far from the edge of the summit, seventy feet above the sea, with a view which took in a good hundred miles of water. In all that hundred miles there was no sign of life, nothing but the endless glint of the sun upon the waves.

Captain Ephraim whistled. "We are out of luck," said he.

Amos Green looked about him with startled eyes. "I cannot understand it," said he. "I could have sworn— By the eternal, listen to that!"

The clear call of a military bugle rang out in the morning air. With a cry of amazement, they all three craned forward and peered over the edge.

A large ship was lying under the very shadow of the iceberg. They looked straight down upon her snow-white decks, fringed with shining brass cannon, and dotted with seamen. A little clump of soldiers stood upon the poop, going through the manual exercise, and it was from them that the call had come which had sounded so unexpectedly in the ears of the castaways. Standing back from the edge, they had not only looked over the topmasts of this welcome neighbor, but they had themselves been invisible from her decks. Now the discovery was mutual, as was shown by a chorus of shouts and cries from beneath them.

But the three did not wait an instant. Sliding and scrambling down the slippy incline, they rushed, shouting, through the crack and into the cave, where their comrades had just been startled by the bugle call while in the middle of their cheerless breakfast. A few hurried words, and the leaky long-boat had been launched, their few possessions had been bundled in, and they were afloat once more. Pulling round a promontory of the berg, they found themselves under the stern of a fine corvette, the sides of which were lined with friendly faces, while from the peak there drooped a huge white banner mottled over with the golden lilies of France. In a very few minutes their boat had been hauled up, and they found themselves on board of the *St. Christophe* man-of-war, conveying Marquis de Denonville, the Governor-General of Canada, to take over his new duties.

Chapter XXVIII.

IN THE POOL OF QUEBEC.

A SINGULAR colony it was of which the shipwrecked party found themselves now to be members. The *St. Christophe* had left Rochelle three weeks before, with four small consorts conveying five hundred soldiers to help the straggling colony on the St. Lawrence. The squadron had become separated, however, and the Governor was pursuing his way alone, in the hope of picking up the others in the river. Aboard he had a company of the regiment of Quercy, the staff of his own household, St. Vallier, the new Bishop of Canada, with several of his attendants, three Recollet friars, five Jesuits bound for the fatal Iroquois mission, half a dozen ladies on the way to join their husbands, two Ursuline nuns, ten or twelve gallants whom love of adventure and the hope of bettering their fortunes had drawn across the seas, and lastly, some twenty peasant maidens of Anjou, who were secure of finding husbands waiting for them upon the beach, if only for the sake of the sheets, the pot, the tin plates, and the kettle which the King would provide for each of his humble wards.

To add a handful of New England Independents, a Puritan of Boston, and three Huguenots to such a gathering was indeed to bring firebrand and powder-barrel together. And yet all aboard were so busy with their own concerns

that the castaways were left very much to themselves. Thirty of the soldiers were down with fever and scurvy, and both priests and nuns were fully taken up in nursing them. Denonville, the Governor, a pious-minded dragoon, walked the deck all day reading the psalms of David, and sat up half the night with maps and charts laid out before him, planning out the destruction of the Iroquois, who were ravaging his dominions. The gallants and the ladies flirted, the maidens of Anjou made eyes at the soldiers of Quercy, and the Bishop, St. Vallier, read his offices and lectured his clergy. Ephraim Savage used to stand all day glaring at the good man as he paced the deck with his red-edged missal in his hand, and muttering about the "abomination of desolation," but his little ways were put down to his exposure on the iceberg, and to the fixed idea in the French mind that men of the Anglo-Saxon stock are not to be held accountable for their actions.

There was peace between England and France at present, though feeling ran high between Canada and New York, the French believing, and with some justice, that the English colonists were whooping on the demons who attacked them. Ephraim and his men were therefore received hospitably on board, though the ship was so crowded that they had to sleep wherever they could find cover and space for their bodies. The Catinats, too, had been treated in an even more kindly fashion, the weak old man and the beauty of his daughter arousing the interest of the Governor himself. De Catinat had during the voyage exchanged his uniform for a plain sombre suit, so that except for his military bearing there was nothing to show that he was a fugitive from the army. Old Catinat was now so weak that he was past the answering of questions, his daughter was forever at his side, and the soldier was diplomatist enough, after a training at Versailles, to say much without saying anything, and so their secret was still preserved. De Catinat had known what it was to be a Huguenot in Canada before the law was altered. He had no wish to try it after.

On the day after the rescue they sighted Cape Breton in the south, and soon, running swiftly before an easterly wind, saw the loom of the east end of Anticosti. Then they sailed up the mighty river, though from mid-channel the banks on either side were hardly to be seen. As the shores narrowed in they saw the wild gorge of the Saguenay River upon the right, with the smoke from the little fishing and trading station of Tadousac streaming up above the pine-trees. Naked Indians, with their faces daubed with red clay, Algonquins and Abenakis, clustered round the ship in their birchen canoes with fruit and vegetables from the land, which brought fresh life to the scurvy-stricken soldiers. Thence the ship tacked on up the river, past Mal Baie, the ravine of the Eboulemens, and the bay of St. Paul, with its broad valley and wooded mountains, all in a blaze with their beautiful autumn dress, the scarlets, the purples, and the golds, from the maple, the ash, the young oak, and the saplings of the birch. Amos Green, leaning on the bulwarks, stared with longing eyes at these vast expanses of virgin woodland, hardly traversed save by an occasional wandering savage or hardy *coureur des bois*. Then the bold outline of Cape Tourmente loomed up in front of them, they passed the rich placid meadows of Laval's seigneury of Beaupré, and skirting the settlements of the island of Orleans, they saw the broad pool stretched out in front of them, the falls of Montmorenci, the high palisades of Point Levi, the cluster of vessels, and upon the right that wonderful rock, with its diadem of towers, and its township huddled round its base, the centre and stronghold of French power in America. Cannon thundered from the bastions above, and were echoed back by the warship, while ensigns dipped, hats waved, and a swarm of boats and canoes shot out to welcome the new Governor, and to convey the soldiers and passengers to shore.

The old merchant had pined away since he had left French soil, like a plant which has been plucked from its roots. The shock of the shipwreck and the night spent in their bleak refuge upon the iceberg had been too much for his years and strength.

Since they had been picked up he had lain amid the scurvy-stricken soldiers, with hardly a sign of life save for his thin breathing, and the twitching of his scraggy throat. Now, however, at the sound of the cannon and the shouting, he opened his eyes, and raised himself slowly and painfully upon his elbow.

"What is it, father? What can we do for you?" cried Adèle. "We are in America, and here is Amory and here am I, your children."

But the old man shook his head. "The Lord has brought me to the promised land, but He has not willed that I should enter into it," said he. "May His will be done, and blessed be His name forever! But at least I should wish, like Moses, to gaze upon it, if I cannot set foot upon it. Think you, Amory, that you could lend me your arm and lead me on to the deck?"

"If I have another to help me," said De Catinat; and ascending to the deck, he brought Amos Green back with him. "Now, father, if you will lay a hand on the shoulder of each, you need scarce put your feet to the boards."

A minute later the old merchant was on deck, and the two young men had seated him upon a coil of rope with his back against the mast, where he should be away from the crush. The soldiers were already crowding down into the boats, and all were so busy over their own affairs that they paid no heed to the little group of refugees who gathered round the stricken man. He turned his head painfully from side to side, but his eyes brightened as they fell upon the bright blue stretch of water, the flash of the distant falls, the high castle, and the long line of purple mountains away to the northwest.

"It is not like France," said he; "it is not green and peaceful and smiling; but it is grand and strong and stern like Him who made it. As I have weakened, Adèle, my soul has been less clogged by my body, and I have seen clearly much that has been dim to me. And it has seemed to me, my children, that all this country of America—not Canada alone, but the land where you were born also, Amos Green, and all that stretches away towards yonder setting sun—will be the best gift of God to man. For this has He held it concealed through all the ages, that now His own high purpose may be wrought upon it. For here is a land which is innocent, which has no past guilt to atone for, no feud, nor ill custom, nor evil of any kind. And as the years roll on, all the weary and homeless ones, all who are stricken and landless and wronged, will turn their faces to it, even as we have done. And hence will come a nation which will surely take all that is good and leave all that is bad, moulding and fashioning itself into the highest. Do I not see such a mighty people—a people who will care more to raise their lowest than to exalt their richest, who will understand that there is more bravery in peace than in war, who will see that all men are brothers, and whose hearts will not narrow themselves down to their own frontiers, but will warm in sympathy with every noble cause the whole world through. That is what I see, Adèle, as I lie here beside a shore upon which I shall never set my feet, and I say to you that if you and Amory go to the building of such a nation, then indeed your lives are not misspent. It will come, and when it comes may God guard it, may God watch over it and direct it!" His head had sunk gradually lower upon his breast, and his lids had fallen slowly over his eyes, which had been looking away out past Point Levi at the rolling woods and the far-off mountains. Adèle gave a quick cry of despair, and threw her arms round the old man's neck.

"He is dying, Amory, he is dying!" she cried.

A stern Recollet friar, who had been telling his beads within a few paces of them, heard the cry, and was beside them in an instant.

"He is indeed dying," he said, as he gazed down at the ashen face. "Has the old man had the sacraments of the Church?"

"I do not think that he needs them," answered De Catinat, evasively.

"Which of us does not need them, young man?" said the friar, sternly. "And how can a man hope for salvation without them? I shall myself administer them without delay."

But the old Huguenot had opened his eyes, and with a last flicker of strength he pushed away the gray-hooded figure which bent over him.

"I left all that I love rather than yield to you," he cried, "and think you that you can overcome me now?"

The Recollet started back at the words, and his hard suspicious eyes shot from De Catinat to the weeping girl.

"So!" said he. "You are Huguenots, then!"

"Hush! Do not wrangle before a man who is dying!" cried De Catinat, in a voice as fierce as his own.

"Before a man who is dead," said Amos Green, solemnly.

As he spoke, the old man's face had relaxed, his thousand wrinkles had been smoothed suddenly out as though an invisible hand had passed over them, and his head fell back against the mast. Adèle remained motionless, with her arms still clasped round his neck and her cheek pressed against his shoulder. She had fainted.

De Catinat raised his wife and bore her down to the cabin of one of the ladies who had already shown them some kindness. Deaths were no new thing aboard the ship, for they had lost ten soldiers upon the outward passage, so that amid the joy and bustle of the disembarking there were few who had a thought to spare upon the dead pilgrim, and the less so when it was whispered abroad that he had been a Huguenot. A brief order was given that he should be buried in the river that night, and then, save for a sail-maker who fastened the canvas round him, mankind had done its last for Théophile Catinat. With the survivors, however, it was different, and when the troops were all disembarked, they were mustered in a little group upon the deck, and an officer of the Governor's suite decided upon what should be done with them. He was a portly, good-humored, ruddy-cheeked man, but De Catinat saw with apprehension that the Recollet friar walked by his side as he advanced along the deck, and exchanged a few whispered remarks with him. There was a bitter smile upon the monk's dark face which boded little good for the heretics.

"It shall be seen to, good father, it shall be seen to," said the officer, impatiently, in answer to one of these whispered injunctions. "I am as zealous a servant of Holy Church as you are."

"I trust that you are, Monsieur de Bonneville. With so devout a Governor as Monsieur de Denonville, it might be an ill thing, even in this world, for the officers of his household to be lax."

The soldier glanced angrily at his companion, for he saw the threat which lurked under the words.

"I would have you remember, father," said he, "that if faith is a virtue, charity is no less so." Then, speaking in English, "Which is Captain Savage?"

"Ephraim Savage, of Boston."

"And Master Amos Green?"

"Amos Green, of New York."

"And Master Tomlinson?"

"John Tomlinson, of Salem."

"And master-mariners Hiram Jefferson, Joseph Cooper, Seek-Grace Spaulding, and Paul Cushing, all of Massachusetts Bay?"

"We are here."

"It is the Governor's orders that all whom I have named shall be conveyed at once to the trading-brig *Hope*, which is yonder ship with the white paint line. She sails within the hour for the English provinces."

A buzz of joy broke from the castaway mariners at the prospect of being so speedily restored to their homes, and they hurried away to gather together the few possessions which they had saved from the wreck. The officer put his list in his pocket and stepped across to where De Catinat leaned moodily against the bulwarks.

"Surely you remember me?" he said. "I could not forget your face, even though you have exchanged a blue coat for a black one."

De Catinat grasped the hand which was held out to him.

"I remember you well, De Bonneville, and the journey that we made together to Fort Frontenac, but it was not for me to claim your friendship now that things have gone amiss with me."

"Tut, man; once my friend, always my friend."

"I feared, too, that my acquaintance would do you little good with yonder gray-cowled friar who is glowering behind you."

"Well, well, you know how it is with us here. Frontenac could keep them in their place, but De la Barre was as clay in their hands, and this new one promises to follow in his steps. What with the Sulpitians at Montreal and the Jesuits here, we poor devils are between the upper and the nether stones. But I am grieved from my heart to give such a welcome as this to an old comrade, and still more to his wife."

"What is to be done, then?"

"You are to be confined to the ship until she sails, which will be in a week at the furthest."

"And then?"

"You are to be carried home in her, and handed over to the Governor of Rochelle, to be sent back to Paris. Those

are Monsieur de Denonville's orders, and if they be not carried out to the letter, then we shall have the whole hornets' nest about our ears."

De Catinat groaned as he listened. After all their strivings and trials and efforts, to return to Paris, the scorn of his enemies and an object of pity to his friends, was too deep a humiliation. He flushed with shame at the very thought. To be led back like the homesick peasant who has deserted his regiment! Better one spring into the broad blue river beneath him, were it not for little pale-faced Adèle, who had none but him to look to. It was so tame! So ignominious! And yet in this floating prison, with a woman whose fate was linked with his own, what hope was there of escape?

De Bonneville had left him with a few blunt words of sympathy, but the friar still paced the deck, with a furtive glance at him from time to time, and two soldiers who were stationed upon the poop passed and repassed within a few yards of him. They had orders evidently to watch his movements. Heart-sick, he leaned over the side, watching the Indians in their paint and feathers shooting backwards and forwards in their canoes, and staring across at the town, where the gaunt gable ends of houses and charred walls marked the effects of the terrible fire which a few years before had completely destroyed the lower town. The setting sun was reddening the battlements and softening the stern outlines of the rock upon which it rested, while beyond his scope of vision it glittered and twinkled upon the polished muskets of the troops who were drilling above upon the parade-ground. As he stood gazing his attention was drawn away by the swish of oars, and a large boat full of men passed immediately underneath where he stood.

It held the New-Englanders, who were being conveyed to the ship which was to take them home. There were the four seamen huddled together, and there in the sheets were Captain Ephraim Savage and Amos Green, conversing together and pointing to the shipping. The grizzled face of the old Puritan and the bold features of the woodsman were turned more than once in his direction, but no word of farewell and no kindly wave of the hand came back to the lonely exile. They were so full of their own future and their own happiness that they had not a thought to spare upon his misery. He could have borne anything from his enemies, but this sudden neglect from his friends came too heavily after his own troubles. He stooped his face to his arms, and burst in an instant into a passion of sobs. Before he raised his eyes again the brig had hoisted her anchor, and was tacking under full canvas out of the Quebec basin.

Chapter XXIX.

THE VOICE AT THE PORT-HOLE.

That night old Théophile Catinat was buried from the ship's side, his sole mourners the two who bore his own blood in their veins. The next day De Catinat spent upon deck, amid the bustle and confusion of the unlading, endeavoring to cheer Adèle by light chatter, which came from a heavy heart. He pointed out to her the places which he had known so well, the citadel where he had been quartered, the college of the Jesuits, the cathedral of Bishop Laval, the magazine of the old company, dismantled by the great fire, and the house of Aubert de la Chesnaye, the only private one which had remained standing in the lower part. From where they lay they could see not only the places of interest, but something also of that motley population which made the town so different to all others, save only its younger sister, Montreal. Passing and repassing along the steep path with the picket-fence which connected the two quarters, they saw the whole panorama of Canadian life moving before their eyes, the soldiers with their slouch-hats, their plumes, and their bandoleers, habitans from the river côtes in their rude peasant dresses, little changed from their forefathers of Brittany or Normandy, and young rufflers from France, or from the seigneuries, who cocked their hats and swaggered in what they thought to be the true Versailles fashion. There, too, might be seen little knots of the men of the woods, *coureurs des bois* or voyageurs, with leathern hunting-tunics, fringed leggings, and fur cap with eagle feather, who came once a year to the cities, leaving their Indian wives and children in some up-country wigwam. Redskins, too, were there, leather-faced Algonquin fishers and hunters, wild Mic-

macs from the east, and savage Abenakis from the south, while everywhere were the gray habits of the Franciscans, and the black cassocks and broad hats of the Recollets and Jesuits, the moving spirits of the whole.

Such were the folk who crowded the streets of the capital of this strange offshoot of France, which had been planted along the line of the great river, a thousand leagues from the parent country. And it was a singular settlement, the most singular, perhaps, that has ever been made. For a long twelve hundred miles it extended, from Tadousac in the east, away to the trading-stations upon the borders of the Great Lakes, limiting itself for the most part to narrow cultivated strips upon the margins of the river, banked in behind by wild forests and unexplored mountains, which forever tempted the peasant from his hoe and his plough, to the freer life of the paddle and the musket. Thin scattered clearings, alternating with little palisaded clumps of log-hewn houses, marked the line where civilization was forcing itself in upon the huge continent, and barely holding its own against the rigor of a Northern climate and the ferocity of merciless enemies. The whole white population of this mighty district, including soldiers, priests, and woodmen, with all women and children, was very far short of twenty thousand souls, and yet so great was their energy, and such the advantage of the central government under which they lived, that they have left their trace upon the whole continent. When the prosperous English settlers were content to live upon their acres, and when no axe had rung upon the further side of the Alleghanies, the French had pushed their daring pioneers, some in the black robe of the missionary and some in the fringed tunic of the hunter, to the uttermost end of the continent. They had mapped out the lakes, and had bartered with fierce Sioux on the great plains, where the wooden wigwam gave place to the hide tepee. Marquette had followed the Illinois down to the Mississippi, and had traced the course of the great river until, first of all white men, he looked upon the turbid flood of the rushing Missouri. La Salle had ventured even further, had passed the Ohio, and had made his way to the Mexican Gulf, raising the French arms where the city of New Orleans was afterwards to stand. Others had pushed on to the Rocky Mountains and to the huge wilderness of the Northwest, preaching, bartering, cheating, baptizing, swayed by many motives, and holding only in common a courage which never faltered and a fertility of resource which took them in safety past every danger. Frenchmen were to the north of the British settlements, Frenchmen were to the west of them, and Frenchmen were to the south of them, and if all the continent is not now French, the fault assuredly did not rest with that iron race of early Canadians.

All this De Catinat explained to Adèle during the autumn day, trying to draw her thoughts away from the troubles of the past, and from the long dreary voyage which lay before her. She, fresh from the staid life of the Parisian street and from the tame scenery of the Seine, gazed with amazement at the river, the woods, and the mountains, and clutched her husband's arm in horror when a canoeful of wild, skin-clad Algonquins, their faces striped with white and red paint, came flying past, with the foam dashing from their paddles. Again the river turned from blue to pink, again the old citadel was bathed in the evening glow, and again the two exiles descended to their cabins, with cheering words for each other and heavy thoughts in their own hearts.

De Catinat's bunk was next to a porthole, and it was his custom to keep this open, as the caboose in which the cooking was done for the crew was close to him, and the air was hot and heavy. That night he found it impossible to sleep, and he lay tossing under his blanket, thinking over every possible means by which they might be able to get away from this cursed ship. But even if they got away, where could they go to then? All Canada was sealed to them. The woods to the south were full of ferocious Indians. The English settlements would, it was true, grant them freedom to use their own religion, but what could his wife and he do without a friend, strangers among folk who spoke another tongue! Had Amos Green remained true to them, then, indeed, all would have been well. But he had deserted them. Of course there was no reason why he should not. He was no blood-relation of theirs. He had already benefited them many times. His

own people and the life that he loved were waiting for him at home. Why should he linger here for the sake of folk whom he had known but a few months? It was not to be expected, and yet—and yet—De Catinat could not realize it, could not understand it.

But what was that? Above the gentle lapping of the river he had suddenly heard a sharp clear "Hist!" Perhaps it was some passing boatman or Indian. Then it came again, that eager, urgent summons. He sat up and stared about him. It certainly must have come from the open port-hole. He looked out, but only to see the broad basin, with the loom of the shipping, and the distant twinkle from the lights on Point Levi. As his head dropped back upon the pillow, something fell upon his chest with a little tap, and rolling off, rattled along the boards. He sprang up, caught a lantern from a hook, and flashed it upon the floor. There was the missile which had struck him—a little golden brooch. As he lifted it up and looked closer at it, a thrill passed through him. It had been his own, and he had given it to Amos Green upon the second day that he had met him, when they were starting together for Versailles.

This was a signal, then, and Amos Green had not deserted them, after all. He dressed himself, all in a tremble with excitement, and went upon deck. It was pitch-dark, and he could see no one, but the sound of regular footfalls somewhere in the fore part of the ship showed that the sentinels were still there.

The guardsman walked over to the side and peered down into the darkness. He could see the loom of a boat. "Who is there?" he whispered.

"Is that you, De Catinat?"

"Yes."

"We have come for you."

"God bless you, Amos!"

"Is your wife there?"

"No, but I can rouse her."

"Good! But first catch this cord. Now pull up the ladder."

De Catinat gripped the line which was thrown to him, and on drawing it up, found that it was attached to a rope-ladder furnished at the top with two steel hooks to catch on to the bulwarks. He placed them in position, and then made his way very softly to the cabin amidships in the ladies' quarter, which had been allotted to his wife. She was the only woman on board the ship now, so that he was able to tap at her door in safety, and to explain in a few words the need for haste and for secrecy. In ten minutes Adèle had dressed, and with her valuables in a little bundle, had slipped out from her cabin. Together they made their way upon deck once more, and crept aft under the shadow of the bulwarks. They were almost there when De Catinat stopped suddenly and ground out an oath through his clinched teeth. Between them and the rope-ladder there was standing, in a dim patch of murky light, the



"HELD IT UP TO CAST ITS LIGHT UPON THEM."

grim figure of a friar. He was peering through the darkness, his heavy cowl shadowing his face, and he advanced slowly, as if he had caught a glimpse of them. A lantern hung from the mizzen shrouds above him. He unfastened it, and held it up to cast its light upon them.

But De Catinat was not a man with whom it was safe to trifle. His life had been one of quick resolve and prompt action. Was this vindictive friar at the

last moment to stand between him and freedom? It was a dangerous position to take. The guardsman pulled Adèle into the shadow of the mast, and then, as the monk advanced, he sprang out upon him and seized him by the gown. As he did so the other's cowl was pushed back, and instead of the harsh features of the Recollet, De Catinat saw with amazement in the glimmer of the lantern the shrewd gray eyes and strong stern face of Ephraim Savage. At the same instant another figure appeared over the side, and the warm-hearted Frenchman threw himself into the arms of Amos Green.

"It's all right," said the young hunter, disengaging himself with some embarrassment from the other's embrace. "We've got him in the boat, with a buckskin glove jammed into his gullet."

"Who, then?"

"The man whose cloak Captain Ephraim there has put round him. He came on us when you were away rousing your lady. But we got him to be quiet between us. Is the lady there?"

"Here she is."

"As quick as you can, then, for some one may come along."

Adèle was helped over the side, and seated in the stern of a birch-bark canoe. The three men unhooked the ladder, and swung themselves down by a rope, while two Indians, who held the paddles, pushed silently off from the ship's side, and shot swiftly up the stream. A minute later a dim loom behind them and the glimmer of two yellow lights were all that they could see of the *St. Christophe.*

"Take a paddle, Amos, and I'll take one," said Captain Savage, stripping off his monk's gown. "I felt safer in this on the deck of yon ship, but it don't help in a boat. I believe we might have fastened the hatches and taken her, brass guns and all, had we been so minded."

"And been hanged as pirates at the yard-arm next morning," said Amos. "I think that we have done better to take the honey and leave the tree. I hope, madame, that all is well with you?"

"Nay, I can hardly understand what has happened, or where we are."

"Nor can I, Amos."

"Did you not expect us to come back for you, then?"

"I did not know what to expect."

"Well, now, surely you could not think that we would leave you without a word."

"I confess that I was cut to the heart by it."

"I feared that you were when I looked at you with the tail of my eye, and saw you staring so blackly over the bulwarks at us. But if we had been seen talking or planning, they would have been upon our trail at once. As it was, they had not a thought of suspicion, save only this fellow whom we have in the bottom of the boat here."

"And what did you do?"

"We left the brig last night, got ashore on the Beaupré side, arranged for this canoe, and lay dark all day. Then to-night we got alongside, and I roused you easily, for I knew where you slept. The friar nearly spoiled all when you were below, but we gagged him and passed him over the side. Ephraim popped on his gown, so that he might go forward to help you without danger, for we were scared at the delay."

"Ah, it is glorious to be free once more. What do I not owe you, Amos!"

"Well, you looked after me when I was in your country, and I am going to look after you now."

"And where are we going?"

"Ah, there you have me. It is this way or none, for we can't get down to the sea. We must make our way overland as best we can, and we must leave a good stretch between Quebec and us before the day breaks; for, from what I hear, they would rather have a Huguenot prisoner than an Iroquois sagamore. By the eternal, I cannot see why they should make such a fuss over how a man chooses to save his own soul, though here is old Ephraim, just as fierce upon the other side, so all the folly is not one way."

"What are you saying about me?" asked the seaman, pricking up his ears at the mention of his own name.

"Only that you are a good stiff old Protestant."

"Yes, thank God! My motto is freedom to conscience, d'ye see, except just for Quakers, and papists, and — and I wouldn't stand Anne Hutchinsons, and women testifyin', and such like foolishness."

Amos Green laughed. "The Almighty seems to pass it over, so why should you take it to heart?" said he.

"Ah, you're young and callow yet. You'll live to know better. Why, I shall hear you sayin' a good word soon for



ESCAPE FROM THE "ST. CHRISTOPHE."

such unclean spawn as this!" prodding the prostrate friar with the handle of his paddle.

"I dare say he's a good man accordin' to his lights."

"And I dare say a shark is a good fish accordin' to its lights. No, lad, you won't mix up light and dark for me in that sort of fashion. You may talk until you unship your jaw, d'ye see, but you'll never talk a foul wind into a fair one. Pass over the pouch and the tinder-box, and maybe our friend here will take a turn at my paddle."

All night they toiled up the great river, straining every nerve to place themselves beyond the reach of pursuit. By keeping well into the southern bank, and so avoiding the force of the current, they sped swiftly along, for both Amos and De Catinat were practised hands with the paddle, and the two Indians worked as though they were wire and whip-cord instead of flesh and blood. An utter silence reigned over all the broad stream, broken only by the lap, lap, of the water against their curving bows, the whirring of the night-hawk above them, and the sharp high barking of foxes away in the woods. When at last morning broke, and the black shaded imperceptibly into gray, they were far out of sight of the citadel and of all trace of man's handiwork. Virgin woods in their wonderful many-colored autumn dress flowed right down to the river edge on either side, and in the centre was a little island, with a rim of yellow sand, and an outflame of scarlet tupelo and sumac in one bright tangle of color in the centre.

"I've passed here before," said De Catinat. "I remember marking that great maple with the blaze on its trunk when last I went with the Governor to Montreal. That was in Frontenac's day, when the King was first and the Bishop second."

The redskins who had sat like terra-cotta figures, without a trace of expression upon their set, hard faces, pricked up their ears at the sound of that name.

"My brother has spoken of the great Onontio," said one of them, glancing

round. "We have listened to the whistling of evil birds who tell us that he will never come back to his children across the seas."

"He is with the great white father," answered De Catinat. "I have myself seen him in his council, and he will assuredly come across the great water if his people have need of him."

The Indian shook his shaven head.

"The rutting month is past, my brother," said he, speaking in broken French, "but ere the month of the bird-laying has come there will be no white man upon this river, save only behind stone walls."

"What, then? We have heard little. Have the Iroquois broken out so fiercely?"

"My brother, they said that they would eat up the Hurons, and where are the Hurons now? They turned their faces upon the Eries, and where are the Eries now? They went westward against the Illinois, and who can find an Illinois village? They raised the hatchet against the Andastes, and their name is blotted from the earth. And now they have danced a dance and sung a song which will bring little good to my white brothers."

"Where are they, then?"

The Indian waved his hand along the whole southern and western horizon. "Where are they not? The woods are rustling with them. They are like a fire among dry grass, so swift and so terrible."

"On my life," said De Catinat, "if these devils are indeed unchained, they will need old Frontenac back if they are not to be swept into the river."

"Ay," said Amos. "I saw him once when I was brought before him with the others for trading on what he called French ground. His mouth set like a skunk-trap, and he looked at us as if he would have liked our scalps for his leggings. But I could see that he was a chief and a brave man."

"He was an enemy of the Church, and the right hand of the foul fiend in this country," said a voice from the bottom of the canoe.

It was the friar, who had succeeded in getting rid of the buckskin glove and belt with which the two Americans had gagged him. He was lying huddled up now, glaring savagely at the party with his fierce dark eyes.

"His jaw tackle has come adrift," said the seaman. "Let me brace it up again."

"Nay, why should we take him further?" asked Amos. "He is but weight for us to carry, and I cannot see that we profit by his company. Let us put him out."

"Ay, sink or swim," cried old Ephraim, with enthusiasm.

"Nay; upon the bank."

"And have him, maybe, in front of us warning the blackjackets."

"On that island, then."

"Very good. He can hail the first of his folk who pass."

They shot over to the island and landed the friar, who said nothing, but cursed them with his eye. They left with him a small supply of biscuit and of flour, to last him until he should be picked up. Then, having passed a bend in the river, they ran their canoe ashore in a little cove where the whortleberry and cranberry bushes grew right down to the water's edge, and the sward was bright with the white euphorbia, the blue gentian, and the purple balm. There they laid out their small stock of provisions and ate a hearty breakfast, while discussing what their plans should be for the future.

Chapter XXX.

THE INLAND WATERS.

They were not badly provided for their journey. The captain of the Gloucester brig in which the Americans had started from Quebec knew Ephraim Savage well —as who did not upon the New England coast? He had accepted his bill, therefore, at three months' date, at as high a rate of interest as he could screw out of him, and he had let him have in return three excellent guns, a good supply of ammunition, and enough money to provide for all his wants. In this way he had hired the canoe and the Indians, and had fitted her with meat and biscuit to last them for ten days at the least.

"It's like the breath of life to me to feel the heft of a gun and to smell the trees round me," said Amos. "Why, it cannot be more than a hundred leagues from here to Albany or Schenectady right through the forest."

"Ay, lad, but how is the gal to walk a hundred leagues through a forest? No,

no; let us keep water under our keel, and lean on the Lord."

"Then there is only one way for it. We must make the Richelieu River, and keep right along to Lake Champlain and Lake St. Sacrement. There we should be close by the head-waters of the Hudson."

"It is a dangerous road," said De Catinat, who understood the conversation of his companions, even when he was unable to join in it. "We should need to skirt the country of the Mohawks."

"It is the only one, I guess. It is that or nothing."

"And I have a friend upon the Richelieu River who, I am sure, would help us on our way," said De Catinat, with a smile. "Adèle, you have heard me talk of Charles de la Nouë, Seigneur de Sainte Marie."

"He whom you used to call the Canadian Duke, Amory?"

"Precisely. His seigneury lies on the Richelieu, a little to the south of Fort St. Louis, and I am sure that he would speed us on our way."

"Good!" cried Amos. "If we have a friend there, we shall do well. That clinches it, then, and we shall hold fast by the river. Let's get to our paddles, then, for that friar will make mischief for us if he can."

And so for a long week the little party toiled up the great waterway, keeping ever to the southern bank, where there were fewer clearings. On both sides of the stream the woods were thick, but every here and there they would curve away, and a narrow strip of cultivated land would skirt the bank, with the yellow stubble to mark where the wheat had grown. Adèle looked with interest at the wooden houses, with their jutting stories and quaint gable ends, at the solid stone-built manor-houses of the seigneurs, and at the mills which projected above the houses in every hamlet, and which served the double purpose of grinding flour and of a loop-holed place of retreat in case of attack. Horrible experience had taught the Canadians what the English settlers had yet to learn, that in a land of savages it is a folly to place isolated farm-houses in the centre of their own fields. The clearings then radiated out from the villages, and every cottage was built with an eye to the military necessities of the whole, so that the defence might make a stand at all points, and might finally centre upon the stone manor-house and the mill. Now at every bluff and hill near the hamlets might be seen the gleam of the muskets of the watchers, for it was known that the scalping parties of the Five Nations were out, and none could tell where the blow would fall, save that it must come where they were least prepared to meet it.

Indeed, at every step in this country, whether the traveller were on the St. Lawrence, or west upon the lakes, or down upon the banks of the Mississippi, or south in the country of the Cherokees and of the Creeks, he would still find the inhabitants in the same state of dreadful expectancy, and from the same cause. The Iroquois, as they were named by the French, or the Five Nations, as they called themselves, hung like a cloud over the whole great continent. Their confederation was a natural one, for they were of the same stock and spoke the same language, and all attempts to separate them had been in vain. Mohawks, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas, and Senecas were each proud of their own totems and their own chiefs, but in war they were Iroquois, and the enemy of one was the enemy of all. Their numbers were small, for they were never able to put two thousand warriors in the field, and their country was limited, for their villages were scattered over the tract which lies between Lake Champlain and Lake Ontario. But they were united, they were cunning, they were desperately brave, and they were fiercely aggressive and energetic. Holding a central position, they struck out upon each side in turn, never content with simply defeating an adversary, but absolutely annihilating and destroying him, while holding all the others in check by their diplomacy. War was their business, and cruelty their amusement. One by one they had turned their arms against the various nations, until for a space of over a thousand square miles none existed save by sufferance. They had swept away Hurons and Huron missions in one fearful massacre. They had destroyed the tribes of the Northwest, until even the distant Sacs and Foxes trembled at their name. They had scoured the whole country to westward, until their scalping parties had come into touch with their kinsmen the Sioux, who were lords of the great plains, even as they were of the great forests. The New England Indians

in the east, and the Shawnees and Delawares further south, paid tribute to them, and the terror of their arms had extended over the borders of Maryland and Virginia. Never perhaps in the world's history has so small a body of men dominated so large a district and for so long a time.

For half a century these tribes had nursed a grudge towards the French, since Champlain and some of his followers had taken part with their enemies against them. During all these years they had brooded in their forest villages, flashing out now and again in some border outrage, but waiting for the most part until their chance should come. And now it seemed to them that it had come. They had destroyed all the tribes who might have allied themselves with the white men. They had isolated them. They had supplied themselves with good guns and plenty of ammunition from the Dutch and English of New York. The long thin line of French settlements lay naked before them. They were gathered in the woods like hounds in leash, waiting for the orders of their chiefs which should precipitate them with torch and with tomahawk upon the belt of villages.

Such was the situation as the little party of refugees paddled along the bank of the river, seeking the only path which could lead them to peace and to freedom. Yet it was, as they well knew, a dangerous road to follow. All down the Richelieu were the outposts and block-houses of the French; for when the feudal system was grafted upon Canada, the various seigneurs, or native *noblesse*, were assigned their estates in the positions which would be of most benefit to the settlement. Each seigneur, with his tenants under him, trained as they were in the use of arms, formed a military force exactly as they had done in the Middle Ages, the farmer holding his fief upon condition that he mustered when called upon to do so. Hence the old officers of the regiment of Carignan and the more hardy of the settlers had been placed along the line of the Richelieu, which runs at an angle with the St. Lawrence, towards the Mohawk country. The block-houses themselves might hold their own, but to the little party who had to travel down from one to the other the situation was full of deadly peril. It was true that the Iroquois were not at war with the English, but they would discriminate little when on the war-path, and the Americans, even had they wished to do so, could not separate their fate from that of their two French companions.

As they ascended the St. Lawrence they met many canoes coming down. Sometimes it was an officer or an official on his way to the capital from Three Rivers or Montreal, sometimes it was a load of skins, with Indians or *coureurs des bois* conveying them down to be shipped to Europe, and sometimes it was a small canoe which bore a sunburnt, grizzly-haired man with rusty weather-stained black cassock, who zigzagged from bank to bank, stopping at every Indian hut upon his way. If aught were amiss with the Church in Canada, the fault lay not with men like these village priests, who toiled and worked and spent their very lives in bearing comfort and hope, and a little touch of refinement, too, through all those wilds. More than once these wayfarers wished to have speech with the fugitives, but they pushed onwards, disregarding their signs and hails. From below nothing overtook them, for they paddled from early morning until late at night, drawing up the canoe when they halted, and building a fire of dry wood, for already the nip of the coming winter was in the air.

It was not only the people and their dwellings which were stretched out before the wondering eyes of the French girl as she sat, day after day, in the stern of the canoe. Her husband and Amos Green taught her also to take notice of the sights of the woodlands, and as they skirted the bank they pointed out a thousand things which her own senses would never have discerned. Sometimes it was the furry face of a raccoon peeping out from some tree cleft, or an otter swimming under the overhanging brushwood with the gleam of a white fish in its mouth. Or perhaps it was the wild-cat crouching along a branch, with its wicked yellow eyes fixed upon the squirrels which played at the further end; or else with a scuttle and rush the Canadian porcupine would thrust its way among the yellow blossoms of the resinweed and the tangle of the whortleberry bushes. She learned, too, to recognize the pert sharp cry of the tiny chickadee, the call of the bluebird, and the flash of its wings amid the foliage, the sweet chirpy note

of the black and white bobolink, and the long-drawn mewing of the cat-bird. On the breast of the broad blue river, with nature's sweet concert ever sounding from the bank, and with every color that artist could devise spread out before her eyes in the foliage of the dying woods, the smile came back to her lips, and her cheeks took a glow of health which France had never been able to give. De Catinat saw the change in her, but her presence weighed him down with fear, for he knew that while nature had made these woods a heaven, man had changed it into a hell, and that a nameless horror lurked behind all the beauty of the fading leaves and of the woodland flowers. Often, as he lay at night beside the smouldering fire upon his couch of spruce boughs and looked at the little figure muffled in the blanket and slumbering peacefully by his side, he felt that he had no right to expose her to such peril, and that in the morning they should turn the canoe eastward again and take what fate might bring them at Quebec. But ever with the daybreak there came the thought of the humiliation, the dreary homeward voyage, the separation which would await them in galley and dungeon, to turn him from his purpose.

On the seventh day they rested at a point but a few miles from the mouth of the Richelieu River, where a large blockhouse, Fort Richelieu, had been built by M. de Saurel. Once past this, they had no great distance to go to reach the seigneury of De Catinat's friend of the *noblesse*, who would help them upon their way. They had spent the night upon a little island in mid-stream, and at early dawn they were about to thrust the canoe out again from the sand-lined cove in which she lay, when Ephraim Savage growled in his throat and pointed out across the water.

A large canoe was coming up the river, flying along as quick as a dozen arms could drive it. In the stern sat a gray figure which bent forward with every swing of the paddles, as though consumed by eagerness to push onwards. Even at that distance there was no mistaking it. It was the fanatical monk whom they had left behind them.

Concealed among the brushwood they watched their pursuers fly past and vanish round a curve in the stream. Then they looked at one another in perplexity.

"We'd have done better either to put him overboard or to take him as ballast," said Ephraim. "He's hull down in front of us now, and drawin' full."

"Well, we can't take the back track, anyhow," remarked Amos.

"And yet how can we go on?" said De Catinat, despondently. "This vindictive devil will give word at the fort, and at every other point along the river. He has been *back* to Quebec. It is one of the Governor's own canoes, and goes three paces to our two."

"Let me cipher it out." Amos Green sat on a fallen maple with his head sunk upon his hands. "Well," said he, presently, "if it's no good going on, and no good going back, there's only one way, and that is to go to one side. That's so, Ephraim, is it not?"

"Ay, ay, lad; if you can't run, you must tack, but it seems shoal water on either bow."

"We can't go to the north, so it follows that we must go to the south."

"Leave the canoe!"

"It's our only chance. We can cut through the woods and come out near this friendly house on the Richelieu. The friar will lose our trail then, and we'll have no more trouble with him, if he stays on the St. Lawrence."

"There's nothing else for it," said Captain Ephraim, ruefully. "It's not my way to go by land if I can get by water, and I have not been a fathom deep in a wood since King Philip came down on the province, so you must lay the course and keep her straight, Amos."

"It is not far, and it will not take us long. Let us get over to the southern bank, and we shall make a start. If madame tires, De Catinat, we shall take turns to carry her."

"Ah, monsieur, you cannot think what a good walker I am! In this splendid air one might go on forever."

"We will cross, then." In a very few minutes they were at the other side, and had landed at the edge of the forest. There the guns and ammunition were allotted to each man, and his share of the provisions and of the scanty baggage. Then having paid the Indians, and having instructed them to say nothing of their movements, they turned their backs upon the river, and plunged into the silent woods.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PROGRESS OF ART IN NEW YORK.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THIRTY years ago the state of affairs in the New York world of art (a "world" only by courtesy) might largely have been summed up in one word—"Düsseldorf." At least it was from that little ex-duchy and its famous academy that the ruling influence came. We had the Düsseldorf Gallery, a pseudo-Gothic and churchlike wooden building down on Broadway, outwardly as brown as the tone of the pictures it contained; and for a while the torch of illumination seemed to consist of tallow, a favorite order of subjects being candle-light effects, varied occasionally by ghastly moonlight contrasts. Painters who were not allured by this taper tried to follow, in the good or bad old way, Flemish and Italian masters of the great period, or else modelled upon the English story-telling school, or patiently sought to reflect American landscape in compositions that betrayed no distinct foreign lineage, yet, it must also be said, showed little of native force or of originality in any kind.

Portraiture, with few exceptions, was weak and superficial; the *genre* work of the time was of a thin, crude sort, which could not now gain attention; and Henry Tuckerman's later dictum would have applied equally well then: "Our painters have no individual, unmistakable manner, like that of every well-known foreign painter."

There came a bright October day in 1863 when a short procession of gentlemen, brought up in the rear by two school-boys (of whom the writer was one), formed at the Century Club, and marched up Fourth Avenue to the corner of Twenty-third Street, where the corner-stone of the present Academy of Design was laid. That was a time of civil war and turmoil; and I remember how Parke Godwin, making a speech at this ceremony, eloquently compared the advance which art was about to make in America to the new life it had sprung into amid the popular struggles of the Netherlands. Faith was needed to accept his prophecy, but the occasion really was the beginning of a new epoch. At the Academy's first exhibition in its new building a local pre-Raphaelite movement began to show how much headway it had gained. Its leaders, one of whom was T. C. Farrer, brother of Henry Farrer (since distinguished as a water-colorist and a president of the Water-color Society), were inspired by Ruskin; they sympathized with Millais in his earlier phase, and with Holman Hunt; and their zeal for uncompromising truth to nature, as they saw it, was almost religious in its intensity. These New York pre-Raphaelites opened their tubes and poured out upon the astonished public a flood of green and violet paint. Their landscapes bloomed with unmitigated verdure. They were disposed, also, to abolish perspective as the nation had abolished slavery. Distant trees were rendered with minute attention to species and structure; rocks and pebbles were viewed as through a lapidary's glass; mountains were often finished with a texture smooth as satin. Yet, although our pre-Raphaelites never rose to the making of great pictures, and did afterwards mostly forsake what they had called "the new path," they performed a valuable service by stirring up reaction against dull precedent and blind conventionality. They brought into their art, as practised here, that love for humble beauty, for clear vision, and fidelity in describing or interpreting nature which Wordsworth had victoriously championed in poetry. The movement was only an episode, and the old methods persisted side by side with it; yet changes resulted gradually. Distantly, and in part, it was a precursor of the impressionist wave which at the present hour bears up so many brilliant young artists, and overspreads our gallery walls with luminous or bizarre color.

The Academy building, too, anticipated by a long interval, and almost alone, that architectural progress which was yet to be realized; for it was one of the first artistic efforts in secular architecture in post-Revolutionary New York. But the institution itself was not at first adequate to the demands of new and vigorous growth in local art. Ten years after the pre-Raphaelites appeared, and when they had entirely dispersed or found their way into maturer phases, American painting was still chiefly confined to landscape, most of it sadly lacking character

and style. There was an astonishing absence of competent figure-painting and interesting theme or composition. Then, suddenly, a number of strong young men who had profited by improved training abroad, who had quietly strengthened the sinews of their individuality in Europe and at home, were admitted to the spring exhibition of 1874. The effect was, for that period, startling. Their canvases were like windows unexpectedly opened upon a fair and hopeful prospect. They showed us figures well drawn and solidly painted; powerful portraits; bold effects of atmosphere; a rich tone and rugged handling in landscape, all but unknown in American work until then. It is true that here and there among the older artists were sturdy and progressive men—to name only two—like George Inness and Eastman Johnson, to either of whom, if discussed according to his merit, a separate paper should be devoted. Inness, whose work still delights us, was from the first a vigorous, individual portrayer of our home landscape in a style of great massiveness and sincerity; and his eye in later years has pursued the subtleties of color in nature with a keenness that enables him to remain modern among the moderns. Eastman Johnson, though once exposed to Düsseldorf influence, long since found a distinctive manner of treating scenes of American country life in Nantucket and elsewhere, and afterwards put forth his strength in portraits with an energy and skill not yet diminished. Others there were and are who might here receive encomium. But, on the whole, the Academy of 1874 was a revelation of novel forces coming into play. The next year the representatives of these forces were largely excluded. This resulted in the forming of a new body, the Society of American Artists, which has become an established power, and in its fifteen annual displays has succeeded in bringing out collections marked by great freedom, variety, and striking initiative. Among the foremost of the earlier New York contributors were Walter Shirlaw, William M. Chase, Wyatt Eaton, A. H. Thayer, George Inness, John La Farge, Francis Lathrop, T. W. Dewing, Will H. Low, Duveneck, George Fuller (of Boston), J. M. Whistler, John S. Sargent, and J. Alden Weir, with the sculptors Augustus St. Gaudens and Olin Warner and others. The list, of course, has been immensely added to in successive seasons.

A brief review of these facts is essential to an understanding of the way in which that amazing change which has taken place as to matters of art in New York, even within less than twenty years, came about. No doubt, as Mr. F. D. Millet reminded us not long ago, the Philadelphia exhibition of 1876 prompted a general artistic interest all over the country, to which the whole nation is much indebted. But it should not be forgotten that New York had for a long time been working steadily though slowly towards the organization and the advancement of artistic elements and aims, that these had been defined, and the road of progress had been entered upon, before the Centennial Exhibition took place.

In the society, the results of Munich teaching were perhaps the most prominent for a while; but some of the members were equally imbued with French theory and example, and others drew in equal measure from living masters of various nationalities. Each, however, had some special bent natural to himself. The common principle uniting the members then as now appears to be that each picture, of whatever scope—realistic, impressionist, fanciful, or ideal—should spring from a purely graphic (not literary) motive, should reveal some direct original insight into the subject, instead of being conventional or derivative, and should be thoroughly carried out according to some one of the generally recognized standards of skilful *technique*. A simple and general distinction between the leaders of the older group and those of the newer school is, that the former painted down to a flat surface, and spread their pigments with a thinness that made it difficult to forget how purely artificial the representation was. The later leaders have elaborated the texture. They have explored the mysteries of the most varied brush-work, projecting their works with a partial illusion of reality that stops short of mere imitation. They have learned the fine meaning of "values," and recognized, as it never was truly recognized in this country before their time, the vital importance of good drawing and modelling; not drawing that makes itself apparent as an academic exercise, but by thorough knowledge and representation of form

conveys a sense of solid life or vital motion, and can also bring to the eye poetic interpretations of nature, of the human figure, or of imaginative moods and ideas. If this explanation seems vague, *circumspice*, and you will see the distinction in their work, and the difference between it and that which preceded theirs. Finally, the exponents of the modern tendency, instead of moulding all their observations of real things to some preconceived model of what a picture or a sculpture should be, hold themselves more in readiness to respond sensitively to any phase of nature, animate or inanimate, which may appeal to them as curious, beautiful, interesting or inspiring, and to reproduce it in such manner as will give the most of life and truth vividly, dexterously, and harmoniously. If ever we are to build up a great national art, in the sense that France possesses one, it must be on this broad plane which reconciles all clashing of individual manner and style, all diversities of schools and groups, in a common desire to reach the highest goal according to the highest principles and laws of art, with a good deal of liberty for all in seeking those principles.

It is interesting to note that while one organization of artists develops out of another, or possibly replaces it in some respects, no single body gains absolute control. The drift of things seems to be rather to bring them all into a sort of amicable diversity if not into federation. Their common aim becomes continually clearer, and is more intelligently followed, by comparison or co-operation among the different fraternities. The Academy, though apt to lag, slowly improves, gradually bringing the younger men into its membership, and the Water-color Society, now in its twenty-sixth year, offers annual exhibitions of high quality, broad in range, rich in interest. When it was founded, water-color painting was hardly known in New York, and had no hold upon the public.

Yet so rapid was the development of this taste, and of the capacity among artists to meet it, that in fifteen years not only was a home market established, but it also became possible to send to London a large collection of American water-colors, which was received with most cordial praise in that centre of the art. Hundreds of clever painters, men and women, now contribute in this field, where formerly there were but a few dozen. Of these, without attempting to make a complete list even of the chief, one may instance E. A. Abbey, F. Hopkinson Smith, William A. Coffin, A. T. Bricher, Carroll Beckwith, Fidelia Bridges, Charles Parsons, Henry Farrer, Harry Fenn, George Wharton Edwards, Walter Palmer, W. Hamilton Gibson, Frederic Dielman, Childe Hassam, Bolton Jones, Alfred Kappes, William H. Lippincott, Léon and Percy Moran, Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, Charles A. Platt, William T. Smedley, Albert E. Sterner, Samuel Colman, Louis C. Tiffany, T. W. Wood, A. H. Wyant, and R. Swain Gifford. The New York Etching Club, also, is making strides with the needle by the co-operation of such excellent craftsmen as J. Alden Weir, Alexander Schilling, Charles A. Vanderhoof, J. M. Falconer, C. A. Platt, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moran, Carlton T. Chapman, Swain Gifford, Charles E. Whittemore, and others. Reginald Coxe also has made many important etchings. The Salmagundi Club, which began its career informally in 1871, gradually rose to eminence by its large and brilliant displays of charcoal, sepia, and other drawings and pictures not dependent upon colors. It outlived the London Black-and-White Club, and once reached the "paying point," after several exhibitions which were financially disastrous, though meritorious. But it yielded finally to the inevitable lack of public appreciation for artistic production that relies upon light and shade only; and it has resolved itself into a social body, the members of which place on view once a year, in their own gallery, some of their color-work. The Painters in Pastel—a smaller group, formed some eight years ago by Blashfield, Chase, Robert Blum, Ulrich and Francis Jones—have justified their choice by using pastel in its most enlightened application as a medium for broad and luminous effect full of a tropically floral bloom, as radiant as water-color, and still more ethereal. Further, we have the Architectural League, which has given five or six exhibitions that exemplify the extraordinary advance of our architects in skill, taste, and learning within a brief period; and to these shows have been added examples of stained glass, decorative designs, embroidered hangings, American ceramics, and designs for book-covers.

Each new society discovers and fulfils

a function of its own. The same is true of organizations among students. By far the most important of these is the Art Students' League,* founded in 1875, with a membership of only twenty-five or thirty. It now has on its roll each winter about one thousand students, men and women. The institution is of the simplest yet most efficient and practical sort—a school governing itself democratically, and meeting until last autumn in hired lofts or roughly fitted rooms. The fees are moderate; and those who have once attended the classes may, by paying a small sum annually, share in the government, thus aiding further in the self-support of a great organization which has grown into power without gifts of money or any extraneous help. The teachers have always been artists of unquestioned eminence and ability; for example, Shirlaw, Chase, Freer, Brush, Weir, Kenyon Cox, Carroll Beckwith, Siddons Mowbray, Dielman, Willard Metcalf, J. H. Twachtman, and the sculptors Augustus St. Gaudens, Daniel C. French, and J. S. Hartley. Instruction is given in drawing and painting from the antique, the head, the nude figure, from the model in costume; in sketching; and in modelling in clay from both cast and life. Classes assemble in the morning, afternoon, and evening, the amount of time which is made available for study being extraordinary. To instance the life classes alone, there are five daily, occupying nineteen hours, which is *more than any other school in the world provides.*

It will be clear to every one that, with these conditions, the League has done incalculable good; and, in fact, it is altogether the most powerful and active academic art school in America, as also the school of highest standard. Perhaps aroused somewhat by this example, the teaching department of the Academy of Design has been raised latterly to a pitch of merit that it had not attained seventeen years ago, when, indeed, the hopes which rested chiefly upon it were far from thriving. Charges at the Academy are nominal. Yet, though the instructors also are of the best—Will H. Low, Edgar M. Ward, Dielman, and Thos. Eakins—the school there suffers under a great disadvantage of imperfectly lighted basement rooms, not well suited for graphic study. The teaching at the Metropolitan Museum was formerly directed towards the industrial side, including carving and carriage drafting and construction, but it has now assumed a purely artistic character. Sculpture is one of the branches here, as at the League, and a thorough course in architecture is added. So, too, besides antique and life classes, there are others for illustration and etching and for ornamental design. Lectures are given on anatomy, design, the history of art, among the instructors being J. Q. A. Ward, H. Siddons Mowbray, J. Carroll Beckwith, Charles A. Vanderhoof, Harper Pennington, and Arthur L. Tuckerman. The lectures are free, and the class prices for a school year are only from $15 to $25. This school numbers about 200 pupils, and the Academy of Design about the same, while the Free Art School for Women in the Cooper Institute receives nearly 270. The Free Night School of Art in that institute records an attendance of about 570 persons, with 830 more debarred by want of room. The efforts of these Cooper Union schools must always be given largely to commercial and industrial uses of art, so far as free pupils are concerned, such as designing, illustrating, retouching of negatives and positives, coloring photographs, etc. But special "pay classes" have been formed, in which an artistic training of wider scope may be had, under such excellent guides as Swain Gifford, J. Alden Weir, George De Forest Brush, and several others, men and women, all thoroughly accomplished. Architecture and modelling, however, are not embraced in this course. Mrs. Carter, principal of the Woman's School, reports valuable and inspiring results of the school's relations with industrial art and influence upon it. Many of the pupils are actively engaged in practical illustration, or teach elementary art in other schools and classes, while carrying on their own studies at the Cooper. Others sell their designs to manufacturers in considerable quantity; and an association of recent graduates has in a single year built up an important business in buying and selling designs, consulting with manufacturers, and thereby increasing the æsthetic quality of domestic industrial work. A number of students in the painting class, also, are exhibiting in various galleries, and selling their canvases

* Fully described by Dr. John C. Van Dyke in HARPER'S MONTHLY for October, 1891.

with no little success. Another important addition to our resources for higher art education is the School of Architecture in Columbia College, conducted by Professor W. R. Ware.

A private institute also has been formed independently by one artist, with the express purpose of educating taste among manufacturers of decorative fabrics—carpets, wall-papers, silks, stuffs, and so on—by training designers and creating a direct traffic between the school and the mart. Through all these enterprises a web is weaving that brings together more and more the artist, the artisan, and the business man who has use for art. Mr. Chase's summer school of out-door painting, on the Shinnecock Hills, Long Island (already including a hundred pupils), is an outgrowth of New York and of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Taking the chief art schools of the city, and the private classes in various studios, we shall find that there are in New York at present hardly less than 2500 professional students of art, and perhaps even more than that number. Out of such an aggregate of earnest endeavor must come a great deal of meritorious performance.

As to demarcations between groups of artists, it is not always possible to draw fixed lines. There have been other painters besides Inness who have failed to grow old, and have unfailingly kept themselves open to new light, new ways of looking at things. Such a one is Winslow Homer, in some sense the most racy, most American, of our painters. One marvels at the self-reliance with which he long ago set out to jot down unreservedly, with cheerful disregard of tradition, exactly what he perceived in American scenes or persons, on the farm, the lake, the river, along the sea-shore. Half a generation before the watchword of "impressionism" was uttered, he had struck its note over and over again,—crudely, perhaps, and with sometimes harsh color, but always with truth and power and a singular fascination. John La Farge, quite dissimilar in quality, has always moved with the vanguard, and has steadily upheld the standard of poetic figure composition and rich coloring of the inborn sensitive kind. Examples of his religious mural paintings may be seen in St. Thomas's and the Ascension (Episcopal) churches, on Fifth Avenue. His "Ascension," in particular, would have gained for any foreign painter a reputation little less than world-wide; but when an American does this sort of thing it is passed over in comparative silence, as though his nationality were in itself enough to relegate him to a lower plane, no matter how fine his work.

George De Forest Brush, first equipped by Gérôme, has not grown into any new style, but, on the other hand, has carefully studied North American Indians, and found in them the themes for some remarkable works, such as his "Mourning a Brave"—a squaw wailing over a red chief's body on a snow-covered crag. Walter Shirlaw, bringing home from Europe high honors and a Munich manner, has not changed perceptibly, and has gone on doing excellent things, including imaginative etchings and some elaborately good illustrations to Goldsmith's "Hermit." William M. Chase, on the other hand, who began in the manner of Munich, emerged from it before long, and has developed on several sides in almost equal degrees. He is one of the most versatile and prolific painters of the day. Always masterly, he has, we may say, unfolded with his later growth a more brilliant coloring. He shines as an original and decorative portraitist, a clever manipulator of still life, and in landscape has given us many canvases which convey local New York scenes and color with fine precision. F. D. Millet, a medalist of Antwerp, widely known as a war correspondent and story-writer, and in his earlier pictures a strong realist, has refined his style to a polished representation of Greek figures, of English landscape or interior, and of Knickerbocker life. George W. Maynard also indulges in the classic theme, and has distinguished himself by honest and graceful quality in decoration.

Blashfield, for the most part, remains romantic and ideal, with a fondness for the classic and the mediæval; and Wyatt Eaton, with a poetic genius that seems but half acclimated here, produces interesting compositions, and portraits of a semi-mystical quality. Will H. Low, despite his French training, has shown a vivid realization of New England subjects, as in his "Skipper Ireson's Ride," yet leans rather to the poetic and the decorative, as in his illustrations for Keats's "Lamia," and in his many charm-

ing and effective wall-paintings of figure subjects. Kenyon Cox, beginning with landscape, original and fresh in treatment, tends more and more to study of the figure and to imaginative composition. The firm grasp and substantial texture of Inness accompany that heritage of talent which George Inness, Jun., discloses, in serious work that deals with the human form as well as with landscape and the horse. Sincere, also, are the out-door representations of William A. Coffin, notably his subtle yet broadly handled "The Rain," which lately won the $2000 Prize Fund award. In the direction of what might be called historic *genre* relating to Puritan New England, Douglas Volk some time since distinguished himself by episodes interestingly conceived. T. W. Dewing gives us a quite different outlook upon another region, where modern landscape appears, but is misted over with a pleasant dimness that transfers it to legendary distance. Against this the forms of tall young women in flowing draperies stand out, vital yet dreamlike. His large easel pictures, and so too his decoration, of which he has put forth some fine examples, are, if one be permitted the phrase, rhythmic or musical in color and design. Contrasted in one respect with the men who have derived and adapted their art from abroad is Alfred Kappes. He acquired his competence of power entirely at home; but his studies in humble negro life and New York beggardom, characteristic and original, hold their own in most comparisons for truth, color, and technical sagacity.

There are three artists who for a while seemed to be rather homogeneous, C. F. Ulrich, Louis Moeller, and Henry Alexander. Ulrich's "Glass-blowers of Murano" (American Art Association prize of 1886) is a fixity in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and very creditably denotes his style. These men, besides cultivating a very minute finish, evinced a desire to use local American themes: but Mr. Ulrich, at least, has left us and made his home in Germany.

Then we have William Gedney Bunce, mirroring Venice in scores of opulent color arrangements; Rosina Emmet Sherwood and Dora Wheeler Keith, whose striking portraits and decorative work have vindicated the ability of women for some of the most difficult achievements. J. H. Twachtman, who conjures up pellucid visions of twilight landscape, or irradiates his canvas with impressionist glimpses, has lately given much time to pastel-work of an exquisite quality, and his productions are especially prized by his *confrères*. The vein of Robert Blum, again, is different; but his delicate sketchy images of "things seen" in town or country drop upon the picture surface as lightly as flower petals. W. L. Picknell, for his part, seems inclined to deal with nature as forcibly as it does with us. His landscapes abound in firm reality, tempered yet heightened by the skill with which they give dignity to the most prosaic bit of earth. Another robust painter is Edgar M. Ward. J. Francis Murphy and his wife contemplate out-door scenes with a gentler eye, and dream visibly of spring or autumn vistas, rainy eves, or smouldering sunsets. With differences of touch and tone, Bolton Jones, Bruce Crane, and Francis Jones place before us open sketches of wooded meadow and brook-side. Much the same order of effect engages Appleton Brown, who is fond of lucid skies flecked with white, wind-blown clouds. Both Robert C. Minor and A. H. Wyant have brought to us many sterling reproductions from the forests and upland of the Adirondacks. D. W. Tryon, also, with great dexterity and sympathy, develops the picturesque worth of simple home landscape. Of an older school is Homer Martin, who rarely fails to please the eye with his unaffected presentation of glowing sunset or land-and-water outlooks. Among marinists, while it is impracticable to make a full list here, it seems proper to speak of Reginald Coxe, a painter of much originality, and of M. J. Burns, whose transcripts, full of *verve* and alert observation, are known not only in the galleries, but through magazines and books as well. To this brief summary many other names might be attached, a few among them being Edward Gay (another prizeman), Harper Pennington, W. Van Boskerck, and Francis Day. In the Moran family we have five representatives of talent: Thomas Moran, with his Turneresque color compositions from Mexico and the Yellowstone; his wife, a successful etcher; Edward Moran, painter of marine; and Edward's two sons, Percy and Léon, who have caught the fancy for dainty eighteenth-century costume-figure subjects.

In figure and *genre* of another sort, T.

W. Wood's homely New England interiors have had a long vogue, and J. G. Brown has won popular regard with his studies of street boys; J. W. Champney pleasantly interprets gentle sentiment and out-door picturesqueness, and W. T. Smedley is successful in representations of quaint character and cleverly conceived domestic episodes. This distinction is shared by Gilbert Gaul, who has at times specialized his work, in addition, by painting war subjects. Irving R. Wiles and Willard L. Metcalf not only delineate the figure with a controlling knowledge, but also display subtlety in the expression of character. Imperfect though the present enumeration must be, Dielman should be included in it. His pictures are always attractive features of the exhibitions, and he has done much illustrative work of a high character. H. Siddons Mowbray, with his delicate, sometimes half-allegorical figure compositions, admirable in color and drawing, stands among the very first.

In portraiture, which often gives scope to the greatest powers of an artist, we have John S. Sargent, who, when he consents to revisit this country from Paris, finds more than enough commissions, and executes them in general superbly. He stands easily at the head of American portrait-painters, and it would be superfluous to particularize here the magnificent qualities of his work. They have been widely noted and commended both at home and abroad, where his fame is perhaps even greater than in this country. He can hardly be said to belong to New York, yet he figures prominently in our artistic growth, for much of his work has been done here; he is a member of the Society of American Artists, and a frequent contributor to its exhibitions. William Dannat is another of our vigorous portraitists resident abroad, and is the potent master of a dramatic modern style. Eastman Johnson has already been mentioned. Abbott Thayer's portraits, in a somewhat low key of color, long since made their distinctive mark, by a certain mingled sensitiveness and firmness, a quick seizure of salient features, and delicate sympathy in reproducing face, form, and, if one may say so, the spirit or temperament of the human being. The work of George Butler is strong, simple, and true. In this field, also, Weir and Chase have done a great deal, with marked success; Beckwith's portraits have great charm, variety, and skill; and all three of these men have often shown specimens of their portraiture at the Paris Salon with flattering results. Of J. W. Alexander's productions in this kind, many have been highly effective; and Benjamin F. Porter succeeds in pleasing the popular eye with a picturesque disposition of his subjects. The several artists here named differ in style to an extraordinary degree, and exemplify the breadth of range to which portrait-painting has attained.

After upholding for a number of years the tradition of sober color and the gospel of gray in portraits, ideal figures, or other subjects, J. Alden Weir—together with J. H. Twachtman—has latterly taken the lead in that American impressionist movement which represents the acme of innovation, the highest tide of high light and brilliant tint, the aggressive purpose to bring painting face to face with nature uncompromisingly. His transcriptions of landscape under this new illumination are rife with novelty, suggestion, and truth. Instead of harmonizing according to an artificial theory, the impressionist tries to give an accurate rendering of objects on the basis of "color values" only, —the harmony of contrast or agreement which he thinks must become apparent if he sets everything down with relentless precision. Black is exiled, brown put under restrictions. Violet, blue, gray, or encrimsoned shadows are boldly reproduced; yellow sunlight is no longer an object of fear; moonlight effects are placed in evidence with all the surprising force of sundry hues that the actuality contains. The same principle applies to portraits and to landscape. It is possible to carry the enthusiasm of a new artistic cult too far; and sometimes, one must admit, the impressionists overshoot the mark with their violent spottiness. But Mr. Weir frequently induces conviction by the frankness, joined to adroit skill, with which he arrays his color values, and in his "Open Book"—a poetic female figure exquisitely posed on a hill-side that leans up to an opalescent sky—he seems victoriously to prove that the impressionist may evolve something which not only accords with the highest key of coloring in nature, but is also captivatingly ideal. Leonard Ochtman may also claim insight into those phases of landscape

which are so refreshing when painted without shrinking from the infinite complications and beauties of light and color. Of this group, also, Childe Hassam is a sturdy member, who has evoked startling and often lovely visions from the streets and parks of New York, or from sea and sky. Theodore Robinson and William S. Allen take part strongly in the same movement. It is not a strictly original movement, for it follows that of Monet and other French impressionists. Yet one cannot but remark its vast superiority to the pre-Raphaelite agitation of 1865.

Frederic Remington does not belong to the same category, but may aptly be named here for the reason that he too applies himself to matters close at hand, studying and rendering nature with uncompromising realism. He has made himself universally known as a sort of pictorial field-marshal of the army, such as it exists to the eye in the West or Southwest, or in training-camps and post forts. Remington, furthermore, covers a broad range of territory and of interest in his reproductions of Mexican subjects, and of Indians, trappers, and voyageurs in the Northwest and Canada. On this line of observation Mr. R. F. Zogbaum needs no heralding. He stands at the front with an equipment of knowledge concerning both army and navy, of the past as well as the present, which is unrivalled. Th. de Thulstrup, also, has gained a distinct place as a depictor of military types, and of themes relating to navy life or yachting.

Like Remington and Zogbaum, he gives much, or most, of his energies to illustration, chiefly in black and white. Illustration, in fact, is one of the most pronounced developments of art in New York, and we may say that the opportunities opened to it have supplied one motive force—a stimulus of no small value. Mr. E. A. Abbey, whose work has been so often analyzed and lauded that it needs no discussion in this place, undoubtedly occupies the first place for inventiveness, a modern-mediæval sense of poetry and humor, and quaintly delicious qualities of line as well as of light and shadow. In sharp contrast to the gossamer fineness or the reliance upon decisive lines of Abbey's drawing are the solidly wrought representations of colonial or early colonial themes with which Howard Pyle alternates his other decorative designs in outline, and his dramatic scenes of earlier English and American life. C. S. Reinhart's graphic notes of current life in various lands we are all familiar with as a sort of illuminated picture-prose, that sheds new light on common scenes by its quick accentuation of character, and its mingling of dash with precision. The tendency of C. D. Gibson seems to be somewhat in the same direction; while W. Hamilton Gibson excels in delicate renderings of flowers, landscape, and insect life. In addition, we have Harry Fenn, fertile and pleasing in handling the picturesque, with Frederic B. Schell, J. O. Davidson, and Charles Graham, whose black and white is well known. Among illustrators who have made their mark decidedly in character study and humorous conceits are A. B. Frost, E. W. Kemble, H. W. McVickar, W. A. Rogers, and Oliver Herford. The comic weekly *Life* gave occasion to some of these, and to Albert E. Sterner and Van Schaick. Joseph S. Pennell has won a wide appreciation by his light, graceful, very discerning sketches of European architecture, rural scenery, and garden places. On the other hand, a remarkable example of native growth is that of Mary Hallock Foote, whose talent has found play in treating landscape and figure subjects purely American. Alice Barber Stephens should be noted as an American woman who has distinguished herself in illustration. There is no room to do more than add here the names of Alfred Brennan, Harper Pennington, W. Taber, H. D. Nichols, Otto H. Bacher, Chester Loomis, and Francis Jones. Not only these, but many also among the painters of whom we have spoken supply illustrations constantly to the publishing houses. During recent years the Harper periodicals and two or three other serial publications have been powerful incentives to this kind of work, which could not have come into existence without such agency. And these periodicals, besides, have brought the art and practice of engraving in New York to a point of excellence which is admittedly unsurpassed in Europe. Periodical publications devoted exclusively to art on the highest plane have uniformly failed in the United States. But the *Art Amateur* and the *Art Interchange* have succeeded in obtaining solid support; and both of them perform a good mission in spreading artistic taste,

and in reproducing ornamental or decorative designs made by professionals and students.

Illustration, however, is apt to be regarded as a secondary thing by some artists, who even contend that it is, in any form, wholly apart from painting proper. Without going into this dispute, we may turn for a moment to the special province of two artists who, while frequently occupied with black and white, have demonstrated (like Mr. Cox and Mr. Low) that illustration and true pictorial imagination may stand in close relation with painting. These are Mr. F. S. Church and Mr. Elihu Vedder. Mr. Church has struck upon a trail of fancies conceived in a happy freak of unsophisticated myth and veritable spritedom. But when we touch that orbit of ideas lying outside the present actual, it is Mr. Vedder who towers highest. Many years have gone by since he first stirred up public attention with the sinuous tail of his exceedingly ingenious and original sea-serpent; and he has risen from that to many weird conceptions of a mystic sort, as in his famous designs for Omar Khayyám's "Rubáiyát." His abode, though, is Rome, and he can be claimed for New York only by former residence and practice of his art here and occasional visits. None the less he exemplifies a scope of painting imagination which American artists rarely attempt. Albert P. Ryder, however, comes into relationship with this order of thought or fancy in some of his pictures. Colorists are born, not made, and Mr. Ryder is one of them. The peculiar, solid, deep-toned coloring which belongs to him is made the medium of poetic imaginings, or of a fascinating treatment of the actual which throws over it a singular glamour, and has won much favor.

Enough has now been said to indicate the breadth and variety of current American pictorial art in New York. Assuredly it can no longer be said that "our painters have no individual, unmistakable manner." Our artists do clearly manifest their separate trends of temperament, thought, and taste, and the plane of knowledge and technical competence which they occupy now is a much loftier and solider one than formerly. Here, then, we have the vital elements of a true American school. To make a national school it is not necessary to be contracted or purely local. Enriching our artistic soil by every means obtainable, we should leave the flower of originality to spring up as it will and take its own form. Meanwhile it is of good augury that in the few collections which have been made of American paintings, or wherever one can see enough of such work gathered together to get an impartial effect from it, the strength, freshness, and independence displayed are very remarkable.

But it must be admitted that they still fall short as to large imaginative quality, and seldom embody great or serious ideas with grandeur of design or in broadly dramatic compositions. This is probably less their fault than that of the conditions and the lack of a sufficient demand. Perhaps the most remarkable exception in the high field of religious creation or interpretation is that of Frank Vincent Du Mond, a young man who, after training in the Art Students' League and in the Julian *académie* at Paris, has only within three years distinguished himself both at the Salon and in New York by paintings and drawings of an exquisite spirituality and purified realism, representing the true Christian simplicity and insight.

Our decorative artists and those painters who have occasionally turned to decoration in a high sense, have acquitted themselves with credit to their own skill, and to the wisdom of those who have chosen to encourage native art in this direction.

Among the first to apply fine art thoroughly to the adornment of house interiors were John La Farge, Francis Lathrop, and Louis C. Tiffany, who have also developed the making of stained-glass windows to a degree of excellence not equalled at this day in Europe. Frederic Crowninshield and others followed similar paths; and among those painters of what are commonly called easel pictures, who have taken a considerable share in decorative work, are Dewing, Low, Millet, Maynard, Frank Fowler, Robert Blum, and Blashfield. Charles Volkmar, turning from pictorial work, devotes himself to designing and manufacturing artistic pottery and tiles. So strong, indeed, is the tide of decorative art that J. W. Alexander, distinguished as a specialist in portraiture, has now given up that branch for a time, and joined the cohort of decorative designers and painters who beautify walls and ceilings. Many other ar-

tists constantly show their preference for producing something adapted to these same purposes. At their hands American decoration has already come to represent a high order of work in mural paintings (or, more frequently, paintings on canvas let into panelled spaces). This tendency is a most promising one. All painting on a large scale, whether of the so-called "historical" kind or dealing with religious themes—by the very necessity of the case and the requirements of effect in the places which it is meant to fill—verges upon the decorative, or becomes entirely decorative, so far as the art of it is concerned. Hence decoration is a factor which must play a very important part in the further and larger development of American painting and sculpture. Its influence is of the best, also, because it carries fine art into the resorts of every day, whether in drawing-room or dining-room at home, in business buildings, legislative halls, hotels, and halls for public assembly. The increasing appreciation for artistic decoration as an element of one's familiar surroundings is curiously manifest in the rage which has grown for beautifying hotel interiors according to approved principles, and even for collecting pictures, often of rare merit, by native and foreign painters, in bar-rooms, chop-houses, and in those awful vestibules where "front" and the room-clerk reign supreme. All this may indicate only a superficial mood —a sense merely of the advertising value of art in the house—and the attempts at decoration in these places are sometimes no more than gaudy travesties of the ideal. Still, the things done are frequently excellent, and the general result is not a lowering of art, but a gradual lifting up of the popular taste.

Sculpture, too, in addition to its function of producing portrait busts, public statues, monuments, "ideal" figures, medallions, "allegorical" groups, and so on, has a direct bearing on both exterior and interior decoration, which thus far is recognized by patrons only to a small extent. Much might be said of the sculptors whose accomplishment and fame have dignified as well as brightened the record of their art in New York; but I am limited to mere mention here of J. Q. A. Ward, Augustus St. Gaudens, Olin L. Warner, Edward Kemeys, Daniel C. French, J. S. Hartley, Macmonnies, E. J. Kelly, F. Edwin Elwell, and O'Donovan. Some of these have worked hand in hand with architects; and the transformation that architects of the illumined kind, building for great artistic as well as commercial aims, have effected in the last eight or ten years is enormous and all but magical. We have a few fine churches, many strongly designed, thoroughly constructed, and impressive business edifices, insurance and press buildings, club-houses, public halls, hotels, and towering "apartment" piles, some of which are magnificent. A vast amount remains to be done, however.

The principle of designing groups of adjacent buildings with a view to harmonious and pleasing total effect has now been carried out in a few instances, and approximated in several. But not until such ideas are acted upon more fully (without, of course, reducing them to dulness of stereotype), nor until architects are sustained by far-sighted property-owners, who in putting up splendid buildings are willing to co-operate among themselves for the sake of noble and enduring results on a large scale, can New York hope to become an outwardly beautiful artistic city.

As an educator and stimulator, the Metropolitan Museum has rendered immense service. It began in the Union League Club, in 1869, with a small association of public-spirited, enlightened citizens, among whom were John Taylor Johnston, H. G. Marquand, R. M. Hunt, George William Curtis, Robert Hoe, Jun., William Cullen Bryant, J. Q. A. Ward, and others, representing in the best sense commerce, law, literature, painting, sculpture. Chartered in 1870, it has grown into a great public institution of incalculable benefit. A good many of us humbler art-lovers remember how it was domiciled in 1873 in the stately old brownstone Douglas mansion on Fourteenth Street west of Sixth Avenue, with a few meagre collections. But it went bravely on, regardless of lukewarm praise, of doubts, indifference, or sneers. To-day it owns millions of dollars' worth of most valuable art collections, and occupies its own capacious building in Central Park, to which additions are being made rapidly. In the first year of its existence the number of visitors was 5500. In 1891 this had risen to 901,203—not so very far short of a million. Its growth is due in large

measure to the untiring munificence of private individuals—bankers, merchants, railroad millionaires—without whose gifts in kind and large donations of money it could not have prospered. But the people also, through the Legislature, have given liberally to its support. The Loan Exhibitions which it has assembled constantly have done a great work in cultivating public taste; its permanent contents (though needing to be still increased) supply a vast amount of teaching as well as pleasure; and its plaster-cast collection, by virtue of a sumptuous endowment, will soon be the largest in the world.

As the Museum is the great storehouse and record-room of art, ancient, mediæval, or modern, so the new Fine Arts Society will be a central fountain, one may say, in the field of actual production. The formation of this body is a crowning event in the consolidating of art interests in New York, at least so far as co-operation goes, and a closer union fostered by a common abode and aims in common. The constituent forces are the Society of American Artists, the Architectural League, the Art Students' League, and the Society of Painters in Pastel. Each of these will keep its own integrity and have separate quarters under the one roof of the Fine Arts Building, an arrangement which, with the galleries that they share together, will naturally quicken sympathy among them and lead to federated action. There are gathered in this union three hundred artists and architects of established ability and distinction, with perhaps four hundred students who are leading their classes and give promise of fruitful careers. The prophecy of the organizing committee, therefore, is hardly too sanguine, that it "is destined to become the art power of the country"; more especially since painters, sculptors, and architects have themselves invested in the enterprise a capital of $50,000, while other gentlemen have contributed some $150,000 more as a Gift Fund. The list of givers embraces such men as Cornelius and George Vanderbilt, Andrew Carnegie, Henry G. Marquand, D. O. Mills, C. P. Huntington, John D. Rockefeller, Robert Goelet, C. T. Barney, John D. Archbold. And not the least merit of the plan is that, when gentlemen of this kind enter substantially into an artistic union, the practical stimulation of American art in the future is assured.

For some time past various prizes and endowments have been offered from one source or another for the encouragement and development of American art in New York, such as the Hallgarten and Clark prizes, and the Harper Fund for lectures at the Academy; also the Elliott and the Suydam medals to pupils there. The most deserving student in the Academy school receives a special prize of $750. In the Society of American Artists exhibitions we have the annual Webb and Shaw prizes. Then again for two or three years a group of patrons awarded a purchase prize in exhibitions held under the auspices of a firm of dealers, and the winning pictures were presented to some one of the art museums in different cities. This principle of purchase is a wholesome one; and no doubt a portion of Mr. Carnegie's princely endowment of $50,000 a year to the Pittsburg Library for buying American paintings will be expended in New York. Another great step has been taken by the establishment, through the initiative of Mr. J. A. Chanler, of a scholarship amounting to $900 a year, bestowed annually upon some young American artist to enable him to study for several years in Paris.

These beneficent aids are deserving of all praise. Yet there are two cardinal points which we ought sharply to impress upon ourselves in summing up the situation. One is, that patrons and collectors should apply themselves earnestly to the pleasant and creditable duty of buying and ordering American works on their merits, in preference to foreign works. A single anecdote will exemplify fairly the state of artificial selection now too prevalent. An American purchaser asked the advice of a distinguished French painter who was visiting New York as to what picture he should buy in a certain dealer's gallery. The Frenchman strongly recommended a picture by an American artist, the price of which was $300. But the name of the American artist was (we will say) Toodles. "Oh," said the patron of art, "I don't want to hang in my house a picture by a man named Toodles. Why not get that Lerolle over there? It's about the same size."

"But," said the French artist, "it is not so good as Toodles's, and the price is $1500."

"Never mind," replied the American magnate. "When I show the picture to

my friends, I want to be able to say it's a Lerolle—not a Toodles." And forthwith he bought the Lerolle, at $1500, against his foreign adviser's advice.

A curious commentary on this typical incident is the fact that, quite lately, an agent has been in this country trying to gather a large collection of American pictures for exhibition at Munich next year, and a similar attempt is being made by Spaniards in Madrid to bring to their capital a number of representative modern American paintings. These agents from abroad do not care whether the artist's name is Toodles or Yuba Bill. Europeans already appreciate American works of art better than our own people do.

The second point is, that we should no longer regard art education in New York as merely elementary. We have to-day every facility for instructing and moulding the young artist, and not only completely grounding him in all the elements of his art, but also carrying him far along the road toward the highest accomplishment. Our painter instructors are men thoroughly trained and equipped, who, besides their knowledge of foreign tradition and practice, have strong individuality, and their work shows great original merit. All that they have acquired they are willing and able to impart to others. They are, moreover, imbued with distinctly American temperament and ideas; and the competent pupil who goes forth from their hands is already an artist, who needs only time, experience, and perhaps travel to shape and perfect his growth. The art schools of New York are fed from other art and museum schools throughout the United States, and ultimately get the pick of nearly all the best young men and women. The Empire City is already an art centre, very much alive, and will continue to grow greater and more active. What is most needed now is a recognition of this fact, and a vivid sense on the part of business men and connoisseurs that the best and most far-sighted thing they can do, for themselves as well as for art, is to patronize American artists lavishly and sincerely, patriotically, yet with discrimination, and with an independent taste for what is good and genuine that should not lean upon foreign fashion. Instead of sending young artists abroad to receive their education, we ought to see that it is now quite possible to nearly complete their education here. Then we should assist a few of the selected to go to Europe on "travelling scholarships," simply to mature, to broaden their views, to stimulate the creative faculty by visiting and sojourning and working in the art capitals of different countries for a while; very much as young French painters and sculptors are sent by government to Rome, and young musicians to both Rome and Germany. Government, in the United States, cannot as yet be counted upon to do itself the honor of encouraging art in such wise. But the Fine Arts Society and the subscribers to the Chanler Scholarship will doubtless rise to the occasion. Fine art must be treated finely in every way, if we would have it flourish at its best. Commercial necessity, of course, cannot be ignored in its affairs; but where business comes into contact with it the ordinary business standard should give way to a higher principle of cordial generosity, which is as essential to the well-being of national art as dew is to the flower. It is to be hoped, and reasonably to be expected, that when the new Fine Arts Society gets fully under way it will bring about a more direct, appreciative relation on the part of the stimulators, or buyers, toward artists, with ennobling rewards to the latter and to the community. Then perhaps we shall be saved from any further humiliation of seeing American painters forced, as even the best frequently are, into auction sales—a ruinous expedient, to which European professionals of similar standing are never driven. We need very much a stronger infusion of that spirit of sympathy which goes to make what we call an "atmosphere." Then, too, the elements of excessive haste and impatience, which disfigure our civilization, are drawbacks upon the achievement of ripe and enduring results in this domain of ideal reality. Artists in all branches are constantly "rushed" by their impetuous, restless employers or patrons, and are expected to deliver their work on the same methodical plan that a rolling-mill turns out iron or the merchant ships an invoice of cotton. We can crowd artists, no doubt, and extract from them a specified amount of labor and material in this way; but we lose a great deal by preventing them from putting into their fabric those enriching elements of time,

thought, and deliberation without which the greatest and best things cannot come into existence. Even for our churches, including most Catholic temples also (which it might be supposed would especially insist upon the highest excellence in picture, statue, relief, or in glass-work and carving), it seems to be considered more important to get a particular piece of artistic creation into place by a date fixed, than to secure something which will outlast all dates and days, or at least continue to be a credit and glory while it exists. I trust that before long Americans will perceive that this is a false economy of time, as the beating down of prices for the best work is also false economy of money in matters of art. Gold can buy nearly every *appearance* of sumptuous art, but it cannot buy the perfect *reality*, unless it be given unstintedly, and be accompanied with a freely offered *bonne main* of patience, ideal interest, and entire sympathy. This may seem, to the wholly commercial mind, foolish. Nevertheless, it is the truth, and might as well—in fact, has got to be acknowledged and acted upon before we can reach the true goal. The principle once accepted by a considerable number of people, we shall find that the United States can lead the world in fine art, and that New York—without injury to other cities, and with no necessity for mutual envies—may, by living up to its opportunity, become the chief capital in our republic of the beautiful.

THE STORM-WIND.

BY ARLO BATES.

I.

O STORM-WIND of the mountain, speeding fleet
From cloud-washed peak to cloud-washed peak! How free
And strong and terrible thou art! The sea
Bred thee in her vast womb, the offspring meet

Of her supreme espousals with the heat
And passion of the sky. Thy sire to thee
Gave as thy dower all power, that thou shouldst be
Monarch and lord where'er thy fierce wings beat.

The forests at thy feet fall down in fear;
The fair frail mist-shapes cower in awful dread,
Or clamoring flee thy trumpet tones to hear;

But thou goest on unstayed, as God's voice sped
Down chaos at the first, and sphere on sphere
The rolling worlds to ordered being led.

II.

O wind implacable and stern as fate,
Thou art the messenger of God, to cry
His coming through the heavens high,
And to proclaim it sure though it be late.

Rush on thy course like His consuming hate!
Be like His flame omnipotent, and fly
To make earth ready for His drawing nigh,
In glory measureless and uncreate.

Speed on thy way ineffable and grand!
Be as the breath of God himself to purge
From all uncleanness. Let no foul thing stand

Affronting day! Sweep with resistless surge;
And with thy mighty besom cleanse the land,
Till thy triumphant cry is evil's dirge!

HORACE CHASE.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Chapter VIII.

EARLY on a moonlit evening in January, 1874, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase were approaching St. Augustine. They had come by steamer up the St. Johns, the beautiful river of Florida, to the lonely little landing called Tocoi; here they had intrusted themselves to the Atlantic Ocean Railroad. This railroad undertook to convey travellers across the peninsula to the sea-coast, fifteen miles distant; and the promise was kept, but kept in a manner so leisurely that more than once Horace Chase had risen and walked to and fro, as though somehow that would serve to increase the speed. The rolling-stock possessed by the Atlantic Ocean Railroad at that date consisted of two small street cars, one for passengers, one for luggage. Chase's promenade, therefore, confined as it was to the first car, had a range of about four steps. "I'm ridiculously fidgety, and that's a fact," he said to his wife, laughing at himself. "I can be lazy enough in a Pullman, for then I can either read the papers or go to sleep. But down here there are no papers to read. And who could sleep in this jolting? I believe I'll ask that darky to let me drive the mules!"

"Do," said Ruth. "Then I can be out there with you, on the front platform."

As there were no other passengers (save Petie Trone, Esq., asleep in his covered travelling basket), Abram, the negro driver, gave up the reins with a grin. Taking his station on the step, he then admonished the volunteer from time to time as follows: "Dish yere's a bad bit; take keer, boss." "Jess ahead de rail am splayed out on de lef'. Yank 'em hard to de right, or we'll sut'ny run off de track. We ginerally *do* run off de track 'bout yere." On each side was a dense forest veiled in the gray long moss. Could that be snow between the two black lines of track ahead? No snow, however, was possible in this warm atmosphere; it was but the spectral effect of the moonlight, blanching to an even paler whiteness the silvery sand which formed the road-bed between the rails. This sand lay so deep over the sleepers that the mules could not step quickly; there was always a pailful of it on each foot to lift and throw off. They moved on therefore in a sluggish trot, the cowbells attached to their collars keeping up a regular tink-tank, tink-tank.

The tableau of her husband driving these spirited steeds struck Ruth as very comical. She was seated on a camp-stool by his side, and presently she broke into a laugh. "Oh, you do look *so* funny, Horace! If you could only see yourself! You, so particular about horses that you won't drive anything that is not absolutely perfect, there you stand taking the greatest pains, and watching solemnly every quiver of the ear of these old mules!"

They were alone, Abram having gone to the baggage-car to get his horn. "Come, now, are you never going to stop making fun of me?" inquired Chase. "How do you expect to hit St. Augustine to-night if this fast express runs off the track?" In spite of his protest, it was easy to see that he liked to hear her laugh.

Abram, coming back, put the tin horn to his lips and blew a resounding blast; and presently, round a curve, the halfway station came into view, namely, a hut of palmetto boughs on the barren, with a bonfire before it. The negro station-men, beguiling their evening leisure by dancing on the track to their own singing and the music of a banjo, did not think it necessary to stop their gyrations until the heads of the mules actually touched their shoulders. Even then they made no haste in bringing out the fresh team which was to serve as motive power to St. Augustine, and Mr. and Mrs. Chase, leaving the car, strolled up and down near by. The veiled forest had been left behind; the rest of the way lay over the pine-barrens. The leaping bonfire, the singing negroes, and the little train on its elevated snowlike track contrasted with the wild, lonely, silent, tree-dotted plain, stretching away limitlessly in the moonlight on all sides.

"Perhaps Petie Trone, Esq., would like to take a run," said Ruth. Hastening

* Begun in January number, 1893.

into the car with her usual heedlessness, she tripped and nearly fell, Chase, who had followed, catching her arm in time to save her.

"Some of these days, Ruthie, you will break your neck. Why are you always in such a desperate hurry?"

"Talk about hurry!" answered Ruth, as she unstrapped the basket and tickled the lazy Mr. Trone. "Who saw the whole of Switzerland in five days? and found it slow at that?" and then they both laughed.

After a stretch, Petie Trone, Esq., decided to make a foray over the barren; his little black figure was soon out of sight. "Horace, now that we are here, I wish you would promise to stay. Can't we stay at least until the middle of March? It's lovely in Florida in the winter," Ruth declared, as they resumed their walk.

"Well, I'll stay as long as I can. But I must go to California on business between this and spring," Chase answered.

"Why don't you make one of the Willoughbys do that? They never do anything!"

"That's all right. I'm the working partner of the firm; it was so understood from the beginning. The Willoughbys stand behind with their capital; all but Walter, of course, who hasn't got much. But Walter's a knowing young chap, who will put in brains. My California business, however, has nothing to do with the Willoughbys, Ruthie; it's my own private affair, *that* is. If I succeed, and I think I shall, it 'll about double my pile. Come, you know you like money." He drew her hand through his arm and held it. "How many more rings do you want? How many more houses? How many more French maids and flounces? How many more carriages?"

"Oh, leave out the carriages, do," interrupted Ruth. "When it comes to anything connected with a horse, who spends money—you or I?"

"My one small spree compared to your fifty."

"Small!" she repeated. Then, after a moment, she let her head rest against his shoulder as they strolled slowly on. "You are only too good to me," she added, in another tone.

"Well, I guess that's about what I want to be," Chase answered, covering, as he often did, the deep tenderness in his heart with a vein of jocularity.

The Atlantic Ocean Railroad's terminal station at St. Augustine consisted of a platform in the sand and another flaring bonfire. At half past six Mrs. Franklin, Dolly, and Anthony Etheridge were waiting on this platform for the evening train. With them was a fourth person—Mrs. Lilian Kip. "Oh, I can scarcely wait to see her!" exclaimed this lady; "I'm so excited! Will she be the same? But no. Impossible!"

"She is exactly the same," said Dolly, who, seated on an empty dry-goods box, was watching the bonfire.

"But you must remember that Ruth did not come to Florida last winter after her marriage. And this summer, when I was in Asheville, she was abroad. And as none of you came south winter before last—don't you see that it makes nearly *two* years since I have seen her?" Mrs. Kip went on. "In addition, marriage changes a woman's face so—deepens its expression and makes it so *much* more beautiful. I am sure, Commodore, that *you* agree with me there?" And she turned to the only man present.

"Yes, yes," answered Etheridge. In his heart he added: "And therefore the more marriage the better. Is that what you are thinking of, you idiot?"

The presence of Mrs. Kip always tore Etheridge to pieces. He had never had any intention of marrying, and he certainly had no such intention now. Yet he could not help admiring this doubly widowed Lilian very deeply, after a fashion. And he knew, too—jealously and angrily he knew it—that before long she would inevitably be led to the altar a third time; so extremely marriageable a woman would never lack for leaders.

"Ruth is handsomer," remarked Mrs. Franklin; "otherwise she is unchanged. You will see it for yourself, Lilian, when she comes."

The mother's tone was placid. Her forebodings had faded away, and she had watched them disappear with thankful eyes. For Ruth was happy; there could be no doubt about that. In the year that had passed since her marriage she had returned twice to Asheville, and Mrs. Franklin also had spent a month at her son-in-law's home in New York. On all these occasions it had been evident that the girl was enjoying greatly her new life; that she was delightedly, exultantly, and gleefully contented, and all in a

natural way, without effort, without analyzing it. She delighted in the gratification of her strong taste for personal luxury; she exulted in all that she was able to do for others, and especially for her own family; and she was full of glee over the amusements, the entertainments, and especially the change that surrounded her like a boundless horizon. For her husband denied her nothing; she had only to choose. He was not what is known as set in his ways; he had no fixed habits (save the habit of making money); in everything, therefore, except his business affairs, he allowed his young wife to arrange their life according to her fancy. This freedom, this power, and the wealth had not yet become an old story to Ruth, and with the enjoyment which she found in all three, it seemed as if they never would become that. It had been an immense delight to her, for instance, to put L'Hommedieu in order for her mother. A month after her marriage, on returning to Asheville for a short visit, she had described her plan to Dolly. "And think what fun it will be, Dolly, to have the whole house done over, not counting each cent in Genevieve's deadly way, but just *recklessly!* And then to see her squirm! She won't have a leg to stand on. And you and mother must pretend not to care much about it; you must hardly know what is going on, while they are actually putting in steam-heaters, and hard-wood floors, and bath-rooms with porcelain tubs — hurrah!" And, with Petie Trone, Esq., barking in her arms, she whirled round in a dance of glee.

Chase happening to come in at this moment, she immediately repeated to him all that she had been saying.

He agreed; then added, with his humorous deliberation, "But you don't seem to think quite so much of my old schoolmate as I supposed you did?"

"Sisters-in-law, Mr. Chase, are seldom *very* devoted friends," explained Dolly, going on with her embroidery. Dolly always did something that required her close attention whenever Horace Chase was present. "How, indeed, can they be? A sister sees one side of her brother's nature, and sees it correctly; a wife sees another side, and with equal accuracy. Each honestly believes that the other is entirely wrong. Their point of view, you see, is so different!"

The waiting group at the St. Augustine station on this January evening heard at last the blast of Abram's horn, and presently the train came in, the mules for the last few yards galloping wildly, their tin bells giving out a clattering peal, and Chase still acting as driver, with Ruth beside him. Affectionate greetings followed, for all the Franklins were warmly attached to each other. Mrs. Kip was not a Franklin, but she was by nature largely affectionate; she was probably the most affectionate person in Florida. To the present occasion she contributed several tears of joy. Then she signalled to Juniper, her colored waiter; for, being not only affectionate, but very romantic as well, she had brought in her carriage a bridal ornament, a heart three feet high, made of roses reposing upon myrtle, and this symbol, amid the admiration of all the by-standers, black and white, was now borne forward in the arms of Juniper (who, being a slender lad, staggered under its weight). Ruth laughed and laughed as this edifice was presented to her. But as, amid her mirth, she had kissed the donor and thanked her very prettily, Mrs. Kip was satisfied. For Ruth might laugh—Ruth, in fact, always laughed—but marriage was marriage none the less, the most beautiful human relation, and it was certainly fit that the first visit of a happily wedded pair to the land of flowers should be commemorated florally. Mrs. Kip volunteered to carry her heart to Mrs. Franklin's residence; she drove away, therefore, Etheridge accompanying her, and Juniper behind, balancing the structure as well as he could on his knees, his arms stretched upward to their fullest in order to grasp its top.

In a rickety barouche drawn by two lean horses the others followed, laughing and talking gayly. Chase got on very well with his mother-in-law; and he supposed, also, that he got on fairly well with Dolly: he had not divined Dolly's mental attitude towards him, which was that simply of armed neutrality. Dolly would have been wildly happy if, for herself and her mother at least, she could have refused every cent of his money. This had not been possible. Chase had settled upon his wife a sum which gave her a large income for her personal use, independent of all their common expenses; it was upon this income that Ruth had drawn for the restoration of

L'Hommedieu, and also for the refurnishing of her mother's home at St. Augustine. "I can't be happy, His Grand, I can't enjoy New York, or our trip to Europe, or anything, unless I feel certain that you are perfectly comfortable in every way," she had said during that first visit at home. "All this money is mine; I am not asked what I do with it, and I never shall be asked. You don't know Horace if you think he will ever even allude to the subject. He intends it for my ownest own, and of course he knows what I care the most for, and that is you and Jared and Dolly. I have always suspected that something troubled you every now and then, though I didn't know what. And if it was money, His Grand, you *must* take some from me, now that I have it; you must take it, and make your little girl entirely happy. For she can't be happy until you do."

This youngest child really was still, in the mother's eyes, her little girl, her "baby." And when the baby, sitting down in her lap, put her arms round her neck and pleaded so lovingly, the mother yielded. Her debts were now all paid; it was a secret between herself and Ruth. And the disappearance of the burden was a great relief to the mother. Though not so much so as it would have been to some women, for it was characteristic of Mrs. Franklin that she had never thought there was anything wrong in being in debt; she had only thought that it was unfortunate. It would not have occurred to her, even in her worst anxieties, to reduce sternly her expenses until they accorded with her means, no matter how low that might lead her; there was a point, so she believed, beyond which a Mrs. Franklin could not descend with justice to her children. And justice to her children was certainly a mother's first duty; justice to creditors must take a second place.

To Dolly, unaware of the payment of the debts, the acceptance even of the restoration of the two houses had been bitter enough; for though the money came through Ruth's hands, it was nevertheless provided by this stranger. "If I had only been well, I could have worked and saved mother from this," she thought. "But I am helpless. Not only that, but a care! Nobody stops to think how dreary a lot it is to be always a care. And how hard, hard, never to be able to give, but always to have to accept, accept, and be thankful!" But Dolly, at heart, had a generous nature; she would not cloud even by a look her mother's contentment or the happiness of Ruth. So when Chase said, as the barouche swayed crazily through the deep mud-hole which formed the junction between the station lane and the main road, "This old rattletrap isn't safe, ma'am. Is it the best St. Augustine can do? You ought to have something better"—when Chase said this to her mother, Dolly even brought forward a smile.

The rattletrap followed the long causeway that crossed the salt-marsh and the San Sebastian River. Entering the town beneath an archway of foliage, this causeway broadened into a sandy street under huge pride-of-India trees, whose branches met overhead. Old Miss L'Hommedieu's winter residence was not far from St. Francis Barracks, at the south end of the town. It was an old coquina house which rose directly from a little-travelled roadway. An open space on the other side of this roadway, and the absence of houses, gave it the air of being "on the bay," as it was called. Chase had taken, for a term of years, another house not far distant, which really was on the bay. He had done this to please Ruth. It was not probable that they should spend many winters in Florida; but in case they should wish to come occasionally, it would be convenient to have a house ready. "And when we don't want it, Jared could stay there now and then," Ruth had suggested.

"Your brother? I guess he isn't going to be a very easy chap to arrange for, here or anywhere," Chase had answered, laughing. "We've already slipped up once pretty well—Charleston, you know." Then, seeing her face grow troubled, "But he'll take another view of something else I have in mind," he went on. "If my California project turns out as I hope, it will be absolutely necessary for me to have a confidential man to see to the New York part of it—some one whom I can trust. And I shall be able to convince Jared that this time, at any rate, instead of its being a favor to him, it 'll be a favor to me. He won't kick at *that*, I reckon."

For Jared was now again at Raleigh, working as a clerk for the man who had bought his former business; he had re-

signed his Charleston place in spite of Ruth, in spite even of Genevieve. He had waited until the wedding was over, in order that Ruth might not be made unhappy at the moment, and then he had done it.

Notwithstanding this, his wife had never had so much money in her life as she had now. For she and Ruth, with the perfectly good conscience which women have in such matters, had combined together, as it were, to circumvent secretly the obstinate naval officer. Ruth was deeply attached to her brother; he was the one person who had been able to control her when she was a child; his good opinion had been a hundred times more precious to her than that of her mother and Dolly. Now that she was rich, she was bent upon helping him, and having found that she could not do it directly, she had turned all her intelligence towards doing it indirectly, through the capable, the willing Genevieve. Mrs. Jared Franklin junior had quietly and skilfully bought land in Asheville (in readiness for the coming railroad); she had an account at the bank; she had come into the possession of bonds and stock; she had enlarged her house, and she had also given herself the pleasure (she called it the benediction) of laying the foundations of an addition to the Colored Home. As she kept up a private correspondence with Ruth, she had heard of the proposed place in New York as soon as a happy line from the sister could take the intelligence to Asheville. She was not surprised; it was what she had been counting upon. Jared's obstinacy would give way, must give way, before this new opportunity. And in the mean while, here at Asheville, all was going splendidly well.

Amid these various transactions Jared Franklin's mother had been obliged to make up her mind as to what her own attitude should be. It had been a relief unspeakable, an overmastering joy, to her to know that her son would not, after all, sink to harassing poverty — that he would not be allowed to sink. Soothed by this, lulled also by the hope that before very long he would of his own accord consent to give up what was so distasteful to him, she had virtually condoned the underhand partnership between Ruth and Genevieve, arranging the matter with her conscience after her own fashion by simply turning her head away from the subject entirely. As she had plenty of imagination, she had ended by really convincing herself that she was not aware of what was going on, because she had not heard any of the details. (She had, in fact, refused to hear them.) This left her free to say to Jared (if necessary) that she had known nothing. But she hoped that no actual words of this sort would be required. Her temperament, indeed, had always been largely made up of hope.

It was true that Jared for the present was still at Raleigh, drudging away at a very small salary. That, however, would not last. And in the mean time (and this was also extremely agreeable to the mother) Madame Genevieve was learning— learning at last—that she could not lead her husband quite so easily as she had supposed she could. In her enjoyment of this fact, Mrs. Franklin, in certain moods, almost hoped that (as his affairs were in reality going on well) her son would continue to hold out for some time longer.

The house which Chase had taken at St. Augustine was much larger than old Miss L'Hommedieu's abode; it was built of coquina, like hers, but it faced the sea-wall directly, commanding the inlet; from its upper windows one could see over low Anastasia opposite, and follow miles of the blue Southern sea. Ruth's French maid, Félicité, had arrived at this brown mansion the day before, with the heavy luggage; to-night, however, the new-comers were to remain with the mother in the smaller house.

When the barouche reached Mrs. Franklin's door, Etheridge, Mrs. Kip, and the heart were already there. "I won't stay now," said Mrs. Kip. "But may I look in later? Evangeline Taylor is *mad* to come."

When she returned, a little after eight, Horace Chase was still in the dining-room with Etheridge, who had dined there. The heart had been suspended from a stout hook on the parlor wall, and Ruth happened a moment before to have placed herself under it, when, having discovered her old guitar in a closet, she had seated herself to tune it. "Excuse a tear," said the visitor. "But it's so sweet, Ruth, your sitting there under my flowers. And yet, for *me*, such an— such an *association!*"

"Isn't your daughter with you?" asked Mrs. Franklin, peering towards the door over her glasses.

"Evangeline Taylor will be here in a moment," answered her mother; "her governess is bringing her." And presently there entered a tall, a gigantically tall girl, with a long, solemn, pale face. As she was barely fourteen, she was dressed youthfully in a short school-girl frock with a blue sash. Advancing, she kissed Ruth, bowed to the others, and then, retiring to a corner, she seated herself, arranged her feet in an appropriate pose, and crossed her long hands in her lap. A little later, when no one was looking, she furtively altered the position of her feet; then she changed once or twice the arrangement of her hands. This being settled at last to her satisfaction, she turned her attention to her features, trying several different contortions, and finally settling upon a drawing in of the lips and a slight dilatation of the nostrils. And all this not in the least from vanity, but simply from an intense personal conscientiousness.

"The dear child longed to see you, Ruth. She danced for joy when she heard you had come," explained the mother.

"Yes, Evangeline and I have always been great chums," answered Ruth, good-naturedly.

The room was brightly lighted, and the light showed that the young wife's face was more beautiful than ever; the grace of her figure also was now heightened by all the aids that dress can bestow. Ruth had said to Jared, jokingly, "Wait till you see how pretty I shall be in fine clothes." The fine clothes had been purchased in profusion, and, what was better, Félicité knew how to adapt them perfectly to her tall, slender young mistress.

Mrs. Kip, having paid her tribute to "the association" (she did not say whether the feeling was connected with Andrew Taylor, her first husband, or the equally departed John Kip, her second), now seated herself beside Ruth, and, with the freedom of old friendship, examined her costume. "I know you had that made in Paris!" she said. "Simple as it is, it has a sort of something or other. And, oh, what a beautiful bracelet! What splendid rings!"

Ruth wore no ornaments save that on her right wrist was a band of sapphires, and on her right hand several of the same gems, all the stones being of great beauty. On her left hand she wore the wedding circlet, with her engagement ring and the philopena guard over it. In answer to the exclamation, she had taken off the jewels, and tossed them all into Mrs. Kip's lap. Mrs. Kip looked at them, her red lips open.

Lilian Kip was, in the eyes of some persons, lovely, in spite of the fact that the outline of her features from certain points of view was almost grotesque; she had a short nose, a very wide mouth with a long upper lip, a broad face, and a receding chin. Her dark brown eyes were neither large nor bright, but they had a soft dovelike expression. Her curling hair was of a mahogany-red tint, and she had the exquisitely beautiful skin which sometimes accompanies hair of this hue; her cheeks really had the coloring of peaches and cream; her lips were like strawberries; her neck, arms, and hands were as fair as the inner petals of a tea-rose. With the exception of her imperfect facial outlines, she was as faultlessly modelled as a Venus. A short Venus, it was true, and a well-fed one, still a Venus. No one would ever have imagined her to be the mother of that lighthouse of a daughter; it was necessary to recall the fact that the height of the late Andrew Taylor had been six feet three inches. Andrew Taylor having married Lilian Howard when she was but seventeen, Lilian Kip, in spite of two husbands and her embarrassingly overtopping child, found herself even now but thirty-two.

She had put Ruth's rings on her hands and the bracelet on her wrist; now she surveyed the effect with her head on one side, consideringly. While she was thus engaged, Mrs. Franklin's little negro boy, Samp, ushered in another visitor—Walter Willoughby.

"Welcome to Florida, Mrs. Chase," he said, as he shook hands with Ruth. "As you are an old resident, however, it's really your husband whom I have come to greet; he is here, isn't he?"

"Yes; he is in the dining-room still, with Commodore Etheridge," Ruth answered. "Will you go out?" For it was literally out; the old house was built in the Spanish fashion round an interior court, and to reach the dining-room one traversed a long veranda.

"Thanks; I'll wait here," Walter answered. In reality he would have preferred to go and have a cigar with Chase. But as he had not seen his partner's wife since she returned from Europe, it was only courtesy as well as good policy to remain where he was. For Mrs. Chase was a power. She was a power because her husband would always wish to please her; this desire would come next to his money-making, and would even, in Walter's opinion (in case there should ever be a contest between the two influences), "run it close!"

Mrs. Kip had hastily divested herself of the jewels; she replaced them on Ruth's wrist and hands, with many pretty caressing touches. "Aren't they *lovely?*" she said to Walter.

"That little one, the guard, was my selection," he replied, indicating the philopena circlet.

"And not this also?" said Ruth, touching her engagement ring.

"No; that was my uncle Richard's choice; he likes big things. Chase wrote to *him* the second time, not to me," Walter answered. "I'm afraid he didn't like my taste." He laughed; then turned to another subject. "You were playing the guitar when I came in, Mrs. Chase; won't you sing something?"

"I neither play nor sing in a civilized way," Ruth answered. "None of us do. In music we are all awful barbarians."

"How can you say so," protested Mrs. Kip, "when, as a family, you are *so* musical?" Then, summoning to her eyes an expression of great intelligence, she added: "And I should know that you were, all of you, from your thick eyebrows and very thick hair. You have heard of that theory, haven't you, Mr. Willoughby? That all true musicians have very thick hair?"

"Also murderers; I mean the women among them—the murderesses," remarked Dolly.

"Oh, Dolly, what ideas you do have! Who would ever think of associating murderesses with music? Music is *so* uplifting."

"We should take care that it is not too much so," Dolly answered. "Lots of us are ridiculously uplifted. We know one thing perhaps, and like it. But we remain flatly ignorant about almost everything else. In a busy world this would do no harm, if we could only be conscious of it. But no; on we go through life, deeply conceited about the one thing we know, loftily critical and severe as to the ignorance of other persons concerning it. It doesn't occur to us that upon all subjects save our one we ourselves are presenting precisely the same spectacle. A Beethoven, when it comes to pictures, may find something 'sweet' in a daub representing a fat child with a skipping-rope, and the legend, 'See me jump!' A sculptor of the first rank may admire in music the 'Sweet By-and-By' on the cornet. It is well known that the most distinguished scientific man of our day selects from choice the weakest fiction that we have. A great painter may care for nothing on the stage but a tenth-rate farce."

"Carry it a little further, Miss Franklin," said Walter Willoughby; "it has often been noted that criminals delight in the most dulcetly sentimental tales."

"That isn't the same thing," Dolly answered. "However, to take up your idea, Mr. Willoughby, it is certainly true that it is often the good women who read with the most breathless interest the newspaper reports of terrible crimes."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Mrs. Kip, pushing the idea away with her dimpled hands.

"Yes, they do, Lilian," Dolly responded. "And when it comes to tales, they like dreadful events, with plenty of moral reflections thrown in. The moral reflections make it all right. A plain narrative of an even much less degree of evil given impartially and without a word of comment by the author—*that* seems to them the unpardonable thing."

"Well, and isn't it?" said Mrs. Kip. "Shouldn't people be *taught—counselled?*"

"And it's for the sake of the counsel that they read such stories?" inquired Dolly.

During this conversation, Chase, in the dining-room, had risen and given a stretch with his long arms out horizontally. He was beginning to feel bored by the talk of Anthony Etheridge, "the ancient swell," as he called him. In addition, he had a vision of finishing this second cigar in a comfortable chair in the parlor (for Mrs. Franklin had no objection to cigar smoke), with Ruth near by; for it always amused him to hear his wife laugh and talk. The Commodore,

meanwhile, having assigned to himself from the day of the wedding the task of "helping to civilize the Bubble," never lost an opportunity to tell him stories from his own more cultivated experience —"stories that will give him ideas, and, by Jove! phrases, too. He needs 'em!" He had risen also. But he now detained his companion until he had finished what he was saying. "So there you have the reason, Mr. Chase, why *I* didn't marry. I simply couldn't endure the idea of an old woman's face opposite mine at table year after year; for our women grow old so soon! Now you, sir, have shown the highest wisdom in this respect. I congratulate you."

"I don't know about that," answered Chase, as he turned towards the door. "Ruth will have an old man's face opposite *her* before very long, won't she?"

"Not at all, my good friend; not at all. Men have no age. At least, they *need* not have it," answered Etheridge, bringing forward with joviality his favorite maxim.

Cordial greetings took place between Chase and Walter Willoughby. "Your uncles weren't sure you would still be here," Chase remarked. "They thought perhaps you wouldn't stay."

"I shall stay awhile—outstay you probably," answered Walter, smiling. "I can't imagine that you'll stand it long!"

"Doing nothing, you mean? Well, it's true I have never loafed *much*," Chase admitted.

"You loafed all summer in Europe," the younger man answered, and his voice had almost an intonation of complaint. He perceived this himself, and smiled a little over it.

"So that was loafing, was it," said Ruth, in a musing tone—"catching trains and coaches on a full run, seeing three or four cantons, half a dozen towns, two passes, and several ranges of mountains every day?"

All laughed, and Mrs. Kip said: "Did you rush along at that rate? That was baddish. There's no hurry *here;* that's one good thing. The laziest place! We must get up a boat-ride soon, Ruth—boat-drive, I mean."

Mrs. Franklin meanwhile, rising to get something, knocked off a chair accidentally the lamplighters which she had just completed, and Chase, who saw it, had jumped up to help her collect them.

"Why, how many you have made!" he said.

She was not pleased by this innocent speech. She had no desire to be patted on the back, as it were, about her curled strips of paper; she curled them to please herself. She made no reply, save that her nose looked unusually aquiline.

"Yes, mother is tremendously industrious in lamplighters," remarked Dolly. "Her only grief is that she cannot send them to the Indian missions. You can send *almost* everything to the Indian missions, but somehow lamplighters fill no void."

"Do you mean the new mission we are to have here—the Indians at the fort?" asked Walter Willoughby. "They are having a big dance up there to-night."

Ruth looked up.

"Should you like to see it?" he went on, instantly taking advantage of an opportunity to please her. "Nothing easier. We could watch it quite comfortably, you know, from the ramparts."

"I should like it ever so much. Let us go at once, before it is over," said Ruth, eagerly.

"Ruth! Ruth!" said her mother. "After travelling all day, Mr. Chase may be tired."

"Not at all, ma'am," said Chase. "I don't take much stock in Indians myself," he went on, to his wife. "Do you really want to go?"

"Oh yes, Horace. Please."

"And the Commodore will take *me*," said Mrs. Kip, turning her soft eyes towards Etheridge, who went down before the glance like a house of cards.

Then he braced himself. "We sha'n't be alone, at any rate," he thought. "There'll be a lot of people—the streets full."

"But we must leave Evangeline Taylor at home first," said Mrs. Kip, as they took leave. "We'll go round by way of Andalusia, Commodore. It would never do to let her see an Indian dance at *her* age," she added, affectionately, lifting her hand high to pat her daughter's aerial cheek. "It would make her *tremble* in her bed."

But the simultaneous idea of all present was that it was the bed that would tremble under the length of Miss Taylor.

"Oh, *did* you hear her 'baddish'?" said Dolly, as, a few minutes later, they went up the steps that led to the sea-wall, Chase

and Walter Willoughby, Ruth and herself. "And did you hear her 'boat-drive'? She has become so densely confused by hearing Achilles Larue inveigh against the use of 'ride' for 'drive' that now she thinks everything must be drive."

Chase and Willoughby smiled, but not unkindly. There are some things which the Dolly Franklins of the world are incapable of comprehending; one of them is the attraction of a sweet fool.

The sea-wall of St. Augustine stretches, with its smooth granite coping, along the entire front of the old town, nearly a mile in length. On the land side its top is but four or five feet above the roadway; towards the water it presents a high, dark, wet surface, against which comes at high tide the wash of the ocean, or rather of the inlet. For the harbor is protected by a long low island lying outside. It is this island, called Anastasia, that has the ocean beach. The walk on top of the wall is just wide enough for two. Walter Willoughby led the way with Dolly, and Chase and his wife followed, a short distance behind.

Walter thought Miss Franklin tiresome. With the impatience of a young fellow, he did not care for her clever talk. He was interested in clever men; in woman he admired other qualities. He had spent ten days in Asheville during the preceding summer in connection with Chase's plans for investment there, and he had been often at L'Hommedieu during his stay; but he had found Genevieve more attractive than Dolly — Genevieve and Mrs. Kip. For Mrs. Kip, since her second widowhood, had spent almost all her summers at Asheville, for the sake of "the mountain atmosphere." This evening Walter had felt a distinct sense of annoyance when Dolly had announced her intention of going with them to see the Indian dance, for this would arrange their party in twos. He had no desire for a tête-à-tête with Dolly, and neither did he care for a tête-à-tête with Ruth; his idea had been to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Chase as a third. However, he made the best of it: Walter always did that. He had the happy faculty of getting all the enjoyment that was possible out of the present, whatever it might be. Postponing, therefore, to the next day his plan for making himself agreeable to the Chases, he led the way gayly enough to the fort.

Fort San Marco is the most imposing ancient structure which the United States can show. Begun in the seventeenth century, when Florida was a province of Spain, it has turrets, ramparts, and bastions, a portcullis and barbacan, a moat and drawbridge. Its water-battery, where once stood the Spanish cannon, looks out to sea. Having outlived its use as a fortification, it was now sheltering temporarily a band of exiles from the far West, Indians, most of whom had been sentenced to imprisonment for crime. With the captives had come their families, for this imprisonment was to serve also as an experiment. The red men were to be instructed, influenced, helped. At present the education had not had time to progress far.

The large square interior court, open to the sky, was to-night lighted by torches of pine, which were thrust into the same iron rings that had served the Spaniards long before. The Indians, adorned with paint and feathers, were going through their wild evolutions, now moving round a large circle in a strange squatting attitude, now bounding aloft. Their dark faces, either from their actual feelings or from the simulated ferocity appropriate to a war-dance, were very savage, and with their half-naked bodies, their whoops and yells, they made a picture that was terribly realistic to the whites who looked on from the ramparts above, for it needed but little imagination to fancy a *bona fide* attack — the surprise of the lonely frontier farm-house, with the following massacre and dreadful screams.

Ruth, half frightened, clung to her husband's arm. Mrs. Kip, after a moment, began to sob a little.

"I'm *thinking*—of the *wo-women* they have probably *scalped* on the *pla-ains*," she said, incoherently, to Etheridge.

"What?" he asked, unable to hear.

"Never mind; we'll *convert* them," she went on, drying her eyes hopefully; for a Sunday-school was to be established at the fort, and she had already promised to take a class.

But Dolly was on the side of the Indians. "The crimes for which these poor creatures are imprisoned here are nothing but virtues upside down," she shouted. "They killed white men? Of course they did. Haven't the white men stolen all their land?"

"But we're going to *Christianize*

them," yelled Mrs. Kip, in reply. They were obliged to yell, amid the deafening noise of the dance and the whoopings from below.

Ruth had a humorous remark ready, when suddenly her husband, to Walter's amusement, put his hand over her lips. She looked up at him, laughing. She understood.

"Funniest thing in the world," he had once said to her, "but the more noise there is, the more incessantly women *will* talk. Ever noticed? They are capable of carrying on a shrieking conversation in the cars all day long."

The atmosphere grew very dense with the smoke from the pitch-pine torches. Suddenly, ten minutes later, Dolly fainted. This in itself was not alarming; with Dolly it happened not infrequently; but under the present circumstances it was awkward.

"Why did you let her come? I was amazed when I saw her here," said Etheridge to Ruth, testily.

For Etheridge was dead tired. He hated the Indians; he detested the choking smoke; he loathed open ramparts at this time of night. Ruth and Mrs. Franklin had themselves been surprised by Dolly's desire to see the dance. But they always encouraged any wish of hers to go anywhere; such inclinations were so few.

Walter Willoughby, meanwhile, quick as ever, had already found a vehicle, namely, the small phaeton of Captain March, the army officer in charge of the Indians. It was waiting outside to take Mrs. March back to the Magnolia Hotel. "The Captain lends it to us with pleasure; as soon, therefore, as Miss Franklin is better, I can drive her home," suggested Walter.

But Chase, who knew through his wife some of the secrets of Dolly's suffering, feared lest she might now be attacked by pain; he would not trust her to a careless young fellow like Walter. "I'll take her myself," he said. "And Ruth, you can come back with the others, along the sea-wall."

Dolly, who had recovered consciousness, protested against this arrangement. But her voice was only a whisper; Chase, paying no attention to it, lifted her and helped her down to the phaeton. He was certainly the one to do it, so he thought; his wife's sister was his sister as well. It was a pity she was not rather more amiable. But that made no difference regarding one's duty towards her.

The others also left the ramparts; they started homeward, following the wall.

This granite pathway is not straight, it curves a little here and there, adapting itself to the line of the shore. To-night it glittered in the moonlight. It was high tide, and the water also glittered as it came lapping against the stones waveringly, so that the granite somehow seemed to waver too. Etheridge was last, behind Mrs. Kip; he did not wish to make her dizzy by walking beside her, he said. Suddenly he descended, on the land side.

As she turned to look, he held out his hand to her. "We get off here, of course. Through St. George Street is much our nearest way," he announced. "That is the reason I jumped down."

Mrs. Kip had intended to follow the wall as far as the Basin. But she always obeyed directions given in a masculine voice; if there were two voices, she obeyed the younger. In this case the younger man did not speak. So she acquiesced in the Commodore's falsetto "Come!" (for he was so tired, so jarred by his unexpected descent, that his voice was weak and cracked). Mrs. Chase and Walter Willoughby continued on their way along the wall.

It was a beautiful night. The moon lighted the water so brilliantly that the flash of the light-house on Anastasia seemed superfluous; the dark fort loomed up in picturesque outlines; a narrow black boat was coming across from the island, and as there was a breeze, the two Minorcans it carried had put up a rag of a sail, which shone like silver. "How fast they go!" said Ruth.

"Would you like to sail home?" asked Walter. He did not wait for her answer, for, quick at divination, he had caught the wish in her voice. He hailed the Minorcans, and they brought their boat up to the next flight of water-steps; in two minutes from the time she had first spoken, Ruth, much amused by this unexpected adventure, was sailing down the inlet. "Oh, how wet! I didn't think of that," Walter had exclaimed as he saw the water in the bottom of the boat; and with a quick movement he had divested himself of his coat, and made a seat of it for her in the driest place. She had had no time to object; they were already off; she must sit down, and sit still, for their

tottlish craft was only a dugout. Walter, squatting opposite, made jocular remarks about his appearance as he sat there in his shirt sleeves.

It was never difficult for Ruth to laugh, and presently, as the water gained on her companion in spite of all his efforts, she gave way to mirth. She laughed so long that Walter began to feel that he knew her better, that he even knew her well. He laughed himself. But he also took the greatest pains at the same time to guard her pretty dress from injury.

The breeze and the tide were both in their favor; they glided rapidly past the bathing-house, the Plaza, the Basin, and the old mansion which Chase had taken. Then Walter directed the Minorcans towards another flight of water-steps. "Here we are," he said. "And in half the time it would have taken us if we had walked. We have come like a shot."

He took her to her mother's door. Then, pretty wet, with his ruined coat over his arm, he walked back along the wall to the St. Augustine Hotel.

Chapter IX.

Two weeks later Mrs. Kip gave an afternoon party for the Indians. Captain March had not been struck by her idea that the sight of "a lady's quiet home" would have a soothing effect upon these children of the plains. Mrs. Kip had invited the whole band, but the Captain had sent only a carefully selected half-dozen in the charge of the interpreter. And he had also added, uninvited, several soldiers from the small force at his disposal. Mrs. Kip was sure that these soldiers were present "merely for form." There are various kinds of form. Captain March, having confided to the Colonel who commanded at the other end of the sea-wall that he could answer for the decorum of his six "unless the young ladies get hold of them," a further detachment of men had arrived from St. Francis Barracks; for the Colonel was aware that the party was to be largely feminine. The festivities, therefore, went on with double brilliancy, owing to the many uniforms visible under the trees.

These trees were magnificent. Mrs. Kip occupied, as tenant, the old Buckingham Smith place, which she had named Andalusia. Here, in addition to the majestic live-oaks, were date-palms, palmettoes, magnolias, crape-myrtles, figs, and bananas, hedges of Spanish-bayonet, and a half-mile of orange walks, which resembled tunnels through a glossy-green foliage, the daylight at each end looking like a far-away yellow spot. All this superb vegetation rose, strangely enough to Northern eyes, from a silver-white soil. It was a beautiful day, warm and bright. Above, the sky seemed very near; it closed down over the flat land like a soft blue cover. The air was full of fragrance, for both here and in the neighboring grove of Dr. Carrington the orange-trees were in bloom. Andalusia was near the San Sebastian border of the town, and to reach it one was obliged to traverse a road so deep in sand that it was practically bottomless; but after passing the high gate, one was repaid by all the beauty within.

There was no toil, however, for Mrs. Horace Chase. On the day of the party she arrived at this gate in a phaeton drawn by two pretty ponies. She was driving, for the ponies were hers. Her husband was beside her, and in the little seat behind, Walter Willoughby had perched himself. It was a very early party, having begun with a dinner for the Indians at one o'clock; Mr. and Mrs. Chase arrived at half past two. Dressed in white, fair as a lily, Mrs. Kip, excited and earnest, was hovering round her dark-skinned guests. When she could not think of anything else to do, she shook hands with them; she had already been through this ceremony eight times. "If I could only speak to them in their own tongue!" she said, yearningly. And the long sentences expressive of friendship which she begged the interpreter to translate to them would have filled a volume. The interpreter, a very intelligent young man, obeyed all her requests with much politeness. "Tell them that we *love* them," said Mrs. Kip. "Tell them that we think of their *souls*."

The interpreter bowed; then he translated as follows: "The white squaw says that you have had enough to eat, and more than enough; and she hopes that you won't make pigs of yourselves if anything else is offered—especially Drowning Raven."

The Chases and Walter Willoughby had come to the Indian party for a particular purpose, or rather Walter had asked the assistance of the other two in carrying out a purpose of his own; this was to make Mrs. Kip give them a ball; for Andalusia possessed a large long room with a smooth floor. The room was, in fact, an old gym-

nasium—a one-story building near the house. Mrs. Kip was in the habit of lending this gymnasium for tableaux and Sunday-school festivals; to-day it had served as a dining-room for the Indians. Walter declared that with the aid of flags and flowers the gymnasium would make an excellent ballroom; and as the regimental band had arrived at St. Francis Barracks that morning, and for a short stay only, the mistress of Andalusia must be attacked at once.

"We'll go to her Indian reception, and compliment her out of her shoes," he suggested. "You, Mrs. Chase, must be struck with her dress. I shall simply make love to her. And let me see—what can you do?" he went on, addressing Chase. "I have it; you can admire the chiefs."

"Dirty lot!" Chase answered. "I'd rather admire their hostess."

But the six Indians were not at all dirty; they had never been half so clean since they were born; they fairly shone with soap and ablutions. Dressed in trousers and calico shirts, with moccasins on their feet, and their black hair carefully anointed, they walked, stood, or sat in a straight row all together, according to the strongly emphasized instructions which they had received. Two old warriors, one of them the gluttonous Drowning Raven reproved by the interpreter, grinned affably at everything. The others preserved the dignified Indian impassiveness, but in their brilliant black eyes it was not difficult to detect a burning curiosity.

Soon after his arrival, Walter, who had paid his greetings upon entering, returned to his fair hostess. "I hear you have a rose-tree that is a wonder, Mrs. Kip. Where is it?"

Mrs. Kip began to explain. "Go through the first orange-walk. Then turn to the right. Then—"

"I am afraid I can't remember. Take me there yourself," said Walter, calmly.

"Oh, I ought to be here, I think. People are still coming, you know," answered the lady. Then, as he did not withdraw his order, "Well," she said, assentingly.

They were absent twenty minutes.

When they returned, the soft brown eyes of the widow had a partly pleased, partly troubled, and wholly deprecatory expression. Another young man in love with her! What could she do to prevent these occurrences?

Walter, meanwhile, had returned to Mr. and Mrs. Chase. "It's all right," he said to Ruth. "The ball will come off to-morrow night. Impromptu."

"Well, you *have* got cheek!" commented Chase.

Mrs. Kip herself soon came up. "Ruth dear, do you know that the artillery band is only to stay a short time? My gymnasium has a capital floor; what do you say to an impromptu dance there to-morrow night? I've just thought of it; it's my own idea entirely."

"Now what made her lug in that unnecessary lie at the end?" asked Chase, in a reasoning tone, when their hostess, after a few minutes more of conversation, had returned to her duties. "It's of no importance to anybody whose idea it was. That's what I call taking trouble for nothing!"

"If you believe your lie, it's no longer a lie," answered Walter; "and she believes hers. A quarter of a minute after a thing has happened, a woman can often succeed in convincing herself that it happened not *quite* in that way, but in another. Then she tells it in *her* way with perfect good faith forever after."

Chase gave a yawn. "Well, haven't you had about enough of this fool business?" he asked his wife, using the words humorously.

"I am ready to go whenever you like," she answered. For if he allowed her to arrange their days as she pleased, she, on her side, always yielded to his wishes whenever he expressed them.

"I'll go and see if the ponies have come." And he made his way towards the gate.

"You don't give us a very nice character," Ruth went on to Walter.

"About fibs, do you mean? I only said that you ladies have very powerful beliefs. Proof is nothing to you; faith is all. There is another odd fact connected with the subject, Mrs. Chase, and that is that an absolutely veracious woman, one who tells the exact, bare, cold truth on all occasions and nothing more, who never exaggerates by even a hair's-breadth, or colors anything in the least, rosily or otherwise—such a woman is somehow a very uninteresting person to men. I can't explain it, and it doesn't seem just. But it's so. Women of that sort (for they exist—a few of them) move through life very admirably, no doubt, but quite without masculine adorers."

Then he stopped himself. "I'm not here, however, to discuss problems with her," he thought. "Several hours more of daylight; let me see, what can I suggest next?"

This young man—he was twenty-seven—had had an intention in seeking St. Augustine at this time; he wished to become well acquainted, if possible intimate, with the enterprising member of his uncle's firm. He had some money, but not much. His father, the elder Walter, had been the one black sheep of the Willoughby flock, the one spendthrift and ne'er-do-weel of that prudent family circle. After the death of the prodigal, Richard and Nicholas had befriended the son; the younger Walter was a graduate of Columbia; he had spent eighteen months in Europe; and when not at college or abroad, he had lived with his rich uncles. But this did not satisfy him; he was intensely ambitious. The other Willoughbys had no suspicion of the reach of this nephew's plans. For his ambitions extended in half a dozen different directions, whereas what might have been called the family idea had moved always along one line. Walter had more taste than his uncles; he knew a good picture when he saw it; he liked good architecture; he admired a well-bound book; but these things were subordinate. His first wish was to be rich; that was the stepping-stone to all the rest. As his uncles had children, he could not expect to be their heir; but he had the advantage of the name and the relationship, and they had already done much by making him, nominally at least, a junior partner in this new (comparatively new) firm—a firm which was, however, but one of their interests. The very first time that Walter had met the Chase of Willoughby and Chase he had made up his mind that this was the person he needed, the person to give him a lift. Richard and Nicholas were too cautious, too conservative, for daring enterprises, outside investments; in addition, they had no need to turn to things of that sort. Their nephew, however, was in a hurry; and here, ready to his hand, appeared a man of resources, a man who had made one fortune in a baking-powder, another by the bold purchase of three-quarters of an uncertain silver mine, a third by speculation on a large scale in lumber, while a fourth was now in progress, founded (more regularly) in steamers. At present also there was a rumor that he had something new on foot, something in California; Walter had an ardent desire to be admitted to a part in this Californian enterprise, whatever it might be. But Chase's trip to Europe had delayed any progress he might have hoped for in this direction, just as it had delayed the carrying out of the Asheville plans. The Chases had returned to New York in November. But immediately (for it had seemed immediately to the impatient junior partner) Chase had been hurried off again, this time to Florida, by his silly wife. Walter did not really mean that Ruth was silly; he thought her pretty and amiable. But as she was gay, restless, fond of change, she had interfered (unconsciously of course) with his plans and his hopes for nearly a year; to call her silly, therefore, was, in comparison, a mild revenge. "What under heaven is the use of her dragging poor Chase 'away down South to the land of the cotton,' when she has already kept him a whole summer abroad?" he had said to himself, discomfited, when he first heard of the proposed Florida journey. The next day an idea came to him: "Why shouldn't I go also? Chase will be sure to bore himself to death down there, with nothing in the world to do. And then I shall be on hand to help him through the eternal sunshiny days. In addition, I may as well try to make myself agreeable to his gadding wife; for, whether she knows it as yet or not, it is evident that *she* rules the roast." He followed, therefore. But as he came straight to Florida, and as Mr. and Mrs. Chase had stopped *en route* at Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, and Savannah, Walter had been in St. Augustine nearly two weeks before they arrived.

So far all had turned out as he had hoped it would. This was not surprising; for young Willoughby was, not merely in manner, but also in reality, a good-natured, agreeable fellow, full of life, fond of amusement. He was ambitious, it is true. But he was as far as possible from being a drudging money-maker, a cold, ascetic calculator. He meant to carry out his plans, but he also meant to enjoy life as he went along. He had noticed, even as far back as the time of the wedding, that the girl whom Horace Chase

was to marry had in her temperament both indolence and activity. Now one of these moods predominated, now the other. As soon, therefore, as Mr. and Mrs. Chase were established in their St. Augustine house near the sea-wall, he let himself go. Whenever the mood for activity appeared to be uppermost, he opened a door for it; he proposed an excursion, an entertainment of some sort. Already, under his leadership, they had sailed down the Matanzas River (as the inlet is called) to see the old Spanish lookout; they had rowed up Moultrie Creek; they had sent horses across to Anastasia Island, and galloped for miles southward down the hard ocean beach; they had explored the barrens; they had had a bear-hunt; they had camped out; they had caught sharks. On these occasions they had always been a party of at least four, and often of seven, when Mrs. Franklin and Dolly, Mrs. Kip and Commodore Etheridge, had joined in the excursion. Dolly in particular had surprised everybody by her unexpected strength, and her desire to go; she had accompanied them whenever it had been possible. When it was not, she had urged her mother to take the vacant place. "Do go, His Grand, so that you can tell me about it. For it does amuse me so!"

Walter's latest inspiration, the ball at Andalusia, having been arranged, he now suggested (remembering Chase's long yawn) that they should slip out unobserved and finish the afternoon with a sail. "I noticed the *Owl and the Pussy-cat* moored at the pier as we came by," he said. "If she is still there, Paul Archer is at the club, probably, and I can easily borrow her."

"Anything to get away from the Apaches," Chase answered. "And I'm a good deal afraid, too, of that Evangeline Taylor! She has asked me three times, with such deathly solemnity, if I will have tea that she has turned me stiff."

"Why on earth does that girl make such *awful* faces?" inquired Walter.

Ruth gave way to laughter. "I can never make you two believe it, but it is really her deep conscientiousness. She thinks that she ought to look earnest, or intelligent, or grateful, or whatever it may be, and so she constantly tries new ways to do it."

"What way is it when she glares at a fellow's collar for fifteen minutes steadily," said Walter, "at close range?"

"She *never* did!" protested Ruth.

"Yes — in the tea-room; *my* collar. And every now and then she gave a ghastly smile."

"She didn't know it was your collar; she was simply fixing her eyes upon a point in space, as less embarrassing than looking about. And she smiled because she thought she ought to, as it is a party."

"A point in space! My collar!" grumbled Walter.

At the gate they looked back for a moment. The guests, nearly a hundred in number, had gathered in a semicircle under a live-oak; they were gazing with fresh interest at the Indians, who had been drawn up before them. The six redskins were still in as close a row as though they had been handcuffed together; the earnest spinsters had failed entirely in their attempts to break the rank and have a gentle word with one or two of them apart. The Rev. Mr. Harrison, who was to make an address, now advanced and began to speak; the listeners at the gate could hear his voice, though they were too far off to catch the words. The voice would go on for a minute or two and pause. Then would follow the more staccato accents of the interpreter.

"The horse-joke comes in, Walter, when that interpreter begins," said Chase. "Who knows what he is saying?"

The interpreter, however, made a very good speech. It was, perhaps, less spiritual than Mr. Harrison's.

It turned out afterwards that the thing which had made the deepest impression upon the Apaches was not the "lady's quiet home," nor the Sunday-school teachers, nor the cabinet-organ, nor even the dinner; it was the extraordinary length of "the young-squaw-with-her-head-in-the-sky," as they designated Evangeline Taylor.

Ruth drove her ponies down to the Basin. The little yacht called the *Owl and the Pussy-cat* was still moored at the pier; but Paul Archer, her owner, was not at the club, as Walter had supposed; he had gone to the Florida House to call upon some friends. Commodore Etheridge was in the club-room. He was forcing himself to stay away from Andalusia; for he had an alarming vision of its mistress dressed in white, with the sunshine lighting up her sea-shell complexion and bringing out amorously the tint of her hair. Delighted to have some-

thing to do, he immediately took charge of Walter.

"Write a line, Mr. Willoughby, write a line on your card, and our porter shall take it to the Florida House at once. In the mean while Mr. and Mrs. Chase can wait here. Not a bad place to wait in, Mr. Chase. Simple, you see. Close to nature, and nature's great restorer" (for two of the clubmen were asleep).

The room was close to restorers of all sorts, for the land front was let to a druggist. The house stood on the wooden pier facing the little Plaza, across whose grassy space the old Spanish cathedral and the more modern Episcopal church eyed each other. The Plaza's third side was occupied by the post-office, which had once been the residence of the Spanish governor.

The club-room was a large, pleasant apartment, with windows and verandas overlooking the water. There was a general straightening up of lounging attitudes when Mrs. Chase came in. Etheridge had already introduced Horace Chase to everybody at the club; and Chase, in his turn, had introduced almost everybody to his wife. The club, to a man, admired Mrs. Chase; while she waited, therefore, she held a little court. The Commodore, meanwhile, kindly took upon himself the duty of entertaining the husband.

"Mr. Willoughby need not have gone to the Florida House; our porter could perfectly well have taken a note, as I suggested. Capital fellow, our porter; I never come South, Mr. Chase, without being struck afresh with the excellence of the negroes as servants; they are the best servants in the world; they're born for it!"

"That's all right, if they're willing," Chase answered. "But not to force 'em, you know. That slave-market in the Plaza, now—"

"Oh Lord! Slave-market! Have *you* got hold of that story too?" interposed Etheridge, irritably. "It was never anything but a fish-market in its life! But I'm tired of explaining it; that, and the full-length skeleton hanging by its neck in an iron cage in the underground dungeon at the fort—if they're not true, they ought to be; that's what people appear to think! 'Si non ee veero, ee ben trovatoro,' as the Italians say. And speaking of the fort, I suppose you have been to that ridiculous Indian party at Andalusia, haven't you? Mrs. Kip must have looked grotesque out-of-doors in the broad light! In white too, I dare say?"

"Grotesque? Why, she's pretty," answered Chase.

"Not to my eye," responded Etheridge, determinedly. "She has the facial outlines of a frog. Do you know the real reason why I didn't marry? I couldn't endure, sir, the prospect of an old woman's face opposite mine at table year after year. For our women grow old so soon."

As he brought this out, a dim remembrance of having said it to Chase before came into his mind. Had he, or had he not? Chase's face betrayed nothing. If he had, what the devil did the fellow mean by not answering naturally, "Yes, you told me"? Could it be possible that he, Anthony Etheridge, had fallen into a habit of repeating, so that people were accustomed— He went off to a distant window, and pretended to look at a couple of porpoises who were playing in the bay.

Chase, left alone, took up a newspaper. But a moment later he threw it down, saying, "Why, how do you do? I didn't expect to see *you* here."

The person whom he addressed was a stranger who came in at this moment, brought by a member of the club. He shook hands with Chase, and they talked together for several minutes. Then Chase crossed the room, and smiling a little as he noted the semicircle round his wife, he asked her to come out and walk up and down the pier while they waited for Willoughby. Once outside, he said:

"Ruthie, I want to have a talk with Patterson, that man you saw come in just now. I'm not very keen about sailing, anyhow. Will you let me off this time?"

"Oh yes; I don't care about going," Ruth answered.

"You needn't give it up because I do," said her husband, kindly. "You like to sail. Take the ancient swell. He will be delighted to go, for it will make him appear so young. Just Ruth, Anthony, and Walter—three gay little chums together."

As Chase had predicted, the Commodore professed himself "enchanted." He went off smilingly in Paul Archer's yacht, whose device of an owl and pussy-cat confounded the practically minded, while to the initiated it gave gleeful delight—a

delight increased by the delicate pea-green hue of the pretty little craft.

But in spite of his enchantment, the Commodore soon brought the boat back. He had taken the helm, and when he had shown himself and his young companions to everybody on the sea-wall, when he had dashed past the old fort, and then, putting about, had gone beating across the inlet back and forth to the barracks, he turned the prow towards the yacht club again. It was the hour for his afternoon whist. He never let anything interfere with that.

The excursion, therefore, had been a short one, and as Walter walked home with Mrs. Chase along the wall, she lingered a little. "It's too early to go in," she said. As they passed the second pier, a dilapidated construction with half its flooring gone, she espied a boat she knew. "There is the *Shearwater* just coming in. I am sure Mr. Kean would lend it to us. Don't you want to go out again? I *love* the *Shearwater*."

The boat was an odd little craft, flat on the water, with a long pointed covered prow and one large sail. Ruth knew it well, for Mr. Kean was an old friend of the Franklins, and in former winters, when she was still a school-girl, he had often taken her out.

"My object certainly is to please her," Walter thought. "But she *does* keep one busy. Well, here goes!"

Mr. Kean lent his boat good-naturedly, and presently they were off again.

"Take me as far as the old light-house," said Ruth.

"Easy enough going, but getting back will be another matter," Walter answered. "We should have to tack."

"I like tacking, and I insist upon the light-house," Mrs. Chase replied.

The little boat glided rapidly past the town and San Marco, then turned towards the sea; for the old light-house, an ancient Spanish beacon, was on the ocean side of Anastasia.

"We can see the door now. Isn't this far enough?" Walter asked, after a while.

"No; take me up abreast of it. I've made a vow to go," Ruth declared, gayly.

"But at this rate we shall never get back. And when we do, your husband, powerfully hungry for his delayed dinner, will be sharpening the carving-knife on the sea-wall."

"He is more likely to be sharpening pencils at the Magnolia. He is sure to be late himself; in fact, he told me so, for he has business matters to talk over with Mr. Patterson."

Walter had not known until now the name of the person who had carried off Chase. He had supposed that it was some ordinary acquaintance. He had no idea that it was the Chicago man whose name he had heard mentioned in connection with Chase's California interests. "David Patterson, of Chicago?" he asked. "Is he going to stay?"

"No; he leaves to-morrow morning, I believe," Ruth answered, in an uninterested tone.

"And here I am, sailing all over creation with this insatiable girl, when, if I had remained at the club, perhaps Chase would have introduced me; perhaps I might even have been with them now at the Magnolia," Walter thought, with intense vexation.

At last she allowed him to put about. The sun was sinking out of sight. But presently the after-glow gave a second daylight of deep gold. Down in the south the dark line of the forest rose against this gold like a range of mountains. The perfume from the orange groves had floated seaward and filled the air.

"I used to think that I liked riding better than anything," remarked Ruth. "But ever since that little rush we had in the dugout—do you remember? the night we arrived?—ever since then, somehow, sailing has seemed more delicious. For one thing, it's lazier."

They were seated opposite each other in the small open space, Walter holding the helm with one hand, while with the other he managed the sail, Ruth leaning back against the miniature deck. She was humming to herself. Presently she began to sing, softly, Schubert's music and Shakespeare's song:

"'Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise—'"

"Not the lark already?" said Walter.

He was exerting all his skill, but their progress was slow; the *Shearwater* crossed and recrossed, crossed and recrossed, gaining but a few feet in each transit.

"'Arise! arise!
My lady sweet, arise!'"

sang Ruth.

"Do you think I could get a rise out of

those Minorcans?" suggested her companion, indicating a fishing-boat at a little distance. "Perhaps they would lend us some oars. I was a great fool to come out without them."

"Oh, don't get oars; that would spoil it. The tide has turned, and the wind is dying down. We can float slowly in. Everything is exactly right, and I am *entirely* happy."

Walter, his mind haunted by that vision of Chase and Patterson at the Magnolia, did not at first take in what she had said. Then, a minute or two afterwards, her phrase returned to him, and he smiled; it seemed so naïve. "It's delightful, in a discontented world, to hear you say that, Mrs. Chase. Is it generally, or in particular, that you are so blissful? St. Augustine, or life as a whole?"

"Both," replied Ruth, promptly. "For I have everything I like—and I like so many things! And everybody does whatever I want them to do. Why, you yourself, Mr. Willoughby! Because I love to dance, you have arranged that ball tomorrow night. And when I asked you to take me out this second time in the *Shearwater*, you did it at once."

"Ah, my lady, with your blue eyes and dark lashes, you little know why!" thought Walter, with an inward laugh.

At last he got the boat up to the dilapidated pier again. It was long after dark. He took her to her door, and left her; she must explain her late return in her own way. Women, fortunately, were excellent at explanations.

But Chase was not there.

Twenty minutes afterwards he came in. "You didn't have dinner, Ruthie? I'm sorry you waited. I was detained."

"I was very late myself," said Ruth.

"Even now I can't stay," Chase went on, hurriedly; "I came back to tell you, and to get a few things. I am going up to Savannah with Patterson for three or four days, on business. We are to have a special—a mule special—this evening, and hit a steamer. You'd better have your mother to stay with you while I'm away."

"Yes. To-morrow."

"She would come to-night, wouldn't she?"

"Yes; but it's late. I won't make her turn out to-night. With six servants in the house, I am not afraid," Ruth answered.

"I only thought you might be lonely?"

"I'll sing all my songs to Petie Trone, Esq."

He laughed, and kissed her.

"You must come back soon," she said.

When he had gone she went up stairs, and changed her dress for a long loose costume of pale pink tint, covered with lace; then returning, she rang for dinner. Here, as in New York, there was a housekeeper, who relieved the young wife of all care. The dinner, in spite of the long postponement, was excellent; it was also dainty, for the housekeeper had learned Mrs. Chase's tastes. Mrs. Chase enjoyed it. She drank a glass of wine, and dallied over the sweets and the fruit. Then going to the softly lighted drawing-room, she opened the piano and amused herself by singing half a dozen songs. Petie Trone, Esq., the supposed audience, was not fond of music, though the songs were sweet; he slinked out, and going softly up the stairs, deposited himself in his basket behind the cheval-glass in the dressing-room. His mistress came up not long afterward; she let Félicité undress her, and brush with skilful touch the long thick mass of her hair. When the maid had gone she read a little, leaning back in an easy-chair in her white dressing-gown, with a shaded lamp beside her; then, letting the novel slip down on her lap, she sat there looking about the room. Miss Billy Breeze had marvelled over the luxurious toilet table at L'Hommedieu; here the whole room was like that table. Presently Ruth put out her hand and drew towards her a small stand which held her jewel-box. For she already had a collection of jewels, as Chase liked to buy them for her. He would have covered his wife with diamonds if Mrs. Franklin had not said (during that first visit at Asheville after the marriage), "Ruth is too young to wear diamonds, Mr. Chase; don't you think so?"

Chase did not think so, but he had deferred to her opinion. His wife, therefore, had sapphires and pearls, and a few emeralds. She turned over these gems, and taking the pearl necklace, she held it against her cheek for a moment; she liked to feel the touch on her soft skin. But she did not spend as much time as usual over the ornaments. Often she entertained herself with them for an hour at a time; it had been one of her husband's amusements to watch her. To-

night she laid the case aside, went to the window, opened it, and looked out. The stars were shining brilliantly overhead; she could hear the soft lapping of the water against the sea-wall. From Anastasia came at intervals the flash of the light-house. "I was over there at sunset," she said to herself. Then she closed the window, and walked idly to and fro, with her hands clasped behind her. "How happy I am!" she thought; or rather she did not think it, she felt it. She had no desire to sleep; the door of the bedroom stood open behind her, but she did not go in. She sat down on the sofa, and let her head fall back among the cushions: "Everything is perfect. How delightful it is to live!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VIOLET SPEAKS.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

O PASSER-BY, draw near!
Upon a grave I grow;
That she who died was dear
They planted me to show.

Pluck me as you go by—
I am her messenger;
With her sweet breath I sigh;
In me her pulses stir.

Through these my quivering leaves
She fain would speak to you—
She whom the grave bereaves
Of the dear life she knew.

"How glad I was up there!"
She whispers underground.
"Have they who found me fair
Some other fair one found?

"Has he who loved me best
Learned Love's deep lore again,
Since I was laid to rest
Far from the world of men?

"Nay! Surely he will come
To dwell here at the last;
In Death's strange silent home
My hand shall hold him fast.

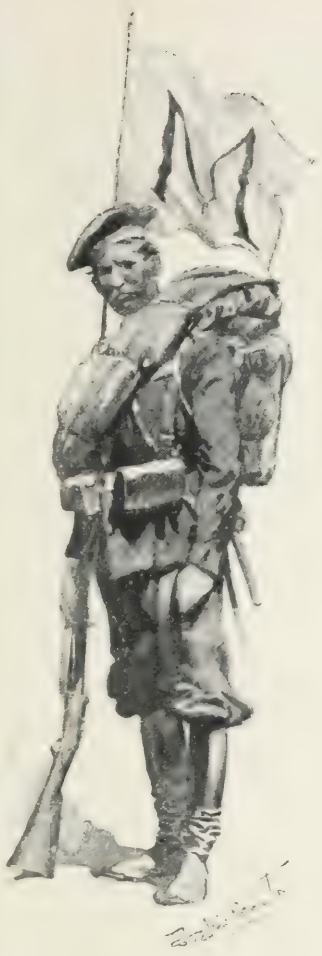
"Yet would that he might know
How hard it is to bide
In darkness here below
And miss him from my side!

"Fain would I send my soul
To lie upon his breast,
And breathe to him Love's whole
That life left unconfest."

Ah, pluck me, passer-by!
For I would bear her breath—
Undying Love's own sigh—
To him who flees from Death.

IN THE BARRACKS OF THE CZAR.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.



MY friend Chumski, in the fatigue uniform of the 170th Infantry Regiment, met me at the station somewhere between Kasan and Moscow. He threw both arms about me, kissed me affectionately, led me to a carriage drawn by a pair of lively Arabs, and whirled me off to his quarters. Chumski is of Polish extraction, and commands the best regiment in Russia. This needs explanation, for it is well known that no Pole can rise beyond the grade of a captain unless he becomes so Russified in name, language, and religion as to pass for a good Orthodox Slav. But Colonel Chumski is a rare man. His nationality has kept him from being a general, or commanding a regiment of the Guards, but, on the other hand, his achievements in war have been so uniformly brilliant, the troops under him have shown such perfection of training, that when a Russian officer wants to compliment his men he can only say, "You are good enough for Chumski's regiment." The men of the 170th all love Chumski—first and foremost, because he does not steal. It seems odd to lay stress on this point, but to the private it makes all the difference in the world whether the regimental fund is spent on good food, or whether the colonel takes it with him to the card table. Then, too, Chumski has spent much of his life in real war. He fought the campaign against Turkistan in 1867; in 1870 he helped at Samarcand; he was at Khiva in the campaign of 1873; at Khokan in 1875 and 1876; then in the great war against Turkey of 1877 and 1878. From that time down to the expedition to Penjdeh, in 1885, he was always in harness, fighting British interests in the far East, and learning the art of war in the best of all schools.

Said he to me once: "Do you know why Russia is so successful in her far Eastern warfare? It is because she sends out there, not her stupid Russians, but the quick-witted Poles, and others like them, whom she suspects of having 'ideas.' The Russian officers serve in Poland, the Polish officers on the Caspian and other remote posts, from which they could not return in time to help their country people in case of a revolution. That is true also of the privates, but not to so great an extent."

Speaking of *ideas*, reminds me that recently in Moscow a school-teacher asked a little girl to define the word *idea*. The child answered, naïvely, "An idea is what is opposed to the government"!

Chumski did not tell me, for he is a modest man, that the reason he was ordered to duty near the capital was that the government needed sadly men of his capacity to help get the army in fighting condition. (It may be as well to add here, in parenthesis, that I am concealing every detail that can identify my friend.)

I was pining for sleep when I arrived, and therefore, after a cup of coffee and a roll, lay down on a couch and was soon sound asleep. When I awoke, after a couple of hours, three soldiers stood at the foot of my bed, motionless and silent. At first, with the sleep fog veiling my faculties, they appeared agents of the Third Section demanding my passports, and I have a confused idea of shuddering with the suspicion, "What if Chumski has been ordered to arrest me!" But after rubbing my eyes the situation clears up cheerfully. A Cossack is there with my mount; he is to escort me to the drill-ground. The two orderlies are to help me dress. One holds a basin, the other pours out water upon my hands in a manner that reminded me of China. After a scanty wash, they help me into my riding breeches and boots with a dexterity suggesting that the colonel himself looked upon dressing and undressing as eminently work for servants. At the door stood a four-year-old Cossack horse with training-lines as well as a curb rein; he

was a beautiful animal, full of fire, a trifle larger than usual, and vastly better bred than those one sees in the troop. Chumski did me great honor in allowing me to ride this precious beast that was destined to serve as his best charger, and I was highly flattered, for it presupposed that he had formed a fair opinion of my horsemanship when we last rode together in the Peloponnesus. We mounted without loss of time, I signalled my Cossack to act as guide, and away we dashed at a gallop over the market-place, amidst peasants, pottery, and cabbages, clattering across the long bridge over the Volga, and out into the open country. The Cossack and his horse were as one, but something like a clever nurse and a spoilt child. Each understands and loves the other, but neither completely under control. My orderly did not want his horse to be a slave, and recognized perfectly that horses, like children, have their whims and humors, and must be coaxed and reasoned with, but rarely punished. The morning was fresh, our mounts also. They capered and danced and bounded from side to side, and acted as only horses can act whose masters have an excellent seat, light hands, and an indulgent disposition. The German troop horse is more perfectly trained, more steady; one may say that he resembles the German scholar in being thoroughly reliable, but rarely brilliant. No cavalry horse approaches the German in the qualities demanded for that branch of the service, as no students, the world over, equal those of Germany in power and perseverance. I was speaking of our mounts only as pleasant saddle-horses for an individual. My saddle, too, the regular troop saddle, was comfortable,—more so than that of the German cavalry, but by no means so light or useful as the McClellan saddle of our service.

After half an hour's ride we reached a level space, three sides of which were flanked by two-story buildings—the barracks of the regiment. Colonel Chumski asked if I would like to inspect his regiment, which, of course, I was very glad to do. We rode together between their lines, and I had abundant proof that the men were sound and well cared for. They were then put through a series of tactical evolutions, which they performed as well as any Guard regiment I have ever seen, after which the band broke into a march, and we had a little review, first by company and then by battalion front. The men were in campaign outfit, and made a most excellent impression on me. When a company preserved a particularly correct line, the colonel called to them an acknowledgment in Russian, upon which the whole company burst into a roar, which was to me unintelligible, but which Chumski said was a vote of thanks from the men. When a line displeased him, he did not conceal his opinion of their performance, and the slovenly men were promptly berated by their officers; in one instance it seemed to me that a man received a blow on his cheek from the officer's sword guard. In any other regiment I should have noted a dozen blows. When the review was over, the colonel gave the signal, and the whole regiment started at the height of its speed, each man for himself, all rushing to quarters—not in a perfunctory quickstep, but so violently as to suggest that some great reward was awaiting each man at the end of his journey. As they rushed, they burst into a hurrah that sounded like the roar of the ocean on a coral reef.

When the rush had passed away, and we stood alone, I told him that I was amazed at the excellence of his regiment, and wished to see what the men could do individually. Accordingly an order was given, and in a few minutes out marched a company in full campaign kit, carrying, however, not the real rifle, but one entirely of wood. I was now treated to an obstacle race, in which the field consisted of one company of the 170th. The course was about half a mile long, and in covering that distance the men had to jump into ditches six feet deep, climb up steep banks twelve feet high, crawl under beams, vault bars, pass a stream by walking along a narrow plank, leap hurdles, and finally scale a smooth plank wall about eight feet high by vaulting over its top. To follow the rapidly shifting movements of these one hundred men was as difficult as watching a circus with three rings going at once, and when the last man had finished the course, and the company formed in line before us, my eyes still danced with a panorama of legs and arms gyrating over parapets and lofty beams. Chumski said something to the men, and was immediately answered by a unanimous roar. I asked him what it all meant.

ADVANCE OF RUSSIAN INFANTRY.

"Nothing," he said. "I only told them they had done well, and they answered that they were glad to earn the colonel's approbation.

"You see," said he, "I have lived a great deal with soldiers when real war was going on, and I know that the soldier is a child. You know that children like a kind word now and then; they like to be patted on the head; they like to be admired; that encourages them. Very well; so it is with my men. They like me to admire and praise them; and they work very much better when I treat them as a father does a child. Of course I punish them too, for I must have discipline."

What struck me particularly about Chumski's troops was the enthusiasm with which they did their work. They took their obstacles as though participants in an athletic contest.

The men of this regiment wore boots that reached almost to the knees, green trousers tucked in loosely, and a round green forage-cap similar to that in the German army. Their tunic was not of green cloth, such as they wear in cold weather, but simply of coarse unbleached linen, sitting snug around the throat and falling to the cuff when the hand is at the man's side. It is a loose and comfortable garment for gymnastic exercise. I admired it later, when some of the regiment gave us an exhibition of military rowing. Their knapsacks were fastened on by two straps coming over the shoulders and fastening at the belt, thus not only relieving the weight behind, but relieving also that of the two cartridge-belts which hang at the belt in front. In general, all their equipment is copied from German models, and in war-time I can imagine many a blunder caused by mistaking German for Russian troops, particularly when the mist hangs over the meadows in the early morning. This applies only when the undress cap is worn. The Russian infantry head-piece is a round woolly hat, only high enough to clear the crown of the man's head, flat on top, with no rim or peak, and adorned in front with a brass double-headed eagle. The German's helmet seems to me better, in that it affords ventilation in hot weather, and sheds the rain from a man's neck. It also shields the eyes from the sun, if that be an advantage. The difference between the helmet and the woolly hat is practically the only one that separates the great body of Russian infantry from that of Germany.

"Shall we take a look at the barracks?" suggested the colonel. "Nothing would suit me better," I answered; so leaving our horses in charge of the Cossack, Chumski led the way through a series of vast spaces occupied mainly by little wooden beds. Each little bed had on it a hard mattress, a pillow, and a coarse woollen blanket. Beneath each bed was a box, in which the soldier's kit was kept, and at short intervals throughout the buildings were chromo portraits of the Czar, and very gaudy pictures of Russian saints. The barracks were entirely of wood, the ceilings low, and the windows infrequent, yet so clean was everything kept that I detected no disagreeable odor. In the kitchen I helped myself to a taste of the soup that was simmering in vast caldrons over the brick oven, and made up my mind that I could stand a pretty long canoe cruise if my food were no worse than this. There are two fast-days in the week—Wednesday and Friday—and this was one of them, so that all they had was lentil soup. Black bread went with the soup,—not such very bad bread either. They had a drink that suggested the mead we use at harvest-time, consisting of water in which rye bread has been absorbed. Of this I drank a whole glass with relish. So far, then, I had stumbled on nothing about the Russian soldier's life that would have discouraged me from enlisting had I been brought up to accept the Czar's word as law.

"Do you have much desertion?" I asked.

"Not many in my regiment," answered the colonel, with complacency; "my men are pretty well cared for.

"But," said he, "the Jews have rather a rough time of it. I have about a hundred of them in this regiment, and they do their work as well as any of them. In most cases, however, they are exposed to much insult and brutality. Sometimes the soldiers beat them unmercifully, and it is no wonder that they try to desert. The rough peasant has a traditional hatred of the Jew, and if the officers of the regiment are not energetic in setting their faces against it, there is pretty sure to be some deviltry against them. The Russian peasant finds it delightful to get even

"DRAGOONS, MOUNT!"



A BOLD DRAGOON.

with the man whom he looks upon as the author of all his ills."

In the twenty-seven "governments" making up the western frontier of Russia, ten of which constitute Poland, the Jews are very much crowded together. In 1874 Russia followed Germany in adopting the principle of universal military service, and consequently forcing Jews into the army. The government has only published the statistics of desertion between 1876 and 1883, and for these years the number of Jew deserters in those districts amounted to a round 90,000 men. The government ceased then to publish such figures, but it is estimated that the number of Jews to-day who have run away from their regiments, or at least have failed to appear after passing the necessary physical tests, and after being ordered out—that this number is at least 150,000.

As we galloped home to the noonday dinner, I noticed that my colonel greeted the men of other regiments than his own by merely conforming to the usual military requirements; but when he met any of his 170th, he shouted out a hearty good-day to them, which they answered with a burst of strange sound intended to convey the notion, "we are glad to have our colonel's greeting." This struck me as a very pleasant interchange of civility—much better than the silent and perfunctory ordeal in vogue amongst western armies. In the German army the Emperor still greets his Grenadier Guards by a hearty "Good-morning," and is answered as heartily as in Russia; but this is in Germany as historically unique as the "beef-eaters" at the Tower of London. In Russia the life of the people is what it was in England when Queen Bess boxed the ears of her favorites—an odd medley of barbarism and parental gentleness.

Colonel Chumski made a splendid dinner in my honor. When he embraced me at our farewell meeting in the shadow of Mars Hill, he promised me all sorts of good things in case I came to Russia, and he more than kept his word. Half a dozen of his officers were present, most of them with either German or Polish

names, and half of them speaking either French or German. Three orderlies in top-boots and linen tunics served us with a series of luxuries, commencing with a variety of cold relishes, such as caviare, pickled salmon, anchovy, cucumber, chopped egg, and several kinds of native whiskey. The courses succeeded each other as with us, but as regards wine, pretty much the whole table was covered with bottles of choice brands from Madeira, the Crimea, Tokay, Bordeaux—everywhere but the Rhine. The host was a generous toast-master, and acted on the principle that the guest who left his table sober went away unsatisfied. Personally, I am almost a total abstainer, and had some difficulty in finishing the meal without hurting the susceptibilities of my kind friends. There were a great many toasts offered, and much good feeling displayed, all of which is now merged in the memory of a pleasant meeting. After dinner we adjourned into the colonel's reception-room, in which were two great divans, on which we sat cross-legged, after the manner of Turks, smoked, chatted, and sipped coffee, prepared after the manner of the lower Danube and the East generally.

The colonel was very communicative now, though he was not reticent before. I attached some importance to his opinion, because he had not only seen his own troops in different campaigns, but knew European troops as well.

"That's a fine fellow, that Cossack," said I.

"Yes," answered Chumski; "the best stuff we have. Pity we have not more." After his other guests had retired, he took up the subject once more, and said: "The Russian is a poor horseman, and drill cannot make a cavalryman. Horses are cheap and abundant, yet we never ride unless we are forced to. The Cossack is otherwise; he loves his horse, he is full of resources, and is worth all the rest of the cavalry put together. Our cavalry of the Guard is very showy and well trained, but I prefer the Cossack for my purposes."

Of the Guard cavalry there is very little that corresponds to Chumski's description, however. The so-called Chevalier Garde corresponds to the famous Lifeguards of London, who attract all the nursery-maids of St. James and Whitehall when they solemnly move in and out of their strange sentry-boxes. They wear a double-headed silver eagle perched with outspread wings over a gilded helmet; have gilded breast-plate, blue-gray trousers, and enormous boots. On festive occasions their tunic is white, but ordinarily dark green. In the whole Russian arm there are, however, only four cuirassier regiments, and these are all stationed, for parade purposes, in or near the capital. Then there are two regiments of hussars, similar to the German, one red and the other green, and two regiments of uhlans, also easily mistaken for German. These are the only cavalry



ONE OF THE CZAR'S BODY-GUARD.

regiments that are showy and at the same time strikingly like those of Germany. The bulk of the Russian, as of the American cavalry, is composed of dragoons, who wear a peculiar head-piece, part fur, part cloth, with the metal double eagle at the front, readily distinguishable from the fur hat of the Cossack, which does not show so much fur in front. The fifty odd dragoon regiments of the Russian army, like ours, expect to fight afoot as well as in the saddle; are drilled to attack in masses, but at the same time do their best to emulate the peculiar virtues of the Cossack. Remington and I passed two squadrons of these dragoons quartered in a string of dirty peasant huts, about five miles from the Prussian frontier. Their horses were excellent in build and condition, and the men looked like good rough-and-ready skirmishers, but there was no ground near the place where any other tactics could have been practised save dismounting and attacking from behind trees. This explains, perhaps, why to-day so much of the cavalry in Poland is composed of material which, in Germany, would be considered fit only for scouting.

"You Americans like rough-and-ready fighting," said the colonel, "and I will show you some this afternoon, if you like a hard ride." This was delightful. The wine had evidently made him confiding as well as communicative. He clapped his hands, ordered horses, took a last glass of vodka, and in a few moments we were clattering out into the lonesome country, with the Cossack orderly behind.

There is nothing much sadder than Russia, and Remington's reference to it once as "the sad gray land" seemed more and more apt the more I saw of this mournful empire. I have seen it in the merry harvest-time and again in early June, the seasons when the rest of the world does most of its smiling and singing. The Russian peasants that have crossed my path, whether on the Black Sea or the Baltic, in St. Petersburg or the great Minsk Swamp, have struck me as being peculiarly like neglected cattle, having "neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity"; they look like people who have no change of clothing, and care for none; who are so attached to the soil that they like it even next to the skin; their dress takes the color of the land they till, and when Russian peasants stop in the fields to rest, the color blends with the surrounding features as does that of a partridge in a field of stubble.

My meditations were disturbed by the sound of rifle-firing. "What is that?" I asked. "Our scouts," answered the colonel. "Follow me," and he led the way as rapidly as practicable off the main road in the direction of the sound we had heard. At first it was difficult moving, owing to the branches and underbrush, but soon we struck a forest trail, and went ahead at a good trot. A cheer greeted our ears, and we soon afterwards came upon twenty soldiers, in command of Lieutenant Schützenberg, busily occupied in taking the insides out of a brown bear, preparatory to carrying him off with them. A sapling was cut down and trimmed of its branches, and on this Bruin was swung. The green-coated scouts then tramped off into the woods in the opposite direction from that in which we had come. Soon I noticed, here and there between the trees, single figures of soldiers who surrounded the little column at a distance, in order to give warning in case of danger.

Lieutenant Schützenberg saluted the colonel; we dismounted and walked with him behind the bear-carriers, while I learned from their commander something of this operation.

In the German army every soldier is taught to act intelligently on outpost service and in scouting operations, and this is not too much to require in a country where every soldier reads and writes, and can readily understand a map and compass. In Russia, however, where nine-tenths of the people cannot read or write, and have lost the faculty of thinking consecutively, the army cannot teach the soldier much more than to move as with a machine. In order to have a force of good men for picket-work and advance-skirmishing, they have adopted this plan:

Each company sends four of its most intelligent men to a select body called the scouting-corps, and as the Russian regiment has four battalions, with four companies each, that gives a regimental scout force of sixty-four. This service is very popular, for it is full of variety, and though the hardship is great, the food is good, for hunting and fishing are in the programme. The men are practised in every kind of woodcraft, and are expect-

COSSACKS SCOUTING.



SHOEING COSSACK HORSES.

ed to develop as much ingenuity and self-reliance as an Indian scout in our service. They must sail, row, swim, climb, find their way by map and compass, slip through the enemy's lines, procure every variety of information, and escape capture at all hazards.

"They are splendid fellows," said Schützenberg, in answer to a question of mine. "Here is what they did last winter when snow was on the ground and floating ice in the streams:

"You must know that we attach very great importance to creeping up close to the enemy and watching his movements. Well, for a little practice in this respect I called my sixty-four men together one morning in the barrack-yard, and divided them into two sides, each commanded by non-commissioned officers. I pointed out on the map a position which one side was to watch, and indicated the direction from which an attack was to be anticipated. Another position I selected for the other side. Neither side knew what the other side was to attempt, but each had orders to slip behind the lines of the other, and steal three flags that had been posted about a mile and a half in the rear of the line that was to be protected. The difficult part of the problem was that neither side knew anything of the positions beyond what was shown them on the map in the barrack-yard, and the non-commissioned officers had to transmit this knowledge to their men.

"Each party found the right position, and after posting sentry, detached a party to steal the flags of the enemy. Six men of the one party went off, each on his own account. Two of them were captured, one of them failed to find the flags because he could not remember the topography of the map, and one succeeded in finding the flags and bringing them back to the non-commissioned officer. The remaining two found the spot after the flags were gone, and described the spot, so that there was no doubt that they had been there. The six men detailed on the other side for the work remained together, and were discovered when close to the picket line. They were fired upon; two were captured, and the remaining four pursued to a stream forty feet wide near here. In spite of the floating ice, they

sprang in and struggled to the other side. The pursuers hesitated a moment at the sight of the ice-blocks, then they followed. One was captured in the water because he was hampered by the ice. The rest escaped; but one of the followers managed, in spite of his ice bath, to sneak away with the flags of the enemy.

Russia are, as is well known, only so in name. They are merely military reconnoissances, with just enough science about them to bring back to the war department a rough idea of what the territory would be worth if annexed to the empire.

Pretty soon our conversation was interrupted by shouts behind us, and a



THE SOLDIERS' SONG.

"They are invaluable to us," said Schützenberg, enthusiastically; "and for our country as good as cavalry when it comes to reconnoissance. For what can cavalry do in forest and swamp and on boggy roads?

"Last summer a scout corps of the 6th Orenburg Cossacks covered in two months 1800 versts (a verst is about five-sixths of a mile), most of the distance being rough country, without roads of any kind, over glaciers and across rapid streams. This was the famous Pamir expedition, from which the scout corps returned in excellent health.

"Pamir is close to the British India line," added Schützenberg, with a sly wink, "and we are constantly sending out 'scientific' expeditions to explore the borders of our uncertain neighbors."

The so-called scientific expeditions of

dozen of the scout corps came crashing through the thicket in hot pursuit of those who had shot the bear. Their top-boots were coated with mud, and for that matter they nearly all showed that they had done some heavy floundering in the swamp. They carried their rifles like practised hunters, and followed the enemy with energy, hoping to capture some of them before they reached the Volga. We let them pass, then followed in their wake. I was thoroughly roused. It seemed as though I was taking part in a most exciting game; and for that matter there was a huge stake in this race, namely, the big brown bear, for the winners would most certainly bag the bear. On we went, crashing through the underbrush, floundering in swamp, now and then getting a trot on hard bottom. The pursuers showed excellent grit, and that rare

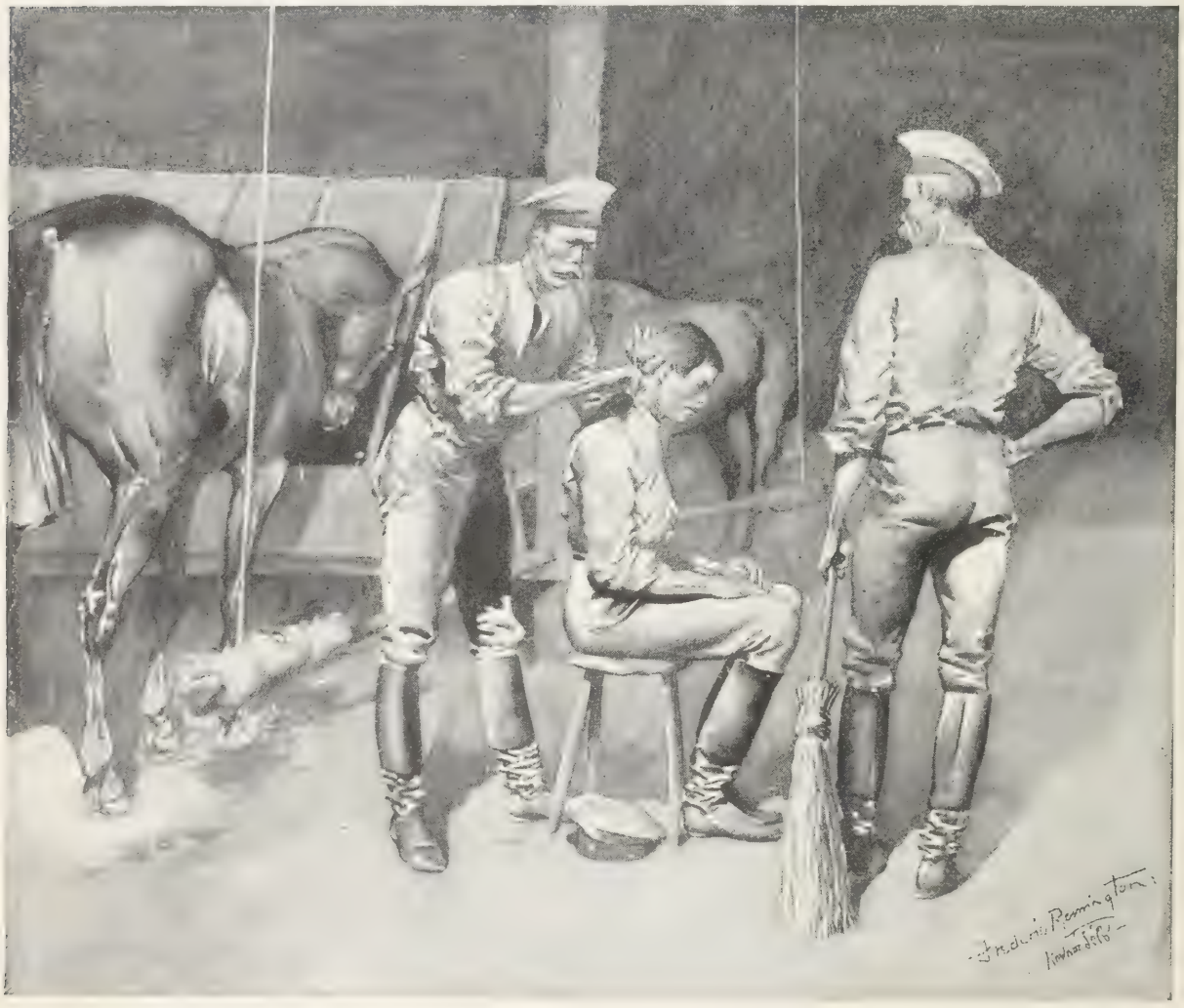
quality designated by Remington as "sporting blood." But they lost the stake, for when we emerged on the river-bank we saw the other party sailing away home in a big boat; in fact, they were already skinning their booty. When they saw their discomfited pursuers they set up a roar of triumphant cheering, which fell on our ears as the news of a great calamity. There was a great feast in the regiment that night, and the big brown bear disappeared under many savory disguises and amidst many bottles of excellent wine. The skin was presented to me by the colonel of the regiment amidst most friendly expressions, and will always remind me of several sturdy Russian soldiers, who made me for a time forget that I was under police supervision.

As we rode home towards evening I asked the colonel a little in detail about the Russian scout corps.

"Here is an outfit," said he: "A sail-boat with 2 masts, holding 18 people; 2 row-boats, each holding a dozen; 5 bicycles, 10 heavy sporting-rifles, 10 compasses, 20 pairs of snow-shoes, 30 pairs of skates, a large fishing-net, and good winter outfit for 64 men."

"Do you call that your museum?" I asked, "or am I to understand that you give your scout company a thorough all-round athletic training?"

"This regiment does not run a museum," answered the colonel. "Far from it. Every article I have enumerated represents a means of special training. To-day the sporting-rifles, compasses, maps, and boats were practised. We do a great deal of sailing and rowing, for a good sailor makes a good rough-and-ready man at anything. When the roads are good, we practise despatch-carrying on bicycles.



A HAIR-CUT IN A CAVALRY STABLE.



KUBAN COSSACK, IMPERIAL GUARD CORPS.

"Then we have splendid fishing all about here, and in a campaign men should know how to provide for their mess. In winter we track on snow-shoes, and skate wherever possible. But bear-hunting is, after all, the main sport. My men learn more at bear-hunting than in the barrack-yard, and when I command troops I always look to my bear-hunters."

Of course the training which the scout corps gets varies with the climate and the physical nature of the country. Every regiment has not the water needful for its navy, and skating cannot be indulged in towards the South. But the principle of instruction is the same, whether in Finland or Turkistan, Poland or Siberia. The scout corps devotes itself to every form of athletic exercise that can make its men valuable in a scouting campaign, and that can give it the special education that will enable it to support itself when separate from its base.

"European people are so conceited," said Chumski, "that they do not know what we are doing in the midst of this



THE RUSSIAN MILITARY GENDARME.

stagnant population of peasants. The scout company of sixty-four men that I have here is just the sort of stuff that General Sherman could have appreciated in his famous march to the sea; it is just the stuff that made the famous march from Boston to Quebec in the winter of 1775 and '76; it is just the stuff that Napoleon should have had in 1812, when he tried to march half a million men from Paris to Moscow."

As we walked our horses slowly homeward in the twilight after our pretty stiff day's work, we caught now and then on the still air the sound of men chanting in unison, then the tramp, tramp, of soldiers, and finally the gray outline of a company of the 170th, who were taking their regular evening outing before retiring to bed. The colonel gave them a hearty good-evening; the singing stopped, and instead came a series of shouts that burst in unison with the marching time, and meant that the men returned the compliment. Then the melancholy song once more commenced, and the gray column disappeared in the dusty dimness of the setting sun.

Chumski roused me from my brooding by saying: "I think that Russia has the simplest and most useful field uniform in Europe; much more so than Germany. The Emperor Alexander III. introduced a complete change in the uniforming of our men; first, out of economy; secondly, in order to make the national costume

more popular. Green is our national color, as blue is that of Germany, and red that of England. Our national green is seen not only on the backs and heads of all our infantry, but on the trousers as well, the only other color being the distinguishing bits at the shoulder and collar and cap band to mark regiments or ranks."

One exception I had noted at the Roumanian border, and again on that of Lithuania, the ever-watchful frontier patrol, which is distinguished from the rest of the army by having gray-blue trousers, a double row of brass buttons down the front, and only one cartridge-box at the belt instead of two. I took a good look at those fellows when I first met them, and shall not soon forget them.

"Buttons are a nuisance," said the colonel. "They have to be cleaned, they wear away the cloth, they are heavy, they attract the attention of the enemy. Our infantry has abolished them everywhere but on the frontier patrol, and there they still remain, I suppose because those fellows do police duty, and must look impressive. Our tunic folds over the breast, and is fastened by five hooks and eyes that are not seen and do not catch in everything. The Germans are too fond of show. They should have discarded buttons long ago.

"Our cavalry has more latitude in matter of uniform, yet the great bulk of it are dragoons who wear green coats, green caps, and gray-blue trousers something like those of the United States army. The Astrakhan Cossack, the Don Cossack, the Ural Cossack—these are all blue, and there are a few more varying uniforms, but taking the whole army there is very little difference between the men of one corps and those of another. The artillery, engineers, scouts, all wear the complete green dress, and their overcoat is the historic gray, very loose, very long, very warm. People outside have an idea that we have a horde of gorgeous barbarous cavalry in theatrical dress. That is a mistake. They are barbarous enough, I admit, but their uniform is now pretty tame everywhere. The Emperor still keeps his so-called body-guard or imperial escort in a native savage dress, with high fur hat, red or brown coat, with cartridge cases across the chest.

"The Kuban Cossacks are like them, with horrible knives in their belt, a rifle in a shaggy fur case strung over their shoulder, and a general appearance of having just come from some butchering expedition in central Asia."

Remington and I noted a number of these fellows about St. Petersburg, and made up our minds that between nihilists and Amoor Cossacks we preferred the nihilists. If the President of the United States should invite a band of Apaches to constitute his body-guard, we might get some notion of the incongruity as it struck us in St. Petersburg.



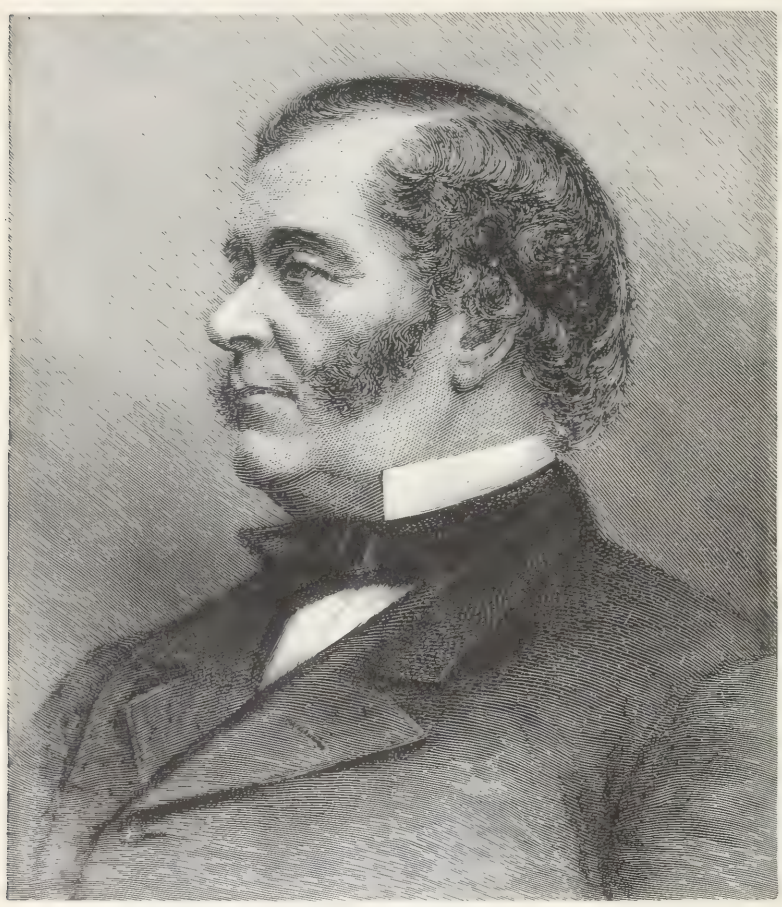
ONE OF THE CZAR'S PIRATES.
From a sketch made in St. Petersburg.

A MODERN KNIGHT.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL M. G. VALLEJO.

BY EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

LIFE in California before the discovery of gold must to us of the bustling present always wear a veil of romance. The native Californians dwelt peacefully among their flocks and herds, following many a quaint custom brought by their ancestors from old Spain. They were a handsome, courteous, leisure-loving people, caring little for the great world that lay beyond the mountains and sea. The first pick that struck for gold sounded the death-knell of the old régime. We have little left now to remind us of the old days, save in the musical nomenclature of our towns and rivers. The dark eyes of the gallant dons and lovely señoras still smile on us from the faces of their descendants, but these descendants have in their veins the blood of the invaders. They have caught the spirit of the times; they too are "Yankees."



GENERAL M. G. VALLEJO, AGED FIFTY-SIX.

The most picturesque and interesting figure in early California history is that of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, who at the time of Fremont's arrival was Governor-General of California. The descendant of a grandee of Spain, no admixture of Indian blood tainted the Castilian in his veins. He was tall and commanding in appearance, and even to old age very handsome. His manners were polished and dignified, his language fine, his wit ready, while the warmth of his affections, his generosity, and his sterling integrity made him, to those who knew him well, like Bayard of old, a knight "sans peur et sans reproche."

He was a man of destiny. Having lived under both Spanish and Mexican rule, he felt himself neither Spanish nor Mexican, but a Californian; and whatever promised the good of California, he was determined to further. When the destiny of the province hung in the balance, and England and Russia, as well as the United States, eagerly held out hands for the prize, General Vallejo unhesitatingly gave his adherence to the Stars and Stripes. Fremont doubted and imprisoned him, but soon set him free.

One day during that imprisonment a young American officer, doubtless a spy sent by Fremont, rode up to the family residence in Sonoma, and offering to Mrs. Vallejo an English and an American flag, asked in Spanish, "Señora, which of these do you prefer?"

The lady looked at him a moment, as if to read his purpose, then clasping the American flag to her bosom, she kissed its folds, and said: "This is the flag my husband has taught me to love. It is the

one he wishes to see wave over his beloved California."

The officer smiled, and bowing gracefully to all present, took his departure.

A lady who stood watching the courteous American as he rode away turned to Mrs. Vallejo and said, "No es Oso" (That is no Bear), meaning, that is not one of the Bear Flag party.

General Vallejo did not have a very high opinion of that famous party. He considered it a company of mischief-makers, who interfered with the good work others were trying to do. "That bear should be lassoed and choked," was the expression in which he gave vent to his feelings on the subject.

At the time of the influx of strangers, General Vallejo was literally "monarch of all he surveyed." His lands were of the extent of a German principality; his cattle roamed a "thousand hills"; his horses numbered far into the thousands. He welcomed the strangers; he gave right and left of his possessions. Although many whom he trusted robbed him, many whom he benefited proved ungrateful, yet he gloried in the progress of California, and he was too proud to complain on his own account.

"I like the Yankees," he used to say. "I would rather be swindled by them than by anybody else; they do it so scientifically."

When one of his sons in bitterness of spirit wished to give to the world facts concerning injustices which the family had endured, he said:

"No; let it go. What good to keep open an old sore? Let the wound heal. I brought this upon myself. I did what I thought was best. It was best for the country, and, so far as I am concerned, I can stand it. 'Quien llama el toro aguanta la cornada.'" (Whoso calls the bull, must look out for the horns.)

When asked concerning weak points in the characters of famous men who have passed away, he always answered,

"I throw no mud on the graves of the dead."

Dr. Platon Vallejo, the General's son, to whom I am indebted for much in this article, has in his possession a painting representing his father's headquarters at Sonoma. In the foreground are shown the Mexican and Indian soldiers; also an Indian runner bearing a message on the end of a rod.

The Suisun Indians, to which tribe these soldiers belonged, were the most intelligent of their race on the Pacific coast. Many imagine that a California Indian must necessarily be a Digger, but the Suisuns bore little resemblance to Diggers. Solano, from whom Solano County, California, received its name, was for many years their chief. He was a tall, finely formed, intelligent man. General Vallejo conquered him, and Solano ever after was faithful to his suzerain, but he chafed occasionally at the requirements of civilization.

"Commandant," he said, "you all the time making work. My young men want to hunt and fish; they do not want to plough and plant. They need no horses, they can run so fast. They need no wheat, there are plenty of acorns and berries and seeds of wild plants. There are plenty of animals all around us; there are fish in the rivers, and ducks in the marshes, and the wild-geese darken the sun as they fly. Why should we work for food?"

"It was my duty to teach them civilized habits," said General Vallejo, afterward, telling the story; "but sometimes, after talking with Solano, I turned away half convinced that he was right; that in teaching the Indians the artificial wants of civilization I was doing them no favor."

In the days of which I write, the arrival of a ship in San Francisco Bay was a great event. Once the officers of an English vessel invited General Vallejo and other Californians to take a sail in one of the ship's boats. The bay was rough, and the Californians, unused to salt water, were uncomfortable, and one of them was thoroughly frightened. This was fun for the sailors.

General Vallejo said nothing, but he thought deeply. Shortly after, he invited these officers to Sonoma to witness a grizzly-bear hunt. The officers, with the thirst for hunting common to all Englishmen, were delighted to accept.

Bears then were disagreeably plenty in the Sonoma hills. General Vallejo had horses especially trained to hunt these dangerous beasts. They were so educated out of a horse's natural dread of a bear that they would rush boldly toward the largest grizzly while their riders threw the lariat.

General Vallejo instructed his sons to

mount the visitors upon some of the best-trained animals, but so to place his own skilled hunters that no accident could occur. Sailors are seldom good riders; they are awkward and timid in the saddle. An old sea-captain of my acquaintance used to say, "Sailors like the middle of a horse very well, but they dislike both ends of the beast."

A bear was soon started. Instantly the horses sprang towards him. This was too much for the nerves of the Englishmen. They pulled and sawed at the bits to no purpose; they yelled and swore, but the horses seemed determined to carry them into the grizzly's embrace. Finally, dropping the bridles, they clung in terror and desperation to their horses' necks, while the hunters lassoed and despatched the savage animal. The Californians were avenged. They had proved the truth of the adage, "They laugh best who laugh last."

During the early days of the civil war General Vallejo visited Washington on business connected with his land titles. President Lincoln, with his keen insight into character, soon manifested a great liking for the brilliant Californian, whose fund of anecdotes was almost as exhaustless as Mr. Lincoln's own. General Vallejo became a frequent and welcome visitor to the President's apartments.

"This country should build a railroad to Mexico," said General Vallejo to Mr. Lincoln one day. "Mexico is a country of great possibilities. Railroad connection once established, the Yankees would go down there and wake up the people. It would be a good thing for both nations."

"Doubtless," said Mr. Lincoln; "but we have as much on our hands as we can well manage. We have neither men nor money to spare for such a work."

"Suppose you liberate the darkies and set them to building the railroad," said General Vallejo. "Then," with a sly twinkle in his eye, "lend me the greenback machine, and I will see that they are paid."

Mr. Lincoln smiled and asked: "What good would it do for our people to go down to Mexico, even if the railroad were built? They would all die of fever, and, according to your belief, go down yonder," with a motion of his hand toward the supposed location of the infernal regions.

"I wouldn't be very sorry for that," remarked General Vallejo, coolly.

"How so?" said Mr. Lincoln. "I thought you liked the Yankees."

"So I do," was the answer. "The Yankees are a wonderful people—wonderful! Wherever they go they make improvements. If they were to emigrate in large numbers to hell itself, they would somehow manage to change the climate."

One morning, as General Vallejo came into the President's room, Mr. Lincoln looked up from the table where he was writing, and asked,

"General, would you like to go to the front?"

"Oh yes!" was the ready answer.

"Very well. A messenger starts at once with important letters to the commanding general. You may go with him."

In a few moments an engine, with a single car attached, steamed out of the depot and took its way southward. Faster and faster it went, until the rails fairly smoked under the swiftly revolving wheels. Through the windows the Virginia landscape seemed only a blur. To walk across the car was almost an impossibility. The native Californian had travelled little by rail, and this first experience in a lightning train was by no means unalloyed bliss.

When he next saw the President, Mr. Lincoln asked, "General, how did you like your ride?"

"Mr. President," was the answer, "I have often tried to imagine what must be the feelings of a lost soul while the devil is whisking it off to his own dominions. I *know* now. I thought I was going to hell; but I had one satisfaction—I was going in good style."

General Vallejo and Admiral Farragut were old friends. Farragut, at the time Captain and unknown to fame, was the first commandant at the Mare Island Navy-yard. The first Sunday-school in the neighboring town of Vallejo was organized and taught by Mrs. Farragut.

In '69, when Admiral and Mrs. Farragut revisited the Pacific coast, General Vallejo and the Admiral hastened to renew their intimacy. It was my privilege to listen to many interesting conversations between these famous but gentle and unassuming men. Admiral Farragut was of Spanish descent, which descent General Vallejo took pleasure in tracing. Mrs. Vallejo spoke English with

difficulty. When she was present, Admiral Farragut often spoke in slow and careful Spanish, turning occasionally to some one versed in the two languages for help over a puzzling word.

Lachryma Montis, the home of the Vallejos after leaving the Presidio, is a very beautiful spot. For many years its roof-tree sheltered a merry household.

General Vallejo possessed marked literary ability. He wrote well in prose and verse. I have before me, in his fine and clear handwriting, a poem, an impromptu, written in answer to a question as to which he preferred, beauty or talent. I give a free translation of a few lines:

Beauty alone hath magic power;
  Against her shall we strive in vain;
But beauty when with talent joined
  Leads all hearts captive in her train.

Beauty is mortal and must fade;
  Bright eyes must dim, dark locks grow gray;
But talent dwells within the soul,
  And triumphs over dull decay.

General Vallejo's memory was wonderful. To him more than to any one else is Hubert H. Bancroft indebted in his *History of the Pacific Coast.* Old age did not warp his genial nature, or take from him his interest in men and events. He was much interested in the Order of the Native Sons of the Golden West, of which organization he was the oldest and most honored member.

He died at the age of eighty-two, possessing all his faculties to the end.

On the last day of his life, as he lay apparently sleeping, an old friend of the family entered the room, and approaching the bedside, kissed him softly on the forehead. His eyes unclosed, and a smile of recognition lighted his pale face.

"I thought an angel kissed me," he said, faintly; "I see it is you, Susie."

A few hours later the spirit of the brave soldier, the faithful friend, the self-sacrificing patriot, passed from earth.

Whoever writes the history of California must write the life of General Vallejo. As well attempt to tear Mount Shasta from her landscape as his story from her annals. Pens more powerful than mine shall do him justice. I, who knew and honored him, lay upon his grave a flower of memory:

"The knight's bones are dust, and his good sword rust,
  His soul is with the saints, I trust."

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION IN CANTERBURY.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CANTERBURY is an old, respectable burgh among the Pennsylvania hills which never made a name for itself—never, indeed, wished to make a name. None of our great politicians or millionaires have come from Canterbury. All of its energetic young men went West. But they must have retained an odd affection for the old village, for they were apt to name their progressive settlements in the Territories New Canterbury. Some of them, too, grown to be old, directed in their wills that their bones should be brought back to lie in the little graveyard on the sunny river-bank.

It was fitting that the graveyard should be in that pleasant corner, for even when they were dead, Canterbury people liked to be cheerful and in company with each other. Strangers found a singular charm in the happy, kindly atmosphere of the place. The people, they said, were not fashionable nor scholarly, but they were genuine. Canterbury girls were noted throughout the State as making good capable wives and mothers.

Of course there were certain prominent families who regulated the clock of life for the rest. There were the Draytons and the Knotes and Squire Hogue. They all had farms, and they understood the difficulties of dealing with these limestone hills, as their grandfathers and great-grandfathers had done before them. They had a thousand methods, old and new, of draining and subsoiling and planting, and they discussed them whenever they met, on three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. The women were, as a rule, good housekeepers and "managers" of children. Any of them could tell you what kind of food your boy should have when he was cutting his second teeth, or how you should deal with your girl when she took to feathers and flirting, and pertness to her mother.

The men in Canterbury were intelligent voters. They read their party pa-

pers carefully, and lost their tempers, in loyalty to that party, on every election day.

The women had all been educated in Miss Pierson's seminary; had gone through a botany and an algebra and a quarto universal history; had read *Télémaque* and Weems's *Life of Washington* in French. Most of them could play a half-dozen "pieces" very correctly on the piano when they left school. Two of the Canterbury girls, being greedy of knowledge, continued their studies, and became successful teachers. But the others were satisfied with their scanty share of book-learning, and devoted themselves to their husbands and children and houses, managing all of them usually with a good deal of intelligence, keen mother-wit, and a strong religious faith.

It was of their own choice that they gave up their studies. The paths of knowledge are long, and the gates are always wide open, but they did not wish to enter in. It was their own choice to stay outside.

One woman in town had followed so peculiar a career that the community were extremely proud of her. It was Mrs. Lippet. She was a famous housekeeper; and when the Judge was paralyzed, and she suddenly found herself with three children, an invalid husband, and no income, she took her one talent out of the napkin and used it. She made pickles, at first for the shops in Canterbury, then for large dealers in New York and Philadelphia. They brought high prices, for never were there such pickles.

There was no secret of the art from the days of Queen Anne until now that she did not know. She could tell you how to blanch the cauliflowers to the tint of snow, and give you the day and hour on which you should gather the green walnuts or the tiny ears of corn to insure perfection in yellow chow-chow.

This one humble art, which she thoroughly understood, enabled her to give the Judge comfort and luxuries as long as he lived, and to send her boys to Princeton.

The only other citizen of Canterbury who differed from the rest was little Daniel Whiffen, the town clerk. Mr. Whiffen for many years had studied night moths. He had a collection of them in a garret room. Very few of his friends had ever been admitted into that sacred retreat. It was said that he had moths there which he had caught thirty years ago, and others the like of which no man in the country had ever seen. He had live ones too, which he fed and watched.

"He is as fond of them," Mrs. Hogue said, "as if they were the children that he never had."

Daniel was a silent, noiseless little man, who never accepted any invitations to tea or to the sewing society meetings. At church he sat in the back pew, and crept out before anybody could speak to him. But everybody liked him, and when the Smithsonian Institution published a monograph by Daniel Whiffen, A.M., Ph.D., all Canterbury triumphed. There was some talk of giving him a public dinner, but as it was certain he would forget to come, the plan died out.

Now it happened about this time (late in September it was) that the two Canterbury girls who had gone out into the world as teachers came back for their annual holiday. They were girls no longer. Maria Holton was a widow with children, the head of a school for young gentlewomen in Philadelphia, and Lucy Noel was a quiet little woman of thirty. She taught music in the same city to earn her living; but music was so much to her apart from its bread-winning uses that she studied its science and history for her own comfort more profoundly than any other woman, probably, in the country has done.

Mrs. Holton was talking of this as they sat together in the parlor of the little inn; for the two women were old friends, and contrived to spend their vacations together in Canterbury when they could.

"Yes, Lucy," she said, "I saw your paper on half-tones quoted as an authority by a musical journal in Berlin, and I said: 'There! Now that is the effect of Canterbury thoroughness. Whatever our people do is sincerely done. Mrs. Lippet makes the best pickles in America, and Lucy learned when she was a child to undertake but little, but to do that little "thorough through." She has kept herself to one study, and has mastered it.'"

"Ah, I wish I had!" said Lucy. She was standing by the window, looking out into the shady street. Presently she said: "Here comes Mr. Knote to play checkers with Squire Hogue, as they have done every evening for ten years. And the

Draytons still paint their house yellow because Mrs. Philip Drayton liked it. She died when I was a child. That is the peculiarity of Canterbury," she said, turning. "They don't alter, and try this and that. They find a good thing and keep to it."

"Worse for them," said Mrs. Holton. "They don't advance."

"Better to keep to a bad thing than be eternally floundering here and there," said Lucy. "Why, we Americans go to Europe to steady ourselves by the repose, the stationary life there. That is the charm of those older countries. Why can we not have quiet here? Why must our lives all be fluid and sappy? Now this old place has repose, an air of certainty. Yes, it has, Maria."

"Worse for it, as I said. We Americans have no time for repose," said Mrs. Holton, reprovingly, and with the *ex cathedra* air proper for the head of a girls' school. "We must improve—improve! Keep up with the procession. Canterbury is thorough as far as it goes, but it goes a very little way. I mean to plant some new ideas here before I go. There should be at least four Chautauquan circles, and a woman's social and literary club, and, above all, a nucleus for University Extension work. I am going to Uncle Potter's to supper, and I will mention my plans. Are you going out, Lucy?"

"No," said Miss Noel; "I will take my tea here."

She gave a little sigh. She would have plenty of invitations to-morrow. But her people, to whom she would have gone without invitations, were all dead long ago.

Mrs. Holton, who was a large portly woman, presently swept down the stairs, resplendent in black satin and jet. Lucy walked with her a little way, and then turned to go back to the inn.

The street was deserted. The old spacious houses which lined it on either side showed through their frontage of leafless trees to Lucy, as she passed, cheerful glimpses of broad uncurtained windows, red fires, and supper tables surrounded with friendly, familiar faces. Mrs. Hogue had a tea party that evening, and the sewing society met at Dr. Drayton's.

"There are the squirrel pies, with their flaky crust, and the corn fritters, and the plum butters. I can taste them all," thought Lucy, smiling to herself. "Solid silver pots and pitchers, too. None of your plated ware. And solid talk of the crops, or the last sermon on predestination, or some other doctrine which never was questioned in Canterbury."

But the chilly twilight seemed to take hold of her and shut her out apart from this cheerful home life. She hurried on, almost stumbling over a little man who was stooping over a bush by the sidewalk.

"Lucy! Miss No—"

"Yes, it is I, Daniel. Did I frighten away your moth?"

"No, no. It was of no value," stammered the little man. "I had not—I did not know you were in town."

"Yes; I came to-night. Are you going to the inn? I hope you are, for I am, and it is a little lonely on the street to-night."

"Why, certainly, Miss Noel."

Mr. Whiffen stiffened himself, with a strange thrill of pleasure. He had never escorted a woman on the street before. What a timid little body she must be to be afraid in Canterbury! He had a vague remembrance of Lucy at school as a little cry-baby, a dunce at the foot of the class. Lucy's recollection of him was that of a dirty lad fussing with frogs and tadpoles in a rain-barrel. But she had a genuine respect for his learning, and was, on her side, also a little proud to walk with him. Her tone expressed great deference.

Lucy had lived many years in the world, and had associated with gently bred people. Mr. Whiffen found her simple, direct manner and quiet voice very unusual and pleasant. She talked of his work, as they walked, as if it were quite a matter of course that the Smithsonian should publish his monograph, and that he should step easily to the front among men of science. Hence he was able at once to speak of it freely, as he never had done to anybody in Canterbury.

This was probably because he was taking care of her, he thought. She certainly was a most timid creature, to be afraid in Canterbury! He swung his stick, keeping a step in advance, and routed the Draytons' collie off the path with a whack.

They soon reached the inn. The window of its dining-room also was open. Inside there was a long table covered

with oil-cloth, heaped with dishes of sausage and boiled tripe, and lighted by sputtering candles. Mr. Harkins, the landlord, in his shirt sleeves, was waiting on two or three drovers and a couple of red-cravated Jewish youths from Pittsburg.

Miss Noel shuddered. Had the gentle little scholar no home but this?

"Do you board at the inn, Mr. Whiffen?"

"Yes. And you also?"

She had a sudden inspiration. "Yes. But Mrs. Harkins gives me my tea in a little parlor. Why cannot you drink yours with me now? She knows that we are old school-fellows."

So it was arranged. It was not an æsthetic parlor; a little dingy brown place with paper blinds on the windows and shell vases on the mantel-shelf. But there was a bright fire, and the little white table was laid for two, and Lucy poured out the tea, while Daniel carved the chicken. His hands shook, and he could not hit a joint; he grew hot and then cold, and when he tried to talk, the words choked him. But Lucy, who was anxious to give the lonely man a little pleasure, talked on and on in her low, gentle way of old teachers and school-fellows, and made some mild jokes which seemed to him the finest of wit. He wondered at her ease. She was certainly the most remarkable woman he had ever seen. With her brown dress and soft, timid glance and fluttering little motions, she was like the daintiest of night moths.

He, too, became at ease presently, and actually made a joke himself, at which she laughed. He thought it over carefully when he went to his room that night, and decided that it was good—very good indeed. The only wonder was how he came to make it.

Everything that happened that night was remarkable. Miss Noel toasted some bread for him at the open fire in spite of his protests. He had never seen toast of such a delicate brown, or with just that delicious savor of butter.

"Mrs. Harkins's toast," he told her, gravely, "is always cold, and striped white and black. Yes, really."

He was so contented and happy that sometimes he would forget to speak at all for a long time, looking steadily at the fire or at her. He wondered if this kind of thing was common in the world, and at last he asked her, "Is your home like this, Miss Noel?"

"No. I do not live in an inn, but in a little house, with a little maid. It is outside of Philadelphia. It is very quiet, on the edge of a wood. I teach all day, you know."

He did not speak then for a long time. He was imagining the wood and the quiet house. How pleased the little maid must be to see her coming home in the evening, and to watch that fine smile on her mouth come and go, and to listen to her low voice!

He never afterwards could understand how that evening slipped away. He was still sipping his tea when Mrs. Holton came back at ten o'clock and greeted him loudly and effusively. "I am very proud of the one great man that Canterbury has produced," she told him. "But, my dear sir, they don't appreciate *you*. 'A prophet,' you know. You must come to the city. There is a place just waiting for you there. We have a museum—scientific. You have undoubtedly heard of it? And a curator is wanted for the Department of Natural History. Ten thousand beetles, insects of all kinds, waiting to be classified! Why, the place is made for you." She had Daniel's thin fingers in her fat ringed hands. "Dear Mr. Whiffen, let me mention you to the trustees on my return."

Daniel fluttered in her grip, frightened as one of his own moths. But he thanked her earnestly, never forgetting to be courteous, and told her he could not live anywhere outside of Canterbury. The people were friendly, and they let him alone. Besides, he knew nothing of insects of all kinds. He had been trying for years to find out something about one species of moth. But it was very difficult. And so he worked his way to the door and made his escape.

"I'll have him in the museum yet!" said Mrs. Holton. "I am sowing my seed broadcast here. Lucy, I have begun to show these people how far behind they are in civilization. I will represent to our committee at home that it is missionary ground. Come this time next year and you will see a different state of things, my dear!"

. . . . But nearly two years passed before Miss Noel returned to Canterbury. No event occurred in her quiet life in

that time, unless we may so reckon a visit from Daniel Whiffen. He appeared one evening on the porch of her little cottage at Radnor, and when she came out to welcome him, bowed a great many times to cover his embarrassment.

"I had some business in the city," he made haste to explain. "I often have thought of your little house on the edge of the wood, and I came to see it. It is very quiet, as you said," looking with pleased eyes at the stretches of dusky field and woodland. "There is no quiet in Canterbury now."

She brought him in, and soon the supper table was laid for two, as if his coming was an every-day matter. Again he carved and she poured out the tea, and again she made him toast. He said little, but looked around at the old-fashioned cozy room, at the prints on the wall, at the fire, and at her. She fancied that the tears came to his eyes. Could it be that pleasure was so rare in his life?

When he was going away he said, anxiously: "I wish you would come to Canterbury. It is very different there now. I must know what you think of it. When will you come?"

"Next month," said Lucy, promptly; for she suddenly felt that some question of great importance was waiting for her to decide.

"On what day of the month?" asked Daniel, solemnly.

It seemed to Lucy as if her breath was being taken from her. "The fifth," she said. Then he made a formal little bow, and went away.

It was late on an October afternoon when the Jersey wagon in which Lucy made the last part of her journey began to climb the lonely hill on the top of which lay Canterbury. Mrs. Lippet (who had been in New York on pickle business) and Squire Hogue's wife were in the wagon. Lucy fancied that there was a lack of the old cordiality in the manner of the ladies towards each other. Mrs. Hogue, too, who had been a stout, good-humored, unaffected little woman, had strangely altered. She now sat bolt-upright, waved her hands, moved her eyes, mouth, and chin as if they were puppets worked according to some unspoken rule known to herself. Lucy watched her in amazement.

"What is the matter with her?" she asked Mrs. Lippet, when Mrs. Hogue fell into a doze.

"She has taken up the Delsartean system."

"But Delsarte—"

"I know, I know! We don't understand him. We understand nothing in Canterbury, but we are clutching at everything."

Mrs. Hogue woke with a start presently, and instantly put lips and eyes to rights. They had entered the main street now. Lucy stared about her perplexed. Where were the old square comfortable houses, built to be homes for many generations? Some ill-natured *génie* had touched and turned them into caricatures of all kinds of villas, chalets, and pagodas. Mansard-roofs had been added, flimsy towers, and Gothic doorways. The old Drayton homestead masqueraded as a many-colored Turkish mosque, and the Knotes had built a wooden imitation of a Norman keep.

"You have made changes here?" said Miss Noel, politely.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hogue, nodding triumphantly. "One of the first course of lectures given by the University Association was on the subject of architecture. Most of our ladies were in the class. They were much interested, and—you see the result! There is, as you know, much wealth in Canterbury, and we are able to give shape at once to our improved ideas."

"Yes, I see," said Miss Noel. "What is that large building yonder?"

"Oh, that is the Casino. All of the women's clubs meet there, and the large assemblies and dinners are given in it."

Lucy's face grew blank with dismay. "And there is an end to your pleasant supper parties at home? They always expressed to me the very soul of hospitality. The delicious pastry and meats—"

"Our women," said Mrs. Hogue, loftily, "are no longer content to be cooks and bakers."

"Excepting me," interjected Mrs. Lippet, with twinkling eyes.

"They buy their cakes and order their suppers, when they entertain, from Mr. Harkins at the inn," pursued Mrs. Hogue. "Oh, you will find that we have made gigantic strides in intellectual development, Miss Noel! There is scarcely a question, from the Hindoo philosophy preceding Buddha to the microbe of la grippe, which we do not thoroughly discuss in our clubs."

"Jane Knote speaks on Buddhism to-

night, doesn't she?" asked Mrs. Lippet. "I saw her taking out Volume B of the Encyclopædia from the library last week."

Mrs. Hogue bowed coldly. It was difficult to keep this woman, whose activity lay in her hands and not in her brains, in her proper place, or to make her feel her inferiority.

"It is a time of great—I might say, seething—intellectual fermentation among us, Miss Noel," she proceeded, ponderously. "Mrs. Holton deserves the credit of planting the seed—or should I say leaven? She advised the formation of clubs among the women. The girls have turned their energies naturally in an artistic or poetic direction. Those of them who do not paint, or mould in clay, write for the magazines. My Bella is one of the foremost in the new movement."

"Why, there is Mr. Whiffen in his Sunday clothes!" exclaimed Mrs. Lippet. "Who can he be looking for? Can he have any bad news for me?"

"Poor distraught creature!" said Mrs. Hogue. "I tried to draw him into this Higher Development, Miss Noel, but he would not even listen to me. He spends all his leisure wandering in the woods, and, as my Bella remarked, 'What pleasure can that give him? For only we artists can see any beauty in nature.' Bella is very profound in her perceptions—very."

Miss Noel's face had reddened slightly. "I did not know that Miss Hogue had studied art," she said, with a little tartness in her tone.

"Studied art? Certainly not. She paints. Paints well. But all that poky process of studying drawing and perspective and anatomy is done away with by the new cult. You just get a canvas and brushes and—paint. Put down your impressions of the things about you. Bella belongs to that school. So do the other girls. It has many teachers in New York."

"In short," interrupted Mrs. Lippet, "our girls go about using their brains as they would a Kodak camera. Focus a—a science—a language—an art—snap! The impression is taken, and off you go! The thing is done. What more do you want?"

"You're very kind, Mrs. Lippet, I'm sure," simpered Mrs. Hogue, turning a more lenient gaze on the pickle-woman. "But you are quite correct. My girls mastered German in five lessons. Now we older women," turning to Miss Noel, "have given ourselves to graver subjects than art or languages. I myself, for instance, have read papers—really exhaustive papers—during the last month on Drainage, the Religion of the Aryans, the Code Napoleon, and the Russian Problem."

"It is a wide range," said Lucy.

"Oh, I find one subject just as easy as another!" Mrs. Hogue replied, affably. "It is all due to the mental discipline of the last two years. You must positively come to the club to-night. Besides Buddhism, some of the girls will discuss Von Moltke's Policy, the System of Trusts, Chinese Art, and the True Status of Christianity among Religions. Do come."

The wagon stopped at that moment before Mrs. Hogue's door, and she bade her companions good-evening, and alighted.

Miss Noel and Mrs. Lippet, as the wagon drove on, looked at each other and laughed.

"But it is not a thing to laugh at," said Mrs. Lippet. "It is pitiable! These people mean well. Their teachers meant well so earnestly that they have expended a great deal of money and labor to bring about the condition of affairs which you see."

"Who is at fault, then?"

"You must judge for yourself. Maria Holton declared that the minds of the people in Canterbury lay fallow. She planted seed. She planted all kinds of seed in all kinds of ground at the same time. She meant well. I will say that. And the seed is good. But there is something radically wrong in the planting. She started debating clubs. She sent us lecturers of one grade and another. At last the University Extension laborers found a field here for their work. Heaven forbid that I should question the sincerity of their motives or their zeal; But they, too, planted mixed seed. The first lecturer, a learned scholar from Oxford, spoke to an audience of housekeepers and farmers on the spiritual significance of Ariel and Caliban. There was not a single copy of Shakespeare in the town! The next gave us his opinions of St. Simon, Comte, and Fourier. Not a soul in Canterbury had ever heard of one of them. But the girls took up the study of Political Economy, and in a fortnight wrote detailed critiques of each of their systems. So it has gone on. Each lecturer

(all zealous, eager men, I fancy) has hurled into the brains of our people a *résumé* of some subject familiar to himself, but alien to us and our habits of thought. Now here," opening her satchel, "is a list of subjects for the next course, which Mrs. Hogue gave me. You see how it hops from age to age, science to science, from one great department of human thought to another. We try to grapple with them all. Each lecturer gives a course—say six lectures. You go. At the close of the course the lecturer gives you a syllabus. There you have the maps, so to speak, of the study, the books required, etc. You get the books, and begin to read up on it in hot haste, to be ready for the next course and the next subject. Well! You see the result—Mrs. Hogue!"

The wagon turned into the lane leading to Mrs. Lippet's door. She brushed the dust from her cloak.

"Why, Lucy, it took me years to learn to make pickles!" she said. "But this generation— We used to study books; they cram their brains with scraps from the encyclopædias. They have not even time to read reviews of books, but skim over a monthly review made up of chips of reviews. Well, here I am at home. Good-by, dear. I suppose you will be carried to that club to-night."

But Miss Noel did not go to the club. She discussed with Mr. Whiffen a question of deeper import to her than Von Moltke's policy.

He stated his side of the argument plainly enough. "I cannot live among these people any longer," he said. "Not much but a very little learning has made them mad. I wanted you to come here and see just how it was, and then I thought you—you would feel for me."

"I understand," said Miss Noel, gently.

"I want some basis of sincerity in life," holding out his hands. "I want quiet and a home. I have been a prudent man." He choked and coughed for a minute, and then went on desperately: "I have invested my savings carefully. I have enough to—to keep me in comfort while I live. And—and you too, Lucy." He walked up and down the room, talking under his breath; then he stopped and again held out his trembling hands. There was a fine tender meaning on his insignificant face. "Will you come, dear?" he said.

She hesitated only a moment. Then she gave him her hand with a nervous laugh.

"Very well, Daniel. We will be married," she said, "and you shall bring your moths to the little house at the edge of the wood. And we will never come back to Canterbury any more."

THE STORY OF THE BUFFALO.

BY HAMLIN RUSSELL.

CABEZA DE VACA, Spanish adventurer, and treasurer of the expedition of Panfilo de Narvaez, is probably entitled to the prestige of being the first European who saw the American bison on his native heath. This daring traveller sailed from Spain on the 29th of June, 1527, and landing in Florida, voyaged along the Gulf coast with his companions in poorly constructed boats. The swift current of the Mississippi dispersed the frail craft, and of the three hundred persons who landed with him on the Florida coast only two white companions, Castillo and Dorantes, with Stephen, a negro slave, returned to civilization. For six years he was held a captive by the Indians, and then he found in Texas the three survivors of the expedition. When these four came together they made their way to the Rio Grande, and finally, on May 12, 1536, reached the town of San Miguel de Calican, in Sinaloa, Mexico. There are now living in northern Mexico and New Mexico men who bear the name of Cabeza de Vaca, and who claim lineage from this old explorer. Once, a few miles south of Deming, New Mexico, the writer drew rein to parley with a passing traveller. He was a priest, journeying from Ascension, Mexico, to "San Vicente," or Silver City, as we call the place who speak the Northern tongue. At first the padre was surly, but when he mentioned his name, "Cabeza de Vaca," and I asked him if he sprang "from the first white man who set foot in New Mexico," his face lit up with pride, and we were soon on easy terms, and passed a most enjoyable *siesta* together in the shade of his canvas-covered spring wagon. How proud he was of his name! And when, after let-

ting him run on for half an hour, I mildly suggested that modern research had perhaps robbed his ancestor of the claim of having been first in New Mexico, by showing that his route must have been more southerly, and through Chihuahua and Sonora, he overwhelmed me with a flood of soft Spanish words, in which he indignantly asked me to explain "where in those states could Cabeza de Vaca have seen the herds of buffalo which he told about, and where were the turquoise mines?" The buffalo ranged in northern Texas and in New Mexico, but not in Chihuahua or Sonora, unless, indeed, they crossed, as they unquestionably must have done, the wide plain on which we were then resting, and so forced their way for a short distance into northern Chihuahua, beyond the Tres Hermanas Mountains. They did not go far south, however; the "cattle" which the old explorer saw in such countless herds, and which the Indians accompanying him slaughtered so relentlessly, only staying their hand when there were none left to kill, or when the animals had succeeded in running away from them, must perforce have been seen by him in New Mexico.

Cortez found specimens of the animal in a museum attached to Montezuma's palace ten years earlier than this. Coronado saw them in Indian Territory, which he describes as a region "full of crooked-back oxen as the mountains of Serena in Spain are of sheep." De Soto's followers found buffalo hides in northern Arkansas, and heard tales of the mighty herds which roamed the plains far to the north. In 1613, east of the Alleghanies, Sir Samuel Argoll, an Englishman, saw buffalo on the Potomac, near the place where Washington now stands. Father Hennepin found them when he made his journey up the St. Lawrence in 1679. From the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, and from Texas to the Great Slave Lake, the shaggy-fronted beasts roamed at will, darkening the plains with their countless numbers, and grazing upon the succulent grasses provided by nature for their sustenance. Was there ever a quadruped which marshalled such an innumerable host as the American bison? Boone found them in Kentucky. Illinois is described by early writers as "covered with buffalo." Lewis and Clarke found them in the Rocky Mountains. As late as 1870 they were as "the leaves of the forest for numbers," and there are thousands of men yet living who have seen herds which numbered half a million or more animals. Reliable observers tell us of estimates which they made of migratory herds, whose numbers reach the astounding totals of from eight to fifteen millions. Slowly grazing as they marched, their front stretched over a territory twenty or thirty miles in width. It was not their custom to travel in compact masses, but to scatter over the plain a few yards apart or in groups of ten or more. Such herds as these have been described as fifty miles in length, and the testimony of many witnesses is easily obtainable to support every assertion here made as to numbers. George A. Baker, president of the Continental National Bank of St. Louis, but formerly a resident of Fort Benton, Montana, and member of a firm of Indian traders there which dealt largely in buffalo hides, said to the writer:

"Once I rode from Sun River to Milk River, and from there to Fort Benton, about 210 miles, and during the whole journey I was constantly surrounded by the animals, and never for a moment out of sight of them."

The land traversed by this gentleman is partly made up of wide plains, and partly of high rolling ridges, from which one can see the country for many miles around. Who can calculate the number of these "cattle upon a thousand hills"?

Up to about 1869 the Indians annually killed the buffalo by thousands. During many generations they slaughtered them only for the meat and skins which they themselves could use. Then there came a time when there was a market for the hides and tongues, and countless other thousands were slaughtered for this purpose. As late as 1874 one could buy a beautiful fur-robe overcoat, well made and lined with flannel, at the retail clothing stores in St. Paul, Minnesota, for ten dollars. There was a market, too, for the choicer portions of the flesh, but this only cut a small figure in the dreadful total, so that finally the trade in robes constituted the only incentive for slaughter. The Union Pacific Railroad was completed in 1869, other railroads began to reach out their iron arms across the Kansas and Nebraska plains, and from that hour the fate of the buffalo was sealed. For several years to come he could be hunted, shot from horseback, driven into enclos-

ures and slaughtered, or perhaps forced over precipices after the manner described in old geographies and school-books. The animals seem to have divided into two great herds towards the close of their career, for we hear of "the great Southern herd" and "the great Northern herd." The Southern herd was the first to go. Buffalo Bill and his kind, with English "sportsmen" and American army officers, vied with each other in the wanton slaughter. During three short years—1872–3–4—the number so killed has been estimated in millions. It matters not how accurate this estimate is, or whether the number so slain was one million or ten millions, the fact remains that at the close of 1874 the great Southern herd was extinct.

In the North the conditions were more favorable, but the relentless hunter was hot upon the trail of the diminishing herds. In 1876 Fort Benton alone sent eighty thousand hides to market. In 1883 two car-loads of hides were shipped from Dickinson, North Dakota. In 1884 Fort Benton sent none at all. In 1879 a little band of the animals were known to be grazing near Fort Totten, on Devil Lake, North Dakota, and it is believed that these animals furnished the two car-loads of robes which came eastward to St. Paul from Dickinson in 1883. This was the last year of the buffalo—1883. A herd, numbering perhaps eighty thousand, crossed the Yellowstone River in that year, and went north towards the British line. "They never came back," is the pitiful refrain which one hears from the Indians along the border from Winnipeg in Manitoba to St. Mary's Lakes in Alberta. No, they never came back, and last summer and fall, while riding with the officers of the Canadian mounted police through Alberta, they told me the story of this last year of the buffalo, but it was never told twice alike by any two men, for a strange mystery seems to hang over the closing scene of the great crime which annihilated the mighty herds. Some think that in the far North, in a great sheltered valley where the climate is tempered by the Chinook winds, the remnant of the "Old Guard" still remain, and refuse to make the attempt of another Southern migration. Frank A. Dowd, formerly a locomotive engineer on the Northern Pacific Railroad, but now the customs officer at the Sweet Grass Hills on the northern line of Montana, holds to this theory. He says: "They *couldn't* all have been killed so quickly. I saw them crossing the Yellowstone River. They darkened the plains with their numbers. Some of them must be living in the North. I don't believe that they were all killed." There are many others who hold with Mr. Dowd, but I cannot think the theory sound, for while all agree that many thousands of the herds reached the British line, and disappeared in the "great lone land" beyond, the weight of testimony is with those who hold that disease and the hard winter which followed annihilated the herd. A Roman Catholic priest, who has passed nearly all his life in the Northwest, said to me:

"I remember that at Calgary, in 1881 and 1882, the Indians found the buffalo very poor and lean. It was all they could do to live on the meat during those years, and they complained that the animals were dying rapidly because of the unprecedentedly deep snows and severe winters. The hunters and Indians killed many of them, but the hard winter gave them the *coup de grâce*."

Other men were found who were ready to support both of these theories, for the subject furnishes an ever-present and interesting topic of conversation in all the wide territory north of the Northern Pacific Railroad to the lonely barracks of the mounted police force, far north of the Canadian Pacific line.

There was one fact, however, which the Canadian officers never lost an opportunity to speak of when discussing the subject. I remember seeing on the plains a great stack of whitening bones. There were perhaps fifty or a hundred tons of skulls and leg bones in the heap, which had been gathered by some of the northern Cree Indians. I had previously seen a pile of bones at Minot on the Great Northern Railroad which was estimated at over five thousand tons. This is all that is left of the buffalo now out of which the Indian can find profit. Once he obtained food, clothing, building material for his tepees, bones from which he could fashion weapons, and hides which he could sell or use in the making of canoes, and for many other purposes. Now the Eastern sugar-refineries purchase the bones found scattered all over the plains, to be used in clarifying sugar. The Indian picks them up, and he gets for them whatever the team-

sters, commission men, brokers, railroad companies, and the other middle-men who stand between the starving savage on the plains and Claus Spreckles's representative choose to give him.

I said to the red-coated inspector who rode with me, "Do the Indians make a living gathering these bones?"

"Yes, in a way," was his reply; "but it is a mercy that they can't eat bones. We were never able to control the savages until their supply of meat was cut off. We have had no trouble worth speaking of since 1883, however."

There is a whole chapter in that remark. As long as the buffalo roamed through the Indian country, the settlement of the land and the extinction of the Indian title was practically an impossibility. With his food supply cut off, the Indian became suddenly tame and easy to handle. The West could not have been settled as rapidly as it has been since 1883 if the migratory herds of buffalo had continued their annual marches across the country. If one pities the poor Indian, he is also at liberty to pity the sad fate of the buffalo.

They are not all gone; here and there a few are left. Professor Hornaday, the naturalist, estimated the number of the animals running wild at the beginning of the year 1891 at 1000, and this is certainly a liberal estimate. About fifty are known to be in Colorado, where in October, 1891, a ranchman, for whom justice still calls in vain, is known to have killed five. In 1889 the State Legislature of Colorado enacted a law providing severe penalties for any one who should kill a buffalo before the year 1900. The State Game Warden recently made an effort to bring the individual who admitted that he had killed five of the animals to justice, but he "could find no one who would testify against him." These Colorado buffalo are said to be in four "bunches"—one in Middle Park, one in the Kenosha range (the herd numbering perhaps twenty), ten or fifteen are at Hahn's Peak in Routt County, and the remainder at Dolores.

On the James River in North Dakota and south and west of Jamestown there are four or five animals, all that are left of the little herd which made its last stand near Fort Totten. Manitoba is said to contain a small herd, but as quite a number of animals were recently shipped from Winnipeg to Garden City, Kansas, where "Buffalo" Jones has gathered a considerable number, and is endeavoring with some measure of success to increase them by breeding, it may be that this Manitoba herd has been counted twice.

The Yellowstone National Park contains a large herd—the largest, perhaps, in existence anywhere—and they are said to be slowly increasing in numbers.

Forty-seven buffalo are owned by C. Allard, a rancher in the Flathead country, on Crow Creek, Montana. These animals are herded with the domestic cattle. Here and there throughout the country, in parks or zoological gardens, a few are to be found. These are all that remain of that mighty host which covered the plains of the West within the memory of men not yet thirty-five years of age.

Editor's Study.

I.

IF people could get the idea that what is called education is a good thing in itself, without reference to its practical uses, what a long step ahead the world would take! The notion that education must be for some definite purpose is responsible for much misdirected effort and many disappointments. If we were asked what is the great need of the day in ordinary life, we should say that it is intelligent readers and critical appreciators of art. It is certainly a very crude idea of life that an education is wasted if it is not practically applied to one of the learned professions, to authorship, or to art, or to teaching. The impulse for any of these careers is strong enough. What needs leavening and liberalizing and lifting up intellectually is the great mass of society. We shall get on a solid basis when we recognize the truth that a thorough education, a full development of all the faculties, is worth all it costs to the individual and to his or her associates, if it may never be put to any professional use. One of the most encouraging things in our recent life is that so many college graduates go into business. If their cultivation in the classics, in the whole range of liberal studies, is needed anywhere, it is in the business world, in social life. The effect

of this infusion of culture into ordinary affairs is visible in many towns and cities in the West, where the whole social tone is elevated by it. One reason why the West is so progressive in the liberal arts, in the formation of libraries and galleries, and in schemes for diffusing cultivation, is that so many college-bred young men have gone there and gone into business. A man may not be a better lumberman because he can read Latin, and knows the difference between Hawthorne and Rider Haggard, but he will be a more interesting man. And to have an interesting society—that is, to lead interesting lives—is altogether the most important worldly thing in this earthly sojourn.

Anxiety is exhibited in many quarters about women who are striving for the higher education, meaning the education usually given to college students. What is it for? What will they do with it? What will they become? The professions are already full; even that of teaching, the least desirable, will eventually, at the rate of supply, be overcrowded. There are more women now who write than there are who can read discriminatingly. Why urge so many into the higher education, the college training, for which they will have, if the world goes on marrying and baking and sweeping and keeping domestic establishments running, so little use? The question might be briefly answered, to make them women. In detail it might be added, to make them more interesting women, better company for themselves and for others, fuller of resources for a life alone or a family life, with an intelligent apprehension of what is going on in the world. To improve the tone of society is excuse enough for the higher education, even if it were not desirable that type-writers should be intelligent. And beyond the needs of society, can it be doubted that if all the mothers of this generation were educated, capable of rightly directing the intellectual development of young minds, the next generation would show a marked improvement over the present? The disappointment about this education arises from misplaced expectations. It isn't the office of education to upset society, but to make it better. The professions can absorb a limited number only. Society needs an unlimited number of highly intelligent persons. It is so in the realm of art. A few years ago the art schools gave a great stimulus to drawing and painting. A new and profitable career seemed opened to women. Thousands of girls rushed to the art schools. They thought they had only to learn to draw, and remunerative employment would be given them. They expected also, all of them, to be artists. Now, not all men who learn drawing and the mixing of colors become artists. Not one student in a thousand of either sex will ever attain eminence in designing or illustrating or painting. New York is full now of young men and women who have acquired considerable knowledge and technical skill in art, who cannot use their acquirements to make a living, and many of them have been from time to time in straits. Many of them may feel that they are martyrs to the advancement of art. They are nothing of the kind. They are the victims of futile aspirations. Few of them can ever be artists; fewer still can ever live by art. Their accomplishments, their skill, their discernment, their love of beauty, their critical faculties, are needed in society, but not in the productive world of art. A diffused knowledge of art, of good taste, which the schools can encourage, is much needed in the community. But inferior artists are not needed. Thousands of girls will save themselves from bitter disappointment if they accept this fact. Education in anything is good in itself, good for the individual and for society, and it will go on much more satisfactorily in our ambitious country, where everybody is longing for a career, when it is acknowledged that this is reason enough for the very highest education.

II.

The notion prevails in this country that we are a very practical people. We take credit to ourselves for being sensible, shrewd, and at least mindful of our own interests. This quality gets a harsher name from our foreign critics. They say that we are materialistic, grasping, and, in fact, sordid, as the thing we care most for is money, and that which we are most alive about is our material interests. They admit that we are "smart," but say that we are mentally commonplace and unimaginative. The critics are mistaken, and our own estimate of ourselves is more complacent than correct. We are a very imaginative people, and in many ways the

most unpractical. The old stage conception of Uncle Sam as a good-natured rustic sitting in a rocking-chair whittling was not altogether out of the way. Whittling is not a remunerative occupation, as a rule, although this quaint waiter on providence, who seemed to imagine that if he sat at ease all good things would in the course of time pass his way, occasionally did whittle out an invention that would save him from labor. He answered the gibes of his critics by pointing out the fact that the chair he sat in was a self-rocker—a little invention of his own. He was a man of vague dreams and imaginations.

No, brought to the test in the commercial struggle of the modern world for supremacy, the American is not practical. In rivalry with other active nations he shows himself a bungler, and lacking in practical wisdom and foresight. An inventor, yes, but lacking practical shrewdness. He is very ingenious. He has gone on doubling in the past few years the great world staples of corn, cotton, and iron, and he seems confidently to expect that providence will market them for him; especially as he has cheapened the cost of all these products, it would only be fair for providence to attend to the selling part. He knows that one per cent. of the arable land in the cotton States will produce all the cotton the world can use, and he knows that the product of cotton and iron and grain increases in an enormously greater ratio than the population, and yet he neglects many of the most obvious means to profit by this bounty of nature and of his situation. He looks on and brags about his greatness, while his industrial and commercial rivals occupy the markets of the world. Now that he is in rivalry with them for a fair share in so plain a prize, his conduct shows him to be the most unpractical of men.

This is perhaps most clearly illustrated in our consular service. We recognize the fact that within half a century the customs of trade have entirely changed. Merchants and manufacturers no longer expect customers to come to them. They go, by their agents, to their customers. The selling is mainly done by a distinct class that has been trained to the business, sifted out and promoted, until it has become a recognized and respectable part of our business organization. This is the class of commercial travellers which used to be called "bagmen" in England and "drummers" in America. Now the consular service in all practical nations is organized in accordance with this modern idea; it is a business service; it is to promote the trade of the country it represents. It has (except in occasional cases) no diplomatic, political, or social functions. The consuls are in a sense the national commercial travellers. They are an organized, permanent service, trained to their business, promoted as they gain skill and show ability to serve the industrial and commercial interests of their countries. If a British or a German consul does not increase the home trade in a port to which he is sent, and does not look sharply after the commercial interests of the manufacturers and merchants of his government, he is displaced by a consul of more zeal and skill. Vulgarly speaking, if he cannot make trade, he can make tracks. They are practical people, these Germans and English; they even play the game of politics for the benefit of their working populations, and they aim always at commercial advantage. Their consular service is trained for the sole purpose of promoting trade and finding markets for home products. It is in consequence of this skill, this trained knowledge, this perseverance, which gives the consular agents familiarity with languages, local prejudices, wants, and customs, that we as a nation are beaten out of sight in trade competition, even in our own Western Hemisphere.

Our conception of the consular service refutes the slander that we are a practical, unimaginative people, devoted to business and material interests. Our service is ornamental; though travellers do say that some of our representatives abroad would not give a person who did not understand our theory the idea that it was intended to be ornamental. But it is. It is not a service at all in the sense of being organized and offering a career to talent or ambition. It is merely an ornamental adjunct to one of our greatest industries, to what we call politics, meaning by politics getting office and making out of it all that can be made. The merchant in New Orleans or New York would not think of picking up a ward politician, or even a clever rural lawyer, without special training, to act as the agent of his house in this country, but he accepts, usually without protest, the same man as a representa-

tive business agent in a foreign market, though he knows that his own travellers get small aid from that agent when they need it. If the merchants and manufacturers of Great Britain and Germany were treated by their governments in this way, there would be a row that would unseat cabinets. Ours is the more beautiful and imaginative theory, and has no sordid stamp of practicality on it. In our government by the people it is necessary that there should be a great deal of political manœuvring. Men will not take the time for this unless they are rewarded. They, the workers, want recognition, distinction. One of the most coveted prizes, and the handiest thing for the party in power to give, is a foreign appointment. But attention to party interests cannot be secured unless this appointment is speedily rotatory, and open to the ambition of the present workers. Therefore it is not the business interests of the country that the consuls are to serve, or that they are fitted to serve. The consulate is a sort of excursion, a picnic, for a worker who is tired, and thinks he would like to change his climate and look on foreign scenes. He is not in office, usually, long enough to learn the language or the ways of the people to whom he is accredited, and the most that we can expect of him is that his American zeal will get us into some sort of an international row that will give us a lively patriotic thrill. No doubt our consular material is as good as that of any other nation, and if it were organized into a service and trained, and if the service were for the promotion of our trade, it would be as effective as any other. But so long as we can afford this purely ornamental display in the world, we ought not to be praised or reproached for having low practical aims.

III.

The Muse who is watching out for the American drama, or rather for that variety of the modern drama which is made up of music, spectacle, and smart timely remarks, must have winked her eye when she looked down on an afternoon performance at Daly's Theatre in New York in January. Not knowing whether to expect the coming drama to appear from above or from below, the Muse may have been surprised to see some indications of its coming from a middle region. There was no play there, to be sure. The performance was Bradbury's cantata of *Esther*, and the performers were colored students from the Hampton Industrial School in Virginia. But there were indications, biblical representations, of a primitive dramatic talent, of a fresh, not to say racial, poetic conception of life which must have set the Muse reflecting on new possibilities for the stage. The audience was large, and of the first respectability, but probably more philanthropic than theatre-wise, and not all of those present were well informed about Esther. This was natural, since Esther is one of the books that were admitted into the canon without a unanimous vote, and has since been regarded with some suspicion. Some have considered it as an Oriental tale without religious significance. Besides, it is well known that a metropolitan audience spends so much of its leisure time in the study of the New Testament that it is obliged to neglect the Old. The story of Esther was therefore new to many present, and could be taken at its dramatic value. Ahasuerus was only a mythical potentate, and the names of Mordecai and Haman only recalled confused recollections of remote Sunday-school teaching. If the conduct of Vashti had been explained, her assertion of a woman's prerogative would no doubt have had the sympathy of a modern audience, and Esther's crafty subservience would have been to her discredit. While, however, a part of the audience were attempting to Orient themselves as to who Mordecai was, and whether it was he or Haman who should be hanged, these other questions were not raised, and the simple drama was allowed to unfold, with all the expectation of a "first night," to their misty recollections. It is impossible to say whether the illusion was sufficient to convince the audience of the truth of the story. With the performers it was quite otherwise. To them the Old Testament, with its marvellous legends and unpronounceable names, is as real as modern history, and is stamped to its least letter with religious meaning and divine authority. Their vivid imaginations kindle at the sight of the remote and almost spectral personages, and the Oriental pageantry and color appeal to them as do the reds and yellows of nature, and the sound of the winds in a pine forest when a spirit passes. They had, indeed, the first element of successful dramatic representation,

faith in the story, and profound realization of the characters. Their semi-tropical natures lent fervor to their conceptions. They were for the moment in the palace of Shushan, and they were royal persons and courtiers. The large chorus were for the time inmates of the palace, born and living in an Oriental atmosphere.

The performance is not spoken of critically, but it had remarkable features. The rendition of the cantata was according to the unaided conception of the Hampton students. They put into the music their own minor pathos. Many of the voices were exceedingly sweet, and some of them remarkable in range and sympathetic quality. Untrained except by themselves, without a conductor, with no orchestra, they sang with a nice ear for harmony and effect. Used to singing "spirituals" and plantation melodies, they carried into the rendition of the cantata the simplicity and the primitive pathos of their musical natures. They were perfectly at home also in their Oriental costumes, which did not seem to be put on for stage effect. Fully impressed with the reality of their parts, they moved and acted with entire grace and dignity, and their groupings were always pleasing and picturesque. In it all they were simple, and never betrayed self-consciousness. The representation was not aided by scenery, and all the illusion of time and place had to be created by the performers. It is not too much to say that in the conception and rendition of this old story they showed that their race has a genuine dramatic instinct. It is doubtful if any other school in the land, of the same grade of scholarship, could have given this story with such simplicity, such absence of self-consciousness, and so much musical ability. This may have much or nothing to do with the question of the general capacity of the race just emancipated; but the Muse of whom we have spoken may have got a hint of an undeveloped talent in this race, some instinct, some imaginative conception, for something new in dramatic representation that will be as pleasing as it is primitive.

IV.

This performance, however, was not either with a view to exhibit new histrionic possibilities or to amuse the public. It was for the prosaic purpose of raising money to carry on the Hampton Industrial School. And in its result, if it showed nothing else, it showed the capacity of the race to help itself. To thoughtful minds the idea embodied in the Hampton School and others like it is a solution of some of the perplexing national problems we have on hand. This solution General Armstrong grasped the moment the war was over. His sympathetic genius led him to see it; his extraordinary executive ability enabled him to realize it. The government gave millions of the race (mainly agricultural) freedom, without a yard of land out of which to dig the means of living. It supplemented this gift by the ballot, without teaching the emancipated how to read it. Naturally the first thought of philanthropy was that this race must be educated. In a race lacking the background of a civilization that includes so much that we forget is the important part of education, General Armstrong saw that the ordinary public school, which teaches reading and writing, would be wholly insufficient. With the knowledge of letters must be acquired habits of industry, self-control, responsibility, thrift, consciousness of the duties of citizenship, manual skill in trades, and certain moral standards. To these ends a training-school was necessary which should train the whole man, not only in industry, but into a conception of a higher life, a strongly moral if not a specifically religious life. He saw that this gigantic task was to be the work of his life. He knew that civilization is a slow process; he had no illusions as to a speedy revolution in the people for whom he labored. He knew that there must be a small beginning and a slow extension of the work of regeneration. But he began at once. In an abandoned barrack at Hampton he gathered fifteen scholars, and began to train them. He threw himself into the work with all the peculiar genius of his enthusiasm. The heroic man has carried on the work with unexampled force and courage. Virginia aided him, the general government has aided him, but the greater proportion of the funds necessary he has raised by personal solicitation, while needing all his strength for the work at Hampton. The experiment has succeeded. The school has become a powerful influence in the elevation of the race. It numbers nearly a thousand students of both sexes, who are learning the elements of moral, inde-

pendent existence. But the captain of this great movement can do no more. He lies stricken with paralysis, the direct result of his incessant labors, calmly waiting, and believing that the means will come to place Hampton on a permanent foundation above the need of personal solicitation. And it does not seem too much to expect that, immediately, out of the abundant riches of the prosperous, who are also intelligent observers of the Southern problem, a sufficient endowment of Hampton will be forth-coming to gladden the heart of General Armstrong with the assurance that he has not given his life in vain.

Nor is this all. Hampton secured, other like attempts will be encouraged, and many industrial schools of high character, planted throughout the Southern country, will go far to remove the disturbing political feature of the negro question.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 5th of February.—The Presidential electors chosen at the national election in November, 1892, met in the several States on the 9th of January, and cast their votes as follows: For Grover Cleveland, 277; for Benjamin Harrison, 145; for James B. Weaver, 22. Complete returns from the election gave the following as the aggregate result of the popular vote: For Cleveland, 5,554,685; for Harrison, 5,172,343; for Weaver, 1,040,600; for Bidwell, 273,314; scattering, 27,653.

The following United States Senators were chosen in January: Donaldson Caffrey, Democrat, Louisiana (to succeed Randall L. Gibson, deceased); Henry Cabot Lodge, Republican, Massachusetts; Edward Murphy, Jun., Democrat, New York; Stephen N. White, Democrat, California; Joseph R. Hawley, Republican, Connecticut; Eugene Hale, Republican, Maine; C. K. Davis, Republican, Minnesota; F. B. Stockbridge, Republican, Michigan; William B. Bate, Democrat, Tennessee; George Gray, Democrat, Delaware; Matthew S. Quay, Republican, Pennsylvania; David Turpie, Democrat, Indiana; James Smith, Jun., Democrat, New Jersey; John L. Mitchell, Democrat, Wisconsin; John Martin, Populist, Kansas; William M. Stewart, Republican, Nevada; Francis M. Cockrell, Democrat, Missouri.

News of a successful revolution in the Hawaiian Islands was received on the 29th of January. On the 14th Queen Liliuokalani had attempted to promulgate a new constitution depriving foreigners of the right of franchise, and abrogating the House of Nobles. This met with determined opposition on the part of the citizen foreigners, who assembled in mass-meeting at Honolulu, and appointed a Committee of Safety with discretionary powers. On the 16th the latter issued a proclamation abrogating the monarchical system, and establishing a provisional government consisting of an Executive Council of four members. This council at once assumed control of the government, obliged the deposed Queen to retire to her private residence, and despatched a commission to Washington with a petition to the American government for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States. This commission reached Washington on the 3d of February.

In France the excitement over the Panama Canal scandals continued, and many enormous frauds were exposed. The French cabinet resigned on the 10th, but a new ministry was immediately formed, with M. Ribot, as Minister of the Interior, still at the head.

DISASTERS.

January 10th.—A rush of water into a colliery near Penzance, England, caused the death of thirty miners.

January 15th.—A train on the Congo Railway, near Matadi, west Africa, was wrecked by an explosion of dynamite, and fifty persons were killed.

January 21st.—In a railroad catastrophe at Alton Junction, Illinois, sixteen persons were killed and many others seriously injured.

January 23d.—News was received from Canton, China, giving particulars of the burning, by incendiaries, of a temple near that city, resulting in the death of more than 1400 natives.

January 24th.—In an explosion in a colliery near Dux, Bohemia, 130 miners were killed.

January 31st.—An earthquake occurred in the island of Zante, Greece, causing great destruction of property and the loss of many lives.

OBITUARY.

January 1st.—At Cambridge, Massachusetts, Professor Eben Norton Horsford, aged seventy-five years.

January 3d.—In New York city, Mrs. Martha Joan Reade Nash Lamb, historian, aged sixty-four years.

January 11th.—In Washington, D. C., John E. Kenna, United States Senator from West Virginia, aged forty-five years.—In Washington, D. C., General Benjamin Franklin Butler, aged seventy-five years.

January 15th.—In New York city, General Rufus Ingalls, aged seventy-three years.

January 16th.—In London, England, Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble Butler (Fanny Kemble), aged eighty-two years.

January 17th.—At Fremont, Ohio, Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-President of the United States, aged seventy-one years.

January 23d.—In Boston, Massachusetts, the Right Rev. Phillips Brooks, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, aged fifty-seven years.—At Macon, Georgia, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, aged sixty-eight years.

January 27th.—In Washington, D. C., James Gillespie Blaine, aged sixty-three years.—At Mendham, New Jersey, General Abner Doubleday, aged seventy-four years.

January 29th.—Near Washington, D. C., Major-General Samuel Spring Carroll, U.S.A., retired, aged sixty years.

Editor's Drawer.



A STORY OF CHARLIE HARRIS.

THERE are few of us who ever knew Charlie Harris who will not remember him best as "Chad," the faithful, fat, and delightful body-servant, friend, and guardian of Colonel Carter of Cartersville. His soft dialect, his mushy accent, his natural gestures, his limp, long since forgotten, but put on again when his master recalled the heroic incident in which he received the bullet in his leg, all combined to make him the only real "nigger" on the stage. But to know Charlie Harris truly one had to know him off the stage.

One night at the rooms of some friends high up on Fifth Avenue we got him to talking about old times and his life in Louisiana. "Boys, if you think I am a good 'nigger,' you ought to see me as a villain. You do not know what a villanous villain I am. It was the first character I ever played," he said. He had not been playing long when his company went to New Orleans. His old home was near there, and one day his old mammy and her husband, "Uncle Tony," called on him. He invited them to come and see him play that night, and sent them front seats in the colored people's gallery. "They thought I owned the theatre," he said, "and expected to see me looking like a king at the Mardi-gras. Well, in the piece that night I was the villain. I was not made up much, and consequently I could be easily recognized. I cut my eye up to the gallery as I entered, and saw the old folks in their places. Uncle Tony knew me at once, for he undertook to point me out to mammy. I could hear him describing me. 'Dat's him. Nor, not dat one; *dat* one —dat fat one over dyah.' Presently mammy saw me and made a gesture to me. Well, I was the meanest rascal in that play you ever saw—as cold as a lizard and as calculating as a rat. I cheated every one, and everybody hated me. For a time I succeeded, but after a period of prosperity I was at last found out, and everybody jumped on me. I was caught

stealing, and was abused like a pickpocket without a word to say for myself. In the middle of it I heard an exclamation from the gallery, and caught a glimpse of Uncle Tony and mammy. They were both leaning far over the rail in great excitement. Just then I was seized and banged around the room by the hero. I was too busy to notice more than that both mammy and Uncle Tony were on their feet gesticulating; but just as I was being hustled to the door to be kicked out, I heard a scream, 'Yo'-all let my chile alone!' and a deeper voice shouting, 'Knock him down, Marse Charlie, knock him down! Wait; I'm comin'.' Then the door closed on me, and a storm of applause went through the house.

"When the play was over, some one told me that two old negroes were waiting outside to see me. I had them shown in. I saw that something was the matter, and tried to be jocular, but it was too serious with them. Mammy was whimpering and rocking from side to side, and Uncle Tony was as solemn as a tombstone. 'Marse Charlie, you didn't steal dem things sho 'nough, did you?' asked Uncle Tony, whilst mammy rocked and moaned. 'No,' I exclaimed, 'of course not.' 'I tole you so; I tole you so,' said mammy. 'I tole dem other niggers so up dem stairs dyah. 'Twas dat other man heself,—I tole em so.' I tried to explain, for I saw my danger. I had played too naturally. It never had occurred to me that they would think me a thief. I was not entirely successful, however. 'Marse Charlie, your pa never would 'a' stood no sich thing as dat,' said Uncle Tony. 'He never'd 'a' let no man lay a han' 'pon him in dis wull!' 'Why, that was in the play,' I explained. 'Don't you see?' 'Mighty curiousome sort of play,' said Uncle Tony, solemnly; 'have a man knock you down and stomp all over you like dat, and then dar'sn' even raise your han' 'bout it. I bound your pa would 'a' knocked his head offn any man that laid his han' 'pon him.' 'Well, he 'bleeged to git a livin',' said mammy, apologetically. 'Mighty hard way to git a livin',' said Uncle Tony, suspiciously. 'I glad old marster 'ain' know nuttin' 'bout it, dat's all.' They went out. They are both dead now," said Charlie, softly.

And now Charlie is dead too.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

THE SPIRITS MOVED HIM.

MRS. MULLANY had gone to sleep in her chair; her ball of yarn had fallen to the floor, where the cat was knitting cobwebs with it between the chairs.

Pat Mullany was smoking his old clay pipe, and trying to get last week's news into his head by means of reading aloud very slowly, and spelling the hard words. Oblivious to his wife's nap, he said: "Biddy, do ye mind that? Moi, but he was the foine man! Listen, will yez? 'The percession moved along wid th' gal-lent *Siventh* actin' as guards on each side of the c-a-i-s-s-o-n.' Phat th' divil's that? C-a-i ki, s, kies-son—kisson?—kisson?—shure it must be th' carcass. 'The sthreets were lined wid a mul-ti-tude of people.'"

Here he was interrupted by a knock at the door, to which he paid no attention, save to glance at the door. The knock was repeated.

"Who's thare?"

"Shure it's us."

"Who the divil's us?"

"Shure it's me, Tim Ryly, Billy Muldune, Mister Maguire, and the rist."

"Phat de yez be wantin' here? It's most nine o'clock, and Biddy's ashlape be the fire."

"Pat Mullany, will ye open th' dour, and let us be after comin'? We've come to pass the time wid yez. Barny Rooney's got his fiddle, and we could have a shtip or two."

"Go 'way wid yez."

"Here's Mrs. O'Hay, wid a foine shtewed rabbit, and Mrs. Flynn, wid some foine pays."

The door opens an inch.

"Come, now, it's Larry Quinn has his pocket full of pipes and tobacco, and it's meself that has sugar and limons; that, wid the aid of a little hot wather, and a drop of the crathur, will put a heart in yez."

"Ye spalpeen! where do yez think I'd be after gettin' the crathur at this time of night?"

"Shure it's just Tim Ryly as can tell ye. Haven't I got the bottle under me arm, kapin' warm and lively wid me heart's throbbin'?"

"Tim Ryly, shure it's a fool ye are! Why didn't ye tell me an hour ago? Come in an' see Biddy; shure she's wearyin' for a sight of yez. Biddy, me dear, here's Mr. Ryly and the rest come for a bit of supper they've brought along wid 'em. Shure here they've been standin' widout, and we waitin' widin, hours."

H. E. MCINTOSH.

QUANTITY *VERSUS* QUALITY.

LONG years ago I had by chance a Thought—
A thoughtful Thought it was, as all agreed—
And when in its totality 'twas caught,
I sat me down to frame it in a screed.
Now brevity, men say, 's the soul of wit;
And hence I sought, in writing, to be brief.
In four strong lines I made my fancy fit,
And sent it out,—and came, alas! to grief.

For years the unappreciated verse
Lay in my desk unheeded—nay, forgot.
But yesterday I took that quatrain terse
And once more cast it in the smelting-pot.
I wrote six hundred lines all featly rhymed,
And then an envoi holding sixty more:
The selfsame thought was there that once I'd timed
So that 'twas clear in seconds three or four.

Again I sent it forth. This time success
My efforts crowned, to my exceeding glee;
Yet was I saddened somewhat, I confess,
To note the public's love for quantity;
And when a reader wrote to me to say,
"There's lots of stuff in that. You've made a hit,"
It made me wince to hear it put that way,
For as to "stuff," the rhyme was full of it.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



APRIL'S GIRL.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I.

OH, she was a rose half-budded, in the intermediate school,
And her face and form I studied twice as much as task or rule.
For her eyes my eyes enlisted more than books on any shelf,
And no lesson e'er existed so instructive as herself.
She was such a slender wee thing, with gold hair and modest eyes;
But my heart with love was seething for this undiscovered prize.
Oh, she was a girl to die for, but I couldn't do that, alas!
I could only help her cipher, and be pony in her class.
And my boyish mind affirmed me full of passion most divine;
Though no doubt my teacher termed me as a juvenile canine.
And one icy day I offered to protect her steps from harm;
With a bow the boon I proffered; and she almost took my arm.
O that year and month were older! for this beauty of the school
Ran, and o'er her shapely shoulder shouted softly, "April Fool!"

II.

Oh, the times we met were fewer—jealous years rushed in between;
She was six when first I knew her—but she now had grown sixteen.
All her childhood's winsome graces had been gently trained and taught;
There were on her brow the traces of a woman's coming thought.
I could see her mind revolving in the realms of faith and doubt;
The great problem she was solving, what this world is all about.
Hopes enough her soul must bury; many prizes must be lost;
But her heart was bright and merry, as I found out to my cost.
For I met her once beguiling with some flowers her homeward way,
When the Month of Storms was smiling with a pleasant opening-day.
"Without words these blooms repose here," I remarked, with jaunty bow;
"If you like me, pluck this rose here, and present it to me now."
Coming toward me I discerned it; then, with manner kind, but cool,
To her bosom she returned it, softly laughing, "April Fool!"

III.

Oh, another year I found her bathed in Fashion's lurid light,
With a hundred guests around her seeking favor in her sight.
Rushing years with treasures laden, you had nurtured in your arms
My sweet simple school-girl maiden, to this miracle of charms!
Flashing through the frescoed hallways, how the splendors decked her brow!
She had been an angel always, but she was a goddess now!
And my love—could I conceal it?—no; without a doubt I knew
That my glances must reveal it—'twas so deathless and so true.
And I thought her heart would soften—that she pitied me the while;
For she looked my way quite often—once she sent a wistful smile!
So I said, deluded sinner, not remembering the date,
"I will take her down to dinner, and confirm my splendid fate."
But her arm with that was mated of a mild prosaic mule,
A small creature that I hated—and she murmured, "April Fool!"

IV.

Oh, 'twas just a year precisely, from the evening named above,
When, more honestly than wisely, I revealed my depths of love;
Told her how with gloom appalling was this desert world of ours,
Till her smile upon it falling made it blossom into flowers;
How my web of life had faded more and more in gloomy strands,
Till a golden thread she braided with her white and helpful hands;
How my heart had twined about her, as the fairest of the good;
How I could not live without her, and I would not if I could.
"Oh, I pity you!" demurely she replied, with laughing tongue;
"It will be a hardship, surely, for a youth to die so young!"
Like a tiger loosed, I started for the mansion's gilded door;
I was wellnigh broken-hearted; I with rage was boiling o'er.
But she stepped before me shyly in the gloomy vestibule,
Whispering, as she kissed me slyly, "Oh, you dear old April Fool!"



THE SKITTISH DOCTOR.

DOCTOR S—— was noted among his professional brethren for his power of concentration. When once he bent his mind to a problem he became totally oblivious of everything about him.

The doctor had a horse that was almost as famous as himself. Among her peculiarities was the habit of shying. She would not shy at things which most horses consider fit subjects for that sort of digression. She would pay no attention whatever to a newspaper blowing about the streets, but was mortally afraid of a covered wagon. At the sight of one of New Haven's suburban stages she would run over the curb-stone and threaten not only the doctor's life, but that of the chance passer. Of this habit she could not be broken. It seemed as though she could *smell* a stage long before it came in sight, so that the doctor would go half a dozen blocks out of his way rather than meet one. Early one morning he received a telephone call to the effect that one of his patients had become alarmingly worse. Without waiting for his carriage, he started to walk, the distance being about a mile. His mind became at once absorbed in the case, but not so much so that he did not remember that the course of the Seymour stage lay right in his path. He looked at his watch and saw that he would be sure to meet it if he went the shortest way. He was in a hurry to get to his patient, but there was no help for it. He uttered a malediction over the circumstance, and turned off at the first corner. This obliged him to nearly double the distance, and the day was warm. He walked as he never walked before, and failed to recognize a couple of intimate friends whom he nearly ran over.

It was not until he had spent two hours with his patient, and came out to look for his horse, that he began to realize that he had walked a mile out of his way so that he need not shy at the Seymour stage!

FREDERICK H. COGSWELL.

THE WAR WAS A FAILURE FOR HIM.

WALKING along the bluff at Siasconsett one afternoon, I paused to watch the sunset beyond the moors. I had thrown myself upon the grass, and was absorbing the spiritual charm of the dying day, when I was disturbed by a sudden, "Hi, there!"

I looked up, and saw a rather decrepit old man coming towards me. He was engaged in painting the piazza of a cottage, but at the prospect of holding a sociable conversation, he abandoned the work in hand and took a seat beside me. I can still see him, sharply etched against the splendors of the closing day, his shapeless felt hat swaying to and fro.

"Pretty fine place," I said, by way of opening.

"Ain't no finer nowhere," he replied.

"I suppose you have lived here a long time?"

"Ever since I was born," he replied; "but I'm all gone now."

"You mean you are not strong?" I asked.

"That's it, exactly; and I 'ain't been strong for a long time. When I was young I could do anything; now I'm only good for odd jobs."

He finished this statement with a pathetic sigh, in which he seemed to renew in memory the splendid vigor of his youth.

"You're not very old now," I said.

"No, not very," he acquiesced; "won't be seventy-eight until next February; but I ought to be as lively as a cricket yet. Do you know, I've been a whole week a-paintin' that there stoop!"

I suspected that possibly the length of time consumed in painting the stoop might be owing more to the fact that he was working by the day than to that of his extreme age. But I said nothing that could be construed as an unkind commentary upon himself, preferring to have him believe that I attributed his decrepitude to the atmosphere of the region.

"I always supposed this to be a very healthful spot."

"It is," he replied; "ain't no better nowhere."

Still his head bobbed to and fro against the sky, that was now a deep mellow crimson. I watched a snow-white gull circling above the sea, and pretended to be preoccupied.

"It was the war that done it," he continued, with great feeling. "I came back all chockfull of rheumatiz and malary, and I 'ain't never been the same man since. I tell you that war was an awful failure for me."

"It was a very sad affair," I said, in a kind attempt to be sympathetic.

"Yes," he replied, "it was. Why, do you know what I could do before the war?"

"No."

"Well," he continued, "I could sit down and eat ten plates of baked beans for breakfast without turning a hair; and now I can't eat one plateful to save my life."

This seemed to be the climax of the veteran's war memories; for when he concluded, he looked as if he felt that the acknowledgment of the condition of his present capacity for beans, compared with that of his *ante bellum* days, was one that placed his manhood within the pale of criticism. And no sooner had he finished than he suddenly arose without ceremony and departed, leaving me to continue my dreams beside the sea in the deepening glow of twilight. And yet I forgot the indistinct outlines of the moorland and the melody of the ocean as I thought of the man who considered the war a failure because it had wrecked his organs of digestion, and left him becalmed on the shores of age, so broken physically that he could not successfully cope with a single plateful of beans, when in the halcyon days of his approaching middle age, before the war, he could rise with the lark and, in his own language, eat ten platefuls without turning a hair.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AN UNFORTUNATE INTERPOLATION.

A NUMBER of London cockneys had formed themselves into an amateur theatrical association. Mistaking energy of purpose for histrionic ability—a fault not unknown to amateurs—they determined to undertake Shakespeare's tragedy of *King Richard the Third*. The initial performance was to be given on the night of Boxing day, the 26th of December, at one of the little suburbs of mighty London.

On the eventful night of the performance the actors, stimulated by the applause of the audience, which was of course composed chiefly of relatives and near friends, had lost much of the uneasiness attendant upon a first appearance. Already had they begun to give their individual genius a fuller rein. Much "business" which had not been tried at rehearsal was now attempted with impunity. All went well until the fourth scene of act fourth, when Catesby rushes in to announce to the King the capture of Buckingham. Of course our actors used the interpolated version that puts into Richard's mouth the well-known exclamation: "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" But there was even a greater liberty taken with the text than our ambitious friends intended. As soon as Catesby had delivered himself of his lines, "My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken," etc., he paused to allow the King to make the usual exclamation. At each of the rehearsals the actor impersonating Richard had hardly given the messenger time to pronounce his lines before shrieking out his malediction, which he considered one of the situations of the tragedy. But during the performance he had decided that it would be much more natural and impressive to stride up and down the stage a number of times gnashing his teeth before delivering the lines in his most guttural tones, which were to pass for deep and concentrated hatred. Unfortunately for the result, he had neglected to confide his change of idea to his fellow-actor. Catesby waited what doubtless seemed to him an age. But the only effect the news of Buckingham's capture seemed to have upon Richard was to make him take even longer strides than before, and make an extremely unpleasant noise "gritting" his teeth. After venturing several interrogatory coughs, which did not alter either the pace of the monarch or provoke any reply whatever, the unfortunate Catesby decided to save the day, which seemed to him on the verge of being lost, by a bold step. Disregarding the monarch's frown, he began again, in a clear voice, "My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;" and concluded, boldly, "an' we've took off 'is 'ead!" The effect was electric. There was no art, but nature, in the burst of anger with which the enraged Richard, tearing off his crown and armor and hurling them at his unfortunate but well-meaning support, screamed out: "You 'ave, 'ave you! Well, you've been an' spoilt the whole bloomin' play." The tragedy came to an untimely end.



A NICE QUESTION.

ETHEL. "Mamma dear, will that dessert hurt me, or is there plenty?"



BROWN (*who was all but run over*): "Why didn't you call out *sooner*, you stupid ass?"
CABBY: "I *did*, Sir!"
BROWN: "Why didn't you call out *louder*, then?"
CABBY. "I *did*, Sir!"

—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.



ALONG THE CANAL IN OLD MANHATTAN.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVI. MAY, 1893. No. DXVI.

The Evolution of New York

By Thomas A. Janvier.

First Part.



I.

THERE was no element of permanence in the settlement of New York. The traders sent here under Hendrick Christiansen, immediately upon Hudson's return to Holland in 1609, had no intention of remaining in America beyond the time that would pass while their ships crossed the sea and came again for the furs which meanwhile they were to secure. Even when Fort Manhattan was erected—the stockade that was built about the year 1614 just south of the present Bowling Green—this structure was intended only for the temporary shelter of the factors of the United New Netherland Company while engaged with the Indians in transient trade; for the life of this trading organization specifically was limited by its charter to four voyages, all to be made within the three years beginning January 1, 1615. Fort Manhattan, therefore, simply was a trading-post. If the Company's charter could be renewed, the post would be continued while it was profitable; upon the expiration of the charter, or when the post ceased to be profitable, it would be abandoned. That the temporary settlement thus made might develop, later, into a permanent town was a matter wholly aside from the interests in view. Leavenworth, Denver, a dozen of our Western cities, have been founded in precisely the same fashion within our own day.

Not until the year 1621, when the Dutch West India Company came into existence, were considerate measures taken for assuring a substantial colonial life to the Dutch settlement in America. The earlier trading association, the United New Netherland Company, expired by limitation on the last day of the year 1617; but its privileges were revived and maintained by annual grant for at least two years; probably for three. Then the larger organization was formed, with chartered rights (so far as the power to grant these lay with the States General

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of Holland) to the exclusive trade of all the coasts of both Americas.

Unlike the English trading companies —whose administration of their colonial establishments flowed from a central source—the Dutch West India Company was in the nature of a commercial federation. Branches of the Company were established in the several cities of Holland; which branches, while subject to the authority (whereof they themselves were part) of the organization as a whole, enjoyed distinct rights and privileges, and had assigned to them, severally, specific territories, over which they exercised all the functions of government, and with which they possessed the exclusive right to trade.

In accordance with this scheme of arrangement, the trading-post on the island of Manhattan, with its dependent territory—broadly claimed as extending along the coast from the Virginia Plantations northward to New England, and inland indefinitely—became the portion of the Amsterdam branch; wherefore the name of New Amsterdam was given to the post, even as the territory already had received the name of New Netherland.

As a commercial undertaking, the Dutch West India Company was admirably organized. Its projectors sought to establish it on so substantial a foundation that its expansion would not be subject to sudden checks, but would proceed equably and steadily from the start. To meet these requirements, mere trading-posts in foreign countries were not sufficient. Such temporary establishments were liable to be effaced in a moment, either by resident savages or by visiting savages afloat out of Europe—for in that cheerful period of the world's history all was game that could be captured at large upon or on the borders of the ocean sea. For the security of the Company, therefore, it was necessary that the New Netherland should be held not by the loose tenure of a small fort lightly garrisoned, but by the strong tenure of a colonial establishment firmly rooted in the soil. With this accomplished, the attacks of savages of any sort were not especially to be dreaded. Colonists might be killed in very considerable numbers and still (the available supply of colonists being ample) no great harm would be done to the Company's interests, for the colony would survive. Therefore it was that with the change in ownership and in name came also a change in the nature of the Dutch hold upon this island. Fort Manhattan had been an isolated settlement established solely for purposes of trade; New Amsterdam was the nucleus of a colonial establishment, and was the seat of a colonial government which nominally controlled a region as large as all the European possessions of Holland and the German states combined.

It would be absurd, however, to take very seriously this government that was established in the year 1623. The portion of the American continent over which Director Minuit exercised absolutely undisputed authority was not quite the whole of the territory (now enclosed by the lower loop of the elevated railway) which lies south of the present Battery Place. Within that microscopic principality he ruled; outside of it he only reigned. That he was engaged in the rather magnificent work of founding what was to be the chief city of the Continent was far too monstrous a thought to blast its way to his imaginative faculty through the thickness of his substantial skull.

Yet Fort Amsterdam, begun about the year 1626—its northern wall about on the line of the existing row of houses facing the Bowling Green—really was the beginning of the present city. The engineer who planned it, Kryn Frederick, had in mind the creation of works sufficiently large to shelter in time of danger all the inhabitants of a considerable town; and when the Fort was finished, the fact that such a stronghold existed was one of the inducements extended by the West India Company to secure its needed colonists; for these, being most immediately and personally interested in the matter, could not be expected to contemplate the possibility of their own massacre by savages of the land or sea in the same large and statesmanlike manner that such accidents of colonial administration were regarded by the Company's directors. The building of the Fort, therefore, was the first step towards anchoring the colony firmly to the soil. By the time that the Fort was finished the population of this island amounted to about two hundred souls; and the island itself, for a consideration of $24, had been bought by Director Minuit for the Company, and so formally had passed to Dutch from Indian hands.

While the town of New Amsterdam thus came into existence under the protection of the guns of its Fort, the back country also was filling up rapidly with settlers. In the year 1629 the decree issued that any member of the West India Company who, under certain easy conditions, should form a settlement of not less than fifty persons, none of whom should be under fifteen years of age, should be granted a tract of land fronting sixteen miles upon the sea, or upon any navigable river (or eight miles when both shores of the river were occupied), and extending thence inland indefinitely; and that the *patroons* to whom such grants of land should be made should exercise manorial rights over their estates. In accordance with the liberal provisions of this decree, settlements quickly were made on both sides of the Hudson and on the lands about the Bay; but these settlements were founded in strict submission to the capital; and by the grant to the latter (by the Charter of Liberties and Exemptions, 1629) of staple rights—the obligation laid upon all vessels trading in the rivers or upon the coast to discharge cargo at the Fort, or, in lieu thereof, to pay compensating port charges—the absolute commercial supremacy of the capital was assured. Thus, almost contemporaneously with its founding, the town of New Amsterdam —at once the seat of government and the centre of trade—became in a very small way what later it was destined to be in a very large way: a metropolis.

II.

The tangle of crowded streets below the Bowling Green testifies even to the present day to the haphazard fashion in which the foundations of this city were laid. Each settler, apparently, was free to put his house where he pleased, and to surround it by an enclosure of any shape and, within reason, of any size. Later, streets were opened—for the most part by promoting existing foot-paths and lanes—along the confines of these arbitrarily ordered parcels of land. In this random fashion grew up the town.

Excepting Philadelphia, all of our cities on the Atlantic seaboard have started in this same careless way: in as marked contrast with the invariably orderly prearrangement of the cities in the lands to the south of us as is the contrast between the Saxon and the Latin minds. Yet the piece-made city has to commend it a lively personality to which the whole-made city never attains. The very defects in its putting together give it the charm of individuality; breathe into it with a subtle romance (that to certain natures is most strongly appealing) somewhat of the very essence of the long-by dead to whom its happy unreasonableness is due; preserve to it tangibly the tradition of the burning moment when the metal, now hardened, came fluent from the crucible and the casting of the city was begun.

Actually, only two roads were established when the town of New Amsterdam was founded, and these so obviously were necessary that, practically, they established themselves. One of them, on the line of the present Stone and Pearl streets —the latter then the water-front—led from the Fort to the Brooklyn ferry at about the present Peck Slip. The other, on the line of the present Broadway, led northward from the Fort, past farms and gardens falling away towards the North River, as far as the present Park Row; and along the line of that street, and of Chatham Street, and of the Bowery, went on into the wilderness. After the palisade was erected, this road was known as far as the city gate (at Wall Street) as the Heere Straat, or High Street; and beyond the wall as the Heere Wegh—for more than a century the only highway that traversed the island from end to end.

Broad Street and the Beaver's Path primarily were not streets at all. On the line of the first of these, with a roadway on each side, a canal extended as far as Beaver Street; where it narrowed to a ditch which drained the swamp that extended northward to about the present Exchange Place. On the line of the Beaver's Path, east and west from the main ditch, were lateral ditches at the lower end of the swamp. This system of surface drainage having converted the swamp into a meadow, it became known as the Sheep Pasture. That the primitive conditions have not been wholly changed was made manifest within the past two years by the very extensive system of piling which was the necessary preparation to the erection of the ten-story building on the northwest corner of Broad and Beaver streets. Down beneath the modern surface the ancient swamp remains to this present day.

Because of the homelikeness—as one

sat contentedly smoking on one's stoop in the cool of summer evenings — that there was in having a good strong-smelling canal under one's nose, and pleasant sight of round squat sailor-men aboard of boats which also were of a squat roundness, Broad Street (then called the Heere Graft) was a favorite dwelling-place with the quality of that early day; and even the Beaver's Path—which could boast only a minor, ditchlike smell, that yet was fit to bring tears of homesickness into one's eyes, such tender associations did it arouse —was well thought of by folk of the humbler sort, to whom the smell of a whole canal was too great a luxury.

Finally, one other street came into existence in that early time as the outgrowth of constraining conditions; this was the present Wall Street, which primitively was the open way, known as the Cingle, in the rear of the city wall. As to the wall, it was built under stress of danger and amidst great excitement. When the news came, March 13, 1653, of a threatened foray hither of New-Englanders—a lithe, slippery, aggressive race, for which every right-thinking Dutchman entertained a vast contempt, wherein also was a dash of fear—there was a prodigious commotion in this city: of which the immediate and most wonderful manifestation was a session of the General Council so charged with vehement purpose that it continued all day long! In the morning, the Council resolved "that the whole body of citizens shall keep watch by night, in such places as shall be designated, the City Tavern to be the temporary headquarters; that the Fort shall be repaired; that some way must be devised to raise money; that Captain Vischer shall be requested to fix his sails, to have his piece loaded, and to keep his vessel in readiness; that, because the Fort is not large enough to contain all the inhabitants, it is deemed necessary to enclose the city with breast-works and palisades." And then, in the afternoon of this same momentous day — after strenuously dining —the Council prepared a list for a forced levy by which the sum of 5000 guilders was to be raised for purposes of defence. Having thus breathlessly discharged itself of so tremendous a rush of business, it is not surprising that the Council held no sitting on the ensuing day, but devoted itself solely to recuperative rest; nor that it suffered a whole week to elapse before it prepared specifications for the palisades —the erection of which thereafter proceeded at a temperate speed.

Fortunately for themselves, the New-Englanders staid at home. Governor Stuyvesant, being a statesman of parts, doubtless saw to it that news was conveyed across the Connecticut of the landsturm which arose in its might each night, and made its headquarters at the City Tavern—whence it was ready to rush forth, armed with curiously shaped Dutch black bottles, to pour a devastating fire of hot schnapps upon the foe. Wherefore the New-Englanders, being filled with a wholesome dread of such a valorous company—well in its cups, and otherwise fuming with patriotic rage—wisely elected to give this city a wide berth; and it is but just to add that Dominie Megapolensis claimed some share in averting the threatened direful conflict because at his instigation Governor Stuyvesant, in view of the unhappy state of affairs, appointed the ninth day of April, 1653, as a day of general fasting and prayer.

As the wall never was needed, its erection actually did more harm than good. For nearly half a century its effect was to restrain that natural expansion northward of the city which certainly would have begun earlier had it not been for the presence of this unnecessary barrier. Yet even without the wall there would have been no such quick development of the suburbs as characterizes the growth of cities in these modern times. The fact must be remembered that for a century after the wall was built—that is, until long after it was demolished—the inherited tendency to pack houses closely together still was overwhelmingly strong. For centuries and centuries every European city, even every small town, had been cramped within stone corsets until the desire for free breathing almost was lost. Long after the necessity for it had vanished the habit of constriction remained.

Excepting these five streets—Pearl (including Stone), Broadway, Broad, Beaver, and Wall; to which, perhaps, Whitehall should be added, because that thoroughfare originally was the open way left on the land side of the Fort—all of the old streets in the lower part of the city are the outcome of individual need or whim. The new streets in this region—South, Front, part of Water, Greenwich, Wash-



MAP OF NEW NETHERLANDS,

With a view of New Amsterdam, (now New-York.) A D. 1656.

Copied from A Vander Donck's Map, for D.T. Valentine's Manual 1852.

ington, and West—are the considerate creations of later times, all of them having been won from the water by filling in beyond the primitive line of high tide.

Having thus contrived—by the simple process of permitting every man to make lanes and streets according to the dictates of his own fancy—to lay out as pretty a little tangle of a town as could be found just then in all Christendom, and a town which resembled in the crooks of its crookedness (to an extent that was altogether heart-moving) the intricate region just eastward of the Botermarkt in the ancient city after which it was named, the Governor in Council, about the year 1653, promulgated a decree that a map should be made of New Amsterdam, and that the town should remain from that time forward without alteration.

Doubtless Jacques Cortelyou, the official surveyor, executed the first part of this decree; but very diligent search in this country and in Holland has failed as yet to bring to light the map which he then made. The most widely known early map, therefore, is the "Duke's Plan" (as it usually is styled), which represents "the town of Mannados or New Amsterdam as it was in September, 1661," being a draft made in the year 1664, upon the capture of the town by the English, to be sent to the Duke of York. Presumably, this map differs from Cortelyou's map only in showing a few more houses, in the substitution of English for Dutch text, and in its gallant display of the English flag.*

* The earliest map of New York known to be in existence is that now in the possession of Mr. Henry Harisse, a plan of "Manatus, drawn on the spot by Joan Vingboons in 1639," to which great additional value is given by its marginal legend recording the names of the first forty-five householders on this island. This most precious document was exhibited in July, 1892, in Paris, at the Columbian exhibition of maps and globes.

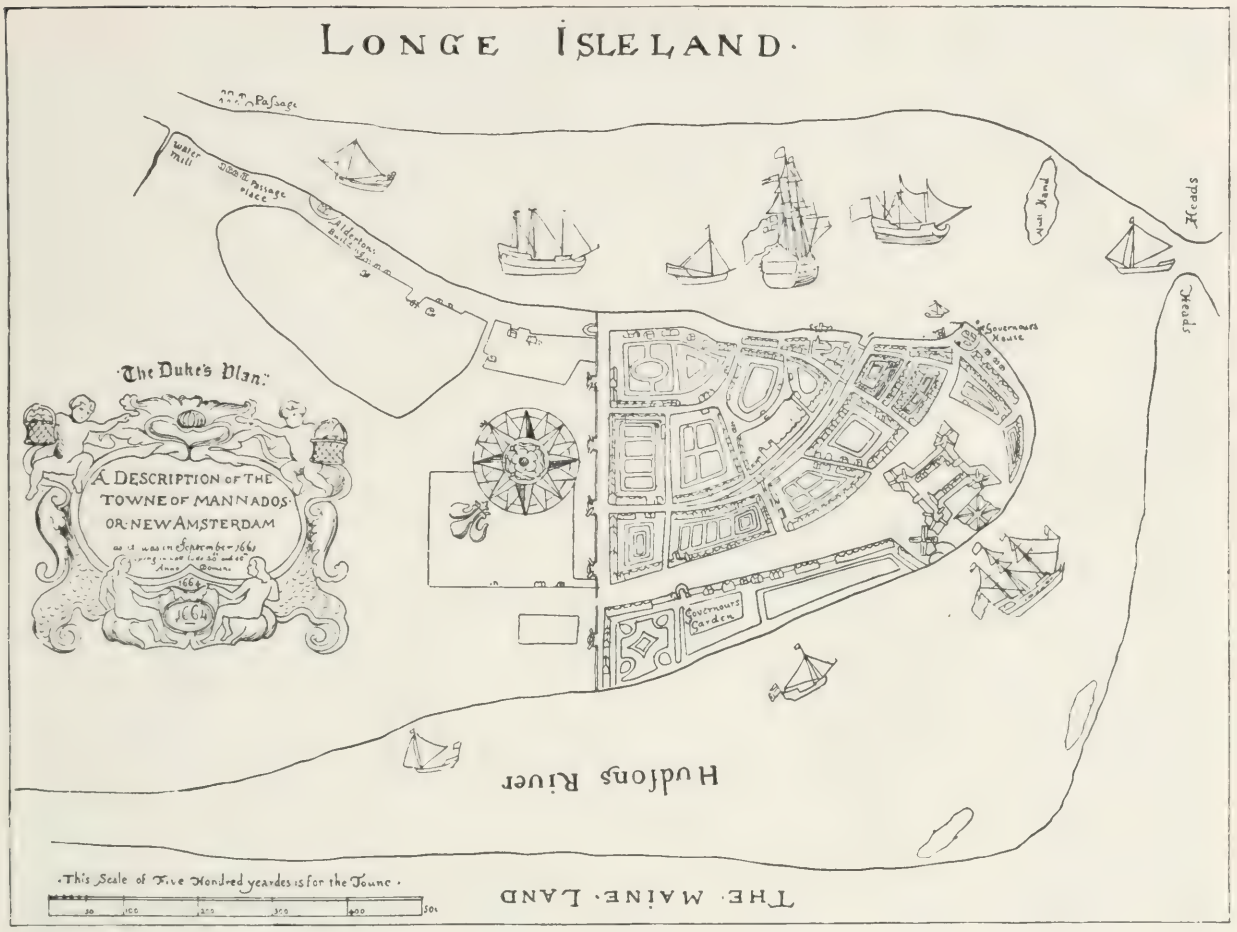
The Duke's Plan is of exceeding interest, in that it exhibits the extent of the town at the moment when it passed from Dutch to English ownership: a triangle whereof the base was the present Wall Street, and the sides were on the lines of the present Water, Front, State, and Greenwich streets, which then, approximately, were the lines of high tide. Nor was even this small area closely built up —by far the larger part of it was given over to garden plots in which fair Dutch cabbages grew. The northern limit of the map is about the present Roosevelt Street, where Old Wreck Brook (as it was called later) discharged the waters of the Fresh Water pond into the East River across the region which still is known as "The Swamp." All told, there were but twelve buildings outside of the wall, of which the most important were the storehouses belonging to Isaac Allerton close by the "passageway" to Brooklyn—that is to say, the present Peck Slip. Inside the wall the only block built up solidly was that between Bridge and Stone streets—then divided by the Winckel Straat, upon which stood the five stone storehouses of the Dutch West India Company. This was the business centre of the town, because here were the landing-places. From the foot of Moor Street (which derived its name, now corrupted to Moore, from the fact that it was the mooring-place), the single wharf within the town limits extended out a little beyond the line of the present Water Street. Here, and also upon the banks of the canal in the present Broad Street, lighters discharged and received the cargoes of ships lying in the stream. Already, as is shown by the houses dotted along the East River front outside the wall, the tendency of the town was to grow toward the northeast; and this was natural, for the Perel Straat—leading along the water-side to the Brooklyn ferry—was the most travelled thoroughfare in the town.

In the year 1661, when the draft was made from which the Duke's Plan was copied, New Amsterdam was a town of about one thousand souls, under the government, organized in 1652, of a schout, two burgomasters, and five schepens. The western side of the town, from the Bowling Green northward, was a gentle wilderness of orchards and gardens and green fields. On the eastern side the farthest outlying dwelling was Wolfert Webber's tavern, on the northern highway near the present Chatham Square—whereat travellers adventuring into the northern wilds of this island were wont to pause for a season while they put up a prayer or two for protection, and at the same time made their works conform to their faith by taking aboard a sufficient store of Dutch courage to carry them pot-valiantly onward until safe harbor was made again within the Harlem tavern's friendly walls. Save for the Indian settlement at Sappokanican (near the present Gansevoort Market) and the few farm-houses scattered along the highway, all this region was desert of human life. Annual round-ups were held, under the supervision of the Brand-master, of the herds which ran wild in the bush country whereof the beginning was about where the City Hall now stands.

And upon the town rested continually the dread of Indian assault. At any moment the hot-headed act of some angry colonist might easily bring on a war. In the early autumn of 1655, when peaches were ripe, an assault actually was made: being a vengeance against the whites because Hendrick Van Dyke had shot to death an Indian woman whom he found stealing peaches in his orchard (lying just south of the present Rector Street) on the North River shore. Fortunately, warning came to the townsfolk, and, crowding their women and children into the Fort, they were able to beat off the savages; whereupon the savages, being the more eager for revenge, fell upon the settlements about Pavonia and on Staten Island: where the price paid for Hendrick Van Dyke's peaches was the wasting of twenty-eight farms, the bearing away of one hundred and fifty Christians into captivity, and one hundred Christians outright slain.

III.

At eight o'clock on the morning of September 8, 1664, the flag of the Dutch West India Company fell from Fort Amsterdam, and the flag of England went up over what then became Fort James. Governor Stuyvesant—even his wooden leg sharing in his air of dejection—marched dismally his conquered forces out from the main gateway, across the Parade to the Beaver's Path, and so to the Heere Graft, where boats were lying to carry them to the ships at anchor in the stream. And at the same time the English march-



ed gallantly down Broadway—from where they had been waiting, about in front of where Aldrich Court now stands—and Governor Nicolls solemnly took possession of New Amsterdam, and of all the New Netherland, in the name of the English sovereign, and for the use of the Duke of York.

This change of ownership, with which came also a change of name, was largely and immediately beneficial to the colony. Under the government of the Dutch West India Company, the New Netherland had been managed not as a national dependency, but as a commercial venture which was expected to bring in a handsome return. Much more than the revenue necessary to maintain a government was required of the colonists; and at the same time the restrictions imposed upon private trade—to the end that the trade of the Company might be increased—were so onerous as materially to diminish the earning power of the individual, and so correspondingly to make the burden of taxation the heavier to bear. Nor could there be between the colonists and the Company—as there could have been between the colonists and even a severe home government—a tie of loyalty. Indeed, the situation had become so strained under this commercial despotism that the inhabitants of New Amsterdam almost openly sided with the English when the formal demand for surrender was made, and the town passed into British possession and became New York without the striking of a single blow.

Virtually, this was the end of Dutch ownership hereabouts. Once again, from July 30, 1673, until November 10, 1674, the Dutch were in possession—following that "clap of thunder on a fair frosty day," as Sir William Temple called it, when England declared war against Holland in the year 1672. But this temporary reclamation had no influence beyond slightly retarding the great development of the city, and of all the colony, which came with English rule.

Although the New Netherland had been acquired, nominally, by force of arms, New York by no means was treated as a conquered province. Colonel Richard Nicolls, who commanded the English military force, and who became the first English Governor of the Province, conducted his government with such wise



ON THE RIVER FRONT.

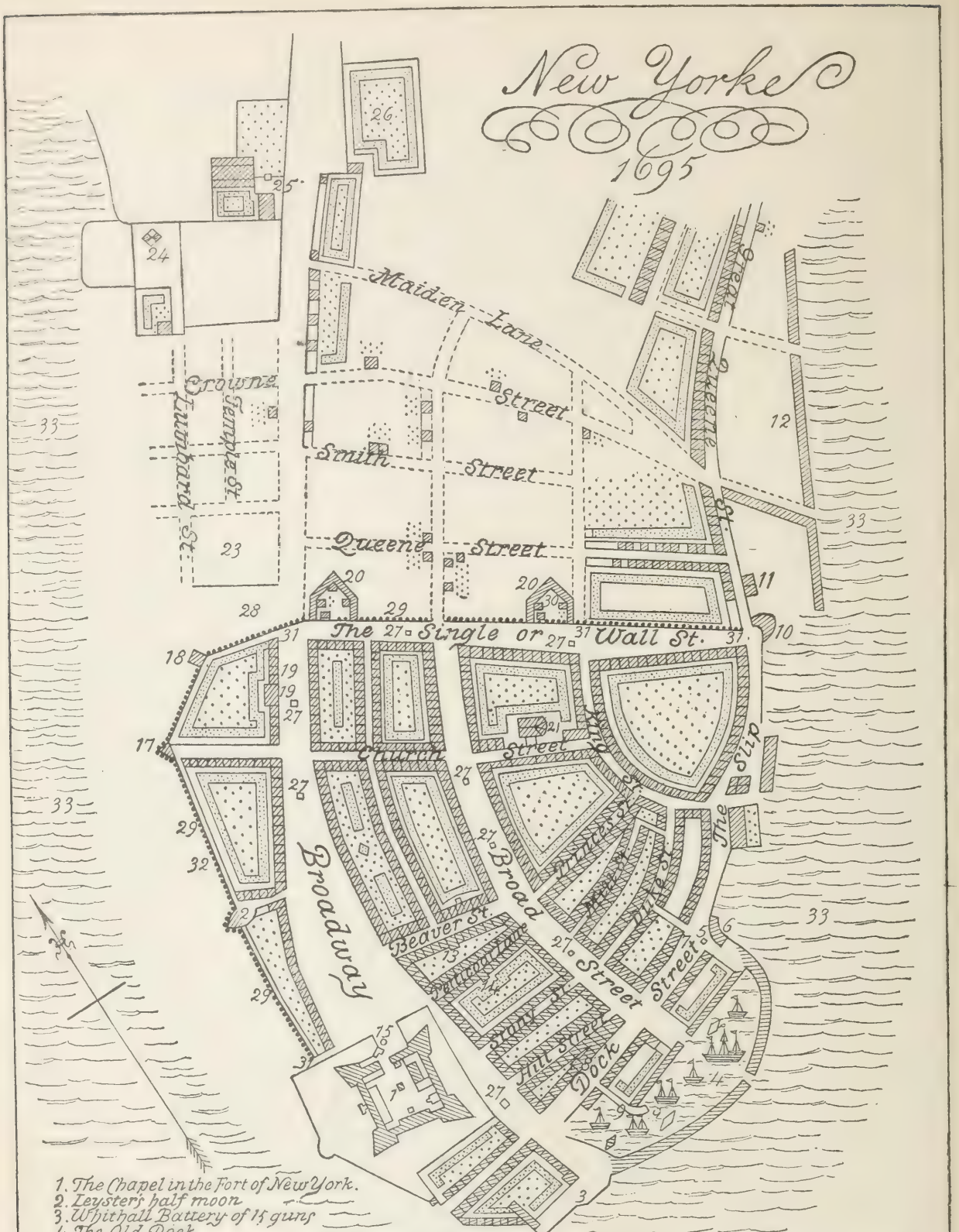
conservatism that there was no shock whatever in the transition from the old to the new order of things, and the change was most apparent in agreeable ways. Not until three-fourths of a year had passed was the city government reorganized, in accordance with English customs, by substituting for the schout, burgomasters, and schepens, a sheriff, board of aldermen, and a mayor; and even when the change was made it was apparent rather than real, for most of the old officers simply continued to carry on the government under new names. The Governor's Commission, of June 12, 1665, by which this change was effected, is known as the Nicolls Charter. It did actually slightly enlarge the authority of the municipal government; but its chief importance was its demonstration of the intention of the English to treat New York not as a commercial investment, but as a colonial capital entitled to consideration and respect.

The most emphatic and the most far-reachingly beneficial expression of this fostering policy was the passage, in the year 1678, of what was styled the Bolting Act; in accordance with the provisions of which this city was granted a monopoly in the bolting of flour, and in the packing of flour and biscuit for export under the act. No mill outside of the city was permitted to grind flour for market, nor was any person outside of the city permitted to pack breadstuffs in any form for sale; the result of which interdict was to throw the export trade in breadstuffs, mainly with the West Indies and already very considerable, exclusively into the hands of the millers and merchants of New York. Outside of the city, and with justice, this law was regarded with extreme disfavor. From the first, strong efforts were made by the country people to secure its repeal; but the "pull" of the city members in the Provincial Assembly (the whole matter has an interestingly prophetic flavor), was strong enough to keep it in effect for sixteen years. At last, in 1694, the country members broke away from their city leaders—as has happened also in later times—and most righteously repealed this very one-sided law.

But the Bolting Act had been in force long enough to accomplish a result larger and more lasting than its promoters had contemplated, or, indeed, than they well could comprehend; it had laid the foundation of the foreign commerce of New York.

During the sixteen years that the act remained operative the city expanded, under the stimulus of such extraordinary privileges, by leaps and bounds. Fortunately, an authoritative record has been preserved—in the petition filed by the New York millers and merchants against the repeal of the act—of precisely what the city gained in this short space of time. In the year 1678 (the petitioners state), the total number of houses in New York was 384; the total number of beef cattle slaughtered was 400; the sailing craft hailing from the port consisted of three ships, seven boats, and eight sloops; and the total annual revenues of the city were less than £2000. On the other hand, in the year 1694 the number of houses had increased to 983; the slaughter of beef cattle (largely for export), to nearly 4000; the sailing craft to 60 ships, 40 boats, and 25 sloops; and the city revenues to £5000. In conclusion, to show how intimately this prodigious expansion was associated with the milling interest, the petitioners declared that more than 600 of the 983 buildings in the city depended in one way or another upon the trade in flour. In view of these facts, very properly do the arms of New York—granted in the year 1682, in the midst of its first burst of great prosperity—exhibit, along with the beaver emblematic of the city's commercial beginning, the sails of a windmill and two flour barrels as emblems of the firm foundation upon which its foreign commerce has been reared.

By comparing the map of 1695 with the Duke's Plan of 1664, the development of the city under the influence of the Bolting Act may be seen at a glance. In 1664 fully one-third of the available street-front space remained vacant in the city proper, and only eighteen buildings had been erected outside of the wall. By 1695 the six hundred new buildings had occupied almost all the available street-front space in the city proper, and had forced the laying out of so large a group of new streets to the northward of the wall that the city had been almost doubled in size. In the annexed district few houses had been erected west of King (William) Street; and the new streets west of Broadway possibly had not even been opened—for the


New Yorke
1695
Maiden Lane
Crown
Street
Smith
Street
Queene
Street
Crown
Hunphard
St.
Temple St.
Queene St.
The Single or Wall St.
Church
Street
Broad
Street
Broadway
Beaver St.
Stuyt St.
Hall Street
Dock
Street
The Slip
Mary Duke St.
Princesse St.
Trinity St.
1. The Chapel in the Fort of New York.
2. Leyster's half moon
3. Whithall Battery of 15 guns
4. The Old Dock
5. The Cage and Stocks
6. Stadthouse Battery of 5 guns
7. The Scadt or State House
8. The Custom House
9. The Bridge
10. Burghers or the Slip Batty of 10 guns
11. The slaughter houses
12. The new docks
13. The French Church
14. The Jews Synagogue
15. The Fort, Well and Pump
16. Ellet's Alley
17. The works on the west side of the city
18. The north-west blockhouse
19. 19. The Lutheran Church and minister's house
20. 20. The stone points on the north side of the City
21. The Dutch Calvinist Church built in 1692
22. The Dutch Calvinist minister's house
23. The burying ground
24. Windmill
25. The Kings Farm
26. Col. Dungan's garden
27. 27. Wells
28. The plat of ground designed for the ministers house
29. 29. The stockade, with a bank of earth on the inside
30. The ground proper for the Building of an E. Ch.
31. 31. The City gates
32. A postern gate
33. Showing the sea flowing about New York

growth of the town still was toward the northeast. But the many new buildings east of King Street, and the provision upon so large a scale of new streets, showed the alert enterprising spirit that was abroad. This was, indeed, the most active period in real estate transactions that the city so far had known. Prices were rising prodigiously. By the year 1689 fourteen lots near Coenties Slip were sold at auction for £35 each, and a lot at the foot of Broad Street actually was valued at £80. However, while affected by the rise in real estate values generally, the extraordinary rise in prices hereabouts was due to the building at the foot of Broad Street—at the same time that the canal was filled in—of the Wet Docks: two basins of a sufficient size to harbor a whole fleet of the little ships of that day while their cargoes were taken in or discharged. And about the same time, so rapidly was the commerce of the city increasing, two new wharves were built upon the East River front. Finally, in the midst of this most flourishing period, New York received, April 22, 1686, the very liberal charter—known as the Dongan Charter, because granted through the Governor of that name—which still is the basis of our civic rights.*

During this energetic and highly formative period, while wise and sound English government was doing so much to foster the welfare of the city, the English race distinctly was in a minority among the citizens. This fact is brought out clearly in the following statement made by Governor Dongan, in the year 1687, in his report to the Board of Trade: "For the past seven years there have not come over to this Province twenty English, Scotch, or Irish families. On Long Island the people increase so fast that they complain for want of land, and many remove thence to the neighboring provinces. Several French families have lately come from the West Indies and from England, and also several Dutch families from Holland, so that the number of foreigners greatly exceeds the King's natural born subjects."

In point of morals, the New York of two hundred years ago seems to have been about on a par with frontier towns and outpost settlements of the present day. About the time that Governor Dongan made his report to the Board of Trade, the Rev. John Miller—for three years a resident of the colony as chaplain to the King's forces—addressed to the then Bishop of London a letter in which he reviewed the spiritual shortcomings of the colonists. Mr. Miller's strictures upon the Dissenters, naturally warped by his point of view, scarcely are to be quoted in fairness; but of the clergymen of the Establishment, towards whom his disposition would be lenient, he thus wrote: "There are here, and also in other provinces, many of them such as, being of a vicious life and conversation, have played so many vile pranks, and show such an ill light, as have been very prejudicial to religion in general and to the Church of England in particular." Continuing, he complains broadly of "the great negligence of divine things that is generally found in the people, of what sect or sort soever they pretend to be." And, in conclusion, he declares: "In a soil so rank as this no marvel if the Evil One finds a ready entertainment for the seed he is ready to cast in; and from a people so inconstant and regardless of heaven and holy things no wonder if God withdraw His grace, and give them up a prey to those temptations which they so industriously seek to embrace."

These cheering remarks relate to the Province at large. Touching the citizens of New York in particular, the reverend gentleman briefly but forcibly describes them as drunkards and gamblers, and adds: "This, joined to their profane, atheistical, and scoffing method of discourse, makes their company extremely uneasy to sober and religious men."

IV.

On the turn from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century, the population of New York was about 5000 souls: Dutch and English nearly equal in numbers; a few French, Swedes, and Jews; about 800 negroes, nearly all of whom were slaves. It was a driving, prosperous, commercial community; nor is there much cause for wonder—in view of the

* The Dongan Charter, granted by James II., was amended by Queen Anne in 1708, and was further enlarged by George II. in 1730 into what is known as the Montgomery Charter. This last, confirmed by the General Assembly of the Province in 1732, made New York virtually a free city. The Mayor was appointed by the Governor in Council until the Revolution, by the State Governor and four members of the Council of Appointment until 1821, by the Common Council of the city until 1834, and since this last date (in theory) by the people.

Rev. Mr. Miller's pointed lament over its ungodliness — that a great deal of its prosperity came through channels which now would be regarded as intolerably foul. But in those brave days natures were strong, and squeamishness was a weakling virtue still hidden in the womb of time.

Slave-dealing then was an important and well-thought-of industry—or, in the more elegant phrase of one of the gravest of New York historians, "a species of maritime adventure then engaged in by several of our most respectable merchants." The Dutch are credited with having brought the first cargo of slaves to the northern part of America—from their possessions on the Guinea Coast to the Virginia plantations—and a regular part of the business of the Dutch West India Company was providing African slaves for use in its American colonies. The profits of the business—even allowing for the bad luck of a high death rate on the western passage — were so alluringly great that it was not one to be slighted by the eminently go-ahead merchants of this town; and the fact must be remembered that, as a business, slave-dealing was quite as legitimate then as is the emigrant traffic of the present day. Young Mr. John Cruger has left on record a most edifying account of a voyage which he made out of New York in the years 1698–1700, in the ship *Prophet Daniel*, to Madagascar for the purchase of live freight; and the sentiment of the community in the premises is exhibited by the fact that the slave-dealing Mr. Cruger was elected an alderman from the Dock Ward continuously from the year 1712 until the year 1733, and that subsequently he served four consecutive terms as mayor. In addition to the negro slaves, there were many Indian slaves held in the colony. For convenience in hiring, the law was passed, November 30, 1711, that "all negro and Indian slaves that are let out to hire within the city do take up their standing in order to be hired at the market-house at the Wall Street Slip."

Probably the alarm bred of the so-called Negro Plot of 1741 was most effective in checking the growth of slavery in this city. Certainly, the manner in which the negroes charged with fomenting this problematical conspiracy were dealt with affords food for curious reflection upon the social conditions of the times. After a trial that would have been a farce had it not been a tragedy, Clause was condemned to be "broke upon a wheel"; Robin to be hung in chains alive, "and so to continue without any sustenance until he be dead"; Tom to be "burned with a slow fire until he be dead and consumed to ashes," and so on. However, everything depends upon the point of view. In that strong-stomached time judicial cruelty to criminals met with universal approval; and as to slavery, the worshipful Sir Edward Coke, but a very few years earlier, had laid down the doctrine that pagans properly could be held in bondage by Christians, because the former were the bond-slaves of Satan, while the latter were the servants of God.

When it came to piracy, public opinion in New York was not keyed up to a pitch that could be called severe; and it is a fact that the foundations of some highly respectable fortunes still extant in this community were laid in successful ventures—to use the euphuistic phrase of the day—"on the account." Under the generously liberal rule of Governor Fletcher (1692–8), any pirate, or any New York merchant taking a flyer in piracy, was entirely secure in his business provided he was willing to pay a fair percentage of its profits to that high functionary (even as the modern city contractor is secure if he will "stand in" with the right city officials); because of which cordial leniency matters here became such a hissing and reproach that the home government was compelled to recall Fletcher and to send out in his place Lord Bellamont—who specifically was charged with the duty of breaking up what elegantly was styled "the Red Sea trade."

Much of this piracy was carried on under cover of privateering; and from genuine privateering—which was held to be an entirely honest and legitimate business —the city derived a large amount of wealth. During almost the whole of the century of warfare that began in the year 1688—when war was declared by Spain against France, and when England joined in on the Spanish side—there were fine chances for private armed ventures against England's enemies on the high seas. From this port, most notably in the fourth decade of the last century, a dashing fleet of privateers went forth; and the *Weekly Post Boy* of that period blazes



with calls "to all Gentlemen Sailors, and others, who have a mind to try their Fortunes on a Cruizing Voyage against the enemy," to enter on one or another of the private armed vessels about to put to sea. In addition to the many prizes taken by the privateers, many prizes taken by King's ships—about this time the dashing Captain Warren commanded on this station—were sent into New York to be condemned; and it is not impossible that these last netted almost as much to the

ingenuous merchants who had the handling of them as did the out-and-out captures on private account.

And all the while that money thus easily was coming in over the bar at Sandy Hook with almost every tide, substantial business interests of a quieter sort, yet in the long-run more solidly profitable, were in the course of development. Especially did the West India trade —so firmly established by the Bolting Act that the repeal of that act did not do it any lasting injury—become constantly of increasing importance. It did not, of course, bring in the great profits which came from it while the city held the monopoly of milling; but it was conducted so intelligently—provisions shipped hence being exchanged for West Indian products; these in turn being shipped to England and exchanged for manufactured goods and wares; and these last being brought to this city for sale or trade—that each round of transactions left three profits in the merchants' hands. At the same time a considerable coastwise trade was maintained, and a large business was done in ship-building—ships even being built in this city to be sent to England for sale.

According to figures preserved in the chance letter of a German traveller, Professor Kalm, 211 vessels entered and 222 vessels cleared from this port between December 1, 1729, and December 5, 1730. By the year 1732 the population of the city had increased to 8624 souls; and in this same year the advance in the value of real estate was made manifest by the sale of seven lots on Whitehall Street at prices varying from £150 to £200.

The extent of New York at the end of the first quarter of the eighteenth century is shown by the map drawn by James Lyne from a survey made in the year 1729; and the fact which this map most strongly emphasizes is the continued growth of the city northeastward and the continued unimportance of Broadway. At that period several causes were united to discourage the development of the western side of the island and to encourage the development of the eastern side: as has been the case again in our own times, when we have seen the most desirable part of New York—the Riverside region north of Seventy-second Street—suddenly spring into popular favor after years of entire neglect. At the beginning of the last century practically all the business interests of the city were centred on or near the East River front. Here, from the docks at Whitehall Street northward to Roosevelt's wharf, all the shipping of the port was harbored—for the practical reason that the salt water did not freeze, and that consequently the shipping was safe in winter from ice; here, for the same reason, were the yards of the ship-builders; here were the warehouses of the merchants; and here, along Great Queen (Pearl) Street—the street leading to the Brooklyn ferry—all the considerable shops were situated in order to make sure of catching the Long Island trade.

Broadway actually was in a remote and obscure part of the town. Below Crown (Liberty) Street dwelling-houses had been erected, of which a few near the Bowling Green were prodigiously fine; but north of Crown Street all the west side of Broadway was open fields. This unimproved region, beginning at the present Fulton Street and thence extending northward, was the Church Farm.*

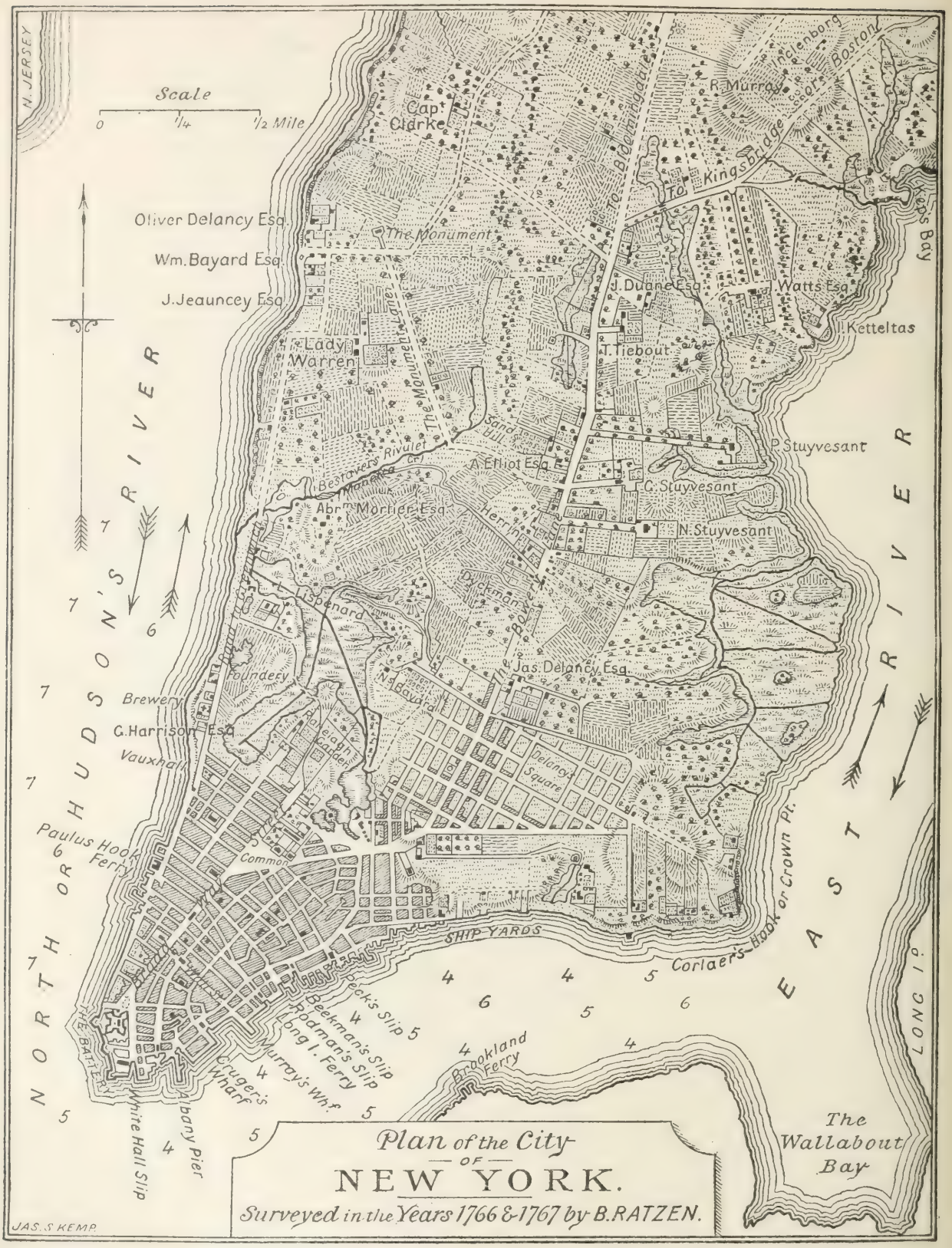
The farm-house pertaining to this farm —standing very nearly upon the site of the present Astor House—is shown on Lyne's map, immediately to the south of the Broadway rope-walk. Later it became a tavern of some celebrity—the Drover's Inn, kept by Adam Vanderberg. Undoubtedly, the church ownership of this large parcel of land tended to delay its utilization for building purposes, and so helped to retard the extension of the city on the line of Broadway. Even in those early days the strongly American desire to build on land owned in fee oper-

* The estate known as the Company's Farm, set aside by the Dutch to be tilled for the benefit of the Company's servants, civil and military, lay between the present Fulton and Duane streets and Broadway and the North River. Upon the English conquest this estate became the private property of the Duke of York. Subsequently, in the year 1671, by purchase from seven of the eight heirs of Annetje Jans, the boundary of the Duke's Farm was carried northward (but not continuously) as far as the present Christopher Street. When the Duke of York ascended the throne the property became known as the King's Farm, and as the Queen's Farm upon the accession of Queen Anne. In this last reign, in the year 1705, reserving a quit-rent of three shillings, the then Governor, Lord Cornbury, granted the entire estate to Trinity Church. The litigation that has arisen over a portion of this property has been instituted by the heirs of the eighth heir of Annetje Jans, who was unconsenting to the sale in the year 1671.

ated against the use of leasehold property. Not until the need for the Church Farm became pressing was it taken for improvement on the only terms upon which it could be acquired.

Maerschalck's map (1755) shows that by the middle of the last century the growth of the city, creating this pressing need, had warranted the laying out of streets through the southern portion of the church property, and that five-and-twenty buildings had been erected between the present Liberty Street and the palisade. But the stronger tendency of growth, it will be observed, still was toward the northeast. This was, in fact, the line of least resistance. Advance up the middle of the island was blocked by the Fresh Water pond, and up the western side it was impeded by the marshy valley, known as Lispenard's meadows, through the midst of which, on the line of the present Canal Street, was the artificial drain from the Fresh Water to the North River. Before this low-lying region was reached, the obstacle caused by the leaseholds was encountered. Finally, the base-line of west-side development, an extension of Broadway, was but a lane leading to cow pastures, and stopping frankly, not far from the present Leonard Street, at a set of bars. Not until the road, now Greenwich Street, leading to Greenwich Village was opened (at an uncertain date, anterior to 1760) was there any thoroughfare on the western side of the island. The only life in this isolated suburb, therefore, was that of its few inhabitants: who dwelt here for economy's sake, far removed from the agreeable activities of the town.





On the eastern side of the island all was energy and go. Here were centred all the important business interests, and the base-line for further development was the Boston Post Road—a blithe and bustling highway, along which ebbed and flowed constantly a strong tide of travel between the city and its dependent villages and the populous region lying inland from Long Island Sound. Upon this highway—called in its lower reaches the Bowery Lane, because of the farms or *boweries* thereabouts—settlements had been made very early in colonial times, and by the third quarter of the eighteenth century—as is shown on Ratzen's larger map (1767)—there was an almost continuous line of country-seats extending as far

northward as the present Madison Square. At the intersection of the highway with Monument Lane (of which lane two sections survive, in the present Astor Place and Greenwich Avenue) was the nucleus of a village; and Greenwich, to which the lane led, was a village of some importance. In a word, the growth of the city on this line was inevitable, for here, to the thrust of the expanding community was added the attraction of the settlements already established beyond the city's bounds.

On the smaller of Ratzen's maps, also of 1767, here reproduced, the great extension of the city in the twelve years following 1755 is strikingly exhibited; but the scheme of drafting—showing projected streets as though they actually were in existence, and not showing individual houses—is such that no precise concept can be formed of the actual gain. Most of this map is mere prophecy, of which the fulfilment did not come for more than a score and a half of years; and the very best of its prophecies, the Great Square, never was fulfilled at all. This liberal project for establishing a public park on the line of Grand Street—in a part of the city now most urgently in need of precisely such a breathing-space—had its origin in a speculative desire to provide an agreeable spot for suburban homes. That it was alive nine years later is shown by the fact that the square—then called De Lancey Square—appears on Major Holland's map, drawn from surveys made in 1776. But that was the last of it. On Hill's map, 1782, close upon the present line of Grand Street, the British earth-works grimly traverse the very place where the park should be. In common with every other phase or promise of the city's prosperity, the Great Square was ploughed under by the Revolutionary war.





BY CANDACE WHEELER.

IT is perhaps idle to wonder how an ideal city could have been evolved from the successful effort which gave Chicago the possession of the great fair, but it is a very natural subject for speculation, since no two kinds of effort could be wider in divergence than the strenuous fight to capture the scheme, and the process of ever-widening thought which conceived and materialized what will henceforth remain in all minds as an ideal city.

The wonder seems greater and ever greater when we approach it on the track of the active and thoroughly mundane effort by which it grew; for the result itself is like the white blossom of a lily shedding in the wide-open, sun-illumined air the perfume and saintliness which its grubbing roots send up from the mysterious sources which they follow in the ground. The ideal city is the blossom, and Chicago is the root or bulb, which, seven miles away, holds in its grimy fibres as many human activities as the mind of man can well conceive.

The Rand and McNally Building is one of its centres, and houses an organization known as the World's Fair Commission. In it there are rows and rows of offices opening from layers of halls, each door labelled with the name of some department of World's Fair effort, which is like a revelation of organization to the casual comer. Messengers go in and out, elevators spring from street to sky level, telephones and telegraph wires grumble and hum, men and women scheme and plan and execute—all in the interest of the dream city which this abnormal activity has called into being, and which stands to-day a shining vision, serenely awaiting the admiration of the world.

From this centre one may reach the fair by land or by water, starting from Van Buren Street station by steam-launch or steamboat, or by steam-cars which are part of the grimy equipment of the Illinois Central Railroad. If by boat, and the day is fair and mild, it is a journey of the blessed, and the liquid course seems made to waft one gently toward the celestial city.

That mortal, favored of the gods, who falls upon a lucky day to travel this opal road, may easily fancy himself gliding along the curves of a rainbow. He will be convoyed by flocks of wide-winged creatures—swans of boats, and ducks of boats, and tropical birds of boats, whose white-winged and red-winged sails drag long trails of reflected color, or throw it off in palpitating flakes upon the gold and blue of baby waves over which he sails. Whoever, tired of the flatness of daily life, wishes to experience a vision of color which will re-create for him the floating hours of Venice, or the sapphire days of Capri, may have it in completeness by making this voyage on a heavenly appointed day, from earthly Chicago to the celestial city. But, if heaven fails to keep the appointment, and the unconscious and unhappy mortal holds to it, then, alas! hades opens before him; blackness is over him, darkness surrounds him. If he escapes with his life, he forever eschews the shining path to which heaven has lent color, and which canny Chicagoans have embellished with crimson sails and fairy floats, and he travels henceforth with mundane creatures on the rails of the Michigan Central.

Yet it is well for once to take the celestial waterway, since it brings one in an artfully heightened and beatific mood to the culmination of beauty which awaits him. He comes to it, sailing in sight of a granite-lipped shore, backed by gray-leaved and brown-barked willows, over which golden and crystal domes are soaring. He floats into a pile-protected yacht haven which may be alive with craft of all nations, and finds himself under the shadow of the great peristyle, and within the calm regard of the majestic statue of the Republic, which towers in beauty between land and sea. And under that dominating presence he enters at once into an enchanted land.

But to the traveller who seeks the fair by way of "The Central" there comes a different experience. He is but a private in the marching army. The great corporation of the road, foreseeing him and his kind, has been for months preparing a highway for him. For months it has been sending laboring trains far out on the lake shore to dig and bring in carloads and acres and miles of sand, wherewith to build, high above the streets which border and pierce it, a continuous levee, broader than the walls of Babylon, whereon six chariots and their horses were driven abreast. It has for months, almost beyond the memory of troubled and hardly acquiescent Chicago, made of the lake shore a Sahara of sand, ready at any moment to join the lake winds in creating a simoom of suffocation and distress.

But the highway is, at the period of this writing, approximately made, and thereon numberless tracks lie side by side, and the world army will soon be marching over it. Now that the misery of its construction is over, the conviction is irresistible that if great trampling and



SECTION OF TYMPANUM IN MANUFACTURES BUILDING—CHASE AND WAR.
Gari Melchers, painter.



DECORATED TYMPANUM IN WOMAN'S BUILDING.
Mrs. Frederick Macmonnies, painter

pitiless locomotives *must* do carrying service in great and busy cities, the occasion which makes the highway a necessity and provides for its cost is a beneficent angel.

The building of such an embankment seems a large work, but it was only a part, and comparatively a small part, of the effort within the city and outside of the fair for the fair's success. Miles of avenues and streets have been made, and miles and miles of houses have been built to border them. Enormous hotels have sprung up in places innocent of thought-of hotels a year ago. The flutter of scarcely ended and anxious effort is still in the air, and conveys a subtle impression of an insufficiently equipped household preparing for visitors.

But it expresses also the triumph of vast accomplishment, and an air of having done all these great things without more than convenient effort. It becomes us, then, in the face of this smiling assumption of our energetic and hospitable host, to ignore with him the superhuman effort he has made, and turn our expectant eyes to the beloved object for which he has labored.

Seven miles on the road of the Michigan Central, with the lake leaping against its barriers on the one side, and the streets and avenues of the city on the other, brings us at last within sight of the world's present wonder. A long line of aerial-looking architecture rises between us and the lake, and descending from the elevated station with this in our minds, we drop suddenly into the circus-like surroundings which seem inevitably to fringe the earthly skirts of every great endeavor. All between us and the entrance to the park are booths and beer shops, coffee stands and mineral-water stands, oysters and patent medicines offered vociferously and in the same breath. Whatever is tabooed by the administration is at this initial or preliminary period of the exposition offered to the visitor with indecorous zeal; but a high white barrier and a group of soldierly, blue-uniformed officials interpose between this curious phase of exhibition life and its true self, and your pass—for at this busy stage of final arrangement no coin of the realm will carry you within the gates—admits you instantaneously into the precincts of another world, and, lo! you have come to the fair.



HEAD OF THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC.
Daniel Chester French, sculptor

The fair! The fair! Never had the name such significance before. Fairest of all the world's present sights it is. A city of palaces set in spaces of emerald, reflected in shining lengths of water which stretch in undulating lines under flat arches of marble bridges, and along banks planted with consummate skill.

Unlike any city which ever existed in substance, this one has been built all at once, by one impulse, at one period, at one stage of knowledge and arts, by men almost equally prominent and equally developed in power. The differences in their results are indications of individuality alone, and not of periods, circumstances, and influences.

No gradual growth of idea is to be traced, no budding of new thought upon a formulated scheme. The whole thing seems to have sprung into being fully conceived and perfectly planned without progressive development or widening of scope.

For the building of this city the privileged few have been called. It has been said to them, practically: Bring together all your dreams of beautiful architecture; remember the best work of the races who have lived and built before our time; re-



GROUP CROWNING THE PERISTYLE—THE TRIUMPH OF COLUMBUS.
D. C. French and E. C Potter, sculptors.

call all that has been dedicated to religion, or devoted to luxury, or given to national use,—and from them all devise something of to-day which shall take its place in all men's minds as a symbol of the power of to-day to imagine and construct. Let it represent the present as well as recall the past; make it shadow forth the highest tendencies as well as the practical uses of the present. You may have labor and material in limitless quantities, and the best skill of the world is at your disposal. If any man of American blood has special gifts, call him to you and command his power. Painters and sculptors and creators of beauty in landscape shall collaborate with you, and according as you express the ideal of a nation nobly, you shall be honored and praised.

And so the result stands to-day, under a blue or a cloudy sky, beside a lake which smiles one moment and rages the next, a vision and foretaste of how the world will one day build in earnest.

Some one, considering only the celerity with which this fairy spectacle was created, has called it *a sketch;* but it is not even that, for a sketch has at least a chance of preservation. It is a dream which will vanish when the purpose which called it into being is fulfilled. It is foredoomed to evanishment. The wood and the iron upon which it was shaped, even the creamy-white staff which covers all the skeletons of the palace-like structures, and gives them such a look of travertine as takes one back to Roman walls and streets, are already sold to the highest bidder; and when the fair is over, these imposing temples will come, one by one, to the ground, and their materials go into other uses, more in keeping with every-day mortal habitudes than these.

At first, this thought runs like a wail through all the delight of seeing; but gradually, very gradually, one falls into a mood almost of self-gratulation that the world has been vouchsafed one perfect vision which will never suffer from decay, but remain like a translated city, all its premeditated and accidental beauty preserved in the translucent amber of thought and memory.

I can imagine, too, that its imperma-

nence is one of its charms. If it were to remain, one might gradually find flaws in its beauty; things which are least beautiful would grow more insistent, and the things which are most beautiful might become a matter of course, and so less and less an excitement to the senses, till as time went on, and one had learned to discriminate between good and best, he might grow critical or hypercritical enough to cease to enjoy the past-time miracle or to feel enthusiastic for its continual existence.

In spite of the first impression of ethereal and pervading beauty, after a few days of indulgence in unmixed and enthusiastic admiration, buildings begin to advance and recede in order of preference, and perhaps of excellence, in one's mind. Certain of them are capable of arousing enthusiasm day succeeding day, while others become a secret subject of sinful criticism.

At first it seems sacrilege to suffer this. The earliest detrimental thought which comes creeping into the mind regarding one of these shining architectural wonders is like an evil thing lifting its head against a consecrated one. The impression of the whole shames it.

The impression of the whole is not due alone to architecture, or to landscape-gardening, or to decorative painting, or to sculptural adornment, although these arts are carried so far and with such success. It owes its last and crowning charm to color and reflection.

The doubling of beauty gained by water reflection could hardly have been taken into account in the first inception of the plan, unless, indeed, from the landscape - gardener's point of view, but it was a more than fortunate adjunct, and its effect upon the general glamour is beyond calculation. The constant repetition of beautiful forms of architecture, starting in immaculate and ivory whiteness from the green strip of lawn on which the structures so lightly stand, to the highest point of crowned cornice; or of aerial domes of gold or crystal, flashing facets of color against the sky; or of waving flags and gonfalons, softened in outline, varied in color, and crimped by ripples from moving launches and gondolas:—this, seen under a sunset sky, filled with bits of winged and floating cloud, is enough to overfill the heart of the most prosaic of mortals, or to delight stray spirits of air.

Much has been written, and well written, of the architecture of the fair build-



MOUNTED PAGE.—FROM THE "TRIUMPH OF COLUMBUS."



FROM BORDER OF TYMPANUM.
Miss Mary Cassatt, painter

ings. It is thoroughly understood that, as a whole, the buildings are beautiful beyond all precedent or expectation, but there are certain of them around which all regards cluster, and concerning which all opinions coincide. Architects, painters, and sculptors have singled out the Art Building as one which is the crown and jewel of the whole; and, indeed, I think a layman, a totally unthinking and uneducated one, if shut up in a landscape with the frontage of the Art Building, would become possessed with its charm—would be conscious of the fact that that particular vision had reached perfection of line and absolute beauty of proportion. It is useless to say that it was designed or built by such or such a man. It was the angel or archangel who possessed him when that particular vision came who designed it. Perhaps some freed spiritual intelligence who had had experience in the building of the New Jerusalem became conscious of a possible improvement, and longing to verify it, came down for a brief period to join the band of builders and distinguish his share of work in the Dream City. To see this miracle of harmonious form at sunset, with all its lovely length shining down the lagoon, is easily to believe in its heavenly origin.

But the most peaceably human of all the buildings is the Woman's Building. It is like a man's ideal of woman—delicate, dignified, pure, and fair to look upon. It has made no bid for popular admiration, and seems an effort only to reach a permitted and sanctioned ideal. There is a feeling of indescribable rest and satisfaction in coming to it day by day, and I have a fancy that if all these buildings should sing together at midnight, this building would lift a pure soprano note like a flute, the voice of the Art Building would be a thrilling tenor, and mighty trumpets and beats of drum would accompany them from all the others.

"The Woman's Building is one of the *good* buildings," said one who knows; and *good* in this city of beauty means beautiful. That is what it is in truth; one of the most satisfactorily beautiful of all.

The building was a gift to the Woman's Commission from the General Administration, as an acknowledgment of the help expected from women. Its design was the first independent work of a clever woman architect, Miss Hayden, who answered, from the scholarly city of Boston, the call for a woman who could design an important national building. The best characterization of it I have heard was from a chance woman visitor, who, after prolonged and critical study, declared, "It is not too much of anything; it is just enough"; and that characterization holds good after much familiarity. One feels like emphasizing the dictum, "It is just enough." It is especially true of the ornamentation. The long classic-looking front, with its pillars and arches, is surmounted by a richly modelled pediment, but except for that, and the bands of ornament which divide the stories and outline the arches, it is quite simple and plain of surface.



SECTION OF TYMPANUM IN THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

Miss Mary Cassatt, painter



FROM THE FISHERIES BUILDING.

There are eight winged groups at the angles of the roof balustrade, representing certain virtues which are supposed to be peculiarly feminine. The sculpture, in its choice of symbolism, follows the lead of thought which dominated the building; that is, it is essentially feminine, and appears consciously to avoid anything bold or even insistent in style. The sculptor was Miss Rideout, of San Francisco; and the architect and sculptor, having the breadth of the country between them, have yet joined hands in making a building which perhaps expresses the "just enough" and "not too much" of woman's aspirations in this aspiring century.

When this edifice arose among the crowd of palaces, itself a palace, its beauty of so pure a type, the first and natural thought of its directors was to fill it with the rarest and most precious things which had ever been made by or for women: to collect the feminine handiwork of all ages, the costly things women had made, or possessed, or worn, all the best of books that women had written, the greatest of pictures they had painted, to make a record of the worthiest deeds they had wrought in philanthropy, in charity, in education, and all they have done for the amelioration of life, and so to make the Woman's Building express an ideal of womanhood. But when this thought was formulated there arose from all the land a great and bitter cry, the voice of a multitude which seemed to say: We are of those who had no share in the past, and are only beginning to live in the present; we are the toilers who are building up industries for our sisters; we are busy with agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, with trades and professions; and must we be shut out from the palace of women because beauty has had small part in our lives? And an answering thought grew and shaped itself to a policy which would take in all of the present. The beautiful and precious things, the books and records, the pictures and embroideries; but also the grain and the honey and the wool, the flax, the dyed yarns, the cloth, the cocoons, the silk threads, the glass which women have moulded, the metals they have shaped, the garments they have made—in short, all the industries woman has created, shared in, or monopolized—will be represented in the Woman's Building. It will have the value of suggestion and encouragement, the beauty of a sisterhood of effort; it will be the centre and visible sign of a new impulse in the world, a reaching out of invisible hands to clasp other invisible hands. It touches women everywhere, from those of American tribes, where rudimentary and primitive manhood has seen in woman only the weaker animal, made for service and for labor, to the nations of the East, where, in apparently never-ending slavery, a long succession of women, reaching back into unrecorded history, have been unrecognized and unacknowledged in their relation to the best welfare of the world. These women have been called out into the sunlight, beckoned by the hand of a woman who stands for all that belongs to the best estate of woman in this most fortunate and prosperous day, and to her will

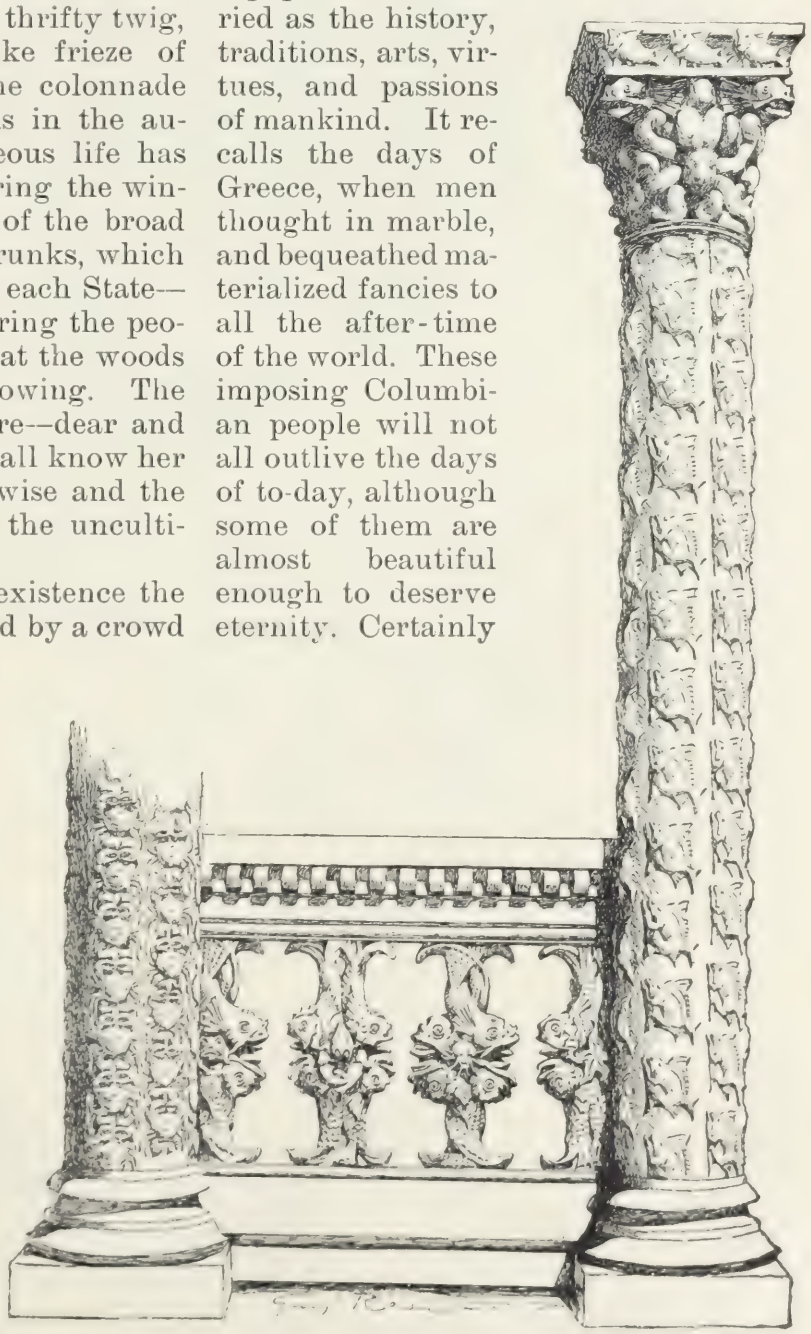
be owing much of the welcome and almost unlooked-for result.

To primitive or pioneer Americans the Forestry Building will appeal with a more homelike and familiar sense than either of the temples of Art, Transportation, or Manufactures. It is constructed throughout of trees—trees with the bark still on, like the forest growth of cottages at Onteora. Nothing in all the grounds was or is more fragrantly and freshly interesting than this building. In the early autumn of last year many of the slim young trees, which had been sent from their different places and latitudes during the summer, remembering their forest duty to grow and be green, unexpectedly took up their severed obligations, and put out here and there a green leaf, or even a thrifty twig, and portions of the lacelike frieze of branches which bordered the colonnade grew fresh with young buds in the autumn rains. This spontaneous life has been frozen out of them during the winter, and to-day the supports of the broad piazzas—slim but sturdy trunks, which came in triplets, three from each State—are thinking more of sheltering the people who are coming to look at the woods of all climates than of growing. The building is redolent of nature—dear and simple mother nature, as we all know her—and on this level all the wise and the foolish, the cultivated and the uncultivated, may easily meet.

In the early days of its existence the Forestry Building was peopled by a crowd of statues, for the most part of heroic size, destined for the adornment of the Administration and other buildings. They were cast and rested here until they found their appropriate and final places elsewhere. The interior of the building runs up like the interior of a forest to cross beams and branching roof supports, and as it is without divisions, the whole great centre, practically in one, is made a convenient workshop for modelling and casting. The centre swarmed with gigantic gods and goddesses, while small plaster sketches—lilliputian groups of ten or fifteen inches in height—cowered along the window-ledges under the stern majesty of brobdingnagian kindred.

It was one of the sensations of the time to drop in among the Italians, who were shredding car-loads of flax into huge caldrons, which soon afterward bubbled and boiled with plaster; to see them oiling moulds as large as horse-troughs in which to receive the steaming mixtures; or afterward chipping away the mould to let some imprisoned creature through to the sunlight.

One of the first delightful surprises of the fair is the immense population of inhabitants whose flesh is plaster, whose sinews are flax, and whose bones are iron, a population as varied as the history, traditions, arts, virtues, and passions of mankind. It recalls the days of Greece, when men thought in marble, and bequeathed materialized fancies to all the after-time of the world. These imposing Columbian people will not all outlive the days of to-day, although some of them are almost beautiful enough to deserve eternity. Certainly



FROM THE FISHERIES BUILDING.



DECORATIVE BORDER—AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.
By George W. Maynard.

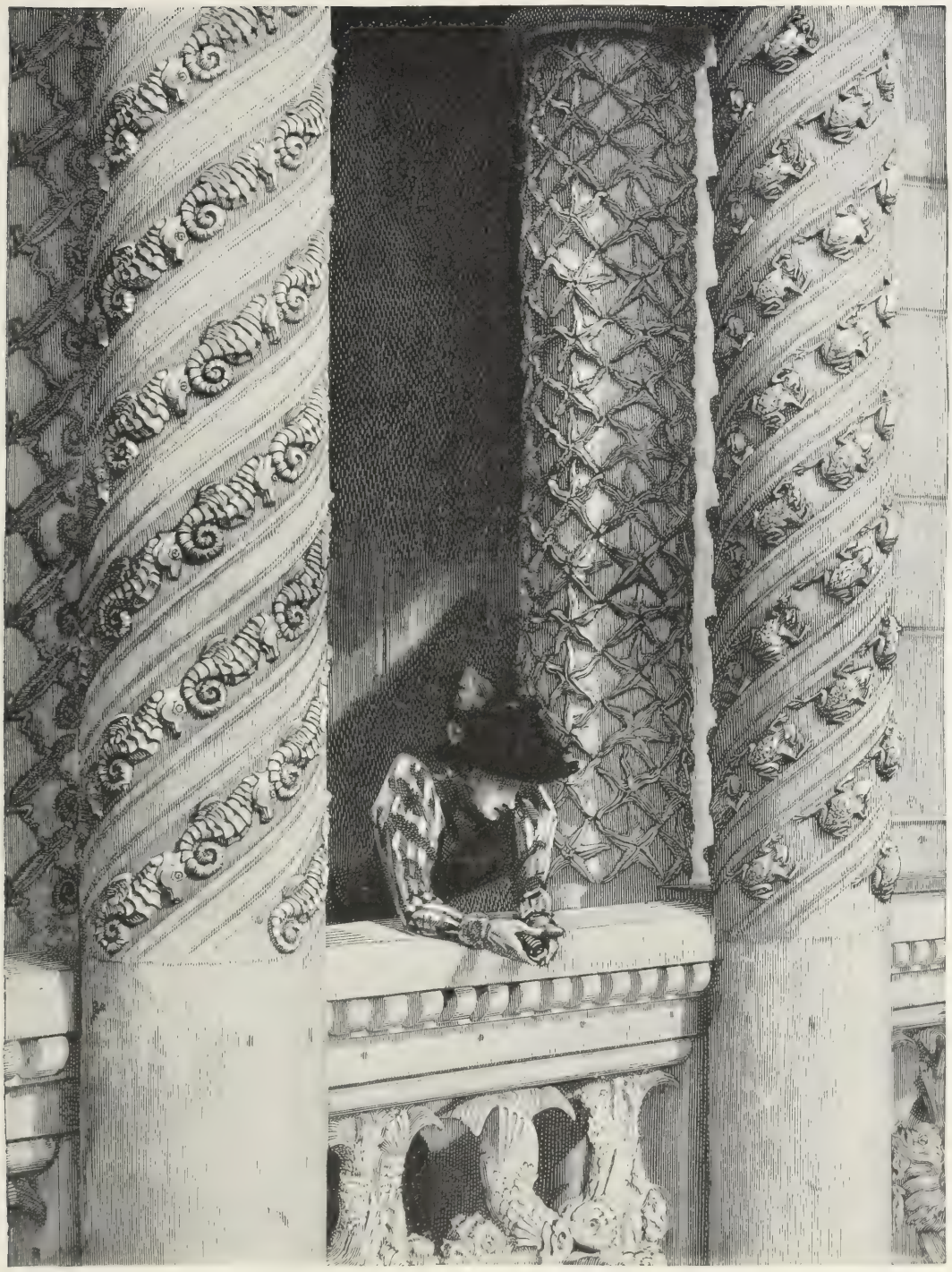
no one could help wishing that the great statue of the Republic, modelled by Mr. French — a majestic woman, who stands against the columned peristyle looking over the sea — could live forever, and give to the future of America a national ideal of purity, simplicity, and greatness. But whatever else these plaster gods are or are not, they are *too many*— too many for even the lavish bounty of a dream. They cluster in porches; they stand in long processions along the lengthy façades, doing their decorative part with dignity and seriousness; they pose upon pedestals, they crouch in architectural corners, or gayly greet you from cornices and other coigns of vantage; or they are flattened into bass-relief, like skins of statues stretched upon some rare plain surface. In truth, all the bigness of the buildings is needed to repress and keep them in subordination. Gigantic inhabitants of a city of a dream, they people it so abundantly that the small human element is almost an impertinence, or, at most, something unnoticeable in the grand company of its own creation.

But the scope of all this plastic representation is very interesting. It passes lightly from the "Gods of Greece" to the archaic husbandmen and starting again from that infant period of time, and filling the long space between with hinted fragments of historical decorations, boldly presents the brakeman at his wheel, or the interior of that crowning convenience of modern Sinbad movement, the dining-car. All this is a legitimate and appropriate theme and delightful in intention, but somehow we find ourselves more in sympathy with the wild decorations of the beautiful bridges known as the Bear and Catamount bridges, whose parapets are surmounted by enormous images of Rocky Mountain bears and catamounts, rising in suddenly petrified action against a background as unlike their natural surroundings as the East is from the West. To meet these animals, so instinct with savage nature, in the midst of types of highest art, to see the crouching of the panther outlined against the aerial bubble of the great dome of the Horticultural Building, is to connect in thought the extremest corners of the world, and to link savagery and civilization as few lands have linked them. It is a long step from one to the other, and yet the two sculptors who are doing these bridges—Kemeys and Proctor — seem to stand with a foot on each. The peaks and cañons where untamed violence embodied in flesh still lingers and the most domestic interior of civilization are equally familiar and equally a part of the world to these men. In each of them an undiluted strain of blood survives from the pioneer man, whose chief business it was to narrow and restrain the kingdom of ruthlessness represented by the beast of prey, and make room for law, order, and domesticity.

The sculptor-hunter is an American type, a link between our extreme borders



STUDY OF FIGURE IN "EDUCATION."
Gari Melchers, painter.



FROM THE BALCONY OF THE FISHERIES BUILDING.
Henry Ives Cobb, architect.

—between the two sides of our extravagant spread of land and sea.

Unquestionably the decorative effects of sculpture have never in our day and upon so grand a scale found their opportunity. Many of the groups, and notably Mr. Martiny's group of Agriculture, are so composed as to hold the eye at even poise like a balance. Indeed, this particular group, with the grand mass made by the head and shoulders and branching horns of oxen sweeping to the right and left, while the straight tall figure of impersonated Agriculture rises between, is so rhythmically composed as to be an unceasing satisfaction.

In the Fisheries Building, a clever scheme of surface ornament has been composed from casts of starfish, sea-horses, crabs, lobsters, and creatures of land and water which are calculated to delight the heart of a designer. The themes of ornament are so linked with the purpose of the building as to be

constantly suggestive of it. Balustrades composed of fish forms, with heads braced against the crossing rails and tails twisted together in the middle, might be an orderly nightmare of a fisherman, but they are nevertheless wonderfully decorative in effect, while the columns which stand between the panels of balustrade, covered with marching masses of crabs and turtles or lizards and eels, look as if covered with Arabic ornament, until a closer view resolves them into images of living forms. The sinuous procession of sea-horses winding around one pillar is offset by a geometrical spacing of star-fish touching star points on another.

A lobster-pot would hardly seem to suggest the capital of a column, and yet one of the most appropriate and effective capitals is derived from that exterminating trap. A little hand-in-hand dance of frogs over a doorway is not quite as satisfying, considered as appropriately constructed ornament, but it is irresistible in fact.

Indeed, as far as composition of design is concerned, it seems to me that even in all-embracing Japanese art no one has ever more happily composed the outlines and surfaces of fish in continuous ornament than we find them in the Fisheries Building. It is quite in line, as far as happy adaptation is concerned, with Mr. McKim's delightful "Turkey frieze" around the dome of the Agricultural Building.

After the first delight and wonder at the lavishness with which sculpture is used in the grounds, there is still room for another sensation when one comes face to face with the tinted and bordered porticos, where delicate blues and shell pinks quiver behind the ivory shelter of pillars and cornices, and the figures on the Pompeian-like decoration of the Agricultural Building prance along its perfect frontage.

To my mind, also, the decoration of the half-out-of-door domes of the Manufactures Building redeems it utterly from the impression of mere temporary use, which its enormous interior space suggests. Entering the building, as one must, under one of these richly colored domes, the gold and the yellows, the purples and blues, accompany him, and a sense of luxury and prodigality enters with him, which all the largeness of the interior cannot dissipate.

Unfortunately the paintings will not outlast the brief life of the building, since the plaster upon which they are painted must inevitably crumble to powder when its day is done, but the vigorous and beautiful decorative pictures of Mr. Melchers and Mr. McEwen, which adorn the Art Building, are painted upon canvas, and therefore, happily, removable.

The valuable art-work Chicago is accumulating during the present time will make it a shrine for pilgrimage for many years to come, and, indeed, is the sort of magnet which attracts not only art-lovers but art-workers, and makes of them the whirlpools of artistic activity which we call art centres, and which we have fondly flattered ourselves belonged chiefly to the East. Every public library, every university, every great building belonging to the city of Chicago, will be enriched with one or more of the great paintings called into being by the fair, and in this way the city will benefit far beyond any mere commercial advantage attained by possession of the enterprise.

Miss Cassatt, who has a place among painters who sit in high places, has painted for the tympanum of the great gallery in the Woman's Building a picture which enriches not only Chicago, but the whole country. It is sufficient justification for the separate existence of the building that it has called out such a work from the hand of a woman for its adornment.

But while sculpture and painting have contributed so much to the ideal beauty of the fair, it could not afford to lack the crown of color and glory which has been offered by landscape art.

Everywhere are stretches of greenest lawn, so close and full as to seem like a painted foreground of a picture. Pansy beds lie along the sides of some of the white palaces, an eternity of seedlings showing first buds or first blossoms as a foretaste of the carpets of velvet bloom they are preparing to spread for the eyes of the coming world. All that is done looks as if it had grown forever on that one same spot, and is being tended and cared for because of its happy effectiveness in that position, and not at all as if it had been thought out as part of a scheme; and all that is being done in the way of transplantation or creation is with such exquisite naturalness of thought that it may stand as absolutely the work of nature. One only knows that the lakes and lagoons and islands grow their

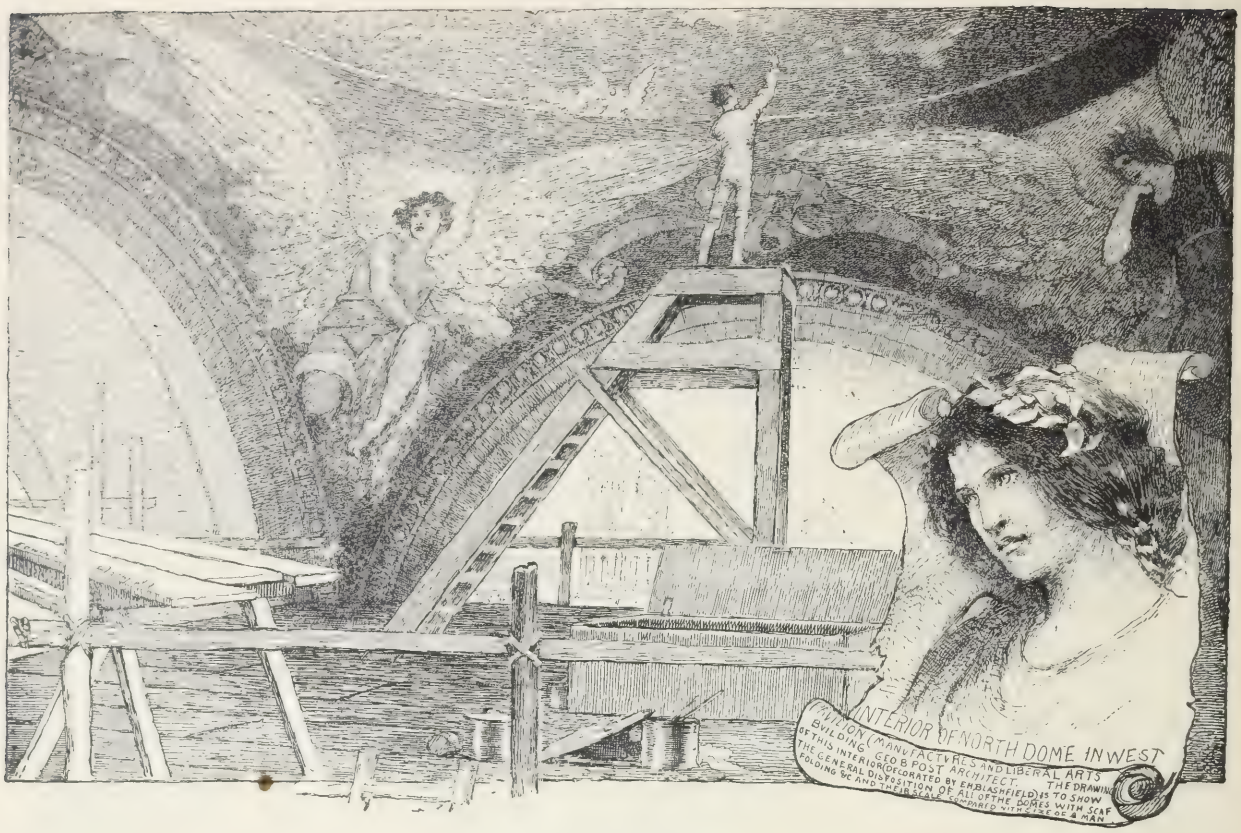


GROUP CROWNING THE CENTRAL FAÇADE, AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.
Philip Martiny, sculptor.

own kind — wear their own hair, as it were.

No long-leaved rhododendron or Japanese hydrangea reflects its color in the winding lagoon, but a constant succession of bloom which belongs just here does its best to be beautiful, and easily succeeds. When the blue lake water rushed in to take the bed prepared for it, it found that a delicate attention to its likings had fringed the borders with the heavenly blue of the arrow-head, the scarlet of the lobelia, and the dwarf sunflower and yellow sunbeam so dear to its watery heart. Nothing had been neglected to make it at home. What wonder, then, that it lies so placidly and contentedly in its bed, reflecting heaven and earth with thankful beauty! Enough to say in praise of all this wonderful and successful planting is that the law of appropriateness, which underlies all art, seems never once to have been violated. It has never entered into the heads of the blue-winged water-birds which haunt the shores of the lagoon and islands to doubt the spontaneity of the water-plants, or their free selection of habitat, or that of any one of their floral friends who are growing here. He who planned and planted all this beauty knew by nature and by instinct the law which governs every green thing, and could compel its highest grace. He foresaw every charm of leaf and flower, of shadow and reflection, and placed each plant where its highest possibility of beauty was inevitable. If ever man whose breath of life has all too quickly ceased lives in his work, how truly this one still lives in every leaf which here keeps time to pulses in the air, and in every plant which thrills responsive to the sun! Here, as in the hearts of the friends and fellow-artists who talk of his work with loving enthusiasm, he surely and vitally lives.

But not landscape art alone has worked its magic in the grounds of the great fair. Gardening and floriculture have also



DECORATING A DOME.

played a potent part. Around the palaces, and along the great basin, with its marble margins and royal flights of steps, where arches and colonnades and fountains lift themselves, and statues stand in royal groups, turf cultivated to superfineness is everywhere. No English lawn of a hundred years of cultivation ever spread a finer, closer, evener web than these strips of greenness. The closely shaven blades of grass are like the hair on the back of a well-clipped colt for fineness, thanks to the prairie loam which underlies them, and to the constant rain of the sprinkler which the great reservoir of fresh lake water makes possible.

One of the large islands made by the mould lifted from the lagoon beds is devoted to a rose garden. Thousands and thousands of varieties will blossom there in their season, many of them having been planted more than a year ago, that they might become fully accustomed to their surroundings. They were sent by European gardeners as exhibits, and have been more than a year in the care of the department of floriculture.

The advantages of the departments of landscape-gardening and floriculture as to materials for soil and growth are enormous. To have the deposits of thousands of years to draw upon in the black soil of the prairies, so that one of the little trains which minister to all the necessities of the park need only go out for a few miles along the lake shore and dig and bring in food for millions of plants, and to have all the blue lake water at hand wherewith to slake their thirsty bodies, are among the unconsidered advantages which will tend to the success of this great enterprise. To be able to cover the débris which litters the ground, and the sand which has been ploughed and powdered by thousands of feet since the building began, to cover it so deeply with a fertile deposit that the grass roots will never find it, and then spread the surface with a green carpet which accepts its place with joy, is certainly no small advantage.

There were few trees in Jackson Park before it was chosen for the place of the fair, but there can be no want of trees where architectural features are so abundant and turf and water omnipresent. A few clumps of white-leaved swamp-willows, which would be almost unnoticeable elsewhere, make quite a feature of themselves at one end of the long island which is a rose garden, and half hidden among the branches and reeds at the other end of it is a little log cabin

known as The Hunter's Camp. It is just a little one-roomed cabin with a stick and mud chimney, but the sticks and mud hide a carefully built cone of brick, which makes roaring fires a safe possibility. The cabin is filled with hunters' weapons and traps, and lined with skins which seem by right to belong to the bears and catamounts and mountain-lions which do their part of the great fair on the two bridges. It serves also to remind one that within the memory of a living generation hunting and trapping were sufficient and serious occupations for men whose lives were as like that of the Indian tribes as stationary could be like migratory ones.

During the months when the decoration of the building was in progress, this particular camp was a place where the painters and sculptors of the ideal city gathered at night to sit in the firelight, while pipes and cigars sent their curling incense to mingle with the smoke of the wood. It is needless to say how keen an enjoyment they found in the unwonted association of artistic labor. Each one being at work through the day in some improvised studio, or in the domes and vestibules which they were enriching, they gathered at night to discuss not only the relation of each other's work to the whole grand plan, but to consider principles and traditions of decoration, and to try them as applicable to the conditions obtaining in the ideal city. They exchanged opinions or theories, and gave each other the benefit of any little discovery of manipulation which made the difficult surface of the plaster more amenable to the application of pigments. The "master-painters" and the sculptors and the builders were a pleasant crowd in a pleasant place. Outside, the little steam-launch which brought them lay bobbing and lapping upon the water of the lagoon. The moonlight on moon nights rained white beams over all the city, the palaces shone with a still radiance, and the groups of statues seemed to beckon each other from cornice to cornice. In the darks and yellow lights of the cabin's interior the men who were all the day mounted on ladders and scaffolds painting the interiors of the eight domes of the Liberal Arts Building took their innings of ease and friendly companionship —Blashfield, Beckwith, Weir, Reinhart, Reid, Cox, Shirlaw, and Simmons; Maynard, who painted the corridors of the Agricultural Building; Turner, who had and has a hand in everything; Melchers and McEwen, who were called from Paris to join this band of painters; the sculptors French, Martiny, Taft, and Macmonnies; and in the centre, the very hub of the company, Millet, the man who brought all these makers of beauty together, and gave to each his opportunity and his task. To a few of the men opportunity came speedily, before long waiting for lagging recognition of talent flattened the bead on the cup of life; but most of them have earned this pleasant opportunity of painting for the world twice over, and are perhaps all the more able and all the more placid in their acceptance of it for that. They recognize the fact that hand-in-hand work of the arts has begun in this country, and that hereafter no great effort of architecture will be considered complete without the companionship of sculpture and painting.

It is a tribute both to the East and the West that these men are most of them Eastern men: first to the skill of the men, and next to the breadth of the administration in calling in from everywhere those who could do the most and best for the great work in hand.

The enormous expenses of the department of construction have been for many months receiving a certain offset by the admissions to the park. During the whole of last year there were thousands of carriages and tens of thousands of people making daily tours of inspection, at an individual cost of a quarter of a dollar, and a daily aggregate, it is said, of about twelve thousand dollars.

The pageant of Columbus day, when the world first realized the magnitude of the Columbian Fair, is a thing of the past, but one who saw the sudden cessation of building activity, and the sudden whirlwind or cyclone of preparation which took its place, could not forget it. Forty acres of scrubbing had to be done on the floor of the great Liberal Arts Building; ninety thousand seats had to be prepared; carriages and horses and banners and music had to be forth-coming, and coffee and salads for the various and important dignitaries who graced the show. Chicago did this, as she does all practical things, with wonderful ability, generosity, and absolute success. The day came, a shining October day, a day made for banners and trumpets, for pæans and congrat-

ulatory orations. Governors of States, officers of all the complicated and successful organization of the Columbian Exposition, commissioners from all the governments in the world, were here, many clad in wonderful and shining raiment —raiment which in democratic America is so seldom seen that it is positively exhilarating—the scarlets and violets of the army and the church, the "precious blue" of Japanese officials, the white and blue and green and gold of Austria and Italy, the national and State commissioners, both men and women, gathered to the sound, to the ringing waves of a chorus of a thousand voices, and came into the sight of ninety thousand faces. And then, on the moment, something happened which was bewildering. Ninety thousand people suddenly rose and stood upon their feet and simultaneously waved and fluttered ninety thousand snowy pocket-handkerchiefs; the air was cut into dusty spirals, which vibrated to the great iron-ribbed ceiling. It was a commotion of such proportions that it seemed like some action of the elements—like a flurry of great snowflakes in an unexpected October storm, which in a second wipes out a whole landscape. One had a sense of dizziness, as if the entire building rocked.

After this sensation came the music and the speeches, and the presentation of buildings, and of medals to master-painters, and of all the things arranged for the great function; and finally it was over, and the great crowd disintegrated and melted away, each individual particle to its own place, and nothing was left of all the pageant, to even the most prominent and important partaker, but a gratified remembrance. Nothing concrete and positive save the medals in the pockets of the master-painters. And the sun went down that day upon the unearthly beauty of the place which was the scene of the triumphant spectacle, and left it covered with the glory of a successful endeavor.

All this will be repeated in a certain way in the coming pageant on the 1st of May, and will honor a more fulfilled completeness, but it can hardly eclipse the glory of that one October day, when the wonder was new and young, and the hearts of men were less accustomed to the pride of achievement. Then or now, no words can express the beauty of the Dream City, for it is beyond even the unearthly glamour of a dream.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

THE loss which America sustained in the death of Mr. Lowell in August, 1891, and of Mr. Curtis in August, 1892, was the loss of the two men who during their generation had most truly represented the ideals of American culture and citizenship. I say *American* culture and citizenship, because the type which they displayed was in certain marked respects novel, the product of conditions peculiar to our national institutions and life. They were men who by native gifts, by breeding, acquisitions, and manners, would have held a foremost place among the best in any land; but there was something in them which could have been acquired in no other country. They were "new births of our new soil," and their virtue drew nourishment from New England principles and New England practice. They were gentlemen as gracious, as refined, as well-bred as any of the line of gentlemen from Sidney down to Sidney's peers in the Old World to-day, but with this difference, that the sentiment which inspired them was not the lingering exclusive spirit of chivalric superiority, but the larger, more generous, modern spirit of democratic society, in which each man has the opportunity and is consequently under the responsibility to make the best of himself for the service of his fellowmen; and this spirit, natural to and embodied in such men as Lowell and Curtis, shows itself in character which seems to me to be, on the whole, of fairer and more promising quality than any which the world has hitherto known. The virtues of such men as these rest on a simple and secure foundation in human nature, not on convention or accident. They become, therefore, exemplary; they give reason for faith in the progress of man. Kindness, sweetness, candor, generosity, are virtues which the least gifted man may practise; but in men with gifts of nature such as

those possessed by the two friends of whom I am writing they become irresistibly winning and attractive.

It is not yet a year since Mr. Curtis delivered his Memorial Address on Lowell. It was to form the worthy close of that long series of addresses and orations in which Mr. Curtis, from his youth to his age, used his masterly powers as a public speaker for the enforcing of the higher lessons of patriotism. The discourse has become, alas! memorial in a double sense. The praise truly bestowed upon his friend applies also in large measure, with curious felicity of adaptation, to the speaker himself. Mr. Curtis dealt mainly with the public aspects of Lowell's life. In what I am now about to say I shall speak rather of its more private relations.

And yet I do so with reluctance and with difficulty. I cannot readily hold my friend aloof and write of him as a subject for critical analysis. I cannot take my readers, however worthy of confidence they may be, within the inner circle of intimacy, of which the charm would suffer were its sanctity violated and its seclusion disturbed. The poet may tell what he likes of his own emotions; he may claim the sympathy and enlarge the range of the emotions of common men by revealing to them his inner experiences of joy or sorrow. That is his right, and sometimes it is the very Muse herself who bids him do so. But it is an exclusive right. No other, not even a friend who sticketh closer than a brother, may draw away the veil. And yet so often is this done that we are losing the sense of the sacredness of the privacy of life. We submit to the vulgarizing of its loveliest enclosures, and we give prizes to the betrayers of confidence. There is an excellent passage about this in Mr. Lowell's lecture on Chapman. I would cite it all were it not that the readers of this Magazine have already had opportunity to see it. He asks: "Is it love of knowledge or of gossip that renders these private concerns so interesting to us, and makes us willing to intrude on the awful seclusion of the dead, or to flatten our noses against the windows of the living?....Of course in whatever the man himself has made a part of the record we are entitled to find what intimations we can of his genuine self, of the real man, veiled under the draperies of convention and circumstance, who was visible for so many years, yet perhaps never truly seen, obscurely known to himself, conjectured even by his intimates, and a mere name to all beside." These intimations of his genuine self, happily, are abundant in Lowell's writings, and alike more distinct and more trustworthy than is generally the case. There was nothing in him which he needed to conceal, and he maintained no reserves beyond the becoming reticences of a high, delicate, and sensitive nature. His books reveal him as he was, and a reader competent to interpret them would gather from them a just conception of the man. And yet the conception might not, after all, be complete. For in Lowell's case, more, I think, than in that of most writers of similar candor and frankness, what he wrote fails to convey an adequate impression of his genius, that is, of what in scholastic phrase may be called his potential genius. He was himself aware of this. He knew himself possessed of greater powers than he exercised. His genius had wings capable of higher, or at least of more sustained, flight than it ever adventured; and toward the end of his life the regret not seldom recurred to him that circumstance and temperament together had prevented him from making complete essay of the gifts with which nature had endowed him. "I feel," he wrote in 1884, "that my life has been mainly wasted, that I have thrown away more than most men ever had." There is in these words something of the exaggeration of a moment in which the sharpness of the contrast of actual achievement with the hopes, intentions, and ideals of life is deeply felt. In view of what he did, such words may seem unreasonable, but the regret which they express was justifiable. Fortune, kind to him in many ways, had refused to him at any time in his life the ample leisure and the freedom from care which, if not indispensable conditions of the free exercise of the poetic faculty, are essential to any long-sustained effort of the imagination.

Lowell has described, as no one else could do it, his own birthplace, and some of the conditions and aspects of the life of his boyhood. His description shows how remote that time was from this in which we are living. All the poets who during the last half-century have given form and expression to the popular American ideals, and who have quickened the poetic sensibility and invigorated the

moral sentiment of the nation, were born and grew to manhood in what seems now a primitive age—an age of greater simplicity and tranquillity of life than our present day, of more untroubled faith, more political optimism, and of far narrower horizons. There were no railroads, with their tremendous revolutionary forces; no great manufacturing cities; no flood of immigrants; no modern democracy. Old forms of life and old traditions prevailed. The clergy still exercised authority, though it was steadily waning. The little New England villages and towns were independent communities, each with a character and pride of its own. The days before the advent of General Jackson are pleasant to look back upon. The nation was becoming slowly conscious of itself as a new birth of time; it was in the innocence of youth. It believed in itself. The millennium did not seem very far off—except for the slaves in the Southern States. It was a time for poets.

The place as well as the time of Lowell's birth was fortunate. Cambridge, at least that part of it then and now known as Old Cambridge, was a pleasant village, just remote enough from Boston to preserve something of true rurality, but near enough to the city to share its wider interests and partake of the opportunities of its larger life. It had historic traditions of its own, capable of awakening the emotions of local patriotism, and touching the imagination of youth with the glow of local pride. It was the seat of the oldest and most renowned college in the land, and possessed not only such stores of ancient culture as two centuries had gathered, but also a body of men of learning and of character devoted to intellectual pursuits. They gave the tone to its simple society—a society in which there was little wealth and no display, but much refinement and much knowledge.

From his father, who belonged to one of the most eminent families in the State, and was the beloved clergyman of a large parish in Boston, Lowell inherited a love of good letters, a conservative taste, a sense of dignity, and Puritan principles, though not the whole Puritan doctrine. His mother, whose ancestors were from the Orkney Islands, transmitted to him a poetic imagination, the love of nature, and a temperament sensitive, indolent, and aristocratic. The fairies who gathered round his cradle bestowed on him gifts in profusion—health, good looks, humor, fancy, fun, a cheerful spirit, a pleasant disposition, strong common-sense. He had a happy childhood. His character developed naturally, under genial influences. He was a boy full of promise, but there was no precocity in him. He began to discover himself when he was in college, and to distinguish himself from his fellows. But he matured slowly. The first poems of his which seem to bear the Tower stamp are "Irene," and certain sonnets written in 1840, when he was twenty-one years old. From that time forward, under the influence of a happy love, his character and his genius alike developed rapidly.

Self-mastery, however, was more difficult for him than for most youths. The elements in his nature were so various and diverse that it was no easy task to bring them into harmony and shape them into a consistent character. His moral sense gradually asserted itself as the controlling force, and to this his poetic faculty and all his other intellectual powers became subordinated, but with no loss of legitimate independence and freedom of exercise.

In this predominance of the moral sense Lowell was a true son of New England and a true child of his time. The period from about 1830 to about 1850 was that in which New England was passing through its years of *Sturm und Drang*, corresponding with the change in the individual from youth to manhood. It had gone on in the old ways of childhood, with little restlessness, conforming itself to the traditions of the elders, till now it found itself full grown, and dressed in garments which no longer befitted its size and stature. Its character was solidly based on the Law of the Old Testament, but it had gradually found the limits of that Law too strait, and it sought for the freedom of the Gospel of the New. The Law had become for the New-Englander what it had been in the days of the Pharisees, and now the voice of the Spirit was once more heard, and its message was caught by all sorts of hearers, wise and foolish. There were many prophets, some of them with little sense or sanity. But there were some, such as Garrison and Emerson, who were receiving and delivering the true message. The time was one of confusion,

not merely intellectual, but moral—a time of intense and conflicting emotions and opinions. With quick sensibilities and ready sympathies, Lowell was open to all its influences. But there was a struggle in his nature between the conservatism of his temperament, re-enforced by education as well as by domestic and social surroundings, and the radical drift of his poetic and reforming spirit. The struggle was sharp, but the issue was not doubtful. Obedient to the higher call, he joined the band of the new New-Englanders; he became an abolitionist, shared in the efforts of the Transcendentalists to enlarge the bounds of spiritual freedom, and sympathized even with some of the cruder efforts of the zealots of reform. Happily, he was protected from extravagance by his healthy humor. His keen but kindly perceptions, his excellent common-sense, served to keep his youthful ardor from any extreme course.

Lowell's spiritual experience in these years is plainly recorded in his poems. His real biography is written in them with a fulness and frankness which make them one of the most complete records in literature of the life of a young poet. From the remote themes dear to the fancy of youth, from the verses of love and of private experience, from the reflection on things at large, his poetry as he reaches full manhood becomes the expression of a poet giving utterance no longer to a merely personal sentiment, but to the dumb emotions and the convictions of a people. His engagement in 1840, and his marriage in 1844, to a woman of great personal charm, of uncommon poetic gifts, and of strong character, more mature at the time than his own, deepened and elevated his whole being. His wife shared his tastes, and confirmed all the moral instincts of his nature. His soul was stirred to its depths by the ominous events of the period, which marked the advance of the slave-power, and in the well-known series of his poems, written mainly in 1844 and immediately subsequent years, his voice became the voice of New England in indignant protest, in ardent appeal, and in confident reliance on those sturdy principles upon which she had been founded, and in which she still at bottom trusted. In 1846 came the first of the "Biglow Papers"—"a squib of mine," as he called it in writing of it to a friend—unexpected, unheralded, but a squib which betokened a new, incalculable force in American politics, and a new, permanent possession for American literature. The "Biglow Papers" revealed Lowell to his contemporaries, and in a measure to himself, by the reflection upon him of their effect upon the public. The vast variety of power manifest in them—humor, wit, fun, knowledge, learning, common-sense, logic, patriotic fervor, all in the service of moral principle and political integrity—displayed Lowell himself as a most striking figure.

Any one among the multitude of his gifts would have been enough to secure distinction, but in the diversity of his faculties and the amplitude of his rich and flexible intelligence he had no rival. No man was good at so many things as he. His love and knowledge of nature were not those of a poet alone, not of mere Wordsworthian sentiment, but such as showed, as Darwin long afterward said, to Lowell's great pleasure, that he had in him the making of a naturalist. But his love and knowledge of literature were also such as to show that he had in him the making of a great scholar. Yet such was his insight into affairs, such his capacity for dealing with the questions of politics, that it seemed as if this born poet and scholar and naturalist should not be left to the pursuits of the closet, the library, or the woods and fields, but should rather be brought into the crowded paths of public life. In everything his genius was superior to his gifts and master of his acquisitions. But his supreme distinction was of character; genius, faculties, acquisitions, were under the control of his moral sense, and all alike contributed to the building up of a character large, high, and strong. It was not as poet, or student, or thinker, or as in any other limited relation of life, that those who knew him regarded him; it is not so that they think of him in memory, but as the large-natured, large-hearted, true, wise, and generous man, whose gifts and genius seemed rather the delightful accidents than the essentials of his vigorous and unique personality.

He was full of life and animal spirits. The "Fable for Critics," published in 1848, affords ample illustration of the liveliness and sparkling spontaneity of his wits, as well as of his critical discrimination and the wide range of his reading.* His spirits

* The Fable is likely to last longer than most such *jeux d'esprit*, not only for its intrinsic vitality, but as

were constantly bubbling over in action as well as in writing. He enjoyed life thoroughly and in all its aspects. His bodily faculties were all at command, and served him well. He was no trained athlete, but he liked walking and swimming and skating, and could endure fatigue without harm. His eye was keen and true, his hand steady. He was a good shot, and he knew the excitement of the hunt, but he cared too much for the wild creatures to find great pleasure in killing them. To excel in everything he undertook was become a habit and an ambition with him. It was so in feats of bodily agility and strength. He liked to do whatever any one else could do. But he admired generously those who surpassed him. There was no jealousy in his nature. In camp in the Adirondacks in 1850 he acknowledged with unfailing admiration Stillman's marvellous skill in all woodcraft, his unerring sureness of aim, his mastery with axe, with oar, and with rifle. But here is a passage, hitherto unprinted, from Emerson's diary, which shows Lowell's emulous spirit in the woods. I am indebted for it to my friend Dr. Edward Emerson.

"*August 7th, Follansbee's Pond.*—It should be called Stillman's henceforward, from the good camp which this gallant artist has built, and the good party he has led and planted here for the present at the bottom of the little bay which lies near the head of the lake. The lake is two miles long, one to one-half mile wide, and surrounded by low mountains. Norway pine and white pine abound. On the top of a large white pine in a bay was an osprey's nest, around which the ospreys were screaming, five or six. We thought there were young birds in it, and sent Preston (guide) to the top. This looked like an adventure. The tree might be 150 feet high at least; sixty feet clean, straight stem without a single branch, and, as Lowell and I measured it by the tape as high as we could reach, fourteen feet six inches in girth. Preston took advantage of a hemlock close by it, and climbed till he got on the branches; then went to the top of the pine, and found the nest empty, though the great birds wheeled and screamed about him. He said he could climb the bare stem of the pine, 'though it would be awful hard work.' When he came down I asked him to go up it a little way, which he did, clinging to the corrugations of the bark. Afterwards Lowell watched long for a chance to shoot the osprey, but he soared magnificently, and would not alight. . . . Lowell next morning was missing at breakfast, and when he came to camp told me he had climbed Preston's pine-tree."

Every pleasant quality that adds charm to social intercourse made Lowell among his intimates one of the most delightful of companions. His wit was as kindly as it was ready; his humor was always genial. "Pre-eminence," says one of the Elizabethans, "shortens all equality," but Lowell did not presume upon his superiorities. His tastes, his disposition, were aristocratic, but his principles, his faith, and his practice were thoroughly democratic. In this, as in all things, he was a genuine New-Englander, conservative on one side of his nature, liberal on the other; an idealist tempered by sturdy common-sense.

His affections were singularly deep and steady. He had not only a tender but a very large heart. His love for his friends was such that at times if it did not blind it at least colored his judgment. He was sure to like what they did. He was to them all that a faithful and generous friend could be. His thoughtfulness for them, his readiness to take trouble for them and to put all his resources at their disposal, outwent the common rules and experience of friendship. In the more intimate relations of life, the depth, the soundness, the sweetness, and the simplicity of his nature secured happiness for himself and for those whom he loved.

His kindness to every one, even to those who had no special claim on him, was inexhaustible. Of money, or of time still more precious, he was lavish in the service of others, and he did not escape the penalty of his open-handedness. But he had no mercy for the knave and the hypocrite. For the charlatan in literature, the traitor or the swindler, the coward in politics, his lash was swift and stinging, and the punishment he administered was as severe as it was deserved.

His habitual mood was cheerful, often gay, but he had experience of the depres-

the most animated and truthful review of the chief figures on the stage of American literature in the middle of the century. An incident connected with its rhyming title-page gave Lowell a good deal of amusement. The last words on the page were,

"Set forth in October, the 31st day,
In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway."

The publisher removed his place of business shortly after the issue of the little volume, and, a new edition of it being called for, changed the concluding couplet of the title-page to,

"Set forth in October, the 31st day,
In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, 10 Park Place."

sions of the poetic temperament and the anxieties of the sensitive fancy. There was no warning of these attacks of low spirits; they came suddenly, were of uncertain duration, and vanished as suddenly as they had come. They did not take the form of melancholy, but rather of nameless anxieties, vague forebodings, and a sense of failure and incapacity. At all times he was subject to distrust of the value of his own performance. When, after writing, the first glow of composition was past, he often needed the assurance of a friend that his work was good and worth doing.

There was a vein of shyness in him which, associated with this self-distrust, made appearance before the public distasteful to him. It was not till late in life that the evidence of his success and effect as a public speaker became too clear to allow him any longer to question his abilities in this respect. During the twenty years of his professorship its duties never became easy to him. He fulfilled them with scrupulous fidelity, but the stated hours and seasons of work were irksome to him and averse from his natural inclinations. "I begin," he says in a letter in 1867—"I begin my annual dissatisfaction of lecturing next Wednesday. I cannot get used to it. All my nightmares are of lecturing." But spite of his dissatisfaction with it, and of the effort which his work as teacher cost him, his influence upon the students who followed his courses was deep and permanent, and his relations with them were always pleasant. There was nothing of the traditional pedagogic professor about him. He occupied rather the place toward the youth who had the advantage of his inspiring instruction of an elder student and friend, interested to secure their interest in the literature which he cared for, to broaden and to fertilize their minds, and to quicken within them the true love of letters, that it might become to them, as it was to him, one of the chief *solamina vitæ*. He used to gather his classes in Dante around him in his study at Elmwood, and there in those rich hours his greatest service to them was not in expounding the "Divine Comedy," but in laying open to them the treasures of his full mind, in making them conscious of the relation of character with learning, of poetry with life, and of the pre-eminence of the things of the spirit over those of the flesh. The evenings thus spent, illumined by his pleasantry and made delightful by his pleasantness, remain in the recollection of some at least of his students as among the most memorable passages of their lives.

He was wont to complain of the indolence of his disposition, and to this extent he was right, that his natural habit of work was not continuous, but, on the contrary, spontaneous, rapid, with long breathing-spells between the periods of exertion. Yet he was never idle; and these intervals were not periods of self-indulgent inactivity, but were occupied in accumulation according to his liking, and in assimilation of fresh stores of observation and of learning. He was an immense reader. When the occasion came no man could work harder or with more intensity of energy and steadiness of industry than he, and such were the command he had over his faculties, and his facility of expression, that his performance was often a feat of marvellous rapidity. Thus, in 1848, "Sir Launfal" was written at a white heat within a week. And almost forty years later a considerable part of his discourse on "Democracy," delivered at Birmingham in October, 1884, was jotted down in the train on the journey from London. And yet so compact and well considered is this discourse that it seems as though no care in its preparation, no deliberation in its statement, had been wanting. Nor, indeed, were they; for this address, which has been well called an event, and an event without precedent, was the outcome of the reflections of a lifetime, and the expression of convictions matured by experience, and of character based upon the rock of firmly established principles.

The solidity of Lowell's intelligence was all the more impressive because of its alertness. All his faculties were swift in obedience to his call upon them, and all were assisted by a vigorous and well-trained memory, which served him not merely for the accumulation of knowledge and learning, but kept its great stores ready for instant use. The old allegory that memory is the mother of the Muses found illustration in his work. But memory nobly used is also the source of wisdom, and Lowell, while becoming from year to year more and more learned, became one of the wisest judges of literature and of life. As the boundaries of the do-

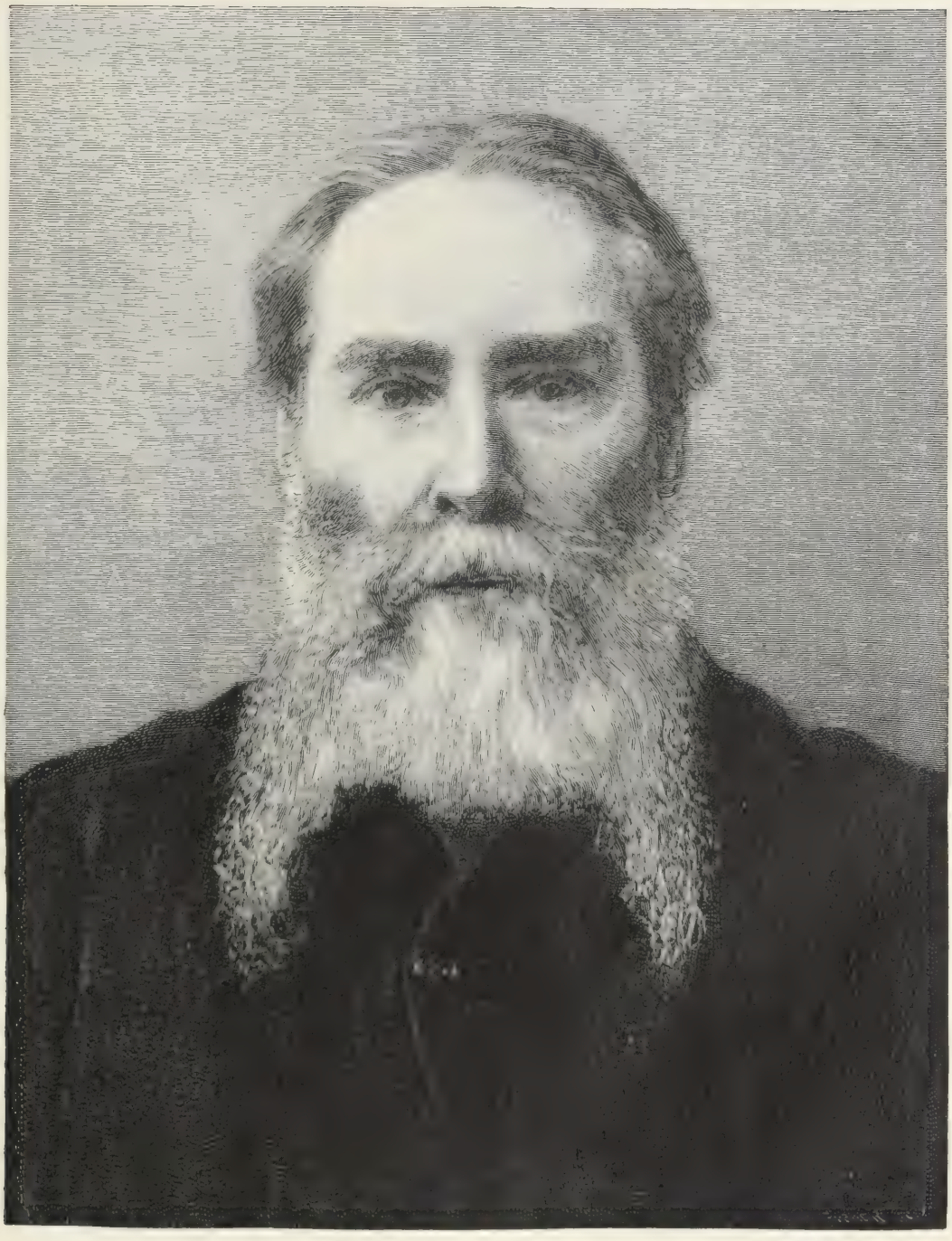
main of learning which he drained were extended, the fertilizing streams of his intellectual life ran ever deeper, clearer, and more abundant. His mind was continually growing, until there is no exaggeration in saying he became one of the largest-minded of men. But this largeness of mind was not more striking than the openness and candor of his nature. He never seemed hampered by prejudice or clouded by passion, and he was absolutely unaffected by self-interest. The strength of early association, the preciousness of venerable traditions, the force of innate sentiment, led him, as life went on, to shrink from adventuring on certain unknown oceans of thought on which many a fruitless voyage has been undertaken during this half-century. He preferred the known, the familiar courses. He could not shut his eyes to the effects which the advance of science has had in breaking down the old fences of faith, and in substituting for the authority of tradition the liberty of speculation. But his heart clung to the ancient modes of belief, even while his intelligence recognized the truth that they were no longer defensible. His poem of "The Cathedral," and his later poems of "Quem Jovem Credidimus" and "The Oracle of the Gold Fishes," exhibit the spiritual conflict which went on within him between the forces of his intelligence and of his sentiment. "I find no fault," he once wrote, "with a judicious shutting of the eyes." And again, at a later date: "I continue to shut my eyes resolutely in certain speculative directions, and am willing to find solace in certain intimations that seem to me from a region higher than my reason. I went through my reaction so early and so violently that I have been settling backward towards equilibrium ever since. As I can't be certain, I won't be positive, and wouldn't drop some chapters of the Old Testament, even, for all the science that ever undertook to tell me what it doesn't know." He avoided discussion of such matters, and the poetic temperament asserted itself here over the logic of the understanding. "I am," he wrote, "very much in the state of mind of the Bretons who revolted against the revolutionary government, and wrote upon their banners, 'Give us back our God.' I suppose I am an intuitionalist, and there I mean to stick." But it was not easier for him than for most men of sense to stick there.

He never grew old. The spirit of youth was invincible in him. Life battered at the defences of youth with heavy artillery of trial and sorrow, but they did not yield. His healthy temperament resisted with success. The death of his first wife, after nine years of happy life, was a desperate grief. But it did not break him down, and after some years he married again, and renewed his happiness and his youth in so doing. From that time on for almost thirty years he remained one of the youngest-hearted of men. When he was sixty-two years old he declared that the figures were misplaced, they should read twenty-six; and in one of the last years of his life, as he was passing a hospital for incurable children, turning to his companion, he said, "There's where they'll send me one of these days." He was in his sixty-ninth year when he wrote:

> "But life is sweet, though all that makes it sweet
> Lessen like sound of friends' departing feet.
> For me Fate gave, whate'er she else denied,
> A nature sloping to the southern side."

And there the sun lay warm, and every morning renewed for him, with daily miracle, the youth of the world within him and without.

In reviewing the course of Lowell's life the most striking fact in its external experience appears in the contrast between the habits and occupations of the first fifty-eight years and those of the years which followed. Yet, though the contrast and the difference were great, there was no break of essential continuity between the two periods, for his powers were equal to every call upon them, and new duties only afforded new opportunity for the display of the abundant faculties with which nature had enriched him. Though the earlier and much the longer section of his life had been passed in comparative seclusion, suited to the poet, the scholar, and the man of letters, he was in spirit and interest always a public man. Through his antislavery poems, through the "Biglow Papers," through his prose essays upon contemporary politics in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*, he had exercised a strong and deep influence upon national opinion, and had shown a political wisdom which secured for his judgment upon affairs the respect not only of thinkers and students, but of the men actively engaged in public life. No record of the fateful period in the history of the United States from



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1850 to 1870 can give a true representation of the course of opinion and of events without taking into account the quiet, steady, and powerful influence which he exerted. His voice was the voice of the conscience, the good sense, and the wit of New England. It was not always widely heard, but it was heard by thousands whose consciences were re-enforced and whose opinions were shaped by it, and who witnessed to its teachings in their lives. It was one of the inspiring forces in the great conflict from which the people of the United States issued one undivided free nation.

In the pleasant retirement of his study at Elmwood, Lowell was hardly aware of the influence he was exerting. Social as he was by nature, and with gifts which made him the chief figure in whatever company he found himself, during great part of his life he saw little of the society of the large world. He loved his quiet, his home, his books, his little circle of

friends. He seldom took part in social gatherings in Boston, except the monthly dinners of the Saturday Club, of which he has told in his poem in memory of Agassiz. He was seldom tempted from his regular pursuits, save to the home of some one of his few intimate friends. His welcome of them in his own study, and his lavish entertainment of them, made it one of the rare, sacred, and happy places in which the genius of friendship abides. The pleasant old-fashioned room, low-ceiled, its walls lined with chosen books, in the summer morning with its windows opening to the neighboring trees and the adjoining field, in the winter evening with its broad fireplace and the deep-throated roar of its chimney, the littered table, the busy-looking desk, the odds and ends of personal fancy or association that lay scattered about—all wore the look of comfort and seclusion; the atmosphere was a happy mingling of the quiet indoor air of delightful studies, and the fresh open air of converse now laden with thought, now expanding with wit, and alive with mirth. It was a room which befitted the poet and the scholar, and in which he was at his best. For those who frequented it there was no room like it in the world.

The readers of Lowell's writings know his favorite books, and know, too, that there has seldom been one who was so friendly with his books as he. They represented their writers to him. It was not so much the old plays that he had on his shelves, but it was the old dramatists who were there; it was Dante, Shakespeare, Calderon, Donne, Walton, who were his familiars, and not merely their works with which he was acquainted. His books reflected his literary tastes. He was not a collector of rarities because of their rarity, but many volumes esteemed rare he had because they were the only or the best form of the work which he desired. There were few books in his study which were not excellent; some, indeed, there were perhaps not deserving that epithet, which he kept because of some association of friendship, or some quality of humor in them which gave them individuality and made them companionable. He had the habit of annotating the books he studied or for which he cared the most. He wrote out on the fly-leaves of some of them long lists of words unusual in form or sense, and the Introduction to the second series of the "Biglow Papers" shows how richly stored his memory had become with words and phrases from which to draw illustrations of the history, the significance, and worth of the elements of the language which is the vital soil of living thought. No other American writer has possessed a vocabulary so full, vigorous, and elastic as his. He loved words not for their own sake, but as the symbols of thought, for literary, not linguistic ends. The soundness of his learning was matched by the breadth of his scholarship. They are both strikingly displayed, in combination with clear evidence of his special literary tastes, in the address which he gave in 1889 to the Modern Language Association of America, at its meeting in Cambridge. He had for years been engaged in pursuits which interfered with the constant and regular pursuit of learned studies, but no professor devoted for life to his calling could have read a discourse richer in the treasures of the study, or fresher in its illustrations of mastery of wide and various fields of learning, or affording more abundant proof of a mind enlarged and strengthened by fruitful labor.

I have spoken already of the rapidity and irregularity of his habit of work. "Impatience of mind," he wrote in one of his letters, "is my bane.... I am too prone to extemporize." And again, "My great fault is impatience of revision." There was truth in this self-accusation. Many of his poems would have been better, and more sure to last, had he spent time on perfecting their form. Much of his prose was written with the printer's devil waiting in the hall for the unfinished page, or the college bell about to summon him before the ink of his lecture had had time to dry. The fault was natural to one whose powers were so ready and quick in action, and whose control over his intellectual resources was so complete. When he was at work no one of his faculties refused obedience. His power of concentration of his whole self upon the task in hand was such as I have known in no other man. He came from a spell of work lean as Dante himself, worn but not exhausted; the virtue which had gone out of him was speedily renewed.

From the life of the poet and the scholar, from the retirement of the study and

the tranquil joys of a happy home, from a narrow circle of friends, and from scenes and occupations familiar and dear to him from childhood, he was suddenly, when near sixty years old, transferred to a new and strange stage by his appointment as minister to Spain. The recognition of the service he had rendered to the country was gratifying to him, and the relief from the exacting duties of the University was agreeable to him. The associations connecting the ministry to Spain with the literary history of his own country had for him a certain charm. He looked forward to the change of life with pleasure; but the wrench from his old ways was harder than he had anticipated. It was long before he became wonted to his new station, and for many months he was so homesick that but for his pride, and his sense of duty to the administration which had appointed him, he would have gladly thrown up his commission and returned to the shelter of Elmwood, to his old friends and trees and books. He gradually became wonted to his new position, and interested in the calls which it made upon him, and the opportunities it afforded for the exercise of talents which had lain dormant at home. It was at least worth while to stay in order to learn Spain and Spanish more thoroughly. He had been in Spain about two years and a half when, in 1880, he was transferred as minister to London.

Here a new life opened to him, from the beginning full of interest. The relations between England and our own country are such that questions are constantly arising between the two governments which require to be handled with discretion and tact on both sides to prevent their becoming vexatious sources of irritation, and degenerating from matters of reasonable argument into subjects of dispute. It would have been difficult, nay, impossible, to find a man more completely fitted than Lowell with the qualities requisite for successful dealing with such questions, so far as they fall within the province of diplomacy. American, heart, blood, and bone, thoroughly understanding his own people, proud of his country, ardent in the maintenance of her rights, he was no narrow patriot, but large-minded enough to understand and appreciate the spirit of another nation not less high-spirited than his own, and just enough to recognize the equities on both sides of conflicting interests. Versed as few men are in the history of both countries, with an intimate knowledge of the contemporary politics of both, he felt and shared the susceptibilities and the difficulties of each. He had resented with generous indignation the affronts offered and the wrongs done to America by the arrogance and the *insouciance* of English statesmen. He had retorted with impatient and even bitter humor on the offensive tone of superiority assumed at times by inferior Englishmen, alike in public and in private. But England was still to him the mother-country of his own, and his love for her was only second to that which he bore to his native land. Her offences toward America he felt the more deeply because he felt them as wrongs done to herself, and as hurts to the causes which the good men in both countries have equally at heart — the causes of peace, liberty, and good government. He felt them the more deeply because they aggravated the evil dispositions of his own people. No duties could have been more acceptable to him than those involved in the endeavor to bring the two nations to a solid footing of mutual respect, mutual understanding, and mutual affection. It was his good fortune to find during his term of service in England a Minister of Foreign Affairs capable of appreciating his spirit and ready to respond to it.

His reputation had preceded him to England, and he was received alike by the government, by society, and by the people at large with a frank cordiality which at once gratified and inspirited him. The old home became a new home to him. His position called upon him for the exercise of faculties for the display of which there had been no opportunities in his earlier life, and again he showed himself master of every new occasion. He found himself for the first time in a society of hereditary social training, full of accomplishment and disciplined intelligence, with large relations with the world, and possessed at its best of high breeding and cosmopolitan breadth of interest, and in this society he found his natural element as a man of the world. Mr. Curtis well said of him, he was "much more than his Excellency the Ambassador of American Literature to the Court of Shakespeare, as the London *Spectator* called him upon his arrival in London,"

he was "the representative to England of an American scholarship, a wit, an intellectual resource, a complete and splendid accomplishment, a social grace and charm, a felicity of public and private speech, and a weight of good sense which pleasantly challenged England to a continuous and friendly bout, in which America did not suffer." But he was still more than this; he was the personal representative of what was best in American institutions and American ideas. He interpreted them in his own life and nature. Embodied in him they were better understood and more respected. He was America incarnate.

No other American has served his country abroad so fully in the same way. Each year of his residence in England added to his influence for good. He should have been perpetual minister. He was fortunate, however, in his successor, who found his position at once the easier and the more difficult because Lowell had preceded him.

In the last year of his residence in England the heaviest stroke which fate could deal fell upon him in the death of his wife—a woman worthy to be his wife.

He returned home in the early summer of 1885, but not to Elmwood. Elmwood was now too solitary and too full of ghosts. In the course of that summer he came to stay with me at Ashfield, and he spoke at the annual August village festival. There have been many striking words said at those festivals, but there are two speeches which stand out above all others in the memory of those who heard them, and which no one of the little audience that listened to them is likely ever to forget. The first is this of Lowell's. It was the first word that he had spoken in public since his return to his own land after his eight years' absence. He was deeply moved; his rich voice was tremulous with feeling. He spoke for hardly five minutes, but it was long enough in which to tell of what he had tried to do for his country, and of the sad happiness of his return to her, and of the depth of his love for her. The whole strain was in a pure, lofty key, which led up to his closing words: "Entreat me not to leave thee, for where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; and where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." The other speech to be remembered with this was some years after, when Curtis, moved as he was seldom moved by the wrong done to the great figure of Lowell by some of those wanton and insolent critics who had charged him with being un-American, broke into a burst of spontaneous and magnificent eloquence in the delineation of the true American, and in the description of his friend as the type of what the American should be. The spirit of patriotism and of friendship inspired and exalted him, and in no crowded theatre and at no splendid banquet had his hearers ever listened breathless to a more superb and impressive display of a genius whose inspiration was drawn from the sweet fountains of a pure and lofty soul.

The later years of Lowell's life were full of good work, as the earlier ones had been. He was recognized as the highest representative of American letters and life. He fell back for resource of occupation on his old studies. He was chosen as its spokesman for his University on occasion of its two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary. He spoke not infrequently on other occasions of public interest. He gave the brief course of lectures, full of literary excellence and of mature reflection, on the Old English Dramatists, with which the readers of this Magazine are already acquainted. From time to time he wrote new poems. But his life was too broken to allow of the free flow of the current of poetry, though when it flowed it was no less clear and deep than of old. He made frequent summer visits to England. He was much with his friends. In 1889 he returned to live at Elmwood, once more made habitable for him by the presence of his daughter and her children. There, where he was born and where he desired to die, he died in August, 1891.

The record of Lowell's life in his published works affords, as I have said, a faithful picture of him. But the record in them is not complete, and it is soon to be partially filled out by the publication of his letters, in which this man, who had a most public soul, is shown in his private relations with the friends toward whom his pulse beat even in the dark. In regard to these letters I am tempted to use Sir Toby Matthews's words in the Introduction to his *Collection of Letters:* "I hold these letters, at least, to speak a true

English tongue, which is not too general even in this time; and they express themselves naturally and nobly enough, considering that they are not written but in the familiar way; and some of them, I confess, I think to be as good as ever I saw." In one of them, written in 1848, Lowell says, "I love above all other reading the early letters of men of genius"; but if he had had his own letters to read, he would have found the late almost as good reading as the early.

ETELKA TALMEYR: A TALE OF THREE CITIES.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

I.—LONDON.

THERE had been a full week of fair weather at the beginning of June, and Piccadilly was swept its whole length by the afternoon tide of cabs and carts and carriages, which swirled about the stolid statue of the Iron Duke and eddied away to Belgravia, to Kensington, and to Mayfair. The sandwich men who wearily followed each other in single file along the gutter, bearing on their breasts and backs boards announcing "*The Messiah*" at the Albert Hall, were often splashed by the brisk hansoms emblazoned with the arms of their noble owners. It was nearly four o'clock, and the flood was still rising.

Among those who were borne along by its current were two New-Yorkers.

"I used to think," said one of them, Mr. Robert White, "that the chief difference between New York and London could be summed up in a sentence: in America we have clear skies and dirty streets, while in England they have dirty skies and clean streets. But such a week as we have had now spoils my epigram, and gives the British both clean streets and clear skies."

"In dry weather all signs fail," gravely quoted his companion, Dr. Cheever.

"Then I had always been told that the English climate had none of the staggering uncertainty Old Probabilities gives to American climate, and that the British Clerk of the Weather could be counted on absolutely, so that you might be sure as to what was going to happen—if it rained, you might declare it was going to clear up in an hour or so; and when it was fair, you knew that it would pour sooner or later. But after the past ten days I begin to believe that the British abuse their own climate just as they do our spelling."

"If you will examine the attire of some of the young ladies who are passing us," said Dr. Cheever, "I think you will see that the natives have not maligned their weather. They have been taught by experience to go prepared for any fate."

White laughed gently. "I have noticed," he rejoined, "that the regular June costume of a London girl is a white muslin dress with a pink sash and a fur cape, and then, when she puts on her galoches and takes her umbrella, rain or shine makes no difference to her."

The doctor smiled, but did not respond further.

"I suppose we shall see lots of girls at this concert," White went on. "Is it going to be a very swagger function, as they say over here?"

"Probably," Dr. Cheever answered. "Lady Stanyhurst is very popular with young people, I'm told. But this is really a children's concert we are going to now. Her son is a violinist; he's only fifteen, but he takes lessons of Sarasate. And I heard the Dowager Duchess of Dover say that 'really, you know, his playing isn't half bad,' and that is their highest formula of praise."

By this time the two friends had arrived before a spacious house facing the pleasant freshness of the Green Park. From the door of this mansion a carpet had been rolled across the sidewalk; and every minute or two carriages drew up, and their occupants—mostly ladies, and many of them elderly and elaborately upholstered—passed along the carpet into the house.

"Here we are," said Dr. Cheever.

"She has a sizable house, this Lady Stanyhurst of yours," White responded, as they made ready to enter.

They were late, since the concert had been announced for three o'clock; and as they passed up the crowded stairs they heard the metallic notes of two pianos, vigorously pounded by a pair of tall, thin girls, twin daughters of Sir Kensington Gower, K.C.B.

The duet ceased as the two Americans

managed to reach the hostess, standing just within the doorway of the drawing-room.

"So glad you were able to come," said Lady Stanyhurst to Dr. Cheever. She was a pleasant-faced, plump little body. "And this is your friend? So sorry you did not hear that charming duet! Those girls of Sir Kensington's are astonishing —really astonishing."

White was about to murmur inarticulate regrets for his tardiness when the hostess turned from him to greet a later arrival. He heard Lady Stanyhurst say, "So glad you were able to come," to a portly clergyman; and then the pressure of the crowd carried him and Dr. Cheever toward the end of the room, and they found freedom only when they were in the embrasure of an open window, whence they could look across the park and see the clock tower of Westminster through the summer haze. From this coign of vantage they could survey—if they turned their backs on the view outdoors — the large rectangular drawing-room, with the other rooms opening beyond.

They had scarcely taken up their position when a violin stand was placed in the centre of a little open space near the two pianos in the adjoining room, and a smug-faced boy of fifteen came forward with a violin in his hand. He wore an Eton jacket, and he seemed very uncomfortable and awkward. There was a lull in the chatter which filled the house, for this was the son of the hostess; and the lad began the "Sarabande" of Corelli. He did not play badly for a boy, but the musicians present must have wondered at the maternal pride which could force the lad to such a discovery of his inexperience.

When the perfunctory applause had died away, after the encore which the poor boy had prepared for, White said to Dr. Cheever, "And who is here?"

"All sorts of people," responded his friend. "There's the Prime Minister in that corner talking to the Dowager Duchess of Dover. There's the editor of the *Epoch*, with his wife and five daughters, just coming in. There is Dr. Pennington, the rector of St. Boniface's, of Philadelphia—"

"Are there Americans here besides us?" asked White.

"Lots of them," the doctor replied; "and all sorts too. The rector of St. Boniface's there is alongside Dexter, the Chicago wheat-operator."

"How did he get here?" White wanted to know.

"Oh, there are worse here than Cable J. Dexter," Cheever returned. "When an American adventurer comes to London with lots of money, it's always a question whether he will be taken up by the police or by Society."

While the two Americans were thus generalizing hastily about London society, the violin stand had been removed by a footman in white livery, who now returned and raised the top of one of the grand pianos. Among the little group of intimates of the house who were gathered close to the instrument there was to be noticed a movement as of expectancy. In a minute a young girl came forward and took her seat at the piano.

For a moment she sat silent and motionless, and then, without any suggestion of hesitancy or timidity, she raised her hands and began to play.

As the first bars of Chopin's B Minor Scherzo fell upon his ears, Dr. Cheever checked his friend's gossip with a gesture, and said, "Why, they've got a musician!"

He and White turned to see the player. They saw a slip of a girl of perhaps fifteen or sixteen, her thin face crowned by a thick mass of black hair, and lighted by a pair of flaming eyes. As she played on, a spot of color began to glow on her tawny cheeks.

"That bag of bones has the sacred fire, hasn't she?" cried White. "See how her long face is almost transfigured by the music!"

"I wonder who she is?" Dr. Cheever said.

"She's not English, for one thing," returned White. "Neither that swarthy skin of hers nor that musical temperament is native to the British Isles."

"Not English, of a certainty," the doctor declared; "gypsy, possibly, or Jewish—they are both musical peoples. But she may be a Slav or a Czech; you can't tell. The face is expressive, but it keeps its secrets, for all that."

"It's the face of a born musician—that's obvious enough," said White, as the power of the performance seized them both. "I wish she hadn't that trick of twitching her eyebrows."

"She has very obvious gifts," the doc-



"FOR A MOMENT SHE SAT SILENT."

tor added; "and she has trained herself rigorously. There is will in that jaw of hers—the determination to succeed."

"What will she be in the future?" White queried. "A great artist? A great lady? A great beauty even? Or will she degenerate, and not develop at all?"

"She may be a beauty if she chooses," his friend answered. "She has the raw material of beauty in those strange features of hers. And she is clever enough to be a beauty if she thinks it worth while. It's the exceeding cleverness in the face that impresses one most. Yes, she is devilishly clever, that girl; quite clever enough to be a great artist, a great lady, and a great beauty—all three—if the chance come. And in the mean while she is interesting to listen to and interesting to look at."

"I wonder," said White, gazing at the girl intently, "where she came from almost as much as I wonder where she will go. What is the heredity that breeds faces and figures like hers? And what environment will best develop an ardent soul like that? Will the future take her up or carry her down?"

"Who can tell now?" the doctor responded. "Look at her mouth—that is sensual; and there is cunning in those thin lips. With that mouth I should say a girl might go to the devil—or might hold a candle to him, if she thought the game worth it."

"That is to say," White returned, "with a face such as hers anything is possible in the future. In the mean time, I'd like to know to whom the face belongs now. It will have to be an outlandish name to fit that exotic personality."

When the music ceased and the girl rose from the piano, Dr. Cheever saw standing near to him a spare and angular old lady with a queer little cap askew on her head under a queer little bonnet.

"Here is the Dowager Duchess of Dover," he whispered to White. "I'll ask her. She knows everything and everybody, and everything about everybody."

Stepping forward, he said, "Good-afternoon, Duchess."

The elderly lady looked up and recognized the American, and acknowledged his presence by protruding two bony fingers of her right hand, saying, "It's Dr. Cheever, isn't it?"

"At your service," he replied, "and he wants to ask a favor of you—or at least some information. Who is that girl who has been playing?"

"Plays very well, doesn't she?" returned the Duchess. "You could tell at once that she wasn't a lady by her touch—quite professional. And they tell me she has a voice, too—something quite wonderful."

"Who is she?" the doctor repeated.

"She's a foreigner, of course—a Pole, or a Hungarian, or something of that kind, you know," the Duchess answered. "Her name's Etelka Talmeyr—odd name, isn't it? But then foreigners are so peculiar. She's the daughter of a music-teacher at Madame Mohr's, a doubtful sort of character, who ran away and abandoned the child. I believe that she's dead now, and Madame Mohr has kept the girl out of charity. So kind of her, wasn't it? But then she is charity itself. Of course Talmeyr teaches the little girls and makes herself useful about the school. She couldn't do less, could she?"

Having thus satisfied Dr. Cheever's curiosity, the Dowager Duchess of Dover dropped him an acidulated smile and passed on.

"Kindly old aristocrat, that Duchess of yours," said White, as Dr. Cheever returned to his side. "Every woman her own freezer. Duchess of Wenham Lake, I'd call her."

"I wouldn't call her if I were you," the doctor rejoined, "for she wouldn't come. And you need not abuse her either, for she told us what we want to know about the thin girl with the fiery eyes."

"Etelka Talmeyr is just the name for her—isn't it?" asked White. "Etelka is Hungarian, isn't it?"

"And Talmeyr is German, I suppose," said Dr. Cheever.

"Well," White added, after a moment's pause, "we know who she is and what her name is. But we don't know what she will be in five years."

"What she will be in five years," the doctor responded, "nobody knows, least of all the girl herself. And yet a face like that has force behind it, and I should not wonder if the woman of five years from now made some of the dreams of the girl of to-day come true."

By this time a duet had begun between a plump girl of thirteen playing the 'cello and her brother, a lad of fourteen,



"EATING A LONELY DINNER."

seated at the piano. The rooms were getting more and more crowded as betarded guests continued to arrive.

Dr. Cheever found an acquaintance who had in his hand one of the satin programmes which set forth the order of exercises, and borrowing this for a second, he saw that Miss Etelka Talmeyr was not to perform again. He told his friend.

"Shall we go, then?" asked White. "I believe that a little turn in Bond Street before dinner might drive my wife's headache away."

So the two New-Yorkers shook hands with the hostess, and passed down the thronged stairs and out into the sunshine of Piccadilly.

II.—NEW YORK.

One evening in February, more than six years later, Mr. Robert White sat in a corner of the huge dining-room of the College Club in New York, eating a lonely dinner. His wife had gone down to Florida with her father to avoid the thawing and the freezing which are commonly characteristic of a New York February; she had been away two weeks, and White was beginning to feel abandoned. It was Washington's birthday, and a holiday often operates to make a solitary man desperately lonely. The desolation of the occasion was further intensified by the weather. For two days there had been a steady drizzle of fine rain, enough to moisten and embrown the heaps of snow in the streets, but not vigorous enough to wash these away. Now a damp mist was rising from the sidewalks, and a flicker of rain trickled through it at intervals. The dampness made it unwise to open the windows of the dining-room, and the atmosphere was close and discomforting.

Holiday as it was, White had gone duly to the office of the *Gotham Gazette*, and he had written his usual editorial article, putting into it perhaps an undue causticity, due only to his dissatisfied loneliness; it was an essay on the gratitude of our republic, as proved by its keeping the birthday of its founder, now nearly a hundred years after his death. An essay on this theme does not lend itself necessarily to sarcasm and irony.

His day's work done, on a day when other men were doing nothing, White had come to the College Club, in the hope of a stimulating game of piquet and a dinner with some congenial friend. But the club had been almost deserted, and among the few men there he had seen none of his intimates. He was too kindly to abuse the waiter for the fault he found with the dinner, but he called for the complaint-book, and wrote a sharp protest against the acridity of his coffee. Having thus relieved his feelings somewhat, he walked down to the billiard-room.

As he entered the room he was met by a cry of welcome.

"Hello, White! I say, boys, let's make White go with us too! 'When the wife is away, the husband can play,'—there's a motto for you!"

The speaker was a clean-shaven, clean-looking young fellow, Kissam Ketteltas by name; and he was just back from three years of hard labor at a German university. As he spoke he was coming toward the door with half a dozen other young fellows.

"Mr. White has the best of it," said one of them; "this is the kind of day when I wish I was married. If I had a wife, now, I could pass the time quarrelling with her."

"To be bored is the proper punishment of idleness," returned Ketteltas; "and you haven't done any work since you graduated. Besides, matrimony is a poor remedy for monotony. 'Anything for a quiet wife,'—that's another motto for you!"

"White is a grass-widower now, anyway," said one of the group, an undersized little man with a thin wisp of sandy mustache, "and he had best make hay while the sun shines. So he hasn't any excuse for not coming with us."

This last speaker was little Mat Hitchcock, whom White disliked. He lighted his cigar before responding.

"If you will kindly intermit this coruscation of epigram," he said, "and tell me where it is you want me to go with you, I shall be in a condition to give you an earlier answer."

"We are going to the Alcazar," Ketteltas replied.

"The Alcazar?" White repeated, doubtfully.

"If you had read your own paper last Tuesday," returned the other, "you would have seen that the Alcazar is a

new music hall—something like the London Alhambra, you know; and the Great Albertus is to make his first appearance to-night—in honor of Washington's birthday, I suppose, and to commemorate the ancient alliance of France and America."

"Are you all going?" asked White, looking over the group, and remarking in it none of his own intimates, and even one man he disliked.

"We've got a big box, and we are all going," Ketteltas responded; "and we want you to come with us to matronize us. We will blow you off. So 'don't look a gift cigar in the mouth,'—there's another motto for you!"

"I don't know about going—" White began, hesitatingly.

"I do," the other interrupted. "And I know you are going. We need you to expound the ulterior significance of some of the more abstruse of the Frenchman's songs. Besides, little Mat Hitchcock here is so near-sighted that he can't see a joke unless he has his eye-glasses on, and he has broken them, and we shall rely on you to explain all the doubtful allusions to him."

So saying, Kissam Ketteltas seized Robert White's arm and led him away, only half resisting.

"I suppose this thing we are to see is what is called a variety show?" White asked, as the party plunged into the muggy murkiness of the night.

"It is *called* a variety show, I admit," Ketteltas answered, "just as a lawyer's document is called a brief — and with about as much reason. But then, if it is always the same, it is always amusing, for it makes absolutely no demand on the intelligence."

A sudden flurry of rain forced them all to button their collars tightly and made conversation difficult. A dank steam rose from the roadway, and the electric lights gleamed dully through the mist and the drizzle.

"This is a soggy night, if you like one," said Ketteltas, as they came to the vulgarly decorated entrance of the Alcazar.

"But I don't like one," White responded, following his guide down a long dark corridor. "And I don't like to think myself a fool, either—although I feel like one for coming to this hole."

"Here's our box," the other said, as the attendant opened a door. "You won't regret coming; this place has a color of its own quite worth while seeing. I've been to variety shows in all parts of the world, and they are all alike—and all unlike too. They are great places for studying human nature. There's a lot of character about a music hall—although some of the frequenters have lost theirs."

The box they emerged into was one of a series into which the narrow galleries running along the walls were divided by low board partitions. It was the one nearest to the stage, and it was perhaps the largest, for it contained eight chairs, in two rows, with a long table between them. The hall was also long and narrow. The floor was covered with more little tables, surrounded by chairs. There was a small stage at the end, with a violently painted set of scenery, supposed to represent an Oriental garden. The decoration of the hall was equally mean and vulgar. The strongest impression the place produced was one of tawdry squalor. Men with their hats on sat at the little tables, drinking and smoking, countrymen and boys mostly. Women with obviously artificial complexions were drinking with the men, or moving restlessly up and down the side aisles. The atmosphere was heavy with stale smoke. Robert White wondered why he had come.

When White, Ketteltas, Hitchcock, and the others entered, half a dozen musicians were blaring forth the refrain of a comic song, and the scant stage was filled by the exuberant presence of Miss Queenie Dougherty, the Irish Empress—such the programme declared her to be. It was nearly nine o'clock, and the performance had begun an hour before. Miss Queenie Dougherty was even then singing for the fourth time, in response to three successive recalls. The song she was then engaged on White recognized from having heard it whistled in the streets. It described the prowess of a Hibernian gentleman of pugnacious proclivities, who was besought in the chorus to demolish his antagonist:

> "Hit him one or two!
> Hould him till you do!
> Bate him black an' blue!
> For the honor of ould Ireland!"

When the Irish Empress had sung this song to the bitter end, and had at last been allowed to withdraw, a screen painted crudely to imitate a glaring Japanese fan closed in and hid the stage.

"What's next?" asked little Mat Hitchcock.

"I've a programme," Ketteltas answered. "Next we are to behold The Staggs, the Royal Star Acrobats. That will give me time for my celebrated imitation of a man taking a drink. What will you have, boys?"

Before the attendant had taken their orders the screen on the stage was withdrawn, and The Staggs came forward in single file. There were five of them, the foremost a thick-set, middle-aged man, and the last a slight lad. They were all in evening dress, with black knee-breeches and black silk stockings and white ties and crush-hats. They bowed to the audience, removed their hats, and built themselves suddenly into a human pyramid, with the oldest man as the base. Then they removed their dress-coats, and in their shirt sleeves they proceeded to perform the customary feats of ground and lofty tumbling, with a certainty and a neatness which delighted White's heart. At length they withdrew, and the screen again shut off the stage.

"What's next?" asked little Mat Hitchcock again, with the impatience which was one of his most irritating characteristics.

Ketteltas referred to his programme. "'La Bella Etelka and Signor Navarino in their great musical and terpsichorean fantasy,'" he read. "I remember La Bella Etelka," he said. "I saw her in Buda-Pesth two years ago; but she hadn't any Signor Navarino with her then. She was a good looker, rather, but when she danced she tousled herself all up till she was as fearful as a Comanche banshee."

When the screen parted again, it was seen that a piano had been placed on the stage. Then an ignoble little man, in a caricature of a dress suit, led on a tall, dark woman of striking appearance. He escorted her to the piano, at which she took her seat; he prepared her music for her with exaggerated courtesy, and when she began to play, he danced a few eccentric steps behind her back.

As La Bella Etelka took her seat at the piano she faced Robert White, and was scarcely fifteen feet from him. He looked at her without interest, and then suddenly he began to ask himself where he had seen that face before. By the time she had played a dozen bars of Chopin's Waltz in A Minor he had recognized her by the peculiar twitch of the eyebrows. The movement of the wrist was the same also, the carriage of the head, the eyes, even the face—everything but the expression. He did not hesitate more than a minute, and after that he had no longer a doubt that he had seen La Bella Etelka once before—six years before, in London, at Lady Stanyhurst's children's concert, one afternoon in June. La Bella Etelka was Etelka Talmeyr; of that there could be no question, although she had altered strangely for the worse. The foreign look, Slav or Czech, Jewish or gypsy, was unmistakable still; and there was no difficulty in recognizing the high cheek-bones, the fiery eyes, the thick black hair. But what a pitiful metamorphosis it was that the bright, youthful girl of six years ago should be changed already into this full-blown, vulgar-looking woman! The expression had been energetic and self-reliant; it was now crafty, common; and the hint of sensuality in the girl's face was obvious animality in the woman's. All the features had hardened; all the promise had gone out of them, all the gentleness, and all the hope.

While Robert White was thus moralizing, La Bella Etelka and Signor Navarino were earning their salary. She had played the dreamy and poetic measures of Chopin with a mastery of the instrument and an appreciation of the music almost out of place in that tobacco-smoked hall. Then, without warning, she changed the time to that of the ordinary waltz, instantly vulgarizing the music and accentuating the rhythm as her associate danced more and more grotesquely. After a while he skipped over to her, and still keeping time with his feet, he began playing also. Almost as soon as he took his position at the piano she left the instrument, dancing away with easy grace, and managing her long black train with consummate skill. She waltzed about the small stage decorously enough at first, and then, without warning, still keeping perfect time, she flashed out her foot and kicked her partner's hat off his head. Playing with one hand only, he turned sideways and protested in vigorous pantomime. She danced away from him, sweeping her long skirts; and then she danced back, kicking high over his head as he sat at the piano. The band then took up the tune softly, and Signor

Navarino left the piano and skipped toward La Bella Etelka, who tripped lightly up the stage and took his hand, whereupon they came down to the foot-lights together, each in turn swinging a foot over the other's head, to the roaring applause of the spectators.

It was with growing repugnance that Robert White watched this vulgar exhibition, but he could not take his eyes from the woman's face. As he looked at the low couple pirouetting about the tawdry stage, he recalled every word of his conversation with Dr. Cheever at Lady Stanyhurst's that afternoon in June, six years before. He remembered their speculation as to the future of Etelka Talmeyr—whether she would degenerate or develop. She had degenerated—there was no doubt of that. Despite the diabolical cleverness Dr. Cheever saw in her face, and the abundant strength of will he declared her to have, the girl had not become a great artist, a great beauty, a great lady. She had become what White saw before him—a sorry spectacle. If six years had wrought all this change, what adventures, what experiences, what harsh disappointments, and what bitter griefs must have been crowded into them to have made possible this obvious moral disintegration! The woman looked twice six years older than the girl he had seen six years before—but then the face was rouged and plastered and blackened out of likeness to itself. Besides, as the French say, years of campaign count double; and he almost shuddered to think what hideous campaigns hers must have been to account for so saddening a transformation.

Another roar of applause awakened White to the fact that La Bella Etelka and Signor Navarino had made their final bow, and were retiring hand in hand.

"They'll get their encore," said Kissam Ketteltas; "she needn't beg for it with those electric-light eyes of hers. She's got more spice in her now than she had in Buda-Pesth two years ago."

As La Bella Etelka and Signor Navarino reappeared, Robert White was so saddened by the painful comparison he could not help making between the Etelka Talmeyr of London and La Bella Etelka of New York that he felt a sense of shame in being any longer a witness of the woman's degradation.

He rose, and after a few hasty words of apology to Ketteltas he left the music hall and went home.

"White's not going to be here to explain the Gallic jests of the Great Albertus to you, Mat," said Ketteltas; "but I'll do my best to replace him."

"Bob White's getting very high-toned lately," little Mat Hitchcock responded; "he thinks a good deal too much of himself."

"There are lots of us who do that," Ketteltas returned; "'it's a poor mule that won't work both ways,'—if you want another motto."

III.—PARIS.

About that time Robert White's father-in-law, Sam Sargent, the chief owner of the Transcontinental Telegraph Company and a striking figure in Wall Street, was planning a sale of certain of his stocks to an English syndicate; and when, some three months later, Sir William Waring, the head of the great London banking-house of Waring, Waring, and Company, arrived in New York on a brief tour of inspection and inquiry, Mr. Sargent seized the opportunity and gave the visiting financier a dinner at Claremont. It was a most elaborate entertainment, and the British guest was equally impressed by the beauty of the Riverside Drive, then in the first freshness of its spring greenery high above the noble Hudson, which swelled along grandly below, and by the accumulated wealth of the assembled company. One of the newspapers, in its paragraph on the banquet, the Sunday after, declared that the twenty guests represented more than One Hundred Millions of Dollars.

If this surmise was accurate, then the wealth was not distributed equally among the guests, for there were at least two poor men at the table. Robert White was generally invited to his father-in-law's formal dinners, and on the present occasion he found himself by the side of his old friend Dr. Cheever.

"Is there any germ theory of wealth?" he asked the doctor as they took their seats. "Can you isolate the bacteria and breed riches at will?"

Dr. Cheever laughed lightly, and returned, "If wealth were contagious, would you expose yourself to the danger of catching it, or would you come to me to be inoculated against the infection?"

"I wonder," the journalist answered—

"I wonder whether I should really like to be enormously rich. I doubt if I should care to give up my mind, such as it is, wholly to the guarding of wealth. That must be the most monstrous and enervating of pursuits. Of course it has its compensations. If I were as rich as the rest of our fellow-diners, I'd have my private physician—at least I'd offer the appointment to my friend Dr. Cheever."

"I'm afraid one master would be more exacting than many," the doctor responded. "There is safety in numbers. I took a rich patient over to the south of France last February, and the experience was not so pleasant that I care to repeat it. By-the-way, while I was in Paris I wished you were with me once—"

"Only once?" White interrupted. "Then I'm sure I shall not confer on you my appointment of physician in attendance."

"Once in particular I wished for you," Dr. Cheever replied. "It was because I could have shown you the answer to a question that we had puzzled over together. Do you remember my taking you to a children's concert at the Stanyhursts' one afternoon in June, six or seven years ago?"

"Of course I recall that concert," White answered, "and I've got something to tell you about that queer little girl we saw that afternoon—Etelka Talmeyr."

The doctor finished his soup, and said: "It was about that same queer little girl that I was going to tell you something. I have seen her again."

"So have I," interposed White.

"Have you?" Dr. Cheever asked, in surprise. "I didn't know you had been to Europe since that summer."

"I haven't," White returned. "I saw the Etelka here."

"Here?" echoed the doctor. "I didn't know she had ever been to this country."

"She is here now," White said.

"Impossible!" cried Dr. Cheever. "If the Prince were in America, I should have heard of his arrival."

"The Prince?" repeated White, amazed.

"Yes," the doctor explained. "She is now a Princess, the little Etelka Talmeyr we saw in London years ago."

"A Princess, is she?" White returned. "Then the Prince must be a queer specimen."

"Prince Castellamare is one of the most charming men in Italy," the doctor explained, "and one of the most dignified."

"Then I should think his dignity would be shocked at the way his wife exhibits herself here," White replied.

"But she can't be in this country," Dr. Cheever declared. "She was in Paris when I left there, the last week in February."

"But I saw her here in New York the last week in February," asserted the journalist.

"You saw the Princess Castellamare here last February?" the physician asked.

"I don't know any Princess Castellamare," White responded. "I know only that I saw Etelka Talmeyr here in New York in February last. Oh, I can recall the very date; it was on Washington's birthday."

Dr. Cheever laid down his fork, and looked at his friend in astonishment. "Why, it was on Washington's birthday that I saw her in Paris," he said. "I can fix the date easily, because it was at a reception at the American minister's that I saw her—a reception given in honor of the national holiday. How could the Princess Castellamare be in two places at once?"

"Barring she was a bird," quoted the journalist, "and she is almost light enough on her feet to be one. But, joking apart, you begin to puzzle me. I don't know anything about any Princess Castellamare, but I do know that I saw La Bella Etelka here in New York on the evening of February 22d, and I am sure that La Bella Etelka and the Etelka Talmeyr we saw in London that June afternoon are one and the same person."

"This is really very extraordinary," said the physician. "For my part, I know nothing of any Bella Etelka, whoever she may be, but I know for a fact that on the evening of February 22d I went to a reception at the American minister's in Paris, and there I saw the Princess Castellamare, and I heard her sing; and, beyond all question, she is the Etelka Talmeyr we heard play that afternoon in London."

"See here, doctor," White remarked, earnestly, "the Etelka Talmeyr we saw in London can't have been twins, can she? She can't have doubled up and developed into a Princess in Paris and into a variety-show performer here in New

York. It is too early along in the dinner for us to see double in that fashion; so we had best tell each his own story in his own fashion, and then we can compare them, and so discover which of us has been befooled. You can begin."

"My story is simplicity itself," the doctor said. "On the evening of Washington's birthday I went to a reception at the American minister's in Paris. There was music, of course; we had a contralto from the Opéra, a tenor from the Opéra Comique, and two or three of the best amateurs of the American colony. Just before the supper was served I was at the door of the music-room, when I heard the first notes of Schumann's 'Warum' sung by a mezzo-soprano, a voice of wonderful richness and softness and flexibility, trained to perfection. Besides her method, the vocalist had a full understanding of the dramatic character of the music. I pressed forward, and I saw before me, standing beside the piano, a very handsome young woman, tall, stately, with raven hair, with a splendid throat, with flaming black eyes, and with the same curious trick of twitching her eyebrows we had remarked when we heard that little bag of bones play in London. The likeness was obvious—indeed, it was unmistakable. The face had softened; the lines had filled out; the contour was flowing now, and not sharp; the complexion was more delicate, but there was the same spot of color in the cheeks, and there was the same resolute glance from the eyes. Where there had been determination to succeed, I could now see the determination which had succeeded. I asked who she was, and I was told that she was the Princess Castellamare. The Prince's first wife was an American; she died four or five years ago, and he was inconsolable till he met his present wife. They were married last summer. She had been a Mademoiselle Talmeyr, and she had made her first appearance at La Scala in Milan the year before. I remembered that the Duchess of Dover had told us that Etelka Talmeyr had a voice. What more natural than that she should tire of teaching and go on the stage? As I looked at her across the room I recalled our talk about her, and I saw that she had developed into a great beauty, a great artist, and a great lady. I gazed across the room, and although her face was rounded now, I could still detect the firmness of the jaw which had made such a development possible."

"Is that all?" asked White, as his friend paused.

"That is all," the doctor answered. "I have told you how I came to identify the Princess Castellamare with the little Etelka Talmeyr of years ago. I confess I am curious to hear your story, and to discover how you can possibly think that you have seen her in this country when I left her in Europe."

"My story is quite as short as yours, and quite as plain, and quite as convincing," White declared; and then he told the doctor how he had been alone on the evening of Washington's birthday, how he had dined at the College Club, how Kissam Ketteltas had taken him to the Alcazar, how he had seen La Bella Etelka and Signor Navarino in their great musical and terpsichorean fantasy, how he had recognized La Bella Etelka as the Etelka Talmeyr he and the doctor had seen in London years before, how he also had noticed the characteristic twitch of the eyebrows, how he had been saddened that the girl had not developed, but had degraded and vulgarized. "But," he concluded, "that La Bella Etelka whom I saw at the Alcazar on the evening of February 22d is Etelka Talmeyr I am absolutely certain."

"And I am equally certain," the doctor declared, "that the Princess Castellamare whom I saw at the American minister's in Paris on the evening of February 22d is Etelka Talmeyr."

"Well," said Robert White, as he began on his Roman punch, "we cannot both of us be right."

"Either you are wrong," the doctor asserted, "or—"

"Or you are," White interrupted. "On the 22d of February Etelka Talmeyr was either in New York or in Paris; she could not have been in both places. I say she was in New York, and you say she was in Paris. There is no possibility of reconciling our respective statements, is there?"

"None whatever," Dr. Cheever answered. "But I will allow you to withdraw yours if you like."

"I'll do better," returned the journalist. "I will prove it; at least I will prove that I am right in thinking that Etelka Talmeyr and La Bella Etelka are one and the same person."



"THE WRETCHED LITTLE PARODY OF A MAN LED ON HIS TALL, DARK PARTNER."

"I'd like to see you do that!" said the physician, sarcastically.

"You mean that you wouldn't like to see me do it," White retorted. "But see it you shall, and with your own eyes. According to your own story, your Princess Castellamare is now in Europe somewhere."

"She was in Paris when I left there," said the doctor, "but she has very likely gone back to Rome now with her husband."

"Exactly so," White went on. "Your Princess Castellamare is at least three thousand miles off, and you can't show her to me. But La Bella Etelka is still here in New York at the Alcazar, and I can show her to you. And I propose to do it, too. You shall be convinced by your own eyes. Dine with me to-morrow, and we will go to the Alcazar together, and you shall see for yourself."

"I will dine with you with pleasure," the doctor replied. "And I will see for myself."

"For the present," White declared, "let us have peace. Let us possess our souls in patience. Let us do justice to my father-in-law's hospitality. It is now the middle of May, and the game-laws are in force, so I draw your attention to the Alaskan ptarmigan which is now about to be served."

"I didn't know there were any ptarmigan in Alaska," said the doctor, innocently.

"There isn't," White responded, as he helped himself to the prairie-chicken.

IV.—NEW YORK.

The next evening Dr. Cheever and Mr. White sat side by side in the Alcazar, the tawdry gilding of which was already beginning to be tarnished by tobacco smoke. They arrived in time to see Miss Queenie Dougherty, the Irish Empress, respond to her third encore, and to hear her sing about "The Belle of the old Eighth Ward," the chorus of which declared that

> "When Thady O'Grady
> Came courtin' Nell Brady
> There wasn't a lady
> As pretty, as witty, in the whole of the city."

They had the pleasure of seeing the Human Sea-serpent give his marvellous exhibition of contortionism in a Crystal Casket of real water. Then Prince Sionara, the Royal and Unrivalled Japanese Juggler, made butterflies out of bits of paper, and forced them to flutter hither and thither about the stage, after which he spun a top in the air and caught it on the edge of a sword, and did other strange feats, as is the custom of Japanese princes in variety shows, concluding with his Celebrated Cyclone Slide on the Silver Wire from the upper gallery backward to the stage.

"Now," said White, as the Japanese bowed himself off the stage—"now we are to have Etelka Talmeyr," and he handed his programme to Dr. Cheever, pointing to the lines announcing La Bella Etelka and Signor Navarino in their great musical and terpsichorean fantasy.

The screen which served as a drop-curtain parted in the middle, and disclosed the piano on one side of the stage; and then the wretched little parody of a man led on his tall, dark, striking partner, and escorted her to the instrument.

"Don't you see the likeness?" cried White. "It is unmistakable."

"Of course I see it," the doctor answered. "But it is a likeness only, a likeness such as one may see any day."

As La Bella Etelka seated herself at the piano and struck the opening notes of Chopin's Waltz in A Minor she looked out across the foot-lights at the audience, and her eyebrows twitched automatically, as they had done when White had watched her before.

"Did you see that twitch of the eyebrows?" he asked, triumphantly. "Did you ever see any one who had that trick and who looked like that except the Etelka Talmeyr we saw in London years ago?"

"Yes," the doctor answered; "I have seen the Princess Castellamare; she looks like this poor creature here, and she has that same twitch. And, as I told you last night, I am sure that she is the Etelka Talmeyr we saw in London."

"You are unconvinced still?" White asked.

"Quite unconvinced," Dr. Cheever responded. "The Princess Castellamare was a Mademoiselle Talmeyr, and she is now about the age the Etelka Talmeyr we saw ought to be by this time. This Bella Etelka of yours is five or ten years too old."

"She looks older than Etelka Talmeyr

might look, I'll admit," the journalist returned; "but she has had a hard life, obviously, and she shows it. A woman doesn't keep her youth in an atmosphere like this."

"That is true enough," the doctor acknowledged.

"Let's put two and two together," White went on. "It is seven years since we were in London, and Etelka Talmeyr was then fifteen or sixteen, so she may be twenty-three now. La Bella Etelka here looks twenty-six, or thereabouts; but will you declare that she is really more than twenty-three?"

The doctor gazed intently at La Bella Etelka as she and the little Italian gyrated about the stage.

"No," he said at last. "This woman may be any age you please, and she is astoundingly like the girl we saw in London. I see the resemblance more and more the longer I look at her. She has the sensual mouth I noticed then, and the cunning lips too. In fact, I see in this woman here the development of all the less pleasing characteristics of the Etelka Talmeyr we speculated about seven years ago, just as I saw in the Princess Castellamare the development of all her pleasanter qualities. In the little girl in London there were the possibilities of a beauty, an artist, a lady, and the Princess Castellamare is all three. But there was in her also the possibility of a degradation such as we see on the stage now."

"In other words," commented White, "you think that the little Etelka Talmeyr is a female Jekyll and Hyde, with the added faculty of sending the bad Hyde on this side of the Atlantic, while the good Jekyll on the other marries a fairy prince? That's a picturesque explanation of our dilemma, of course, but isn't it a little lacking in scientific probability?"

Dr. Cheever did not answer for a minute. His eyes were following the tall figure in the long silk dress as it floated languidly across the stage in time to the music of the waltz. He extracted a coin from his pocket, dropped it in a slot on the back of the chair next to him, and released an opera-glass; with this he took another long look at the dancer.

Then handing the glass to White, he said: "This woman is much older than she looks. There are signs which are unmistakable. Look at the wrinkles around her eyes and below her chin. She is at least ten years older than the Etelka Talmeyr we saw in London."

White took the glass and gazed in his turn. "You are right," he admitted, frankly, "she does look older; but, for all that, I think—" Here he broke off suddenly and called to a man who was about to take a seat near them. "Brackett!"

"Hello, White," responded the gentleman thus hailed, turning suddenly and dropping into the nearest chair. "I didn't know you took in this sort of thing often."

"I don't," White answered. "I come as little as possible; and to-night we are here for a purpose, Dr. Cheever and I. Dr. Cheever, Mr. Harry Brackett."

The two men bowed. Harry Brackett offered the doctor his box of cigarettes.

"I am here regularly. They'll let you smoke here, and then you see all sorts of things."

"I called Brackett over," said White to the doctor, but so that the new-comer could hear him, "because I believe he can help us out. He has been a reporter, and he has managed a panorama, and last winter he wrote an alleged farce-comedy for Daisy Fostelle, and he probably knows more people and more different kinds of people than any other man in New York."

"That's true," assented Harry Brackett. "You never can tell when knowing a man will come in handy."

"Do you happen to know the manager of this place, or the stage-manager?" asked White.

"I know them both," was the response. "I know the manager best, but Zeke Kilburn has a swelled head since he got this show. He owns the earth, and has a first mortgage on the rest of the solar system. But I guess I can work him. What do you want?"

"We want to find out about La Bella Etelka here, and whether she used to be called Etelka Talmeyr, and whether she is any relation to the Princess Castellamare."

"I guess she's no relation to any princess, or we should have seen it in the paragraphs before this," said the ex-manager of the panorama. "I don't know anything about her, but I believe that she is married to that little chap who does a dancing act with her. She is very jealous of him, too; flared up like a volcano the

other night because he complimented Queenie Dougherty on her new song. There came near being a hair-pulling scrap; but Zeke Kilburn happened along just then, and he separated them. Tell me just what it is that you want to know, and I'll see what I can do for you."

Thereupon White set forth with perfect fairness the point at issue between the doctor and himself, and explained why it was they were interested in knowing whether the Etelka Talmeyr of London was the Mademoiselle Talmeyr of Milan, now the Princess Castellamare of Rome, or whether she was La Bella Etelka of New York.

"I think I see what you want," Harry Brackett declared as he rose to his feet. "And I guess I can get it for you. Keep my seat for me, and I'll come back as soon as I can."

Lighting another cigarette, and throwing the empty box under the chair, Mr. Harry Brackett left them, and walked away to the manager's office.

On the stage La Bella Etelka and Signor Navarino were concluding their musical and terpsichorean fantasy; side by side they advanced from the scenery at the back to the trembling foot-lights, each in turn lifting a foot over the other's head as they danced down, to the wild applause of the spectators.

White and Cheever waited patiently as the successive numbers of the variety entertainment followed one another. The Senyah Sisters, two pretty girls, with lithe and graceful figures, climbed to a double trapeze in the arch of the proscenium, and went through the usual intricate performance commingled of skill and danger. Then Mr. Mike McCarthy gave his World-Renowned Impersonation of the Old-Time Darky, in the course of which he sang an interminable topical song, accompanying himself on the banjo. Finally came the last number on the programme, a so-called burlesque extravaganza, compounded of noisy songs and halting verses. Bored as they were and weary, White and Cheever felt sorry for the poor actors, straining themselves vainly to give a double meaning to words devoid of any.

At last, when the tether of their patience was stretched almost to the breaking-point, Harry Brackett reappeared, and dropped into the seat they had kept for him.

"Did you discover anything?" asked Dr. Cheever.

"Is La Bella Etelka the Etelka Talmeyr we saw together in London," White inquired, "or isn't she?"

"One at a time, please," Brackett responded. "And give me a cigarette, if you've got one. Then I'll tell you what I've found out."

Robert White proffered his cigarette-case.

Harry Brackett helped himself. "Thanks," he said. "Egyptian, ain't they? Too rich for my blood nowadays; I stick to the native article."

Dr. Cheever handed him a lighted match.

"Thank you," he went on, puffing at his cigarette. "Well, I found out several things. I've got the key to your mystery. And the answer isn't at all what either of you thinks."

"How so?" began White; "isn't—"

"Best let him tell his story in his own way," the doctor interrupted.

"That's what I think," assented Harry Brackett. "And I'll be as brief as I can, too. I happened on Zeke Kilburn at the door here, and I got him to take me behind. First thing we stumbled on the little Dago — Signor Navarino. Zeke knocked him down to me, and I froze to him at once, and took him into the cork-room and blew him off to a bottle, and got him to talk about himself. In less than five minutes I turned him inside out as easy as an old kid glove. There isn't anything he wouldn't tell me if I asked him. So I dropped a question or two about La Bella Etelka. And she wasn't in London seven years ago."

Dr. Cheever looked at White with an air of triumph.

"For the good and sufficient reason," Harry Brackett continued, "that she was then in South America, singing in comic opera—*La Perichole*, you know, and the *Timbale d'Argent*. She had been in London once upon a time, about ten years ago, when she was a music-teacher, or something of that sort—"

"So she was once a music-teacher in London?" White interrupted. "Then I don't see why—" Then he checked himself.

Harry Brackett continued: "She was a widow, and she got stuck on a Dutchman, who came over with a French comic

opera company, and she just dropped everything and went off with him. Four or five years ago he died — that's the Dutchman — and she drifted into the variety business. She met the little Dago in Buda-Pesth a year or two ago; he's a mean little cuss, but she has married him all the same. She's worth a dozen of him easy. From things he let on, I sized her up, and I made a guess as to her relation to the Princess Castellamare."

"I see," said White. "The Princess is her younger sister."

"Then you can't see straight," Harry Brackett retorted, "because the Princess isn't her sister. I made a guess, as I say, and I wanted to find out if I'd struck it. So I shook the little Dago, and I went back on the stage and found Kilburn again, and I got him to introduce me to La Bella Etelka, who was just ready to go on in the burlesque. She is a good-looking woman, for all she's forty."

"Forty?" cried White. "Come, now, that's impossible."

"It's true," Brackett returned. "She confessed to it — indirectly, but it's straight enough. I complimented her, and I made myself as solid as I could. You see I had my idea, and I wanted to find out about it. So at last I made a brace. I said, suddenly, 'There's a friend of mine in front, just back from Paris, and he tells me he saw the Princess Castellamare just before he left.' She flushed up, and asked: 'How was she? Is she well? I wish I could see her.' Then I told her what the doctor here had said — how the Princess was looking beautiful, and how she sang like an angel. Then she turned on me all of a sudden, and said, 'How did you know about my daughter?' "

"Her daughter?" White interrupted.

"Yes," Brackett answered; "that was my guess. And it rang the bell the very first shot, too. She grabbed me by the arm and said: 'She doesn't know about me, does she? The Prince doesn't suspect?' And then I knew I'd sized the thing up about right."

"I confess I do not quite see —" began the doctor.

"It's simple enough," explained Harry Brackett. "She'd run away from London and abandoned her daughter, leaving her in good hands, though. She had kept track of her always, and she was delighted when she heard of the success of Mademoiselle Talmeyr at Milan. Then she was just going to write to her daughter, a little doubtful of the reception she would get, or how the daughter would take the news that the mother was alive she had so long thought dead, when all at once she heard that Mademoiselle Talmeyr was going to marry Prince Castellamare. Then she knew she had better not say a word. She had heard enough about Italian princes to suppose that they wouldn't like a mother-in-law on the variety stage doing a song-and-dance act. So long as the daughter thought the mother was dead, the old woman reckoned that she had better stay dead. And I left her just paralyzed with wonder that I had dropped on a secret she didn't suppose anybody else in the world knew. And it is funny, isn't it?"

"The maternal instinct seems to have awakened very tardily," the doctor remarked.

"It was pretty slow, for a fact," Brackett admitted. "But I guess it was there all the same — slow but sure."

"Well," said White, "if she keeps away from her daughter she will enjoy the very highest feminine felicity — the luxury of self-sacrifice."

"Yes," Brackett smilingly agreed. "I think that she was about as glad that I knew about it as she was sorry."

At that moment the music of the brazen orchestra swelled out, and part of the scenery at the back of the stage fell apart, disclosing the Fairy Queen glittering in the glare of the calcium-light, and with her opulent figure daringly revealed by her splendid costume.

"I wonder," remarked Robert White, foreseeing the end of the play, and rising with his two friends — "I wonder what your Princess Castellamare is doing in Rome now, while La Bella Etelka is on exhibition here in New York?"

"That's easy enough," Harry Brackett answered, as they turned their backs to the stage and walked toward the door. "There is five or six hours' difference in time, isn't there? Well, it's nearly twelve o'clock here, so I guess your Princess over there is getting her beauty-sleep — that is, unless she sits up five hours later than her mother, which isn't likely."

A DISCONTENTED PROVINCE.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

IN the hills back of the little settlement of Oka, on the Ottawa River, is an institution which, it is hoped by those who founded it, will not only maintain but will extend the influence and power of the French people in the Dominion of Canada. It is a Trappist monastery.

Here, on a farm of a thousand acres presented by the rich Sulpicians of Montreal, the austere brotherhood is preparing to teach the French Canadians the modern art of agriculture. These pious, silent, indefatigable monks are great farmers. They are breeding splendid draught-horses and fine cattle. They are clearing and preparing virgin lands for cultivation. They are raising old and introducing new crops. They have already stimulated the neighboring population of Oka to the adoption of improved methods. Fences are better kept, trees are healthier, animals are of a superior kind, cultivation is more intensive, for the presence and influence of the Trappists.

They are here because they are needed by those who wish to keep the province of Quebec French and Catholic. They are trying to satisfy a public demand. The government has determined to set apart for their use several tracts of land in different parts of the province, where, both by example and precept, the *habitants* may be taught how to restore and cultivate their worn-out lands.

Quebec is not flourishing. Progress is making headway elsewhere in the Dominion, but Quebec proceeds so slowly that its relative place in the North American advance is almost as if it were standing still. An old race, working with old methods on old and worn lands, is an anachronism in the nineteenth-century movement. Nevertheless, this is French Canada of to-day—very much the same French Canada that stood in the way of the English two centuries ago.

It is not true, of course, that nineteenth-century influences have not affected the simple and interesting people who dwell along the shores of the St. Lawrence, but it is absolutely true that the great majority of them are very like their ancestors of the seventeenth century. The disintegrating enlightenment of modern life is beginning to exert its power. A few of the French Canadians are rebelling against the burdens of their Church. Fewer still are turning towards Protestantism. Among the quick and clever lawyers, doctors, and politicians of the race there is growing up a set of radicals and free-thinkers. This group has existed for a long time. Some of the names now prominent in French intellectual circles in Montreal are to be found attached to the annexation circular of 1848. The group is increasing in numbers, and although it is still very far from being an important political power, it has its daily and weekly press, and furnishes leading statesmen and orators to the Liberals both of the Dominion and the province. Far more important than all other influences is that which is exerted by the emigrants who have made their way into the United States. It is this emigration which is the important fact in the contemporaneous history of Quebec, for it is not only depriving the country of some of its best and most vigorous blood, and reducing the tithes of the Church, but it is instilling new ideas into those who go away; it is giving them a new intellectual atmosphere. These new ideas and this increased mental stimulus are strongly reflected in the old parishes of Canada, where busy minds are set at work on new problems. There are plenty of signs that the end of the domination of authority in Quebec, priestly and political, is coming. It may not be felt in the near future, but the seeds of a change have been planted by Protestantism and by the peculiar institutions of the United States.

The men and women who go away from the French settlements to work in a New England cotton-mill, or to fish under the command of a Gloucester skipper, mingle with the nimble-minded New England populace, come under the influence of the town meeting—learn, in short, what is the meaning of local self-government. It may be that in some towns they have greatly modified the character of the basic New England institution, and that in time the essential virtues of our Teutonic inheritance will disappear under the blighting influence of foreign customs, indifference, or actual corruption.

Nevertheless, the effect of the New England system of local government on the foreigner's own character is marked. This phase of the subject, however, must be reserved for future consideration.

It is because Quebec is progressing so slowly, and because of the tendency of the people of the rural districts to abandon their farms and to move away, some into the growing cities of the Dominion, but most into the United States, that such an effort as that of the Trappists is encouraged by the government. Any scheme or plan that will retain the French Canadian, that will keep him within the borders of the Dominion and under the influence of his Church, will receive substantial aid from the great powers that are interested in its success. These powers are the Conservative party and the Roman Catholic Church. These two naturally antagonistic forces have one common interest that unites them politically. The Conservative party finds the French Canadian an important factor in its political enterprises, while the Roman Catholic Church depends upon him for the maintenance of its ascendency.

It is true, on the face of recent statistics, that the growth of Quebec is not much slower than that of the province of Ontario, while it is naturally greater than that of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, or Prince Edward Island, where population seems to have reached its highest point, in the decade from 1881 to 1891 the first having gained only 2.22 per cent., the second nothing, and the third .17 per cent. During the same period Ontario gained 9.93 per cent. and Quebec 9.53. Omitting Toronto from the one and Montreal from the other, the increases were respectively 5.8 and 5.6. But while the older provinces were making this slow progress, the Northwest Territory was increasing in population at the rate of 75.33 per cent., British Columbia at the rate of 97.36 per cent., and Manitoba at the rate of 144.95 per cent. These statistics tell the story of the movement of population in the Dominion of Canada. There, as in the United States, the energy and courage that come to the country from Europe seek the rich farm lands of the far West, passing by the old and dearer lands near the seaboard, which in Canada are not so fruitful as the wheat-fields of the Red River and the Northwest.

The failure of population to grow in anything like the ratio which obtains in the neighboring provinces is more significant in Quebec than in Ontario. The family of the French Canadian is larger than that of his English-speaking neighbor, and without any movement into or out of the provinces, the population of Quebec would naturally increase more rapidly than that of Ontario. A French family of a dozen children is not unusual. Therefore when we find Ontario growing a little faster than the French province, one of two things is certain, either that Ontario is receiving most of the immigration that makes its way to the provinces, or that there is a decided movement away from Quebec.

According to the official statistics, immigration into Canada is comparatively inconsiderable. In 1882 it grew suddenly from 48,000, the number received in 1881, to 112,458; but in 1888 it fell to under 90,000, and in 1891 it was only 82,000. It is an interesting fact that more than two-thirds of the addition to the population of Quebec from abroad is made by Canadians who have tried to make their way in the United States, but, having failed, return to their own country. At least this is the assertion of the official statistician in the year-book for 1891. There is no evidence that this is more than mere opinion. The Dominion statistics on this interesting subject are confessedly unsatisfactory, the task of gathering them being rendered difficult because many of the new settlers enter the country from the United States.

In an evidently partial table in the year-book are some interesting facts that throw a strong side light on the race and immigration problems in the two old provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Out of an immigration of 20,852 people into Quebec, 15,409 were Canadians, and only 1220 were English, Irish, Scotch, German, and citizens of the United States. Out of an immigration of 9516 into Ontario, 3564 were of the last-named peoples. There had gone to Ontario nearly two and a half times as many Englishmen, nearly twice as many Irishmen, more than three times as many Scotchmen, more than six times as many Germans, and four times as many Americans as had gone to Quebec. At the same time, three times as many Canadians had returned to Quebec as had gone back to Ontario.

The figures of the Census Bureau feebly express the truth concerning the movement of population, the selection of lands by new-comers, the additions and losses by the coming of foreigners, the return of natives, and the departure of adventurous spirits wearied of the hard conditions of life on lands that are sterile or worn out after centuries of careless cultivation.

Quebec may be said to be the problem of the Dominion. It is true that its chief city is the principal port of the country, and that it is attracting large and valuable additions to an excellent population. Still, this port has not grown in nearly as great a ratio as the city of Toronto, in the neighboring province of Ontario. Of all the cities of the Dominion, Winnipeg has made the greatest strides, and there are ten cities that have grown more rapidly than Montreal, while the city of Quebec, rich in history and in time-worn reminders of a turbulent past, added only 1 per cent. to its population in the ten years from 1881 to 1891, while there was an actual decrease of population in more than 43 per cent. of the election districts of the province.

If statistics of population do not tell the story of French Canada in all the fulness that is desirable, the state of its finances may be more enlightening. In Quebec, as has been already stated, is situated the greatest port of the Dominion, but goods imported from the United States go to Ontario or Manitoba rather than to Quebec. The result is that the importations received into the two provinces are about equal in volume and value. The same is not true as to exports. The most of the cattle and grain, however, shipped for Europe at Montreal come from Ontario and Manitoba.

The backward and discouraging state of the province is exhibited by its budget. It would be unfair to judge Quebec, however, by the recent accretions to its debt or expenditures. The corrupt Mercier administration which was driven from power by the good people of all parties seriously disordered the finances. According to the budget speech of the Hon. John S. Hall, the present treasurer of the province, the Mercier *régime* left behind it a deficiency of more than $4,000,000. In the year 1889–90 the expenditures exceeded the receipts by $1,700,000, and this year the new administration expects to keep down the annual deficit of 1892–3 to $2,000,000. This is apparently the best that can be done in view of the legacy of debt left to the province by the Mercier government, during the existence of which the net debt increased from a little more than $11,000,000 in 1887 to $24,000,000 in 1891.

When the Dominion came into existence the general government assumed the provincial debts to the amount of $109,430,000. Of this, $62,500,000 represented the debt of Canada. The debt of Ontario was $2,850,000, and that of Quebec $2,550,000. The existing debt of the province is therefore practically a new creation. The people of Quebec bear, of course, their share of the Dominion debt, which increased from $97,000,000 in 1868 to $290,000,000 in 1891. It is not intended in this paper to criticise the fiscal or economic policy of the Dominion. To do so fairly would involve a careful and thorough examination of the arguments by which the debt-contracting policy is defended, and that is beyond and outside of the present purpose. We are now inquiring simply into the burdens borne by the people of Quebec, and among them is their share of the Dominion's liabilities.

The provincial debt of Quebec is two-thirds of the total debts of Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, and British Columbia. It is about seven times larger than the largest debt of the other Provinces, and thirteen times larger than the smallest debt.

Notwithstanding the annual subsidy paid to the Province by the Dominion government under the agreement of the British North American Act, the revenues of Quebec are not equal to its expenditures. The present government has undertaken to conduct the public business with the utmost economy, and it is even courageous enough to risk the loss of popularity that is almost sure to follow the enlargement of the revenues by increasing taxation; but with present revenues Mr. Hall, in his budget speech of last May, could not promise for the then current fiscal year a smaller deficit than $3,000,000. The subsidy due the province from the Dominion for 1892 was about $1,000,000, so that if it were entirely dependent on its own resources, its income would lack about $4,000,000 of meeting its expenditures. These totals include more than the ordinary charges of government; the

amount due on the public debt account is reckoned. Quebec, like the Dominion, has railway subsidies to provide for, and it has other special charges to meet. Still, in twenty-two years, from 1868 to 1890, the ordinary expenditures of Quebec exceeded its revenues by more than $2,000,000, while Ontario expended in the same period about $225,000 less than its receipts. This excess of expenditure over receipts began in 1877, and only twice since then, in 1888 and 1889, has the income of the province exceeded its outgo. It ought to be added that although the totals of the twenty-two years make a comparative showing unfavorable to Quebec, Ontario's revenues have exceeded its expenses only five times since 1873. It is nevertheless the fact that Ontario is more than holding its own, while the financial condition of Quebec presents to its statesmen a problem at once interesting and important, involving as it does the vital question of solvency.

The municipalities of the province are not in much better condition than the central government. For some reason the cities of Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers are not required to make returns to the treasurer, and many of the smaller municipalities neglect to make the proper reports. The municipalities of sixty-seven counties that did report for 1890 show aggregate assets of $3,051,476, and liabilities of $3,809,700. Their receipts were $1,543,000, and their expenditures $1,382,055. More than 10 per cent. of their total real property was non-taxable, which means, in general, that it was Church property. These statistics represent the financial condition of the rural communities of the province. A debt in a farming community which is not represented by substantial improvements is significant of stagnation or extravagance or some other public vice, while the debts of cities may be indicative of material progress and increasing values. The debt of Montreal is $16,000,000; of Three Rivers, $387,653. The city of Quebec failed to make a report to the statistician.

The character of the local government in Quebec is clearly illustrated in the letter of transmittal accompanying the report of municipal statistics for 1890. The writer of the communication complains to the Hon. M. Pelletier, secretary and registrar of the province, that "this compilation would be of very considerable importance if it could be made complete." He then says that 226 secretary-treasurers neglected to make any reports, although blanks for the purpose had been furnished to them. Of the reports received, 232 had been returned for correction, some of them twice, and one three times. Of the 232 secretary-treasurers who were thus required to make corrections, seventy-three "did not think proper" to comply with the requirement of the provincial authority. A general indifference to the ordinary and necessary details of local self-government prevails throughout the province, and is the natural and inevitable result of the local government which has prevailed for centuries among the French Canadians, and which is now changed, more in name than in reality, by a statutory introduction of English customs.

So much for the public burdens that rest upon the province of Quebec. In addition there are the burdens imposed by the Church. The Roman Catholic Church in Quebec is not a state church, for there is no state church in Canada; but here the Catholic hierarchy has some of the powers that pertain to a state church. For example, the *curés* can collect their tithes by the power of the law. It is true that the payment is not literally of a tenth part. The tithe has been compromised, as it were, and consists of the twenty-sixth bushel of grain. This burden is sufficiently heavy. Besides this, the *curé* can collect by law the cost of building the church and presbytery; and the charge, having been properly authorized, is a lien on the property of the parishioners. Sometimes this burden is very serious, for it is the ambition of nearly every *curé* to possess as fine a church as his neighbor's in the next parish. This rivalry, and the more commendable religious zeal which finds a satisfactory mode of expression in dignified and worthy structures, lead to the erection of edifices which richer and more prudent New England would regard as wickedly extravagant. It is not an infrequent sight in Quebec, that of a fine stone church, larger than many churches that are called cathedrals in the United States, standing in the midst of the huddling huts of a poor peasantry.

There has been rebellion against exactions of this nature, and against the immense burial fees demanded by some of



TRAPPIST MONKS BUILDING STONE FENCES.

the priests. Many French Canadians have come to the United States, while others have shown still greater resentment by abandoning the Church in which they were born and by which they have been educated.

It should be stated that the revolts that occur against the domination of the priest break out in parishes where the *curé* is hard, exacting, unjust, or sometimes very much worse. As a rule, however, the French Canadian priest is a gentle, charitable, religious man, and a most mild and tolerant ruler of local affairs. However, there are some parishes that suffer grievously from priests whose ambitions are out of all proportion to the resources of their parishioners, and efforts to gratify their desires sometimes lead to serious consequences. This was recently illustrated in the parish of Maskinonge. The *curé* and his lay associate authorities insisted on building a church of a character that many of his parishioners regarded as disproportionate to their means. There were indignant protests, unheeded by the *curé*, and finally there was a secession of fifty families to Protestantism. The importance of such a movement, and the gravity of the cause which led to it, may be realized when it is understood that a French Canadian who abandons the Catholic Church and joins the Protestant communion is socially ostracized. His relatives and his former friends no longer know him. The community in which he dwells and on which he depends for his support becomes his active and oppressive enemy. Not many years ago such a secession as that which has taken place at Maskinonge would not have been dreamed of. The people might have resented the heavy burden that was imposed upon them. If they had, they would have contented themselves with grumbling for a while, and then their light-hearted gayety would have had its way again, only to be roughly intruded upon each year by the visit of the tax-gatherer with his demand for the instalment due on the great edifice that lifted its stone front among their humble cottages. Later, the more discontented would have moved away into the States, where the Church is supported by voluntary contributions, and where the layman who sits in the pew cannot be compelled to do more for the cause of religion than he chooses. In recent years the anger of the *habitant* who thinks himself imposed upon is best manifested by going over to the militant enemies of the Church.

This is a sign of the disintegration of the hitherto solid French Canadian population. There are now in the province of Quebec about fifty French Protestant churches, having a membership of about 15,000. It is an interesting time among the *habitants*. The inspiration of new ideas is beginning to be felt. The light of another intellectual world is breaking in upon them. Once, when they were grieved by what they felt to be wrong in the system under which they lived, they had nothing else to turn to. If their hearts were sore, they nevertheless were obliged to make their peace with the *curé*. They were forced to go back and to be as contented as they could. But now they have heard of another land, and the exaggerated stories that are told them by their kindred and former neighbors who return on visits from the States of the riches and independence that await the emigrant from Canada impress them with the thought that over the border there is a refuge from all their woes. A decision to leave the country is only less displeasing to the ecclesiastical and other authorities of the province than the embracement of Protestantism.

There are other causes for this outward movement of people besides the burdens imposed by Church and state, for these burdens are chiefly grievous by reason of poverty. As has been already stated, the French Canadian family is very large. In a pamphlet recently published, Mercier, the recently deposed premier of the province, estimates the number of French *habitants* at 1,240,000, or about 81 per cent. of the total population. It is unfortunate that in the statistical yearbook of the Dominion there is no differentiation of the population on the basis of race. The result is that we are left to the estimates of M. Mercier, who, however, cannot be very much out of the way. That the French Canadians increase with great rapidity is a sociological fact recognized everywhere in the Dominion. If, as is probably true, there are 1,240,000 of these people in Quebec, more than 2,250,000, counting the million or more in the United States, have come from the 70,000 people who dwelt in New France at the time of the conquest in 1763. M. Mercier calculates on this basis that in fifty years from now the French in Can-



TRAPPISTS ENGAGED IN AGRICULTURE.

ada will number more than 9,000,000, while in the Dominion and the United States together there will be between 15,000,000 and 18,000,000.

It is not uncommon to find a family of fifteen or even twenty children. A story is told, of which M. Ouimet, the Dominion Minister of Public Works, is the subject, that illustrates the condition of domestic affairs in French Canada. It is said that M. Ouimet was the twenty-sixth child of his father, who was a farmer. On taking him to the *curé* for baptism, the father, inspired by the analogy of the twenty-sixth bushel of grain that was his tribute to the Church, said to the priest, "This is my twenty-sixth, and is therefore yours." The priest, being a man of



TRAPPISTS AT PRAYER.

both humor and kindliness, accepted the charge, and educated the boy, who has rewarded his benefactor by becoming one of the leading Conservative politicians in the Dominion.

The economic and social value of the large family is apparent. Some of the children must secure virgin lands or move away. Many of the small farms have been divided up again and again until they can be divided no longer. The soil in many of the parishes has grown poor by wearing out. The French Canadian is not a good farmer in the modern sense. He does not renew his lands, nor is he partial to new methods. Moreover, he is not enterprising. If he must quit the ancestral domain, he prefers to go to the city, where he can find employment in a factory or a workshop. He is industrious, sober, frugal, and skilful, a most excellent mechanic, a cunning carpenter, and a faithful and contented subordinate. He leaves the country because

he has heard from his compatriots who have gone before him that he can do better in the States.

His taxes are heavy, and his opportunities of making enough to pay them and to maintain himself and his family in comfort are small. The *curé* is good to him, but the church and the presbytery are too big and the school-house is too small. It may be that some of his children will receive the meagre education furnished by the parochial schools, but he cannot hope that all will be instructed, and it is quite possible that none may be lucky enough to have any schooling. In the States things are so much better that Jacques, who used to live on the next farm, but who is now working in a mill at Lowell, comes back once a year to visit his brother, decked with a chain, with a velvet waistcoat, his wife wearing a silk dress, while all his children are at school. So the burdened Canadian goes away, and there is another voter lost and another parishioner less.

The government and the Church are doing their utmost to stem this emigration. The patriotic French Canadian loves to believe that his country is to become the Greater France, and the Churchman dreads to think that the most Catholic country in the world is threatened by change or diminution. In every fibre of his body and in every throb of his heart the *habitant* is French. The devout ultramontane regards himself and his compatriots as the representatives of the true France. They look upon the France of Europe as atheistic and republican, and on themselves as the preservers of the glories and religion of the France of the seventeenth century. The old France of 250 years ago is in their hearts. They are loyal to the British government, but they love the land, the language, and the religion of their fathers. It is their ambition not only that France in America shall grow and prosper, and become greater than all its English-speaking neighbors, it is the ambition of all the French Canadians, Conservative or Liberal, Catholic or otherwise, that all of Canada shall be mastered by their race. The Church and the Conservative party lose power and influence as the children of the former move away from under the protecting walls of its churches, its monasteries and convents, its colleges and schools. The Conservative party never agitates against the semi-official position of the Church in the Province of Quebec.

Therefore many methods are resorted to for the purpose of retaining the French Canadian at home. Our own doctrine of protection has been invoked, and he is being taught that life in Canada will be the pleasanter to him when it costs him more. Various new industries are established. The farmer is being taught the value of farm lands for other purposes than the growing of hay and potatoes, and he is making large quantities of butter, and exporting most excellent cheeses to the English market.

Lastly, the government and the Church are uniting to teach him modern methods of farming, and it is to stay the flight of the people, to remove some and to lighten other of the burdens of which a brief account has here been given, that the austere and industrious Trappists are spending laborious days in the hills of Oka, on the lands given by the Sulpicians, teaching by object-lessons, and preparing to bring their teachings nearer to the people of the other parts of the province on the farms that will be dedicated to their uses by the government.



HORACE CHASE.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Chapter X.

TWO days after the Indian party at Andalusia, the excursion which Mrs. Kip had called a "boat-drive" came off. Horace Chase was still absent; he had telegraphed to his wife that he could not return before the last of the week. As all the preparations had been made, the excursion was not postponed on his account. Nor was there any reason why it should be. It was not given in honor of his wife especially; Ruth, after sixteen months of marriage, could hardly be called a bride. In addition, the winter colony had learned that an hour or two of their contemplative pleasure-making was about as much as this man of affairs could enjoy (some persons said "could endure"); after that his face was apt to betray a vague boredom, although it was evident that, with his usual careful politeness, he was trying to conceal it.

Walter Willoughby, meanwhile, was making the best of his annoying situation. He had lost the chance of being introduced to David Patterson, and with it the opportunity of learning something definite at last about Chase's Californian interests; this seemed to him a great misfortune. But there was no use in moaning over it; the course to follow was not still further to lose the five days of Chase's absence in sulking, but to employ them in the only profitable way that was left open (small profit, but better than nothing), namely, in cementing still further a friendly feeling between himself and Chase's wife, that butterfly young wife who had been the innocent cause of so many of his disappointments. "Every little helps, I suppose," he said to himself, philosophically. "And as the thing she likes best, apparently, is to go and keep going, why, I'll take her own pace and outrace her—the pretty little gad-about!" For, to Walter's eyes, Ruth appeared very young, mentally unformed as yet, child-like. His adjective "little" could, in truth, only be applied to her in this sense, for in actual inches Mrs. Chase was almost as tall as he was. Walter was of medium height, strong and compact· he verged more towards the robust type than towards the slender. He had a well-shaped, well-poised head, which joined his strong neck behind with no hollow and scarcely a curve. His thick dark hair was always kept noticeably short; but with his full temples and facial outlines, this curt fashion became him well. He was not called handsome, though his features were clearly cut and firm. His gray eyes were ordinarily rather cold. But when he was animated—and he was usually very animated—young Willoughby looked full of life. He also looked good-natured; and he was, in truth, very good-natured up to a certain point. He was fond of pleasure, fond of amusement. But this did not prevent his possessing, underneath the surface, a very resolute will, which he could enforce against himself as well as against others. He intended to enjoy life. And as, according to his idea, there could be no lasting enjoyment without complete freedom from the pinch of anxiety about material things, he also intended to get money—first of all to get money. "For a few years, while one is young, to have small means doesn't so much matter," he had told himself. "But when one reaches middle age, or passes it, then, if one has children, care inevitably steps in. There are anxieties, of course, which cannot be prevented. But this particular one can be—with a certain amount of resolution and self-sacrifice at the beginning. The trouble is that the beginning is the time when people, as a rule, don't think of such things. I intend to be an exception."

Chase had left St. Augustine on Monday. The next evening, at Mrs. Kip's impromptu ball in the gymnasium, the junior partner of Willoughby, Chase, and Company devoted his time to Mrs. Horace Chase with much skill. His attentions remained unobtrusive; he did not dance with her often. The latter, indeed, would not have been possible in any case, for Mrs. Chase was surrounded, from first to last, by all that St. Augustine could offer. Graceful as she was in all her movements, Ruth Chase's dancing was particularly charming; and it was also striking; for, sinuous, lithe, soon excited, she danced because she loved the motion, and danced

* Begun in January number, 1893.

with unconscious abandon. That night, her slender figure in the white ball dress that floated backward from her little feet in the rapid motion, her happy face with the starry eyes, the beautiful color coming and going, and the lips slightly parted—this made a picture which those who were present remembered long. At ten o'clock she had begun to dance; at two, when many persons were taking leave, she was still on the floor; with her circle of admirers, it was now Mrs. Chase who was keeping up the ball. Her mother, who was staying with her during her husband's absence, had accompanied her to Andalusia. But there was no need to ask whether Mrs. Franklin was tired; Mrs. Franklin was never tired in scenes of gayety; she was as well entertained as her daughter. Walter had danced but twice with Mrs. Chase during the four hours. But always between her dances he had been on hand. If she had a fancy for spending a few moments on the veranda, he had her white cloak ready; if she wished for an ice, it appeared by magic; if there was any one she did not care to dance with, she could always say that she was engaged to Mr. Willoughby. It was in this way, in fact, that Mr. Willoughby had obtained his two dances. The last dance, however, was all his own. It was three o'clock; even the most good-natured chaperons had collected their charges, and the music had ceased. "How sorry I am! The floor is splendid; I do so long for just one waltz more," said Ruth, sighing.

She spoke to her mother, but Walter overheard the words. He went across to the musicians (in reality he bribed them); then returning, he said: "I've arranged it, Mrs. Chase. You are to have that one waltz more." A few of the young people, tempted by the revived strains, threw aside their wraps and joined them, but practically they had the floor to themselves. Walter was an expert dancer, skilful and strong; he bore Ruth down the long room, guiding her so securely that she was not obliged to think of their course; she could leave that to him, and give herself up solely to the entrancing enjoyment of the motion. As they returned towards the music for the third time, she supposed that he would stop. But he did not; he took her down again, and this time in shorter circles that made her, light as she was on her feet, a little giddy. "Isn't this enough?" she asked. But apparently he did not hear her. The floor began to spin. "Please stop," she murmured, her eyes half closing from the increasing dizziness. But her partner kept on until he felt that she was faltering; then, with a final bewildering whirl, he deposited her safely on the bench, and stood beside her, laughing a little.

There was no one near them; Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. Kip, and the few who still remained were at the other end of the room. Ruth, after a moment, began to laugh also, while she pressed her hands over her eyes to help herself see more clearly. "What possessed you?" she said. "Another instant, and I should certainly have fallen; I couldn't see a thing!"

"No, you wouldn't have fallen, Mrs. Chase; I could have held you up under any circumstances. But I wanted to make you for once acknowledge that we are not all so lethargic as you accuse us of being."

"Accuse?" said Ruth, surprised. She was still panting a little.

"Yes, you accuse the whole world; you do nothing *but* accuse. You are never pre-occupied yourself; pre-occupation in others, therefore, seems to you sheer stupidity. You are never tired; so the rest of us strike you as unspeakably lazy."

"Oh, but I'm often lazy myself," protested Ruth.

"Precisely. No doubt when you go in for being lazy at all, you carry it further than any poor, dull, reasonable man would ever dream of doing," Walter went on. "I dare say you are capable of lying absolutely motionless on a sofa, with a novel, for ten hours at a stretch!"

"Ten hours? That's nothing. Ten days," answered Ruth. "I have spent ten days at L'Hommedieu in that way many a time; Maud Muriel used to call it 'lucid idiocy.'"

"Lucid?" said Walter, questioningly.

"Maud Muriel has dreadful names. If people are gay, she calls them 'hysterical.' If they are sad, she says, 'probably bilious.' 'Most of your so-called emotions,' she tells us, 'are purely *bodily*.'"

"What a lot of them she and Evangeline Taylor must have between them—with the bodies *they* possess! Where is Evangeline, by-the-way? In her little bed?"

"Yes; with her coral and rattle," answered Ruth, breaking into a laugh.

"Do you think you can walk?" inquired Walter, doubtfully, as her mirth still went on. "Because the music really has stopped this time, and I see your mother's eyes turning this way. Your laughs are perfectly beautiful, of course; they're a sort of ecstasy. But do they leave you your walking powers? Please take my arm."

The musicians, seeing them rise, began suddenly to play again (for his bribe had been a generous one), and he took her back to her mother in *à deux temps*.

"You are splendid fun; I like dancing better than anything else in the world!" Ruth declared.

"I thought it was sailing? However, whatever it is, please make use of *me* as often as you can, Mrs. Chase. When I've nothing to do I become terribly low-spirited, for my uncles wish to marry me."

"It would be the best thing for you, Mr. Willoughby," Mrs. Franklin commented, as he helped her to put on her cloak.

"And my liberty? What would become of that?" inquired Walter, solemnly.

"Have they selected any especial person?" Mrs. Franklin went on.

"They have only got as far as the family as yet—one of the Barclays," responded Walter, with exaggerated gloom. "With the collateral branches there are, including widows, fifty-four of them."

"The New York Barclays? You will be a fortunate man if *they* smile upon you."

"That's just it—they never will!" declared Walter. "Why, therefore, do my uncles force me forward—such a tender flower as I am? They regard the subject with far too much levity. It's on this account that I'm hiding in Florida, under your protection, Mrs. Chase."

The meeting-place for the water party the next day was St. Francis Barracks—that long brown structure with pointed gables, steep roof, and deep shady verandas, which stands on the site of the old monastery of St. Francis, at the south end of the sea-wall. Here, soon after one o'clock, six or eight yachts were in waiting. Walter had again borrowed *The Owl and the Pussy Cat*, and with him embarked Mrs. Franklin, Miss Franklin, and Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Kip and Anthony Etheridge. At half past one the little fleet, spreading its sails, sped gayly southward down the Matanzas.

"St. Augustine, Sebastian, Matanzas—your 'ancient city' is fortunate in names," remarked Walter, as he guided the *Owl* into her place behind the *Seminole;* "they are not commonplace; they have a certain character. It's a misfortune for your husband's budding resort in the Carolina mountains, Mrs. Chase, that its name happens to be Asheville—following that stupid custom we have of tacking 'ville' to some man's name. In this case, how could they do it, those first settlers, when they had the beautiful Indian 'Swannanoa' ready to their hands?"

"Oh, but first settlers have no love for Indian names, Mr. Willoughby," commented Dolly. "How can they have? The Indians and the great forest—these are their enemies. To me there is something touching in our Higgsvilles and Slatervilles. I see the first log cabins in the little clearing; then a short stump-bedecked street; then two or three streets and a court-house. The Higgs or the Slater was their best man, their leader, the one they looked up to. In North Carolina alone there are one hundred and ten towns or villages with names ending in 'ville.'"

"One might know it," remarked Etheridge. "It is a peculiarly rural State—hum-ha."

"And two hundred and forty-one in New York," added Dolly, dryly.

"We make up for it in other ways," said Mrs. Franklin. "Merilla, Eyedella, Lorrelina—I have seen children who bore those names; pure flights of a mother's imagination. I once knew a pale little girl who had been baptized Damask Rose!"

"What did they call her for short?" inquired Walter.

"Oh, Mr. *Willoughby!*" said Lilian Kip, in a shocked tone.

"I think Mrs. Tappen (for that was the name; the daughter was Damask Rose Tappen) was trying to solace herself with floral fancies," Mrs. Franklin went on. "For her husband having died a few days after the child's birth, she had just learned, at the time of the baptism, that by the terms of his will she would be left almost without a penny if she married again."

"How perfectly outrageous!" exclaimed Mrs. Kip, bristling into soft vehemence. "If a woman has been a good wife to one man, is that any reason why she should

be denied the privilege of being a good wife to another?"

"To a third, she means," thought Etheridge, with a mixture of pleasure and alarm. "How she *does* urge me on! If the money were only her own—instead of going to that cliff of a daughter—"

"Privilege?" Dolly had repeated, questioningly.

"Surely there is no greater one," replied Mrs. Kip, with a sigh. "Damask Rose, of course, was silly. Still, I can understand her finding comfort in names. I myself have always thought that to have a son named Cosmo, Sholto, or Angus would be a really breathless pleasure."

"Breathless! Is that your idea of one? You are disinterested," remarked Walter.

"Disinterested? One's own child? Ah, Mr. Willoughby, it is easy to see that you have never been a mother," said Mrs. Kip, with feeling. Then, not wishing to be too hard upon him, she added, "At least not *yet*."

After a friendly race towards the south, the fleet turned and came back; the company disembarked and walked across the narrow breadth of Anastasia Island to the ocean beach, where, at the Spanish light-house, the collation was to be served. The old beacon stood, at high tide, almost in the water; for, in two hundred years, the ocean had encroached largely upon the shore. Its square stone tower, which had been topped in the Spanish days with an iron grating and a bonfire, now displayed a revolving light, which flashed and faded, flashed and faded, signalling out to sea the harbor of St. Augustine. Under the tower stood a coquina house for the keeper, and the whole was fortified, having an ancient defensive wall, with angles and loop-holes. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the soft sapphire tint of the ocean, whose long rollers, coming smoothly in, broke with a musical wash upon the low shore. The broad white beach, firm as a pavement, stretched towards the south in gentle curves. Not a ship was in sight. Overhead sailed an eagle. "Oh, why did we land so soon?" said Ruth, regretfully. "We might have staid out two hours longer. For we are not to have the supper—or is it the dinner?—at any rate, it's chowder—until just before sunset. I do so love to sail!"

Here Etheridge came up. "Love to sail? Are you going out again?" he inquired. The peculiarly clear light which comes from a broad expanse of water was revealing every minute line in Mrs. Franklin's delicate face. "How wrinkled and old she looks!" was his thought (such thoughts with Etheridge had a comfortable self-congratulatory action). "Even fifteen years ago she was finished—done!" Then he added, aloud: "I think I'll accompany you, if you *are* going out again. The afternoon promises to be endlessly long here, with nothing to do but gawp for sea-beans, or squawk poetry!" This strenuous description of some of the amusements already in progress on the beach showed that, in the Commodore's plans, something had gone wrong.

"Are you really going, Commodore?" asked Mrs. Franklin. "Then I'll leave Ruth in your charge. Excuse my precautions, Mr. Willoughby. I know you are a good sailor. But the inlet takes more than that; it is full of tricks, with the tides, the sea-breeze, and the land-breeze, and the Commodore, who has spent several winters here, is already familiar with them."

Etheridge, Ruth, and Walter Willoughby, therefore, recrossed the island and embarked. The Commodore took the helm himself.

"What boat is that ahead of us?" asked Walter. "Some of our people? Has any one else deserted the sea-beans?"

"I dare say," replied Etheridge, carelessly.

Though he preferred horses, the Commodore could manage a boat extremely well; the *Owl and the Pussy Cat* flew after that sail ahead in a line as straight as a plummet.

"Why, it's Mrs. Kip," said Ruth, as they drew nearer. She had recognized the gypsy hat in the other boat.

"Yes, with Albert Tillotson," added Walter.

"What, that donkey?" exclaimed Etheridge, with well-feigned surprise (and an anger that required no feigning). "He can no more manage a boat than I can manage a comet. Poor Mrs. Kip is in actual danger of her life. The idea of that Tom Noddy of a Tillotson daring to take her out, or daring to take out any one! I must run this boat up alongside, Mr. Willoughby, and get on board immediately. Common humanity requires it."

"The Commodore's common humanity is uncommonly like jealousy," said Walter to Ruth when the *Owl* dropped behind again after this manœuvre had been successfully executed. "He is a clever old fellow. Of course he knew she was out, and he came with us on purpose; but I never suspected him. We'll keep near them, Mrs. Chase, and watch their faces; it will be as good as a play. Tillotson is openly furious; even little Kip's maple-sugary smiles will hardly be able to sweeten the scene."

To his surprise, Ruth, who was generally so ready to laugh, did not pay much heed to this. "I am glad he has gone," she said, "for now we need not talk—just sail and sail. Let us go ever so far—straight down towards the south." Her eyes had a dreamy expression which was new to him.

"What next?" he thought. He glanced furtively at his watch. "I can keep on for half an hour more," he said to himself.

But when, at the end of that time, he put about, Ruth, who had scarcely spoken, straightened herself (she had been lying back indolently, with one hand behind her head), and watched the turning prow with regret. "Must we go back so soon? Why?"

"To look for sea-beans," answered Walter. "Are you aware, Mrs. Chase, of the awful significance of that New England phrase of condemnation, 'you don't know beans'? It will be said that *I* don't know beans if I take you any further; for the tide will soon turn, and the wind is already against us."

But his tasks were not yet at an end; another idea soon took possession of his companion's imagination.

"How wild Anastasia looks from here! I have never landed at this point. Can't we land now for a few moments? It would be such fun."

"As we're well started on our way back, I suppose I can risk fifteen minutes more," thought Walter. Aloud he said, as he beached the boat: "Won't it be something more than fun, Mrs. Horace? A wild-goose—? Forgive the pun."

Wild as the island seemed, and really wild as it was, there were yet many ancient trails running north and south. Ruth, discovering one of these paths, followed it inland. "I wish we could meet something; I wish we could have an adventure," she said. "There are bears over here, and there are alligators too, they say, at the pools. Perhaps this trail leads to a pool." The surmise was correct; the path soon brought them within sight of a dark-looking pond, partly covered with lily leaves. Ruth, who was first (for the old Indian trail was so narrow that they could not walk side by side), turned back suddenly. "There really is an alligator on the other side," she whispered. "He is half in and half out of the water. I am going to run round through the thicket, so as to have a nearer view of him." And she hurried back with noiseless steps along the trail and turned into the forest.

He followed, and caught hold of her arm. "Don't be foolhardy," he urged. For she seemed to him so fearless that there was no telling what she might do.

But when they reached the opposite side of the pool no alligator was visible, and Ruth, seating herself in the loop of a vine, which formed a natural swing, laughed her merriest.

"One doesn't know how to take her," thought her companion. "You are an excellent actress," he said aloud. "I really believed that you had seen the creature."

"And if I had? They don't attack people; they are great, grumbling, gormandizing cowards."

"I have an admirable air of being more timid than she is," he said to himself, much annoyed.

When they returned to the shore they followed a low ridge. On their way he saw something cross this ridge about thirty feet ahead of them—a slender dark line. He ran forward and looked down (for the ridge was about four feet high).

"Come quickly!" he called back to Ruth. "Your alligator was a base invention. But, instead of retaliating, I have provided something real." He heard Ruth's steps come up and stop. "He is hardly more than an infant," he continued, his eyes still fixed on the lower slope. "But he is of the true blood royal, I can tell by the shape of his neck. I'll get a long branch, Mrs. Chase, and then, as you like adventures, you can see him strike." Where they stood they were safe; the snake (it was a young rattlesnake) would not come up the ascent; when he moved he would glide the other way, into the thicket. Hastily cutting a

long wand from a bush, he gave it to her. "Now touch him," he directed; "on the body, not on the head. Then you will see him coil!" He himself kept his eyes meanwhile on the snake; he did not look at her. But the wand did not descend. "Make haste," he urged, "or he will be off!"

The wand came down slowly, paused, and then touched the reptile, who instantly coiled himself, reared his flat head, and struck at it with his fangs exposed. Walter, excited and interested, waited to see him strike again. But there was no opportunity, for the wand itself was dropping. He turned. Ruth, her face covered with her hands, was shuddering convulsively.

"The snake has gone," he said, reassuringly; "he went off like a shot into the thicket; he is a quarter of a mile away by this time. Please sit down, Mrs. Chase. Just for a moment." For he was alarmed by the violence of the tremor that had taken possession of her.

But she hurried like a wild creature along the ridge until she came to a broad open space of white sand, over which no dark object could approach unseen; here she sank down, sobbing aloud.

He was at his wits' end. Why should a girl who apparently had no fear of bears or alligators be frightened out of her senses by a small snake? "Supposing she should faint—that Dolly is always fainting. What on earth could I do?" he thought.

Ruth, however, did not faint. But she sobbed and sobbed as if she could not stop.

"It's just like her laughing," thought Walter, in despair. "Dear Mrs. Chase," he said aloud, "I am distracted to see how I have made you suffer. These Florida snakes do very little harm, unless one happens to step on them unawares. I did not imagine, I did not dream, that the mere sight— But that makes no difference; I shall never forgive myself; never!"

Ruth looked up, catching her breath. "It was so dreadful!" she murmured, brokenly. "Did you see its—its mouth?" She was so white that even her lips were colorless; her blue eyes were dilated strangely.

He grew more and more alarmed. Apparently she saw it, for she tried to control herself; and, after two or three minutes, she succeeded. "You must not mind if I happen to look rather pale," she said, timidly. "I am sometimes very pale for a moment or two. And then I get dreadfully red in the same way. Dolly often speaks of it. But it doesn't mean anything; it soon passes. I can go now," she added, still timidly.

"She thinks I am vexed," he said to himself, surprised. He was not vexed; on the contrary, in her pallor and this new shyness she was more interesting to him than she had ever been before. As he knew that they ought to be on their way back, he accepted her offer to start, in spite of her white cheeks. But her steps were so weak, and she still trembled so convulsively, that he drew her hand through his arm and held it. Giving her in this way all the help he could, he took her towards the shore, choosing a route through open spaces, so that there should be no vision of any gliding thing in the underbrush near by. When they were off again, crossing the Matanzas on a long tack, she was still pallid. "I haven't been clever," he said to himself. "At present she is unnerved by fright. But by to-morrow it will be anger, and she will say that it was all my fault." While thinking of this, he talked on various subjects. It was a monologue. Ruth listened, but she scarcely answered or raised her eyes.

"Poor Tillotson is still out; that sail behind us is his; or, rather, the Commodore's," he remarked, laughing. "I'll arrange it so that we shall meet them at the landing, and then we can walk across the island with them, and see how Mrs. Maple Sugar has succeeded."

"Please don't tell them how foolishly frightened I was," said Ruth, the color coming suddenly back to her cheeks in an overwhelming flush.

"I never tell anything. I have no talent for narrative," he answered, much relieved to see the returning red. "But am dreadfully cut up and wretched about that fright I was stupid enough to give you. I wish I could make you forget it, Mrs. Chase; forget it for ever and ever."

"On the contrary, I am afraid I shall remember it forever," Ruth answered. Then she added, awkwardly: "But you were so kind— It won't be *all* unpleasant."

"What a school-girl it is!" thought Walter. "And, above all things, what

a creature of extremes! She must lead Horace Chase a life! However, as he adores her, I suppose it is all right. She is certainly seductively lovely."

Chapter XI.

At the end of the week Horace Chase returned. And the next morning he paid a visit to his mother-in-law. He still used his "ma'am" when talking to her; she still called him "Mr. Chase." In mentioning him to others she sometimes succeeded in bringing out a "Horace." But when the tall grave-looking man was before her in person, she never got beyond the more formal title.

"My trip to Savannah, ma'am, was connected with business," Chase began, after he had gone through his usual elaborate inquiries about her health and "the health of Miss Dolly." "One of my friends, David Patterson by name, and myself have been engaged for some time in arranging a new enterprise, in which we are about to embark, in California. Matters are now sufficiently advanced for me to mention that by about May next we shall need a confidential man in New York to attend to the Eastern part of it. It is highly important to me, ma'am, to have for that position some one I know, some one I can trust. Mr. Patterson will go himself to California, and remain there, probably, a year or more. Meanwhile I, at the East, shall need just the right man under me; for *I* have other things to see to; I cannot give all my time to this new concern. Do you think, ma'am, that Mr. Franklin could be induced to take the place? Under the circumstances, I should esteem it a favor." And here he made Jared's mother a little bow.

"You are most kind," answered Mrs. Franklin. Having refused (loftily) to know anything of the correspondence between Ruth and Genevieve, she had in reality no knowledge of the proposed New York place. "Jared's present position is wretched drudgery," she went on; "far beneath his abilities—which are really great."

"Just so. And what should you recommend, ma'am, as the best way to open the subject? Shall I take a run up to Raleigh? Or shall I drop him a line? Perhaps you yourself would like to write?"

The mother reflected. "If I do," she thought, "Jared will fancy that I have begged the place for him. If Ruth writes, he will be sure of it. If Mr. Chase writes, Jared will answer within the hour—a letter full of jokes and friendliness, but—declining. If Chase goes to Raleigh in person, Jared will decline verbally, and with even more unassailable good-humor. No, there is only one person in the world who could make him yield, and that is—Genevieve!" At this thought, her face, which always showed like a barometer her inward feelings, changed so markedly that her son-in-law hastened to interpose. "Don't bother about the ways and means, ma'am; I guess I can fix it all right." He spoke in a confident tone, in order to reassure her; for he had a sincere liking for the "limber old lady," as he mentally called her. His confidence, however, was in a large measure assumed. Where business matters were in question, the "offishness," as he termed it, of this ex-naval officer had seemed to him a queer trait that he hardly knew how to grapple with. "On such subjects he is almost a crank," he had told himself, meditatively.

"I was only thinking that my daughter-in-law would be the best person to speak to Jared," replied Mrs. Franklin at last. The words came out with an effort.

"Gen? So she would; she is very clear-headed. But if she is to be the one, I must first let her know just what the place is, and all about it, and how can that be done, ma'am? Wouldn't Mr. Franklin see my letter?"

"No. For she isn't in Raleigh; she is at Asheville."

"Why, how's that?" inquired Chase, who had seen, from the first, Jared's strong attachment to his wife.

"How indeed!" thought the mother. Her lips quivered. She tightened them in order to conceal it. The satisfaction which she had for a time felt in the idea that Genevieve was learning, at last, that she could not always control her husband entirely—this had vanished in the sense of her son's long and dreary solitude. For the wife had not been in Raleigh during the entire winter. Jared had been left to endure existence as best he could in his comfortless boarding-house. "My daughter-in-law has been very closely occupied at Asheville," she explained, after a moment. "They are improving their house there, you know, and she can superintend work of that sort remarkably well; she has a talent for it."

"That's so," said Chase, agreeingly.

"She is also much interested in a new wing for the Colored Home," pursued Mrs. Franklin; and this time a little of her deep inward bitterness showed itself in her tone.

"Gen's clever!" thought Chase. "She's not only feathering her own nest up there in Asheville pretty well, but at the same time she is starving out that wrong-headed husband of hers." Then he went on, aloud: "Well, ma'am, if it's to be Mrs. Jared who is to attend to the matter for me, I guess I'll wait until I can put the whole thing before her in a nutshell, with all the details arranged. That will be pretty soon now—as soon as I come back from California. For I must go to California myself before long."

"Are you going to take Ruth? How I shall miss her!" said the mother, dispiritedly.

"We shall not be gone a great while. Only five or six weeks. On second thoughts, why shouldn't you come along, ma'am?—come along with us? I could fix it so as you'd be pretty comfortable."

"You are very kind. But I could not leave Dolly."

"Of course not. I didn't mean that, ma'am; I meant that Miss Dolly should come along too. That French woman of Ruth's—Felicity—she's capital when travelling. Or we could have a trained nurse? They have very attractive nurses now, ma'am; real ladies; and very good-looking too, and sprightly."

"You are always thoughtful about everything," answered Mrs. Franklin, amused at this description. "But it is impossible, Mr. Chase. Dolly can travel for two or three days, if we take the greatest precautions; but a longer time, or hotel life of any sort, makes her ill. Ruth is coming to lunch, isn't she? With Malachi? I am so glad you brought him down; he doesn't have many holidays."

"Well, ma'am, he was there in Savannah, buying a bell; or, rather, getting prices. A church bell, as I understood—a small one. He'd about got through, and was going back to Asheville that same night, when I suggested to him to come down to St. Augustine for three or four days. 'Come down and see your wandering flock,'—that is what I remarked to him. For you know, ma'am, that with yourself and Miss Dolly, the Commodore and Mrs. Kip, you make four—four of his summer sheep in Florida. Including Miss Evangeline Taylor, four sheep and a lamb."

Mrs. Franklin smiled. But she felt herself called upon to explain a little. "We are not of his flock, exactly; Mr. Hill has a mission charge in the mountain country. But though he is not our rector, we are all much attached to him."

"He's a capital little fellow, and works hard. I've great respect for him. But somehow, ma'am, he's taken a queer way lately of stopping short when he is talking, almost as though he had choked. And choked on purpose!"

"So he has. Choked himself off," answered Mrs. Franklin, breaking into a laugh. "When with you—so he tells us—he is constantly tempted to ask for money for his mission work. He knows, however, that the clergy are always accused of paying court to rich men for begging purposes, and he is determined to be an exception. But he finds it uncommonly hard work."

"How much does he want?" inquired Chase. Then he paused. "Perhaps his notions take the form of a church?" he went on. "I've been thinking a little of building a church, ma'am. You see, my mother was a great church-goer; she found her principal comfort in it. I've been very far from steady myself, I'm sorry to say. I haven't done much credit to her bringing up. And so I've thought that I'd put up a church some day, as a sort of memory of her. Because, if she'd lived, she would have liked that better than anything."

"Do you mean an Episcopal church?" inquired Mrs. Franklin, touched by these words.

"Well, she was a Baptist herself," Chase replied. "So perhaps I have rather a prejudice in favor of that denomination. But I'm not set upon it; I should think it might be built so as to be suitable for all persuasions. At any rate, I guess Hill and I could hit it off somehow."

Here Dolly came in, and a moment afterwards Ruth appeared with the Rev. Malachi Hill. Dolly greeted the young missionary with much cordiality. "How is Asheville?" she inquired. "How is Maud Muriel?"

Malachi's radiant face altered. "She is the same. And *I* am the same. When I see her coming I do everything I can

to get out of the way, Miss Dolly. But sometimes there is no corner to turn, or no house to go into, and I *have* to pass her. And then I know just how she will say it! Like this." And tightening his lips, he brought out a low, deep "Manikin!"

"Brace up," said Dolly. "You must look back at her—look her down! Make her falter, Mr. Hill."

"Oh, falter!" repeated poor Malachi, hopelessly.

Another guest now appeared—Mrs. Kip. For Mrs. Franklin had invited them all to lunch with her before the jessamine hunt, which had been appointed for that afternoon. As it happened, Mrs. Kip's first question also was, "How is Miss Mackintosh?"

"Unchanged. At least she treats *me* with the same contumely," answered the clergyman.

"If you pour forth such words as 'contumely,' Mr. Hill, people will call you affected," said Dolly, in humorous warning.

"Now, Dolly, don't say that," interposed Mrs. Kip. "For unusual words are so full of dignity. I don't know what I wouldn't give if *I* could bring in, naturally and easily, when I am talking, such a word, for instance, as jejune! And for clergymen it is especially distinguished. Though there is *one* clerical word, Mr. Hill, that I do think might be altered, and that is closet. Why should we always be told to meditate in our closets? Generally there is no room for a chair; so all one can think of is people sitting on the floor among the shoes." Everybody laughed. Mrs. Kip, however, had made her remark in perfect good faith. The entrance of Walter Willoughby completed the party, and lunch was announced. When the meal was over (as was usual in a Franklin household, it had been full of succulent excellence), and they had come back to the sitting-room, they found Félicité in waiting with Petie Trone, Esq. Félicité, a French woman with a trim waist and large eyes, always looked as though she would like to be wicked. In reality, however, she was harmless; one insatiable ambition within her swallowed up all else, even a possible taste for deviltry; namely, an ambition not to be middle-aged. As she was forty-eight, the struggle took all her time. "I bring to madame le petit trône for his promenade," she said, as, after a respectful salutation to the company, she detached the leader from the dog's collar.

"Must that fat little wretch go with us?" Chase inquired, after the maid had departed.

For answer, Ruth took up Mr. Trone and deposited him on her husband's knee. "Yes. And you are to see to him."

"What do you suppose the French woman thinks the dog's name really is, Mrs. Chase?" inquired Walter. "She pronounces it exactly as though she thought it was 'the little throne'! And, by-the-way, is your squirrel down here too? I haven't seen him."

"Robert the Squirrel—" began Chase, with his hands in his trousers pockets; then he paused. "That's just like Robert the Devil, isn't it? I mean an opera, ma'am, of that name that they were giving in New York last winter," he explained to Mrs. Franklin, so that she should not think he was swearing.

"Oh, Robert the Devil will do equally well as a nickname for Bob," suggested Dolly.

"Well, at any rate, Robert the Squirrel isn't here," Chase went on. "He boards with Mr. Hill for the winter, Walter; special terms made for nuts. And, by-the-way, Hill, you haven't mentioned Larue; how is the Senator? I'm keeping my eye on him for future use in booming our resort, you know. The Governor of North Carolina remarking to the Governor of South Carolina—you've heard that story? Well, sir, what we propose now is to have the *Senator* from North Carolina remark to the Senator from South Carolina (and to all the other Senators thrown in) that Asheville is bound to be the Lone Star of mountain resorts south of the Catskills."

Lilian Kip's heart had given a jump at Larue's name; to carry it off, she took up Mrs. Franklin's new novel. (For Chase's order had been a perennial one: "all the latest articles in fiction" pursued Mrs. Franklin hotly month after month.) "Oh, I am sure you don't like *this*," said Lilian, when she had read the title.

"I have only just begun it," answered Mrs. Franklin. "But why shouldn't I like it? It is said to be very original."

"It is not *at all* the book I should

wish to put into the hands of Evangeline Taylor," replied Mrs. Kip, decisively.

"Her one test for the entire literature of the world," remarked Dolly to Walter Willoughby, in an undertone.

The search for the first jessamine was in those days one of the regular amusements of a St. Augustine winter. At the end of St. George Street, beyond the two pomegranate-topped pillars of the old city gate, Mrs. Franklin's guests came upon the other members of the searching party, and they all walked on together along the shell road. On the right, Fort San Marco loomed up darkly, with the figures of several Indians on its top outlined against the sky. Beyond shone the white sand hills of the North Beach and the blue water of the North River. At the end of the road the searchers entered a range of parklike glades; here the yellow jessamine, the loveliest wild flower of the early Florida spring, unfolds its tendrils and bell-shaped flowers as it clambers over the low trees and thickets, lighting up their evergreen foliage with its embroidery of gold. Dolly and Mrs. Franklin had accompanied the party in a phaeton. "I think I can drive almost everywhere, even without a road, as the ground is so level and open," Dolly suggested. "But you must serve as our guide, Ruth. Please keep us in sight, and I will follow you."

But after a while Ruth forgot this injunction. Mrs. Franklin, always interested in whatever was going on, had already disappeared; she was searching for the jessamine with the eagerness of a girl. Dolly, finding herself thus deserted, stopped; she looked much disturbed. But her brother-in-law, who had his eye on the pony from the beginning, soon appeared in sight. "What, alone?" he said, coming up.

Upon seeing him, Dolly cleared her brow. "I don't mind it," she answered; "the glades are so pretty, and the sky is so blue."

Chase examined the glades, but without any marked admiration in his glance.

"Where is Ruth?" Dolly went on.

"She's just round the corner—I mean on the other side of that thicket. Walter has found some of the vine they are all hunting for, and she's in a great jubilation over it; she wanted to find it ahead of Mr. Kean, who always gets it first."

"Please tell her to bring me a spray of it."

Assuring himself that the pony felt no curiosity about the absence of a road under his New York feet, Chase, with his leisurely step, went in search of his wife. He found her catching jessamine, which Walter, who had climbed into a wild-plum tree, was throwing down. She had already adorned herself with the blossoms, and when she saw her husband approaching she went to meet him, and carefully wound a spray round his hat.

"Your sister wants some; she told me to tell you. She's back there a little way—on the left," said Chase. "Hullo! here comes a wounded hero;" for Petie Trone, Esq., had appeared, limping dolefully. "Never mind; I'll see to the scamp if you want to go to Dolly," he went on. He stooped and took up the dog with gentle touch. "He has probably stepped on some prickly-pears."

When Ruth had gone, Walter's interest in the jessamine vanished. He swung himself down to the ground. "Mrs. Chase has been telling me that you are thinking of going to California very soon?" he said, inquiringly.

"Yes; I guess we shall get off next week," Chase answered, examining Trone's silky little paws.

"I am going to be very bold," Walter went on. "I am going to ask you to take me with you."

Chase's features did not move, but his whole expression altered; the half-humorous look which his face always wore when, in the company of his young wife, he was "taking things easy," as he called it, gave place in a flash to the cool reticence of the man of business. "Take you?" he inquired, briefly. "Why?"

And then Willoughby, in the plainest and most direct words (a directness which was not, however, without that eloquence that comes from an intense desire), explained his wish to be admitted to a part, however small, in the California scheme. He allowed himself no reserves; he told the whole story of his father's spendthrift propensities, and his own small means in consequence. "I have a fixed determination to make money, Mr. Chase. I dare say you have thought me idle; but I should not have idled if I had had at any time the right thing to go into. Work? There is literally no amount of work that I should shrink from if it led towards the

fortune upon which I am bent. I can, and I will, work as hard as ever you yourself have worked."

"I'm afraid you're looking for a soft snap," said Chase, shifting Mr. Trone to his left arm, and putting his right hand into his trousers pocket, where he jingled a bunch of keys vaguely.

"If you will let me come in, even by a little edge only, I am sure you won't regret it," Walter went on. "Can't you recall, by looking back, your own determination to succeed, and how far it carried you, how strong it made you? Well, that is the way I feel to-day. You ought to be able to comprehend me. You've been over the same road."

"The same road!" repeated Chase, ironically. "Let's size it up a little. I was taken out of school before I was fourteen —when my father died. From that day I had not only to earn every crumb of bread I ate, but help to earn the bread of my sisters too. Before I was eighteen I had worked at half a dozen different things, and always at the rate of thirteen or fourteen hours a day. By the time I was twenty I was old; I had already lived a long and hard life. Now your side: A good home; every luxury; school; college; Europe."

"You think that because I have been through Columbia, and because I once had a yacht (the yacht was in reality my uncle's), I shall never make a good business man," replied Walter. "Unfortunately I have no means of proving to you the contrary, unless you will give me the chance I ask for. I don't pretend, of course, to have anything like your talents; they are your own, and unapproached. But I do say that I have ability; I *feel* that I have."

"It's sizzling, is it?" commented Chase. "Why don't you put it into the business you're in already, then—the steamship firm of Willoughby, Chase, and Co.? Boom that; put on steam, and boom it for all you're worth; your uncles and I will see you through. You say you only want a chance; why on earth don't you take the one that lies before you? If you wish to convince me you know something, *that's* the way."

"The steamship concern is too slow for me; I have looked into it, and I know. I might work at it for ten years, or even twenty, and I should not be very rich," Walter answered. "I'm in a hurry! I am willing to give everything on my side—all my time and my strength and my brains; but I want something good on the other."

"Now you're shouting."

"The steamship firm is routine—regular; that isn't the way you made *your* money," Walter went on.

"My way is open to everybody. It isn't covered by any patent that I know of," remarked Chase, in his dry tones.

"Yes, it is," answered Walter, immediately taking him up. "Or rather it was. The Bubble Baking-Powder was very tightly patented."

Chase grinned a little over this sally. But he was not moved towards the least concession, and Walter saw that he was not; he therefore played his last card. "I have a good deal of influence with my uncles, I think; especially with my uncle Nicholas."

"Put your money on Nicholas Willoughby, and you're safe, every time," remarked Chase, in a general way.

"I don't know whether you and Patterson care for more capital in developing your California scheme?" Walter went on. "But if you do, I could probably help you to some."

Chase looked at him. The younger man's eyes met his, bright as steel.

The millionaire walked over to a block of coquina, which had formed part of a Spanish house; here he seated himself, established Petie Trone, Esq., comfortably on his knee, and lifting his hand, tilted back still further on his head his jessamine-decked hat. "You've been blowing about being able to work, Walter. But we can get plenty of hard workers without letting 'em into the ring. And you've been talking about being sharp. Sharp you may be. But I rather guess that when it comes to *that*, Dave Patterson and I don't need any help. Capital, however, is another matter; it's always another matter. By enlarging our scheme at its present stage by a third (which we could do easily if your uncle Nicholas came in), we should make a much bigger pile."

There was no second block of coquina; Walter remained standing. But his compact figure, much shorter than Chase's long length, looked sturdy and firm as he stood beside the other man. "I could not go to my uncle without knowing what I am to tell him," he remarked, after a moment.

"Certainly not!" Chase answered. Then, after further reflection (this time Walter did not break the silence), he said: "Well, see here; I may as well state at the outset that unless your uncle will come in to a pretty big tune, we don't want him at all; 'twouldn't pay us; we'd prefer to play it alone. Now your uncles don't strike me as men who are willing to take risks. You say you have influence with 'em, or rather with Nick. But I've got no proof of that. Of course it's possible; Nick has brought you up; he's got no son—only girls; perhaps he'd be willing to do for you what he'd do for a son of his own; perhaps he really would take a risk for your sake to give you a first-class start. But I repeat that I've no proof of your having the least influence with him. What's more, I've a healthy amount of doubt about it. Oh, I dare say *you* believe you've got a pull; you're straight as far as that goes. My notion is simply that you're mistaken, that you're barking up the wrong tree; Nicholas ain't that sort! However, as it happens to be the moment when we *could* enlarge (and double the profits), I'll give you my terms. You have convinced me at least of one thing, and that is that you're very sharp set yourself as to money-making; you want tremendously to catch on. And it's *that* I'm going to take as my security. In this way. In order to learn whether your uncle Nicholas, to oblige *you*, is willing to come in with Patterson and myself in this affair, you must first know what the affair is (as you very justly remarked); I must therefore tell you the whole scheme—show all my hand. Now, then, if I do this, and your uncle *doesn't* take it up, then not only you don't get in yourself, but if I see the slightest indication that my confidence has been abused, I sell out of that steamship firm instanter, and, as I'm virtually the firm, you know what that will mean! And the one other property you have—that stock—you'll be surprised to see how it 'll go down to next to nothing on the street. 'Twon't hurt *me*, you know. As for you, you'll deserve it all, and more too, for having been a dunderhead!"

"I accept the terms," answered Willoughby. "Under the circumstances, they're not even hard. If I fail, I *am* a dunderhead! I shall be the first to say it. But I sha'n't fail." (Even at this moment, though he was intensely absorbed, his eye was struck by the contrast between the keen hard expression of Horace Chase's face and his flower-decked hat; between the dry tones of his voice and the care with which he still held his wife's little dog, who at this instant, after a long yawn, affectionately licked the hand that held him, ringing by the motion the three small silver bells with which his young mistress had adorned his collar.) "If I am to go to California with you next week, I have no time to lose," he went on, promptly. "For I must first go to New York, of course, to see my uncle."

"Well, rather!" interpolated Chase.

"Couldn't you tell me now whatever I have to know?" Walter continued. "This is as good a place as any. We might walk towards that house on the right, near the shore; there is no danger of there being any jessamine *there*."

Here Ruth appeared. "Haven't you found any more?" she asked, surprised. "Mr. Willoughby, you pretended to be so much interested! As for you, Horace, where is your spirit? I thought you liked to be first in everything?"

"First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," quoted Chase. "Here—you'd better put your monkey in the phaeton," he went on, passing over Mr. Trone. "He has a little rheumatism in his paw. But you must try to bear it." His voice had again its humorous tones; the penetrating look in his eyes had vanished. His wife standing there, adorned with jessamine, her lovely face looking childlike as she stroked her dog, seemed to change the man of a moment before into an entirely different being. In reality it did not do this; but it brought out another part of his nature, and a part equally strong. Ruth had taken off her gloves; the splendid gems which her husband had given her flashed on her hands as she lifted Mr. Trone to her shoulder and laid her cheek against his little black head. "We are going for a short walk, Willoughby and I," Chase said—"over towards that house on the shore. We'll be back soon."

"That house is Dalton's," answered Ruth, looking in that direction. "Mrs. Dalton makes the loveliest baskets, Horace; won't you get me one? They are always a little one-sided, and that makes them much more original, you know, than those that are for sale in town."

"Oh, it makes them more original, does it?" repeated Chase.

When he returned, an hour later, he brought the basket.

Walter Willoughby started that night for New York.

Chapter XII.

Seven weeks after she had searched for the first jessamine, Ruth Chase was again at St. Augustine. But in the mean while she had travelled thousands of miles, having accompanied her husband to California. Chase had come back to Florida on David Patterson's account. Stricken down unexpectedly by inflammatory rheumatism at Palatka, Patterson had been kept there. When Chase reached New York, on his return from the West, and found the dictated letter (which was all that the sufferer could send), he decided that the best thing he could do would be to go to Palatka himself, and immediately.

Ruth was delighted. "That means St. Augustine for me, doesn't it? I am so glad. St. Augustine is the loveliest place in the world, and mother and Dolly are still there. Oh, I *am* so glad!"

"Why, Ruthie, do you care so much about it as all that? Why didn't you say so before?" said Chase, looking up from his letters. "Then I could have taken you down in any case. Whereas now it's only this accident of Patterson's being laid up that has made me decide to go. You must *tell* me what you want, always. It's the only way we can get along at all," he concluded, his deep affection visible in his voice under the mock severity.

Ruth gazed at the fire; for in New York, at the end of March, it was still cold. "I love St. Augustine. I was *so* happy there this winter," she said, musingly.

"Shall I build you a house near the sea-wall?" inquired her husband, gathering up his letters and telegrams. As he left the room, he paused beside her long enough to pass his hand fondly over her hair.

It was arranged that Walter Willoughby, who had returned with them from California, should also accompany them southward. For there were certain details of the Western enterprise which Patterson understood better than any one else did, as he had devoted his attention to them for several months; it now became important that these details should be explained to the younger man, in the (possible) case of Patterson's being laid up for some time longer. After one day in New York, therefore, Chase and his wife and young Willoughby started for the land of flowers. At Savannah a telegram met them: "Horace Chase, Pulaski House, Savannah. Come one at time. Not able talk two. Patterson."

"He evidently thinks he's dangerously ill," commented Chase. "That dictated letter, you know, said that he was in great pain. I suppose we'll have to humor him." He therefore took his wife to St. Augustine, and then crossed to Palatka by himself. Walter was to wait at St. Augustine for further directions.

The young New-Yorker agreed to everything. He was in excellent spirits; he had, in truth, been living in a state of inward excitement for weeks, though his face showed nothing of it. For his uncle had consented, and he (Walter) had got his foot into the stirrup at last. The ride might be breakneck, and it might be hard, but at least it would not be long, and it would end at the wished-for goal. Between two such riders as Patterson and Horace Chase (Horace Chase especially; best of all, Horace Chase!), he could not fall behind; they would sweep him along between them; he should come in abreast. A closer acquaintance with Chase had only increased his admiration for the man's extraordinary mind. "If ever there was a genius for directing big combinations, here's one with a vengeance," he said to himself.

On the second day after Chase's departure for Palatka, Ruth and her mother, in the late afternoon, drove across the Sebastian River by way of the red bridge, and thence to the barrens. These great tree-dotted Florida prairies have a charm for far-sighted eyes; their broad, unfenced, unguarded expanses, stretching away on all sides, carpeted with flowers and ferns and the fans of the dwarf-palmetto, have an air of wild freedom that is alluring. Walter Willoughby accompanied the two ladies, perched in the little seat behind. He had, in fact, nothing else to do, as Chase had sent no telegram.

They drove first to the Ponce de Leon spring. And Ruth made them drink to their "inevitable return." "The water is charmed, you know," she explained. "If we drink, we shall all *have* to come back, whether we wish it or not."

"Like the fountain of Trevi at Rome," said Walter. Daily companionship for seven weeks had made him feel thoroughly at his ease with her; he had forgiven her for those old delays which she had unknowingly caused in his plans; he now associated her with his good fortune, with his high hopes. She had been in the gayest spirits throughout their stay in California, and this too had chimed in with his mood.

Leaving the spring, they drove to another part of the barren. Here the violets grew so thickly that they made the ground blue. "I must have some," said Ruth, joyously. And leaving her mother comfortably leaning back in the phaeton under her white umbrella, she jumped out and began to gather the flowers with her usual haste and impetuosity. "Why don't you come and help?" she said to Walter. "You're terribly lazy. Tie the ponies to that tree, and set to work."

Walter obeyed. But he only gathered eight violets; then he stopped, and stood fanning himself with his straw hat. "It is very warm. Won't you let me get pitcher-plants instead? There are ever so many over there. They are so large that eight of them will make a splendid show."

"Horrid murdering things!" said Ruth. "They are regular butchers. Let them alone." But they strolled that way to look at them; and then they walked on towards a ridge, where she was sure that they should find calopogon. Beyond the ridge there was a little clear pool, whose amber-colored water rested on a bed of silver sand; along one side rose the delicate plumes of the *Osmunda regalis*. "Isn't it lovely?" said Ruth. "I don't believe there is anything more beautiful in all Florida."

"Yes, one thing," thought Walter, "and that is Ruth Chase." For Ruth's beauty had deepened richly during the past half-year. It was not Walter alone who had noticed the change. Every one spoke of it. At present his eyes could not but note it once more as she stood there in her white dress under the tall ferns.

Then suddenly his thoughts were diverted in another direction. "That's for me!" he exclaimed. For he had discerned in the distance a little negro boy on horseback. "He is bringing me my telegram at last—I mean the one from your husband, Mrs. Chase. I have been expecting it, you know, for two days. The stupid is following the road. I wonder if I couldn't make him see me from here, so as to gain time?" And taking off his hat, he waved it high in the air. But the child kept on his course. "Perhaps I can make him hear," said Walter. He shouted, whistled, called. But all to no purpose. "We might as well go back towards the phaeton," he suggested. And they started.

"What will the telegram be?" said Ruth, arranging her violets as she walked on. "Have you any idea?"

"A very clear one; it will tell me to arrive at Palatka as soon as possible."

"And from Palatka do you go back to New York?"

"Yes; immediately."

"We shall be in New York too by the middle of April. You are to stay in New York, aren't you?"

"Yes. It is to be my post in the battle which will end, we trust, in your husband's piling up still higher his great fortune, while *I* shall have laid very solidly the foundation of mine. Good! that boy sees us at last." For the little negro, suddenly leaving the road, was galloping directly towards them over the barren, his bare feet flapping the flanks of his horse to increase its speed. Walter ran forward to meet him, took the telegram, tore open the envelope, and read the message within. Then, after rewarding the messenger (who went back to town at a break-neck speed in joyful opulence), he returned to Ruth.

"Palatka?" she said, as he came up.

"No. Something entirely different, and very unexpected. I am to go straight to California; I am to start to-morrow morning. And I am to stay there; live there. It will be for several years, I suppose; at any rate, until this new campaign of your husband's planning has been fought out to the end, and won—as won it surely will be. For Patterson, it seems, won't be able to go at present. I am to take his place. Later he hopes to be on the spot. But even then I am to remain, they tell me. They have evidently arranged the whole thing. My instructions are to meet me there." He felt inwardly a great sense of triumph that he was considered competent—already considered competent to take charge of the more important post. And as he put the telegram in his pocket, the anticipation of success came to him like a breeze charged with perfume; his pulses

had a firm quick beat; the future—a future of his own choosing and arrangement—unrolled itself brightly before him.

Ruth had made no reply. After a moment her silence struck him—struck him even in his preoccupation—and he turned to look at her.

Her face had a strange, stiffened expression, as though everything, even breathing, had stopped. "You are ill?" he exclaimed.

"No, not at all. Where is the phaeton? I can't see it. You know the way. Will you please go on? I will follow you."

"We'll go together, Mrs. Chase. There is the phaeton; don't you see the white umbrella? It's not more than three minutes' walk from here."

"Please go on. But no; mother mustn't— I'll just wait here a moment; I am *so* tired!" And turning her back upon him, she leaned against a pine-tree, with her head resting on its flaky trunk.

"There is a fallen tree behind you; you could rest better there," Walter suggested. She obeyed; with her eyes closed, her hands folded in her lap, she sat there motionless. "I could easily bring the phaeton here," he went on. "There is no road, but the ground is smooth."

She shook her head.

After a moment he began to talk; partly to fill the pause, partly to give expression to the thoughts that occupied his own mind—occupied it so fully that he did not give close heed to her. She was suddenly tired. Well, that was nothing unusual; it was always something sudden; generally a sudden gayety. At any rate, she could rest there comfortably until she felt able to go on. "It's very odd to me to think that to-morrow I shall be on my way to California again," he began. "That's what I get by being the poor one of the company, Mrs. Chase. Your husband and Patterson and my uncle, they sit comfortably at home, but they send *me* from pillar to post without the least scruple. I don't mind the going. But the staying—that's a change indeed. To live in California— I have had a good many ideas in my mind, but I confess I have never had that." He laughed. But it was easy to see that the idea pleased him greatly.

Ruth turned; her eyes met his. And then, startled, amazed, the young man read in their depths, or thought he read, something that was to him an intense surprise.

At the same moment she rose. "I can go now," she said. "Mother will be wondering where I am."

He accompanied her in silence, his mind in a whirl. She said a few words on ordinary subjects. Every now and then her voice came near failing entirely, and she paused. But she always began again. Just before she reached the phaeton she took a gray gauze veil from her pocket, and tied it hastily across her face under her broad-brimmed hat. Mrs. Franklin was waiting for them in lazy tranquillity. While Walter untied the ponies, Ruth took the small seat behind. "Just for a change," she explained. Walter, in her vacant place, drove them back to town. Having taken Mrs. Franklin home, he left Ruth at her own door. "As I'm off early to-morrow morning, Mrs. Chase, I'll bid you good-by now," he said, as the waiting servant came forward to the ponies' heads. She gave him her hand. He could not see her face distinctly through that baffling gray veil.

That evening at eleven o'clock he passed her house again. He had said to himself that he would go as far as the barracks and back—a farewell St. Augustine walk. As he went by he saw that the drawing-room was still lighted. "She has not gone to bed," he thought. He jumped down from the wall, crossed the road, and going up the steps, put his hand on the bell-knob. But he did not ring; a sudden temptation took possession of him, and he turned the handle of the door. The bolt had not been pushed forward, and the old portal yielded. Going in with quiet step, he turned towards the drawing-room. There was no sound of voices. "If her mother is with her, I'll pretend that I've had another telegram," he thought. And then he opened the drawing-room door. On a couch in the corner was Ruth Chase, alone, her face hidden in her hands.

She started to her feet as he came in. "After all, Mrs. Chase, I found that I wanted more of a good-by—" he began. And then, a second time, in her eyes he read the astonishing, bewildering story. "She is still unconscious of what it is," he thought. "If I go away at once—at once and forever—no harm is done. And that is what I shall do." This was his intention, and he knew that he should

follow it. The very certainty, however, made him allow himself a moment or two of delay. For how beautiful she was, how enchantingly beautiful! and how deeply she loved him! He could not help offering, as it were, a tribute to both; it seemed to him that he would be a boor not to do so. And then, before he knew it, he had gone further. "You see how it is with me," he began. "You see that I love you; I myself did not know it until now." (What was this he was telling her? And somehow, for the moment, it was true!) "Don't think that I do not understand," he went on. "I understand all—all—" While he was uttering these words he met her eyes again. And then he felt that he was losing his head. "I'm not an abject fool!" he managed to say to himself, mutely—mutely but violently. And he left the house.

It took all his strength to do it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHILD OF THE COVENANT.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

HE was a Georgian, the landlady said. Indeed, he said so himself, volubly enough, when there was any one to listen. The difficulty seemed to be that there was seldom any one to listen at such times as found the Georgian ready for conversation. The other boarders were, for the most part, young men who went to work in the morning just as he was getting well to sleep, and who came back at the hour when the Georgian, clean-shaved and cheerful, was going out for the night. He was well-favored and young, with an air of good-fellowship in his yellow mustaches, and with a gay, reckless gleam under the wide rim of his soft hat.

It was particularly by reason of his handsomeness that the girl who had the room over the parlor had noticed him. She was herself pretty enough to pronounce upon these matters with authority, having a dark demure presence, with a Quakerish part in her black hair and a flutter of little curls at the brow. She was from Kansas, the landlady said, and was spending the winter in New York for the study of music, a statement borne out by certain trills and quavers and trials of voice sweetly evident now and then in the room over the parlor.

When the young men of the house and the rest of the boarders, two elderly women of hygienic habits, were made known to the girl, she bowed soberly and in silence. The hot-water potions of the old women amused her a little, but she regarded the matter with outward gravity; indeed, she was always rather grave, especially in her bearing toward the young men.

They were commonplace, all of them; variously so, but still commonplace. The Georgian—she hardly saw enough of him to decide upon him beyond the impression he gave of good-breeding and good-humor.

Once she asked the landlady if he was a journalist, that he seemed to work only at night.

"God knows," said the landlady, and her tone was not pious.

She was a large woman with a queerly screwing gait, said to result from a leg conjecturably wooden. She wore crinoline, too, which gave a certain validity to the surmise, and her temper was such as coerced tolerance for cold mutton and warm salad.

"He comes of good family," she said. "His mother was here to see him in the spring. He staid in of nights while she was in the city. She was more of a lady than any one I 'most ever saw, and just wrapped up in him—thought he was the best young man living. I liked her. That's why I put up with him; for he's a bad lot—he is that."

The girl wondered dimly as to the color of his sinning. Then remembering the acrimony of the voice which daily arraigned the three servants of the house, and brought forth a flood of Hibernic retort, she concluded that the Georgian's errors were probably those to which open natures are prone—errors likely to meet short shrift from natures as sour and narrow as was the landlady's.

Thinking seriously upon the matter, she mounted the narrow stairs. A man stood aside in the landing to let her pass. His yellow mustaches seemed as if fluffy with gold-dust. His head was deferentially bared and abased. It was the Georgian going down to breakfast at three o'clock of the afternoon. There was dis-

tant interest in his eye as it rested on the slight figure in dark blue serge.

The Western girl shut her door rather sharply. She was aware of blushing, and was not pleased with herself.

Concerning the Georgian she heard little for some time. Then one day it befell that as she stood warming her hands at the parlor register she heard voices in the hallway. The elder of the hygienic ladies was in speech with the landlady, and the listless fall of her accents carried distinctly to the girl's ears.

"I've just had such a sweet letter from her," the old woman was saying. "We correspond, you know. I wanted to read you this part. Let me see—oh, here it is! 'At church this morning a dear little baby, the child of an esteemed friend of our family, was baptized. Our pastor in his prayer included all children who had received the ordinance at his hands, and it was the deepest happiness to me to reflect that my beloved and only son was one of these—indeed, a true child of the covenant. I long for the time when his affairs in New York will permit him to come South finally and forever. I feel that I have seen too little of him, his college life and succeeding business enterprises having kept us apart. There is a great deal to be done in the South. I know he feels this to be so, and is deeply interested in plans for the benefit of our poorer classes. But I fear his sympathies will do him injury. Last week I sent him means toward aiding a poor young musician he had come upon in his lonely walks. He is always seeking out the broken and wretched. He wrote me very pitifully of this young man, whom he found starving in a garret. I was very glad, as I always am, to be able to help him. My boy's own income from the estate does not enable him to do all that he would.'"

There was an indignant murmur, in which the Kansas girl distinguished terms of protestation.

"She ought to know!" cried the landlady. "She ought to know that her son's deceiving her; that he's no more than a gamester and scamp. Out every night of his life! I never laid eyes onto a more dissipated young limb. She ought to have the wool pulled from her eyes. I'm not saying anything about what he owes me"—the voice lowered as if with a thought of caution, and rose again on a tide of accusation—"six months' board and all that. He keeps putting me off with promises. I'm tired of it. If it wasn't for his mother I'd of showed him the door long ago. A child of the covenant! Makes me laugh!"

Of the subject of this diatribe the Kansas girl saw less and less. His occupancy of the adjacent room was a matter of inference rather than of knowledge. Late in the night his neighbor was occasionally awakened by the sound of a fumbling step on the stairs. Following it would be an uncertain metallic resonance, the aimless adjustment of a key to its lock. Once or twice, meeting him in the hall, the girl, though her face was averted, saw that he looked pale and worn. There were hard lines at his lips. He seemed to shrink away as she stole by.

On a certain morning, as she came along the corridor, a maid with a tray stopped her.

"Would yez tourn the knab av the door for me, miss? Me hands is full."

"Is any one sick?" asked the other.

"Och! I'll never tell av it's sick or lazy he is—the Sootherner. He's not lift his bed the two days, and me with me face like beef with toastin' bread fer him that he don't touch when I bring it." She thrust her tray into the crack of the door.

Presently after a doctor seemed to be coming and going. Then it happened that the Kansas girl heard strange sounds indeed from the Georgian's room. Some one in there was gay, and sang wild staves of bar-room ballads. Some one, too, was afraid, and from a burst of laughter broke into a pitiful wailing for help, beseeching that they take away the row of little fiends who sat grimacing along the bedside.

The doctor's voice broke through these blended sounds with a tone of expostulation.

"He must be sent away. He should have been sent sooner."

The landlady's accents were keen with decision. She intimated that in her own house she was mistress.

"Oh, well," sniffed the doctor. His voice carried a sense of comprehension. She meant to turn the young man's misfortune to her own advantage, to levy a tax upon his need. There would be exorbitant charges. The doctor understood, but he only said: "Oh, well, if he's got any relatives they ought to be summoned!

Eh? Can't I bring him around? My dear lady, no physician would be justified in making such a statement. There is marked congestion. He must have been going at a pretty lively pace. They generally pull through; but this fellow— A mother, has he? You'd better telegraph."

The landlady seemed to hesitate. "If she should see him this way— I don't know." And she added: "I'll wait. I won't telegraph yet. He'll pull through. No use throwing money away."

The Kansas girl felt a burning indignation at the harsh literality of this resolve. If the landlady did not telegraph on the morrow, she herself would send word to the Georgian's mother that her son was down with some strange, serious attack.

But the next morning, while it was yet dark, the landlady sent a message to Georgia. The child of the covenant had died at three o'clock of the night.

A deep silence hung over the house; doors were shut softly. The hygienic old ladies shuddered over the parlor register, drawing their shoulder-shawls close and talking in startled whispers.

As the Kansas girl went up to her room, the next day but one, she met at the head of the stairs a woman with soft white hair. It was not one of the women of the house. No hint of felt insoles or spring heels lay in the fine long foot below the trailing black skirts. Traces of tears blurred the stranger's lovely old face. Her eyes were drawn and dim, but her lips, despite their quivering, wore a look of calm.

The girl on the stair withheld her breath at sight of the tall black form, for the room from which it stepped was the Georgian's room, and she knew that the visitor must be the Georgian's mother. Had she needed other evidence the brooch at the wrinkled, slender throat would have sufficed, for the portrait painted delicately on the ivory was that of a blue-eyed man, who, but for his obsolete neck-cloth and arrangement of hair, might have been the Georgian's self.

The older woman, taking note of the scared small face below her, paused.

"Pardon me," she said. "You knew my boy? You are the young lady who sings? He wrote of you once. I feel that every one he knew must always be dear to me." She stopped because her voice had broken. "I am ashamed to give way so," she added, presently. "It is a privilege to lose a son as I have lost mine. The fever he died of was nobly contracted. In my selfish love I have warned him against the air of the poor quarters of the city. But his love for his fallen brothers—" Her eyes filled. "He meant to do a great work among our people. The whole South would have felt his influence."

"I know," breathed the girl, "I know."

"He had talked with you of his plans? He did to the landlady. She's just been telling me how kind and gentle he was, how circumspect, how thoughtful about everything, even the little money matters young men sometimes regard lightly. There was none like him. Oh!" she broke out, "God's hand is heavy upon me, but His mercy upholds me! Suppose my boy had been one who wrought folly and wickedness?—how should I have endured—" She turned suddenly into the room, and the girl heard her sob out, "My boy! my baby!"

Staring through the blinds the next morning the Western girl saw two glittering ovals just below—the polished tops of vehicles drawn up at the curb. Over the steps of the house came the dull black of a box end ringed with blossomy white. Behind it walked the Georgian's mother. Her unveiled face was peaceful, and the shadow of a smile haunted her lips. She had an air of majesty, as of one whose motherhood is glorified by some special consecration of the child.

Down the brownstone steps, a foot-breadth behind the gracious figure of the Georgian's mother, the landlady screwed her way. Her crinoline heaved fitfully, and she wore an oldish velvet sacque buttoned awry. Her tight knob of gray hair under her flat green bonnet looked like a knot in a tree below a big leaf.

She was red faced as ever; her eyes were like little black beads set in baked clay. But as she stumped along, big, uncouth, and ridiculous, there was something about her which made the Kansas girl's breath catch.

There was a clatter of wheels on the stones below. The Kansas girl took up her music. And in her mind was a certain vague consciousness that the most impressive figure in the little commonplace enactment she had been witnessing was neither the Georgian nor the Georgian's mother.

THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENT BY ANDREW LANG.

X.—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

A
PLEASANT
Conceited Comedie
CALLED
Loues labors lost
As it was presented before her Highnes
this last Christmas.
Newly corrected and augmented
By W. SHAKESPERE.
Imprinted at London by *W. W.* for *Cutbert Barby.*
1598.

SO stands the title-page of the piece in the quarto of 1598. The title is in itself a criticism, and the play, which was acted before the Queen at White Hall at Christmas, 1597, cannot be better described than as "conceited" and "pleasant." The ambiguity of the title-page might lead one to ask whether Shakespeare wrote *Love's Labor's* (he spells it *more Americano*) *Lost*, or whether he only augmented and corrected it. But no modern Holofernes need waste much ink over this enigma. *Aut Guilielmus aut Diabolus!* Who else could have written it? The piece is no doubt among his earliest—the style, the rhymes, the blank verse, which Marlowe taught him, all declare it; nor is the gay revelry of the manner less significant. There is no *Weltschmerz* here, a mood not suitable to a yule-tide entertainment. The poet is merely mocking at the pedantries, the affectations of his time—affectations for which he has a liking, to which he has a leaning, but which his common-sense and humor recognize for ridiculous. A euphuist himself, at his hours, he is ever gibing at euphuism, at Osric and Armado, and all his many rivals in contorted sentences, odd words, far-sought, dear-bought, and worthless verbal devices. Euphues and his England had set the fashion—the constantly recurring fashion—of affectation, of over-refinement, of epigram dragged in by the ears, of cheap perpetual antithesis. We moderns know the Elizabethan manner of it from two rather unsuccessful parodies—Scott's, in Sir Percy Shafton (in the *Monastery*); Charles Kingsley's, in *Westward Ho!* Kingsley, with the best intentions, had no humor; like the proverbial Scotch editor, he "jocked wi' deeficulty." As to Sir Percy Shafton, Lockhart says, "Scott might have considered with advantage how lightly and briefly Shakespeare introduces his euphuism, though actually the prevalent humor of the hour when he was writing." However, Don Adriano de Armado, that fantastical Spaniard, is neither very light nor very brief. He and Sir Percy might have passed many a pleasant hour in sharpening each other's wits and bartering similes.

This piece is in Shakespeare's work what *Les Précieuses Ridicules* is in the stage of Molière. The affectations of speech, the straining after a style wholly out of the common, were analogous foibles under Elizabeth, under Louis XIV., under Victoria. The great Elizabethan age, newly enriched by the revival of letters, by the spoils of Greece, had a most uncertain taste. As in Chapman's poems, not to speak of *Euphues*, it wandered far in search of periphrases and new-fangled turns, which were really barbarous, which are in the taste of those Icelandic staves which Grettir and Skarphedin sang. It is a curious thing that the heroic Northern age should have shared a taste with the age of Elizabeth, a taste for esoteric, conventional, scarce intelligible periphrases, for a tormented and alembicated style. Yet so it was; the court beauties and wits tricked their discourse with quaint epithets, with similes borrowed from all the queer tales of fabulous beasts, birds, and fishes in the mediæval bestiaries or in Pliny. It was as if the *élégants* of the time had chosen to drape themselves in Roman helmets, Greek greaves, in fantastic feather-work dresses, and monstrous gold ornaments from Montezuma's treasure. In place of the plain English of Shallow and Dame



THE KING'S QUANDARY.
Act I., Scene I.



JAQUENETTA.

Quickly—the English which we still speak—they habited their thoughts in barbaric, classic, exotic raiment of every dye. They "have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps," as Moth says in this play, with what looks curiously like a reference to the remark of Æschylus that his tragedies were "scraps from the great feast of Homer." That was "the humor of it"—a humor which is always reappearing. The language of the *Précieuses* of Molière has a contemporary dictionary to itself, a lexicon not so big, to be sure, as that of Liddell and Scott, or of Facciolati. In our own day we have had, nay, we have, the *affettuosi*, the *raffinés*, the euphuists, with us. "We too have played." Was there not an age when *ballades* and *envoys* filled the magazines? And nobody had the wit to quote Costard's "I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this." "Sweet smoke of rhetoric," it is fragrant still in the nostrils of cheap culture, which goes about clamoring for "style." By "style" cheap culture means

> "Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
> Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,"

words used out of their senses, epithets dragged into unheard-of society, epigrams

at any price, adjectives hunted up in dictionaries, all "too too vain, too too vain," as Armado hath it. This very phrase "too too" was reborn some ten years ago, and made mirth for the mockers. We need not fall back, in a violent reaction, on "russet yeas, and honest kersey noes," but let us try to tell a plain tale, to write English once again. Let us prefer, with Costard, one that "is a marvellous good neighbor, insooth, and a very good bowler," to critics whose knowledge of literature is apparently bounded by Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Ruskin in the remote past, and half a dozen affected modern novelists in the present. *Love's Labor's Lost* ought to form part of compulsory education in schools, colleges, and newspaper offices. The age is rich in representatives of Armado and Holofernes, in authors whose English is a deplorable jargon, obviously difficult to write,



COSTARD.

and, except to esoteric disciples, impossible to read. But the disciples are many, are active, are voluble, their voice is loud in current criticism, they are in sore need of a new *Love's Labor's Lost*. Therein Shakespeare laughs at the modish wits of his day; and laughs, perhaps, a little at himself, as in that of Holofernes, "ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cœlo*—the sky, the welkin, the heaven."

Compare Romeo's

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

In the same manner Scott parodies his own "dread horn on Fontarabian echoes borne," in the rhymes of Frank Osbaldistone. When Shakespeare was young, and wrote

"Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,"

he was perilously near Crashaw's way; indeed, he often wanders in that willow-wood of false conceit.

As to the original source of *Love's Labor's Lost*, of the story in it, nothing seems to be known. In Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library* (1875, vol. I. pp. 1, 2), a tale is quoted from Monstrelet about Charles, King of Navarre, who made some exchanges of territory with the French monarch, and bargained also for "two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of our lord the King." This may be the father of Ferdinand, King of Navarre, in the comedy, the sovereign who never heard of the receipt of the French gold. For the rest, the plot cannot be shown to be older than Shakespeare. It is the converse of the late—alas that we should say "late"—Laureate's "Princess," and the "Princess" may have been suggested by *Love's Labor's Lost*. In the modern poem it is the lady who founds a college for maids, and banishes all men from its precincts, while it is the Prince who comes a-wooing. In *Love's Labor's Lost* this is all reversed; it is the King of Navarre who binds his friends "to vows impossible" in his enthusiasm for study, while the Princess and her ladies break in on the bachelors' Academe, and rout their great resolves. Shakespeare was probably well acquainted with Rabelais's learned Abbey of Thelema, where men and women are studious, indeed, but under no vow save *Fay ce que vouldras*.

"O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep,"

as Biron says. He is called Berowne in the Oxford Shakespeare. This may be very proper and learned, but Berowne reminds us too much of plain Browne, and we shall call him Biron. The King is a taking figure; with his great hunger and thirst for learning, he should have been a Wolf or a Casaubon, not a prince to

"war against his own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,"—

lines with the accent of Marlowe. His plan of a three years' seclusion is the old ideal of the English universities. But the rule "not to see ladies" has been sadly broken. Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Jaquenetta, have all come to the college, and some twenty years ago the young Fellows got married in clusters. Good or bad (a matter that may be argued), the old rule was for cloisters, not courts.

"Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books."

The bookworms are a minute minority in this world, and all mankind is prepared to laugh when the women come. The poet of the Greek anthology was reading Hesiod when Doris passed that way. Instantly he threw down his roll. "Old Hesiod, what are thy works to me?" he cried, and ran after pretty Doris. The King had quite forgot that the French Princess was coming "about surrender up of Aquitain," and we guess that *not* "vainly comes the admired Princess hither" to play Doris's part. Nor are nobles only aimed at by Love's arrows. Armado, "a refined traveller of Spain," "a man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight," has detected the clown Costard in flagrant breach of his new monastic vows. Costard was "seen with Jaquenetta in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park;" and this Armado calls "that obscene and most preposterous event."

Love's Labor's Lost is not very frequently acted, but Costard must be delightful on the stage, when, after Armado's letter describes him as "that base minnow of thy mirth," he ejaculates "Me!" Again, "he consorted with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith—"

Cost. With a wench.

So Costard is handed over for safe cus-



WELCOME
TO THE
PRINCESS.
Act II., Scene I.

tody to Armado, and we meet that hero, with his knavish attendant Moth. And here we learn that Armado is not invulnerable: "Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard."

Indeed, the knight "does betray himself with blushing" when Jaquenetta is consigned to him. This maid is like a rough early sketch for Audrey, as Costard is for Touchstone, and Rosaline and Biron are studies for Benedick and Beatrice. Like most great artists, even Shakespeare has his types, which he occasionally repeats with variations. The painters have been specially remarkable for their favorite faces; with those of Leonardo, Botticelli, Luini, every one is acquainted. Scott has certain moulds of character—parallel characters we may call them—which recur again and again, and Shakespeare, though much less frequently, reproduces his types. The second act introduces the French Princess with her ladies. In the quarto the acts are not divided, and the division as we have it is far from regular. The Princess, from her ladies' descriptions of the Navarre gentlemen, learns that "they are all in love." Rosaline is not captious like Beatrice; of Biron (with whom she "has danced in Brabant once") she says,

> "A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Indeed, Biron's mirth is more limited by the becoming than that of Shakespeare's wits in general. The ladies mask before the Navarrese enter — a useful aid to stage confusions. Masking, even in the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was a very common practice. The gallants threw the ends of their cloaks over their faces. The Papers of the Mures of Caldwell show how late in the last century the Edinburgh ladies wore masks. Perhaps they had less desire of concealment than regard for their complexions in the bitter northeast winds of the gray town. In spite of masks, Biron and Rosaline recognize each other as old partners. Their "wit combat" in brief rhyming lines is less attractive than the skirmishes of Benedick and Beatrice. Naturally the parties of France and Navarre fall in love with each other; the bookish King is captured, and captives are his "bookmen." The following scenes with Moth, Costard, and Armado continue the purpose of the comedy, the rational hind breaks his jests on the knight's euphuisms, and receives "remuneration," "the Latin word for three farthings." Like some words brought in by the *Précieuses* in France, "remuneration" has held its own, and is, perhaps, more classical than "compensation" in the sense of "payment." Then follows one of Shakespeare's scenes of tricky ambush—the Princess lying in wait for Navarre, and opening the letter, carried by Costard, which Armado has written to Jaquenetta. Costard makes a knavish blunder, and insists that it is from Biron to Rosaline. The Princess retires, the scene is left to a new pedant, Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull the constable, ancestor, probably, of "the young woman named Dull" in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The humor of Holofernes is an outrageous taste for synonymes and Latin quotations. He is thought to be a caricature of Florio, the translator of Montaigne. The idea was originated by Warburton, and is opposed by Collier. "The only apparent offence by Florio was a passage in his *Second Fruits* (1591), where he complained of the want of decorum in English representations. The provocation was evidently insufficient, and we may safely dismiss the whole conjecture as unfounded." In a similar way Paris recognized Trissotin (in *Les Femmes Savantes*) as the Abbé Cotin, and, later, discovered M. Caro in a personage of *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. Perhaps Holofernes's best thing is his tribute to Virgil. "I salute thee, Mantovano," as the Laureate says, Holofernes might say: "Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not!" Holofernes has this essential mark of the pedant, that he loves his learning less for its own sake than because he meets other people to whom it is caviare. To oblige Jaquenetta, Nathaniel reads a letter, which she supposes to be from Armado to herself, but which is really from Biron to Rosaline. Jaquenetta is sent to bear it to the King, and Holofernes promises to prove Biron's verses to be "very unlearned, neither savoring of poetry, wit, nor invention." But love has taught Biron "to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy." The King enters, not observing Biron, and drops his own rhyme and his melan-



BIRON AND THE KING.—*Act IV., Scene III.*

choly on the grass. Then follows another lord, Longaville, with his rhyme; and next Dumain, whose rhyme is by far the best of all the rhymes.

Dum. On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

They are all perjured, and all poets. The King rebukes them all, when Biron, descending from the tree where he has hidden himself, sets to "whip hypocrisy." As his poem is not in view, he denounces the perjurers. Moreover, he warns them that "none but minstrels like of sonneting." Ladies do not like of it. Minstrels live in a fool's paradise when they think that girls care for their verses. How many poor Pen wrote for the Fotheringay —how many, and how ineffectual! Perhaps no lady has yet betrayed her sex, and frankly confessed that verses bore them, at least after they are once safely "engaged." We live in an age of many poets. Mr. Traill has counted sixty-five in England only, exclusive of himself and Lord Tennyson. These are old confessed offenders, though even of them a few have repented. The multitude of young poets, not yet, perhaps, wholly hardened, not quite lost (for nobody is lost till he publishes), no census reveals. Take Biron's advice, young gentlemen, and that of a penitent brother—send your verses to magazines, if you must, but to ladies, never. They "like to be loved in a more human sort of way"; they do not like of sonneting. Conceive the case reversed; fancy being adored by a fair poet! Fancy her insisting on reading her canzonets, her lyrics, her villanelles! You would arise and flee to Texas, or the uttermost parts of Arizona. But women are wiser than we. I never heard of one who wrote sonnets to her lover's eyebrow, and showed him the sonnets. Indeed it is to be supposed that ladies do not berhyme men at all. Conceive a song to "The Miller's Son," to "The Gardener's Boy"! It sounds quite improper and impossible.

Biron is detected. Jaquenetta brings in Berowne's rhyme. He is commanded to read it; tears it to pieces. Dumain joins them together, and here are the four forswearers of womankind caught out in flagrant guilt. In place of being penitent, they glory in their crime.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

Then Biron defends the proposition that women's eyes are

"the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire."

They go off to woo, and Holofernes, with his associates, prepares a kind of Masque of the Nine Worthies, to be acted in "the posterior of the day." The ladies meet, and Rosaline promises to torture Biron ere she goes. They cannot endure the poetry, these "wise girls." "The letter is too long by half a mile," says Maria. But women are, perhaps, not so free from the reproach of writing long letters as of writing love-poetry. Boyet, a French lord, arrives, and announces that the Navarre wooers mean to appear in the guise of Muscovites. The ladies then mask and disguise themselves. The "frozen Muscovites" are received with banter, which needs the illusion of the stage to make it very entertaining. They return as themselves, and Biron formally abjures euphuism. Then comes the Masque of the Nine Worthies, by no means so amusing as that of the Athenian mechanics in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. The masque seems to be a slightly varied version of a Christmas foolery acted in parts of England still, and in Scotland by "the guisards." As a child I have often seen lads come and perform this quite unintelligible play; last year (1890) it was acted at a revel of the Folk-lore Society. In course of ages the text has probably been depraved, through oral tradition. There is a good deal of clashing of swords, and much magniloquent declamation. This fooling was very appropriate in a Christmas merriment, but it is no longer very enjoyable to read. The ladies, who have much the better of all the wit encounters, decline to marry their perjured



ARMADO AND MOTH.—*Act III., Scene I.*



DULL. SIR NATHANIEL. HOLOFERNES.

wooers, till a space of a year has proved them more true to love than to literature. The Princess proposes to

"shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death,"

which does not seem to have very bitterly afflicted her. Biron is sent by Rosaline to amuse himself in hospitals if he can, or to learn a little seriousness.

"That's the way to choke a gibing spirit."

The play ends with the delightful songs of Hiems and Ver, the owl and the cuckoo.

SPRING.

I.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

III.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who—a merry note—
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who—a merry note—
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Thus, at the very close, when we are apt to think that Shakespeare for once has given us a play with little in it of his wood-notes wild, he surprises and delights us by two of his sweetest songs. It is natural to imagine, in the absence of proof, that this and the Christmas masque may have been among the additions spoken of on the quarto title-page. That title-page, as we have said, provides the most terse and true of criticisms. The comedy keeps its promise, and is "pleasant and conceited." There is no break in the genial mirth,—not even a Jaques is here. There is no villain, like Orlando's brother, like the disloyal Italians of the preface, to repent and be married in a hurry. Her maiden Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, had no love of matrimony. Like the sour spinster in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, she thanked Heaven that



BOYET.



BEFORE THE PRINCESS'S PAVILION.
Act V., Scene II.

she knew nothing of those matters, being, like her, "thankfu' for sma' mercies." The Queen would see with some pleasure and approval that in this drama the nuptials were prudently deferred. Whether she, who so much rejoiced in the Fat Knight, was equally diverted by Costard and Biron, we cannot presume to conjecture. But she must have liked the Beatrice vein of the mirthful Rosaline, later to be so much amplified and intensified in Benedick's lady. But Rosaline has no such occasion for anger as Beatrice. The play has not a *nodus*, except the discovery of the students' harmless perfidy.

There are one or two curious features—for example, the repetition in Biron's long speech of the lines about ladies' eyes and Promethean fire. It seems that Shakespeare augmented and improved them, while the old lines remained in the prompter's copy, and so found their way into the quarto, and thence into the folio. It is unlikely that Shakespeare read the proofs of the quarto; his indifference to the honors of print was sublime. The race of bibliomaniacs may point to a passage in which their taste has not been useless. In a speech of Biron's, Act IV., Scene III., we now read, "or groan for love." The quarto which belonged to Lord Francis Egerton has "or groan for Ione." What is Ione to Biron, or Biron to Ione? The Duke of Devonshire's quarto reads, correctly, "or groan for love." The folios followed the incorrect quarto, and made nonsense of the speech.

In the quarto of 1631 some conjectural emendator made sense, at least, by printing, "or groan for Joane," greasy Joan, who "keels the pot," perhaps being in the editor's mind. The Oxford edition has "or groan for Joan." Mr. Payne Collier supplies the note on the Duke of Devonshire's quarto. Perhaps it should be verified? There be some who like not Bardolph's security.

THE REFUGEES.*

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II.—IN THE NEW WORLD.

Chapter XXXI.

THE HAIRLESS MAN.

ALL day they pushed on through the woodlands, walking in single file, Amos Green first, then the seaman, then the lady, and De Catinat bringing up the rear. The young woodman advanced cautiously, seeing and hearing much that was lost to his companions, stopping continually and examining the signs of leaf and moss and twig. Their route lay for the most part through open glades amid a huge pine forest, with a greensward beneath their feet made beautiful by the white euphorbia, the golden-rod, and the purple aster. Sometimes, however, the great trunks closed in upon them, and they had to grope their way in a dim twilight, or push a path through the tangled brushwood of green sassafras or scarlet sumac. And then again the woods would fall suddenly away in front of them, and they would skirt marshes overgrown with wild-rice and dotted with little dark clumps of alder-bushes, or make their way past silent woodland lakes, all streaked and barred with the tree shadows which threw their crimsons and clarets and bronzes upon the fringe of the deep blue sheet of water. There were streams, too, some clear and rippling, where the trout flashed and the kingfisher gleamed, others dark and poisonous from the tamarack swamps, where the wanderers had to wade over their knees and carry Adèle in their arms. So all day they journeyed amid great forests, with never a hint or token of their fellow-man.

But if man were absent, there was at least no want of life. It buzzed and chirped and chattered all round them, from marsh and stream and brushwood. Sometimes it was the dun coat of a deer which glanced between the distant trunks, sometimes the squirrel which scuttled

* Begun in January number, 1893.

for its hole in the hollow tree at their approach. Once the long in-toed track of a bear lay marked in the soft earth before them, and once Amos picked a great horn from amid the bushes which some moose had shed the month before. Little red squirrels danced and clattered above their heads, and every oak was a choir with a hundred little voices piping from the shadow of its foliage. As they passed the lakes, the heavy gray stork flapped up in front of them, and they saw the wild-ducks whirring off in a long V against the blue sky, or heard the quavering cry of the loon from amid the reeds.

That night they slept in the woods, Amos Green lighting a dry wood fire in a thick copse where at a dozen paces it was invisible. A few drops of rain had fallen, so with the quick skill of the practised woodman he made two little sheds of elm and basswood bark, one to shelter the two refugees, and the other for Ephraim and himself. He had shot a wild-goose, and this, with the remains of their biscuit, served them both for supper and for breakfast. Next day at noon they passed a little clearing in the centre of which were the charred embers of a fire. Amos spent half an hour in reading all that sticks and ground could tell him. Then, as they resumed their way, he explained to his companions that the fire had been lit three weeks before, that a white man and two Indians had camped there, that they had been journeying from west to east, and that one of the Indians was a squaw. No other traces of their fellow-mortals did they come across, until, late in the afternoon, Amos halted suddenly in the heart of a thick grove and raised his hand to his ear.

"Listen!" he cried.

"I hear nothing," said Ephraim.

"Nor I," added De Catinat.

"Ah, but I do!" cried Adèle, gleefully. "It is a bell, and at the very time of day when the bells all sound in Paris."

"You are right, madame. It is what they call the Angelus."

"Ah, yes, I hear it now!" cried De Catinat. "It was drowned by the chirping of the birds. But whence comes a bell in the heart of a Canadian forest?"

"We are near the settlements on the Richelieu. It must be the bell of the chapel in the fort."

"Fort St. Louis! Ah, then we are no great way from my friend's seigneury."

"Then we may sleep there to-night, if you think that he is indeed to be trusted."

"Yes. He is a strange man, with ways of his own, but I would trust him with my life."

"Very good. We shall keep to the south of the fort, and make for his house. But something is putting up the birds over yonder. Ah! I hear the sound of steps. Crouch down here among the sumac, until we see who it is who walks so boldly through the woods."

They stooped all four among the brushwood, peeping out between the tree trunks at a little glade towards which Amos was looking. For a long time the sound which the quick ears of the woodman had detected was inaudible to the others, but at last they too heard the sharp snapping of twigs as some one forced his passage through the undergrowth. A moment later a man pushed his way into the open, whose appearance was so strange and so ill-suited to the spot that even Amos gazed upon him with amazement.

He was a very small man, so dark and weather-stained that he might have passed for an Indian were it not that he walked and was clad as no Indian had ever been. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, frayed at the edges, and so discolored that it was hard to say what its original tint had been. His dress was of skins rudely cut and dangling loosely from his body, and he wore the high boots of a dragoon, as tattered and stained as the rest of his raiment. On his back he bore a huge bundle of canvas, with two long sticks projecting from it, and under each arm he carried what appeared to be a large square painting.

"He's no Injun," whispered Amos. "And he's no woodman, either. Blessed if I ever saw the match of him!"

"He's neither voyageur nor soldier nor *coureur des bois*," said De Catinat.

"Seems to me to have a jury-mast rigged upon his back, and fore and main stay-sails set under each of his arms," said Captain Ephraim. "Well, he seems to have no consorts, so we may hail him without fear."

They rose from their ambush, and as they did so the stranger caught sight of them. Instead of showing the uneasiness which any man might be expected to feel at suddenly finding himself in the presence of strangers in such a country, he promptly altered his course and came

towards them. As he crossed the glade, however, the sounds of the distant bell fell upon his ears, and he instantly whipped off his hat and sunk his head in prayer. A cry of horror rose, not only from Adèle, but from every one of the party, at the sight which met their eyes.

The top of the man's head was gone. Not a vestige of hair or of white skin remained, but in place of them was a dreadful crinkled, discolored surface, with a sharp red line running across his brow and round over his ears.

"By the eternal!" cried Amos, "the man has lost his scalp."

"My God!" said De Catinat. "Look at his hands!"

He had raised them in prayer. Two or three little stumps projecting upwards showed where the fingers had been.

"I've seen some queer figure-heads in my life, but never one like that," said Captain Ephraim.

It was indeed a most extraordinary face which confronted them as they advanced. It was that of a man who might have been of any age and of any nation, for the features were so distorted that nothing could be learned from them. One eyelid was drooping with a puckering and flatness which showed that the ball was gone. The other, however, shot as bright and merry and kindly a glance as ever came from a chosen favorite of fortune. His face was flecked over with peculiar brown spots, which had a most hideous appearance, and his nose had been burst and shattered by some terrific blow. And yet, in spite of this dreadful appearance, there was something so noble in the carriage of the man, in the pose of his head, and in the expression which still hung, like the scent from a crushed flower, round his distorted features, that even the blunt Puritan seaman was awed by it.

"Good-evening, my children," said the stranger, picking up his pictures again and advancing towards them. "I presume that you are from the fort, though I may be permitted to observe that the woods are not very safe for ladies at present."

"We are going to the manor-house of Charles de la Nouë, at Ste. Marie," said De Catinat, "and we hope soon to be in a place of safety. But I grieve, sir, to see how terribly you have been mishandled."

"Ah, you have observed my little injuries, then! They know no better, poor



FATHER IGNATIUS MORAT.

souls! They are but mischievous children —merry-hearted, but mischievous. Tut! tut! it is laughable indeed that a man's vile body should ever clog his spirit, and yet here am I full of the will to push forward, and I must even seat myself on this log and rest myself, for the rogues have blown the calves of my legs off."

"My God! Blown them off! The devils!"

"Ah, but they are not to be blamed. No, no; it would be uncharitable to blame them. They are ignorant poor folk, and the prince of darkness is behind them to urge them on. They sunk little charges of powder into my legs, and then they exploded them, which makes me a slower walker than ever,

though I was never very brisk. The Snail was what I was called at school in Tours. Yes, and afterwards, at the seminary, I was always the Snail."

"Who are you, then, sir; and who is it who has used you so shamefully?" asked De Catinat.

"Oh, I am a very humble person. I am Ignatius Morat, of the Society of Jesus. And as to the people who have used me a little roughly, why, if you are sent upon the Iroquois mission, of course you know what to expect. I have nothing at all to complain of. Why, they have used me very much better than they did Father Jogues, Father Brebœuf, and a good many others whom I could mention. There were times, it is true, when I was quite hopeful of martyrdom, especially when they thought that my tonsure was too small, which was their merry way of putting it. But I suppose that I was not worthy of it — indeed, I know that I was not—so it only ended in just a little roughness."

"Where are you going, then?" asked Amos, who had listened in amazement to the man's words.

"I am going to Quebec. You see, I am such a useless person that until I have seen the Bishop I can really do no good at all."

"You mean that you will resign your mission into the Bishop's hands?" said De Catinat.

"Oh no. That would be quite the sort of thing which I should do if I were left to myself, for it is incredible how cowardly I am. You would not think it possible that a priest of God could be so frightened as I am sometimes. The mere sight of a fire makes me shrink all into myself ever since I went through the ordeal of the lighted pine splinters, which have left all these ugly stains upon my face. But then, of course, there is the order to be thought of, and members of the order do not leave their posts for trifling causes. But it is against the rules of Holy Church that a maimed man should perform the rites, and so, until I have seen the Bishop, and had his dispensation, I shall be even more useless than ever."

"And what will you do then?"

"Oh, then, of course, I will go back to my flock."

"To the Iroquois?"

"That is where I am stationed."

"Amos," said De Catinat, "I have spent my life among brave men, but I think that this is the bravest man that I have ever met."

"On my word," said Amos, "I have seen some good men too, but never one that I thought was better than this. You are weary, father. Have some of our cold goose; and there is still a drop of cognac in my flask."

"Tut! tut! my son; if I take anything but the very simplest living, it makes me so lazy that I become a snail indeed."

"But you have no gun and no food. How do you live?"

"Oh, the good God has placed plenty of food in these forests for a traveller who does not eat very much. I have had wild plums and wild grapes and nuts and cranberries, and a nice little dish of *tripe de mère* from the rocks."

The woodman made a wry face at the mention of this delicacy.

"I had as soon eat a pot of glue," said he. "But what is this which you carry on your back?"

"It is my church. Ah! I have everything here — tent, altar, surplice — everything. I cannot venture to celebrate service myself without the dispensation; but surely this venerable man is himself in orders, and will solemnize the most blessed function."

Amos, with a sly twinkle in the eyes, translated the proposal to Ephraim, who stood with his huge red hands clinched, mumbling about the saltless pottage of papacy. De Catinat replied briefly, however, that they were all of the laity, and that if they were to reach their destination before nightfall, it was necessary that they should push on.

"You are right, my son," said the little Jesuit. "These poor people have already left their villages, and in a few days the woods will be full of them, though I do not think that any have crossed the Richelieu yet. There is one thing, however, which I would have you do for me."

"And what is that!"

"It is but to remember that I have left with Father Lamberville, at Onondaga, the dictionary which I have made of the Iroquois and French languages. There, also, is my account of the copper mines of the Great Lakes, which I visited two years ago, and also an orrery, which I have made to show the northern heavens, with the stars of each month as they are seen



ADVANCING THROUGH THE FOREST.

from this meridian. If aught were to go amiss with Father Lamberville or with me—and we do not live very long on the Iroquois mission—it would be well that some one else should profit from my work."

"I will tell my friend to-night. But what are these great pictures, father; and why do you bear them through the wood?" He turned them over as he spoke, and the whole party gathered round them, staring in amazement.

They were very rough daubs, crudely colored and gaudy. In the first, a red man was reposing serenely upon what appeared to be a range of mountains, with a musical instrument in his hand, a crown upon his head, and a smile upon his face. In the second, a similar man was screaming at the pitch of his lungs, while half a dozen black creatures were battering him with poles and prodding him with lances.

"It is a damned soul and a saved soul," said Father Ignatius Morat, looking at his pictures with some satisfaction. "These are clouds upon which the blessed spirit reclines, basking in all the joys of paradise. It is well done, this picture, but it has had no good effect, because there are no beaver in it, and they have not painted in a tobacco-pipe. You see, they have little reason, these poor folk, and so we have to teach them as best we can through their eyes and their foolish senses. This other is better. It has converted several squaws and more than one Indian. I shall not bring back the saved soul when I come in the spring, but I shall bring five damned souls, which will be one for each nation. We must fight Satan with such weapons as we can get, you see. And now, my children, if you must go, let me first call down a blessing upon you."

And then occurred a strange thing, for the beauty of this man's soul shone through all the wretched clouds of sect, and as he raised his hand to bless them, down went those Protestant knees to earth, and even old Ephraim found himself with a softened heart and a bent head listening to the half-understood words of this crippled, blinded little stranger.

"Farewell, then," said he, when they had risen. "May the sunshine of Sainte Eulalie be upon you, and may Sainte Anne of Beaupré shield you at the moment of your danger!"

And so they left him, a grotesque and yet heroic figure, staggering along through the woods with his tent, his pictures, and his mutilation. If the Church of Rome should ever be wrecked, it may come from her weakness in high places, where all churches are at their weakest; or it may be because with what is very narrow she tries to explain that which is very broad; but assuredly it will never be through the fault of her rank and file, for never upon earth have men and women spent themselves more lavishly and more splendidly than in her service.

Chapter XXXII.

THE LORD OF SAINTE MARIE.

Leaving Fort St. Louis, whence the bells had sounded, upon their right, they pushed onwards as swiftly as they could, for the sun was so low in the heavens that the bushes in the clearings threw shadows like trees. Then suddenly, as they peered in front of them between the trunks, the green of the sward turned to the blue of the water, and they saw a broad river running swiftly before them. In France it would have seemed a mighty stream, but coming fresh from the vastness of the St. Lawrence, their eyes were used to great sheets of water. But Amos and De Catinat had both been upon the bosom of the Richelieu before, and their hearts bounded as they looked upon it, for they knew that this was the straight path which led them, the one to home, and the other to peace and freedom. A few days' journeying down there, a few more along the lovely island-studded lakes of Champlain and St. Sacrement, under the shadow of the tree-clad Adirondacks, and they would be at the head-waters of the Hudson, and their toils and their dangers be but a thing of gossip for the winter evenings.

Across the river was the terrible Iroquois country, and at two points they could see the smoke of fires curling up into the evening air. They had the Jesuit's word for it that none of the war parties had crossed yet, so they followed the track which led down the eastern bank. As they pushed onwards, however, a stern military challenge suddenly brought them to a stand, and they saw the gleam of two musket barrels which covered them from a thicket overlooking the path.

"We are friends," cried De Catinat.

"Whence come you, then?" asked an invisible sentinel.

"From Quebec."

"And whither are you going?"

"To visit Monsieur Charles de la Nouë, Seigneur of Ste. Marie."

"Very good. It is quite safe, Du Lhut. They have a lady with them, too. I greet you, madame, in the name of my father."

Two men had emerged from the bushes, one of whom might have passed as a full-blooded Indian had it not been for these courteous words, which he uttered in excellent French. He was a tall, slight young man, very dark, with piercing black eyes, and a grim, square, relentless mouth which could only have come with Indian descent. His coarse flowing hair was gathered up into a scalp-lock, and the eagle feather which he wore in it was his only head-gear. A rude suit of fringed hide, with caribou-skin moccasins, might have been the fellow to the one which Amos Green was wearing, but the gleam of a gold chain from his belt, the sparkle of a costly ring upon his finger, and the delicate, richly inlaid musket which he carried, all gave a touch of grace to his equipment. A broad band of yellow ochre across his forehead and a tomahawk at his belt added to the strange inconsistency of his appearance.

The other was undoubtedly a pure Frenchman, elderly, dark, and wiry, with a bristling black beard and a fierce eager face. He too was clad in hunter's dress, but he wore a gaudy striped sash round his waist, into which a brace of long pistols had been thrust. His buckskin tunic had been ornamented over the front with dyed porcupine quills and Indian beadwork, while his leggings were scarlet with a fringe of raccoon tails hanging down from them. Leaning upon his long brown gun, he stood watching the party while his companion advanced towards them.

"You will excuse our precautions," said he. "We never know what device these rascals may adopt to entrap us. I fear, madame, that you have had a long and very tiring journey."

Poor Adèle, who had been famed for neatness even among housekeepers of the Rue St. Martin, hardly dared to look down at her own stained and tattered dress. Fatigue and danger she had endured with a smiling face, but her patience almost gave way at the thought of facing strangers in this attire.

"My mother will be very glad to welcome you, and to see to every want," said he, quickly, as though he had read her thoughts. "But you, sir, I have surely seen you before."

"And I you," cried the guardsman. "My name is Amory de Catinat, once of the regiment of Picardy. Surely you are Achille de la Nouë de Ste. Marie, whom I remember when you came with your father to the government levees at Quebec."

"Yes, it is I," the young man answered, holding out his hand, and smiling in a somewhat constrained fashion. "I do not wonder that you should hesitate, for when you saw me last I was in a very different dress to this."

De Catinat did indeed remember him as one of the young noblesse who used to come up to the capital once a year, where they inquired about the latest modes, chatted over the year-old gossip of Versailles, and for a few weeks at least lived a life which was in keeping with the traditions of their order. Very different was he now, with scalp-lock and war-paint under the shadow of the great oaks, his musket in his hand, and his tomahawk at his belt.

"We have one life for the forest and one for the cities," said he; "though, indeed, my good father will not have it so, and carries Versailles with him wherever he goes. You know him of old, monsieur, and I need not explain my words. But it is time for our relief, and so we may guide you home."

Two men in the rude dress of Canadian censitaires, but carrying their muskets in a fashion which told De Catinat's trained senses that they were disciplined soldiers, had suddenly appeared upon the scene. Young La Nouë gave them a few curt injunctions, and then accompanied the refugees along the path.

"You may not know my friend here," said he, pointing to the other sentinel; "but I am quite sure that his name is not unfamiliar to you. This is Greysolon du Lhut."

Both Amos and De Catinat looked with the deepest curiosity and interest at the famous leader of *coureurs des bois*, a man whose whole life had been spent in pushing westward, ever westward, saying little, writing nothing, but always the first wherever there was danger to meet or difficulty to overcome. It was not

religion, and it was not hope of gain, which led him away into those western wildernesses, but pure love of nature and of adventure, with so little ambition that he had never cared to describe his own travels, and none knew where he had been or where he had stopped. For years he would vanish from the settlements away into the vast plains of the Dakota, or into the huge wilderness of the Northwest, and then at last, some day, would walk back into Sault Ste. Marie, or any other outpost of civilization, a little leaner, a little browner, and as taciturn as ever. Indians from the furthest corners of the continent knew him as they knew their own sachem. He could raise tribes and bring to the help of the French a thousand painted cannibals, who spoke a tongue which none knew, and came from the shores of rivers which no one else had visited. The most daring French explorers, when, after a thousand dangers, they had reached some country which they believed to be new, were as likely as not to find Du Lhut sitting by his camp-fire there, some new squaw by his side, and his pipe between his teeth. Or, again, when in doubt and danger, with no help within a thousand miles, the traveller might suddenly meet this silent man, with one or two tattered wanderers of his own kidney, who would help him from his peril, and then vanish as unexpectedly as he came. Such was the man who now walked by their sides along the bank of the Richelieu, and both Amos and De Catinat knew that his presence there had a sinister meaning, and that the place which Greysolon du Lhut had chosen was the place where the danger threatened.

"What do you think of those fires over yonder, Du Lhut?" asked young La Nouë.

The adventurer was stuffing his pipe with rank Indian tobacco, which he pared from a plug with a scalping-knife. He glanced over at the two little plumes of smoke which stood straight up against the red evening sky. "I don't like them," said he.

"They are Iroquois, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, at least, it proves that they are on the other side of the river."

"It proves that they are on this side."

"What!"

Du Lhut lit his pipe from a tinder-paper. "The Iroquois are on this side," said he. "They crossed to the south of us."

"And you never told us! How do you know that they crossed; and why did you not tell us?"

"I did not know until I saw the fires over yonder."

"And how did they tell you?"

"Tut! An Indian pappoose could have told," said Du Lhut, impatiently. "Iroquois on the trail do nothing without an object. They have an object, then, in showing that smoke. If their war parties were over yonder, there would be no object. Therefore their braves must have crossed the river. And they could not get over to the north without being seen from the fort. They have got over on the south, then."

Amos nodded with intense appreciation. "That's it," said he. "That's Injun ways. I'll lay that he is right."

"Then they may be in the woods round us. We may be in danger," cried La Nouë.

Du Lhut nodded, and sucked at his pipe.

De Catinat cast a glance round him at the grand tree trunks, the fading foliage, the smooth sward underneath, with the long evening shadows barred across it. How difficult it was to realize that behind all this beauty there lurked a danger so deadly and horrible that a man alone might well shrink from it, far more one who had the woman whom he loved walking within hand's touch of him! It was with a long heart-felt sigh of relief that he saw a wall of stockade in the midst of a large clearing in front of him, with the stone manor-house rising above it. In a line from the stockade were a dozen cottages, with cedar-shingled roofs turned up in the Norman fashion, in which dwelt the *habitans* under the protection of the seigneur's château—a strange little graft of the feudal system in the heart of an American forest. Above the main gate as they approached was a huge shield of wood with a coat of arms painted upon it, a silver ground with a chevron ermine between three coronets gules. At either corner a small brass cannon peeped through an embrasure. As they passed the gate the guard inside closed it and placed the huge wooden bars into position. A little crowd of men, women, and children were gathered round the door of the château, and a man ap-

peared to be seated on a high-backed chair upon the threshold.

"You know my father," said the young man, with a shrug of his shoulders. "He will have it that he has never left his Norman castle, and that he is still the Seigneur de la Nouë, the greatest man within a day's ride of Rouen, and of the richest blood of Normandy. He is now taking his dues and his yearly oaths from his tenants, and he would not think it becoming, if the Governor himself were to visit him, to pause in the middle of so august a ceremony. But if it would interest you, you may step this way and wait until he has finished. You, madame, I will take at once to my mother, if you will be so kind as to follow me."

The sight was, to the Americans at least, a novel one. A triple row of men, women, and children were standing round in a semicircle—the men rough and sunburnt; the women homely and clean, with white caps upon their heads; the children open-mouthed and round-eyed, awed into an unusual quiet by the reverent bearing of their elders. In the centre, on his high-backed carved chair, there sat an elderly man, very stiff and erect, with an exceedingly solemn face. He was a fine figure of a man, tall and broad, with a large strong face, clean-shaven and deeply lined, a huge beak of a nose, and strong shaggy eyebrows which arched right up to the great wig, which he wore full and long, as it had been worn in France in his youth. On his wig was placed a white hat, cocked jauntily at one side, with a red feather streaming round it; and he wore a coat of cinnamon-colored cloth, with silver at the neck and pockets, which was still very handsome, though it bore signs of having been frayed and mended more than once. This, with black velvet knee-breeches and high well-polished boots, made a costume such as De Catinat had never before seen in the wilds of Canada.

As they watched, a rude husbandman walked forward from the crowd, and kneeling down upon a square of carpet, placed his hands between those of the seigneur.

"Monsieur de Ste. Marie! Monsieur de Ste. Marie! Monsieur de Ste. Marie!" said he, three times. "I bring you the faith and homage which I am bound to bring you on account of my fief Herbert, which I hold as a man of faith of your seigneury."

"Be true, my son. Be valiant and true!" said the old nobleman, solemnly; and then, with a sudden change of tone, "What in the name of the devil has your daughter got there?"

A girl had advanced from the crowd, with a large strip of bark in front of her, on which was heaped a pile of dead fish.

"It is your eleventh fish, which I am bound by my oath to render to you," said the censitaire. "There are seventy-three in the heap, and I have caught eight hundred in the month."

"Peste!" cried the nobleman. "Do you think, André Dubois, that I will disorder my health by eating three and seventy fish in this fashion? Do you think that I and my body-servants and my personal retainers, and the other members of my household, have nothing to do but to eat your fish? In future you will pay your tribute not more than five at a time. Where is the major-domo? Theuriet, remove the fish to our central storehouse, and be careful that the smell does not penetrate to the blue-tapestry chamber or to my lady's suite."

A man in very shabby black livery, all stained and faded, advanced with a large tin platter and carried off the pile of white-fish. Then, as each of the tenants stepped forward to pay his old-world homage, he left some share of his industry for his lord's maintenance. With some it was a bundle of wheat, with some a barrel of potatoes, while others had brought skins of deer or of beaver. All these were carried off by the major-domo, until each had paid his tribute, and the singular ceremony was brought to a conclusion. As the seigneur rose, his son, who had returned, took De Catinat by the sleeve, and led him through the throng.

"Father," said he, "this is Monsieur de Catinat, whom you may remember some years ago at Quebec."

The seigneur bowed with much condescension, and shook the guardsman by the hand.

"You are extremely welcome to my estates, both you and your body-servants—"

"They are my friends, monsieur. This is Monsieur Amos Green, and Captain Ephraim Savage. My wife is travelling with me, but your courteous son has kindly taken her to your lady."

"I am honored — honored indeed!"

cried the old man, with a bow and a flourish. "I remember you very well, sir, for it is not so common to meet men of quality in this country. I remember your father also, for he served with me at Rocroy, though he was in the foot, and I in the Red Dragoons of Grissot. Your arms are a martlet in fesse upon a field azure; and now that I think of it, the second son of your great-grandfather married the niece of one of the La Nouës of Andelys, which is one of our cadet branches. Kinsman, you are welcome!" He threw his arms suddenly round De Catinat, and slapped him three times on the back.

The young guardsman was only too delighted to find himself admitted to such an intimacy.

"I will not intrude long upon your hospitality," said he. "We are journeying down to Lake Champlain, and we hope in a day or two to be ready to go on."

"A suite of rooms shall be laid at your disposal as long as you do me the honor to remain here. Peste! It is not every day that I can open my gates to a man with good blood in his veins! Ah, sir, that is what I feel most in my exile, for who is there with whom I can talk as equal to equal? There is the Governor, the Intendant perhaps, one or two priests, three or four officers, but how many of the noblesse? Scarcely one. They buy their titles over here as they buy their pelts, and it is better to have a canoe-load of beaver-skins than a pedigree from Roland. But I forget my duties. You are weary and hungry, you and your friends. Come up with me to the tapestried saloon, and we shall see if my stewards can find anything for your refreshment. You play piquet, if I remember right. Ah, my skill is leaving me, and I should be glad to try a hand or two with you."

The manor-house was high and strong, built of gray-stone in a frame-work of wood. The large iron-clamped door through which they entered was pierced for musketry fire, and led into a succession of cellars and storehouses, in which the beets, carrots, potatoes, cabbages, cured meat, dried eels, and other winter supplies were placed. A winding stone staircase led them through a huge kitchen, flagged and lofty, from which branched the rooms of the servants, or retainers, as the old nobleman preferred to call them. Above this again was the principal suite, centring in the dining-hall, with its huge fireplace and rude home-made furniture. Rich rugs formed of bear or deer skin were littered thickly over the brown-stained floor, and antlered heads bristled out from among the rows of muskets which were arranged along the wall. A broad roughhewn maple table ran down the centre of this apartment, and on this there were soon set a venison pie, a side of calvered salmon, and a huge cranberry tart, to which the hungry travellers did full justice. The seigneur explained that he had already supped, but having allowed himself to be persuaded into joining them, he ended by eating more than Ephraim Savage, drinking more than Du Lhut, and finally by singing a very amorous little French *chanson* with a tra-li-ra chorus, the words of which, fortunately for the peace of the company, were entirely unintelligible to the Bostonian.

"Madame is taking her refection in my lady's boudoir," he remarked, when the dishes had been removed. "You may bring up a bottle of Frontiniac from bin thirteen, Theuriet. Ah, you will see, gentlemen, that even in the wilds we have a little, a very little, which is perhaps not altogether bad. And so you come from Versailles, De Catinat? It was built since my day, but how I remember the old life of the court at St. Germain, before Louis turned serious! Ah, what innocent happy days they were, when Madame de Nevailles had to bar the windows of the maids of honor to keep out the King, and we all turned out eight deep on to the grass-plot for our morning duel! By St. Denis! I have not quite forgotten the trick of the wrist yet, and, old as I am, I should be none the worse for a little breather." He strutted in his stately fashion over to where a rapier and dagger hung upon the wall, and began to make passes at the door, darting in and out, warding off imaginary blows with his poniard, and stamping his foot, with little cries of "punto! riverso! stoccata! dritta! mandritta!" and all the jargon of the fencing-schools. Finally he rejoined them, breathing heavily, and with his wig awry.

"That was our old exercise," said he. "Doubtless you young bloods have improved upon it; and yet it was good enough for the Spaniards at Rocroy and at one or two other places which I could

mention. But they still see life at the court, I understand. There are still love passages and blood-lettings. How has Lauzun prospered in his wooing of Mademoiselle de Montpensier? Was it proved that Madame de Clermont had bought a phial from La Vie, the poison-woman, two days before the soup disagreed so violently with Monsieur? What did the Duc de Biron do when his nephew ran away with the Duchess? Is it true that he raised his allowance to fifty thousand livres for having done it?"

Such were the two-year-old questions which had not been answered yet upon the banks of the Richelieu River. Long into the hours of the night, when his comrades were already snoring under their blankets, De Catinat, blinking and yawning, was still engaged in trying to satisfy the curiosity of the old courtier, and to bring him up to date in all the most minute gossip of Versailles.

Chapter XXXIII.

THE SLAYING OF BROWN MOOSE.

Two days were spent by the travellers at the Seigneury of Ste. Marie, and they would very willingly have spent longer, for the quarters were comfortable and the welcome warm, but already the reds of autumn were turning to brown, and they knew how suddenly the ice and snow come in those Northern lands, and how impossible it would be to finish their journey if winter were once fairly upon them. The old nobleman had sent his scouts by land and by water, but there were no signs of the Iroquois upon the eastern bank, so that it was clear that Du Lhut had been mistaken. Over on the other side, however, the gray plumes of smoke still streamed up above the trees as a sign that their enemies were not very far off. All day from the manor-house windows and from the stockade they could see those danger signals, which reminded them that a horrible death lurked ever at their elbow.

The refugees were rested now and refreshed, and of one mind about pushing on.

"If the snow come it will be a thousand times more dangerous," said Amos, "for we shall leave a track then that a pappoose could follow."

"And why should we fear?" urged old Ephraim; "truly this is a desert of salt, even though it lead to the vale of Hinnom, but we shall be borne up against these sons of Jeroboam. Steer a straight course, lad, and jam your helm, for the Pilot will see you safe."

"And I am not frightened, Amory, and I am quite rested now," said Adèle. "We shall be so much more happy when we are in the English provinces, for even now how do we know that that dreadful monk may not come with orders to drag us back to Quebec and Paris?"

It was indeed very possible that the vindictive Recollet, when satisfied that they had not ascended to Montreal or remained at Three Rivers, might seek them on the banks of the Richelieu. When De Catinat thought of how he passed them in his great canoe that morning, his eager face protruded, and his gray body swinging in time to the paddles, he felt that the danger which his wife suggested was not only possible but imminent. The seigneur was his friend, but the seigneur could not disobey the Governor's order. A great hand stretching all the way from Versailles seemed to hang over them, even here in the heart of the virgin forest, ready to snatch them up and carry them back into degradation and misery. Better all the perils of the woods than that.

But the seigneur and his son, who knew nothing of their pressing reasons for haste, were strenuous in urging De Catinat the other way, and in this they were supported by the silent Du Lhut, whose few muttered words were always more weighty than the longest speech, for he never spoke save about that of which he was a master.

"You have seen my little place," said the old nobleman, with a wave of his beruffled, ring-covered hand. "It is not what I should wish it, but such as it is, it is most heartily yours for the winter, if you and your comrades would honor me by remaining. As to madame, I doubt not that my own dame and she will find plenty to amuse and occupy them; which reminds me, De Catinat, that you have not yet been presented. Theuriet, go to your mistress and inform her that I request her to be so good as to come to us in the hall of the dais."

De Catinat was too seasoned to be easily startled, but he was somewhat taken aback when the lady, to whom the old nobleman always referred in terms of ex-

aggerated respect, proved to be as like a full-blooded Indian squaw as the hall of the dais was to a French barn. She was dressed, it was true, in a bodice of scarlet taffeta, with a black skirt, silver-buckled shoes, and a scented pomander ball dangling by a silver chain from her girdle, but her face was of the color of the bark of the Scotch fir, while her strong nose and harsh mouth, with the two plaits of coarse black hair which dangled down her back, left no possible doubt as to her origin.

"Allow me to present you, Monsieur de Catinat," said the Seigneur de Ste. Marie, solemnly, "to my wife, Onega de la Nouë de Ste. Marie, châtelaine by right of marriage to this seigneury, and also to the Château d'Andelys in Normandy, and to the estate of Varennes in Provence, while retaining in her own right the hereditary chieftainship on the distaff side of the nation of the Onondagas. My angel, I have been endeavoring to persuade our friends to remain with us at Ste. Marie instead of journeying on to Lake Champlain."

"At least leave your white lily at Ste. Marie," said the dusky princess, speaking in excellent French, and clasping with her ruddy fingers the ivory hand of Adèle. "We will hold her safe for you until the ice softens, and the leaves and the partridge-berries come once more. I know my people, monsieur, and I tell you that the woods are full of murder, and that it is not for nothing that the leaves are the color of blood, for death lurks behind every tree."

De Catinat was more moved by the impressive manner of his hostess than by any of the other warnings which he had received. Surely she, if any one, must be able to read the signs of the times.

"I know not what to do!" he cried, in despair. "I must go on, and yet how can I expose her to these perils? I would fain stay the winter, but you must take my word for it, sir, that it is not possible."

"Du Lhut, you know how things should be ordered," said the seigneur. "What should you advise my friend to do, since he is so set upon getting to the English provinces before the winter comes?"

The dark silent pioneer stroked his beard with his hand as he pondered over the question.

"There is but one way," said he at last, "though even in it there is danger. The woods are safer than the river, for the reeds are full of cachéd canoes. Five leagues from here is the block-house of Poitou, and fifteen miles beyond, that of Auvergne. We will go to-morrow to Poitou through the woods, and see if all be safe. I will go with you, and I give you my word that if the Iroquois are there, Greysolon du Lhut will know it. The lady we shall leave here, and if we find that all is safe, we shall come back for her. Then, in the same fashion, we shall advance to Auvergne, and there you must wait until you hear where their war parties are. It is in my mind that it will not be very long before we know."

"What! You would part us!" cried Adèle, aghast.

"It is best, my sister," said Onega, passing her arm caressingly round her. "You cannot know the danger, but we know it, and we will not let our white lily run into it. You will stay here to gladden us while the great chief Du Lhut, and the French soldier your husband, and the old warrior who seems so wary, and the other chief with limbs like the wild deer, go forward through the woods and see that all is well before you venture."

And so it was at last agreed, and Adèle, still protesting, was consigned to the care of the lady of Ste. Marie, while De Catinat swore that without a pause he would return from Poitou to fetch her. The old nobleman and his son would fain have joined them in their adventure, but they had their own charge to watch, and the lives of many in their keeping, while a small party was safer in the woods than a larger one would be. The seigneur provided them with a letter for De Lannes, the Governor of the Poitou block-house, and so in the early dawn the four of them crept like shadows from the stockade gate, amid the muttered good wishes of the guard within, and were lost in an instant in the blackness of the vast forest.

From La Nouë to Poitou was but twelve miles down the river, but by the woodland route, where creeks were to be crossed, reed-girt lakes to be avoided, and paths to be picked among swamps where the wild-rice grew higher than their heads, and the alder-bushes lay in dense clumps before them, the distance was



RECEIVED BY THE SEIGNEUR OF SAINTE MARIE.

more than doubled. They walked in single file, Du Lhut leading, with the swift silent tread of some wild creature, his body bent forward, his gun ready in the bend of his arm, and his keen dark eyes shooting little glances to right and left, observing everything, from the tiniest mark upon ground or tree trunk to the motion of every beast and bird of the brushwood. De Catinat walked behind, then Ephraim Savage, and then Amos, all with their weapons ready, and with every sense upon the alert. By mid-day they were more than half-way, and halted in a thicket for a scanty meal of bread and cheese; for Du Lhut would not permit them to light a fire.

"They have not come as far as this," he whispered, "and yet I am sure that they have crossed the river. Ah, Governor de la Barre did not know what he did when he stirred these men up, and this good dragoon whom the King has sent us now knows even less."

"I have seen them in peace," remarked Amos. "I have traded to Onondaga, and to the country of the Senecas. I know them as fine hunters and brave men."

"They are fine hunters, but the game that they hunt best are their fellow-men. I have myself led their scalping parties, and I have fought against them, and I tell you that when a general comes out from France who hardly knows enough to get the sun behind him in a fight, he will find that there is little credit to be gained from them. They talk of burning their villages! It would be as wise to kick over the wasps' nest and think that the wasps are rendered less harmful by that. You are from New England, monsieur?"

"My comrade is from New England; I am from New York."

"Ah, yes. I could see from your step and your eye that the woods were as a home to you. The New England man

goes on the waters, and he slays the cod with more pleasure than the caribou. Perhaps that is why his face is so sad. I have been on the great water once, and I remember that my face was sad also. There is little wind, and so I think that we may light our pipes without danger. With a good breeze I have known a burning pipe fetch up a scalping party from two miles' distance, but the trees stop scent, and the Iroquois noses are less keen than the Sioux and the Dakota. God help you, monsieur, if you should ever have an Indian war! It is bad for us, but it would be a thousand times worse for you."

"And why?"

"Because we have fought the Indians from the first, and we have them always in our mind when we build. You see how along this river every house and every hamlet supports its neighbor. But, you—by Ste. Anne of Beaupré! it made my scalp tingle when I came on your frontiers and saw the lonely farm-houses and little clearings out in the woods, with no help for twenty leagues around. An Indian war is a purgatory for Canada, but it would be a hell for the English provinces."

"We are good friends with the Indians," said Amos; "we do not wish to conquer."

"Your people have a way of conquering, although they say that they do not wish to do it," remarked Du Lhut; "now with us we bang our drums, and wave our flags, and make a stir, but no very great thing has come of it yet. We have never had but two great men in Canada. One was Monsieur de la Salle, who was shot last year by his own men down the great river; and the other, old Frontenac, will have to come back again if New France is not to be turned into a desert by the Five Nations. It would surprise me little if by this time two years the white and gold flag flew only over the rock of Quebec. But I see that you look at me impatiently, Monsieur de Catinat, and I know that you count the hours until we are back at Ste. Marie again. Forward, then, and may the second part of our journey be as peaceful as the first!"

For an hour or more they picked their way through the woods, following in the steps of the old French pioneer. It was a lovely day, with hardly a cloud in the heavens, and the sun streaming down through the thick foliage covered the shaded sward with a delicate net-work of gold. Sometimes where the woods opened they came out into the pure sunlight, but only to pass into thick glades beyond, where a single ray here and there was all that could break its way through the vast leafy covering. It would have been beautiful, these sudden transitions from light to shade, but with the feeling of impending danger, and of a horror ever lurking in these shadows, the mind was tinged with awe rather than admiration. Silently, lightly, the four men picked their steps among the great tree trunks.

Suddenly Du Lhut dropped upon his knees and stooped his ear to the ground. He rose, shook his head, and walked on with a grave face, casting quick little glances into the shadows in every direction.

"Did you hear something?" whispered Amos.

Du Lhut put his finger to his lips, and then in an instant was down upon his face with his ear fixed to the ground. He sprang up with the look of a man who has heard what he expected to hear.

"Walk on," said he, quietly, "and behave exactly as you have done all day."

"What is it, then?"

"Indians."

"In front of us?"

"No; behind us."

"What are they doing?"

"They are following us."

"How many of them?"

"Two, I think."

The friends glanced back involuntarily over their shoulders into the dense blackness of the forest. At one point a single broad shaft of light slid down between two pines and cast a golden blotch upon their track. Save for this one vivid spot, all was sombre and silent.

"Do not look round," whispered Du Lhut, sharply; "walk on as before."

"Are they enemies?"

"They are Iroquois."

"And pursuing us?"

"No; we are pursuing them."

"Shall we turn, then?"

"No; they would vanish like shadows."

"How far off are they?"

"About two hundred paces, I think."

"They cannot see us, then?"

"I think not, but I cannot be sure. They are following our trail, I think."

"What shall we do, then?"

"Let us make a circle and get behind them."

Turning sharp to the left, he led them in a long curve through the woods, hurrying swiftly and yet silently under the darkest shadow of the trees. Then he turned again, and presently halted.

"This is our own track," said he.

"Ay, and two redskins have passed over it," cried Amos, bending down, and pointing to marks which were entirely invisible to Ephraim Savage or De Catinat.

"A full-grown warrior and a lad on his first war-path," said Du Lhut. "They are moving fast, you see, for you can hardly see the heel-marks of their moccasins. They walked one behind the other. Now let us follow them as they followed us, and see if we have better luck."

He sped swiftly along the trail, with his musket cocked in his hand, the others following hard upon his heels; but there was no sound and no sign of life from the shadowy woods in front of them. Suddenly Du Lhut stopped and grounded his weapon.

"They are still behind us," he said.

"Still behind us?"

"Yes. This is the point where we branched off. They have hesitated a moment, as you can see by their footmarks, and then they have followed on."

"If we go round again and quicken our pace we may overtake them."

"No; they are on their guard now. They must know that it could only be on their account that we went back on our tracks. Lie here behind the fallen log, and we shall see if we can catch a glimpse of them."

A great rotten trunk, all green with mould and blotched with pink and purple fungi, lay to one side of where they stood. Behind this the Frenchman crouched, and his three companions followed his example, peering through the brushwood screen in front of them. Still the one broad sheet of sunshine poured down between the two pines, but all else was as dim and as silent as a vast cathedral with pillars of wood and roof of leaf. Not a branch that creaked, nor a twig that snapped, nor any sound at all save the sharp barking of a fox somewhere in the heart of the forest. A thrill of excitement ran through the nerves of De Catinat. It was like one of those games of hide-and-seek which the court used to play, when Louis was in a sportive mood,



THE LADY OF SAINTE MARIE.

among the oaks and yew hedges of Versailles. But the forfeit there was a carved fan or a box of bonbons, and here it was life.

Ten minutes passed, and there was no sign of any living thing behind them.

"They are over in yonder thicket," whispered Du Lhut, nodding his head towards a dense clump of brushwood two hundred paces away.

"Have you seen them?"

"No."

"How do you know, then?"

"I saw a squirrel come from his hole in the great white-birch tree yonder. He scuttled back again as if something had scared him. From his hole he can see down into that brushwood."

"Do you think that they know that we are here?"

"They cannot see us. But they are suspicious. They fear a trap."

"Shall we rush for the brushwood?"

"They would pick two of us off, and be gone like shadows through the woods. No; we had best go on our way."

"But they will follow us."

"I hardly think that they will. We are four, and they are only two; and they know now that we are on our guard, and that we can pick up a trail as quickly as they can themselves. Get behind these trunks, where they cannot see us. So! Now stoop until you are past the belt of alder-bushes. We must push on fast now, for where there are two Iroquois there are likely to be two hundred not very far off."

"Thank God that I did not bring Adèle!" cried De Catinat.

"Yes, monsieur; it is well for a man to make a comrade of his wife, but not on the borders of the Iroquois country, nor of any other Indian country either."

"You do not take your own wife with you when you travel, then?" asked the soldier.

"Yes; but I do not let her travel from village to village. She remains in the wigwam."

"Then you leave her behind?"

"On the contrary, she is always there to welcome me. By Ste. Anne, I should be heavy-hearted if I came to any village between this and the bluffs of the Illinois and did not find my wife waiting to greet me!"

"Then she must travel before you?"

Du Lhut laughed heartily, without, however, emitting a sound.

"A fresh village, a fresh wife," said he. "But I never have more than one in each, for it is shame for a Frenchman to set an evil example when the good fathers are spending their lives so freely in preaching virtue to them. Ah! here is the Ajidaumo Creek, where the Indians set the sturgeon nets. It is still seven miles to Poitou."

"We shall be there before nightfall, then?"

"I think that we had best wait for nightfall before we make our way in. Since the Iroquois scouts are out as far as this, it is likely that they lie thick round Poitou; and we may find the last step the worst, unless we have a care; the more so if these two get in front of us to warn the others." He paused a moment with slanting head and sidelong ear. "By Ste. Anne," he muttered, "we have not shaken them off. They are still upon our trail."

"You hear them?"

"Yes; they are no great way from us. They will find that they have followed us once too often this time. Now I will show you a little bit of woodcraft which may be new to you. Slip off your moccasins, monsieur."

De Catinat pulled off his shoes as directed, and Du Lhut did the same.

"Put them on as if they were gloves," said the pioneer, and an instant later Ephraim Savage and Amos had their comrades' shoes upon their hands.

"You can swing your muskets over your back. So! Now down on all-fours, bending yourselves double, with your hands pressing hard upon the earth. That is excellent. Two men can leave the trail of four. Now come with me, monsieur."

He flitted from tree to tree on a line which was parallel to but a few yards distant from that of their comrades. Then suddenly he crouched behind a bush and pulled De Catinat down beside him.

"They must pass us in a few minutes," he whispered. "Do not fire if you can help it." Something gleamed in Du Lhut's hand, and his comrade, glancing down, saw that he had drawn a keen little tomahawk from his belt. Again the mad wild thrill ran through the soldier's blood as he peered through the tangled branches and waited for whatever might come out of the dim silent aisles of tree boles.

And suddenly he saw something move. It flitted like a shadow from one trunk to the other, so swiftly that De Catinat could not have told whether it were beast or human. And then again he saw it, and yet again, sometimes one shadow, sometimes two shadows, silent, furtive, like the *loup-garou* with which his nurse had scared him in his childhood. Then for a few moments all was still once more; and then in an instant there crept out from among the bushes the most terrible-looking creature that ever walked the earth—an Iroquois chief upon the war-trail.

He was a tall, powerful man, and his bristle of scalp-locks and eagle feathers made him look a giant in the dim light;

for a good eight feet lay between his beaded moccasin and the topmost plume of his head-gear. One side of his face was painted in soot, ochre, and vermilion to resemble a dog, and the other half as a fowl, so that the front view was indescribably grotesque and strange. A belt of wampum was braced round his loin-cloth, and a dozen scalp-locks fluttered out, as he moved, from the fringe of his leggings. His head was sunk forward, his eyes gleamed with a sinister light, and his nostrils dilated and contracted like those of an excited animal. His gun was thrown forward, and he crept along with bended knees, peering, listening, pausing, hurrying on, a breathing image of caution. Two paces behind him walked a lad of fourteen, clad and armed in the same fashion, but without the painted face, and without the horrid dried trophies upon the leggings. It was his first campaign, and already his eyes shone and his nostrils twitched with the same lust for murder which burned within his elder. So they advanced, silent, terrible, creeping out of the shadows of the wood as their race had come out of the shadows of history, with bodies of iron and tiger souls.

They were just abreast of the bush, when something caught the eye of the younger warrior, some displaced twig or fluttering leaf, and he paused, with suspicion in every feature. Another instant and he had warned his companion; but Du Lhut sprang out and buried his hatchet in the skull of the older warrior. De Catinat heard a dull crash, as when an axe splinters its way into a rotten tree, and the man fell like a log, laughing horribly, and kicking and striking with his powerful limbs. The younger warrior sprang like a deer over his fallen comrade, and dashed on into the wood; but an instant later there was a gun-shot among the trees in front, followed by a faint wailing cry.

"That is his death-whoop," said Du Lhut, composedly. "It was a pity to fire, and yet it was better than letting him go."

As he spoke, the two others came back, Ephraim ramming a fresh charge into his musket.

"Who was laughing?" asked Amos.

"It was he," said Du Lhut, nodding towards the dying warrior, who lay with his head in a horrible puddle, and his grotesque features contorted into a fixed smile. "It's a custom they have when they get their death-blow. I've known a Seneca chief laugh for six hours on end at the torture stake. Ah, he's gone!" As he spoke, the Indian gave a last spasm with his hands and feet, and lay rigid, grinning up at the ridge of blue sky above him.

"He's a great chief," said Du Lhut. "It is Brown Moose, of the Mohawks, and the other is his second son. We have drawn first blood, but I do not think that it will be the last, for the Iroquois do not allow their war chiefs to die unavenged. He was a mighty fighter, as you may see by looking at his neck."

He wore a peculiar necklace, which seemed to De Catinat to consist of blackened bean pods set upon a string. As he stooped over it he saw, to his horror, that they were not bean pods, but withered human fingers.

"They are all right forefingers," said Du Lhut, "so every one represents a life. There are forty-two in all. Eighteen are of men whom he has slain in battle, and the other twenty-four have been taken and tortured."

"How do you know that?"

"Because only eighteen have their nails on. If the prisoner of an Iroquois is alive, he begins always by biting his nails off. You see that they are missing from four-and-twenty."

De Catinat shuddered. What demons were these amongst whom an evil fate had drifted him! And was it possible that his Adèle should fall into the hands of such fiends! No, no; surely the good God, for whose sake they had suffered so much, would not permit such an infamy. And yet as evil a fate had come on other women as tender as Adèle, upon other men as loving as he. What hamlet was there in Canada which had not such stories in their record? A vague horror seized him as he stood there. We know more of the future than we are willing to admit, away down in those dim recesses of the soul where there is no reason, but only instincts and impressions. Now some impending terror cast its cloud over him. The trees round, with their great protruding limbs, were like shadowy demons thrusting out their gaunt arms to seize him. The sweat burst from his forehead, and he leaned heavily upon his musket.

"By Ste. Eulalie!" said Du Lhut, "for an old soldier, you turn very pale, monsieur, at a little bloodshed."

"I am not well. I should be glad of a sup from your cognac bottle."

"Here it is, comrade, and welcome. Well, I may as well have this fine scalp, that we may have something to show for our walk." He held the Indian's head between his knees, and in an instant, with a sweep of his knife, had torn off the hideous dripping trophy.

"Let us go!" cried De Catinat, turning away in disgust.

"Yes, we shall go. But I shall also have this wampum-belt marked with the totem of the bear. So! And the gun, too. Look at the 'London' printed upon the lock. Ah, Monsieur Green, Monsieur Green, it is not hard to see where the enemies of France get their arms."

So at last they turned away, Du Lhut bearing his spoils, leaving the red grinning figure stretched under the silent trees. As they passed on, they caught a glimpse of the lad lying doubled up among the bushes where he had fallen. The pioneer walked very swiftly until he came to a little stream which prattled down to the big river. Here he slipped off his shoes and leggings, and waded down it with his companions for half a mile or so.

"They will follow our tracks when they find him," said he, "but this will throw them off, for it is only on running water that an Iroquois can find no trace. And now we shall lie in this clump until nightfall, for we are little over a mile from Fort Poitou, and it is dangerous to go forward, for the ground becomes more open."

And so they remained concealed among the alders whilst the shadows turned from short to long, and the white drifting clouds above them were tinged with the pink of the setting sun. Du Lhut coiled himself into a ball, with his pipe between his teeth, and dropped into a light sleep, pricking up his ears and starting at the slightest sound from the woods around them. The two Americans whispered together for a long time, Ephraim telling some long story of the cruise of the brig *Industry*, bound to Jamestown for sugar and molasses, but at last the soothing hum of a gentle breeze through the branches lulled them off also, and they slept. De Catinat alone remained awake, his nerves still in a tingle from that strange, sudden shadow which had fallen upon his soul. What could it mean? Not, surely, that Adèle was in danger. He had heard of such warnings, but had he not left her in safety behind cannon and stockades? By the next evening at latest he would see her again. As he lay looking up through the tangle of copper leaves at the sky beyond, his mind drifted like the clouds above him, and he was back once more in the jutting window in the Rue St. Martin, sitting on the broad bancal, with its Spanish-leather covering, with the gilt wool bale creaking outside, and his arm round shrinking, timid Adèle, she who had compared herself to a little mouse in an old house, and who had yet had courage to stay by his side through all this wild journey. And then again he was back at Versailles. Once more he saw the brown eyes of the King, the fair bold face of De Montespan, the serene features of De Maintenon; once more he rode on his midnight mission, was driven by the demon coachman, and sprang with Amos upon the scaffold to rescue the most beautiful woman in France. So clear it was and so vivid that it was with a start that he came suddenly to himself, and found that the night was creeping on in an American forest, and that Du Lhut had roused himself and was ready for a start.

"Have you been awake?" asked the pioneer.

"Yes."

"Have you heard anything?"

"Nothing but the hooting of the owl."

"It seemed to me in my sleep that I heard a gun-shot in the distance."

"In your sleep?"

"Yes; I hear as well asleep as awake, and remember what I hear. But now you must follow me close, and we shall be in the fort soon."

"You have wonderful ears indeed," said De Catinat, as they picked their way through the tangled brushwood. "How could you hear that these men were following us to-day? I could make out no sound when they were within hand-touch of us."

"I did not hear them at first."

"You saw them?"

"No, nor that either."

"Then how could you know that they were there?"

"I heard a frightened jay flutter among the trees after we were past it. Then, ten



DU LHUT BURIED HIS HATCHET IN THE SKULL OF THE WARRIOR.

minutes later, I heard the same thing. I knew then that there was some one on our trail, and I listened."

"Peste! You are a woodman indeed!"

"I believe that these woods are swarming with Iroquois, although we have had the good fortune to miss them. So great a chief as Brown Moose would not start on the path with a small following nor for a small object. They must mean mischief upon the Richelieu. You are not sorry now that you did not bring madame?"

"I thank God for it!"

"The woods will not be safe, I fear, until the partridge-berries are out once more. You must stay at Ste. Marie until then, unless the seigneur can spare men to guard you."

"I had rather stay there forever than expose my wife to such devils."

"Ay, devils they are if ever devils walked upon earth. You winced, monsieur, when I took Brown Moose's scalp, but when you have seen as much of the Indians as I have, your heart will be as hardened as mine. And now we are on the very borders of the clearing, and the block-house lies yonder among the clump of maples. They do not keep very good watch, for I have been expecting during these last ten minutes to hear the *qui vive*. You did not come as near to Ste. Marie unchallenged, and yet De Lannes is as old a soldier as De la Nouë. We can scarce see now, but yonder, near the river, is where he exercises his men."

"He does so now," said Amos. "I see a dozen of them drawn up in a line at their drill."

"No sentinels, and all the men at drill!" cried Du Lhut, in contempt. "It is as you say, however, for I can see them myself, with their ranks open, and each as stiff and straight as a pine stump. One would think, to see them stand so still, that there was not an Indian nearer than Orange. We shall go across to them, and, by Ste. Anne, I shall tell their commander what I think of his arrangements."

Du Lhut advanced from the bushes as he spoke, and the four men crossed the open ground in the direction of the line of men who waited silently for them in the dim twilight. They were within fifty paces, and yet none of them had raised hand or voice to challenge their approach. There was something uncanny in the silence, and a change came over Du Lhut's face as he peered in front of him. He craned his head round and looked up the river.

"My God!" he screamed. "Look at the fort!"

They had cleared the clump of trees, and the outline of the block-house should have shown up in front of them. There was no sign of it. It was gone.

Chapter XXXIV.

THE MEN OF BLOOD.

So unexpected was the blow that even Du Lhut, hardened from his childhood to every shock and danger, stood shaken and dismayed. Then, with an oath, he ran at the top of his speed towards the line of figures, his companions following at his heels.

As they drew nearer, they could see through the dusk that it was not indeed a line. A silent and motionless officer stood out some twenty paces in front of his silent and motionless men. Further, they could see that he wore a very high and singular head-dress. They were still rushing forward, breathless with apprehension, when, to their horror, this head-dress began to lengthen and broaden, and a great bird flapped heavily up, and dropped down again on the nearest tree trunk. Then they knew that their worst fears were true, and that it was the garrison of Poitou which stood before them.

They were lashed to low posts with willow withies, some twenty of them, naked all, and twisted and screwed into every strange shape which an agonized body could assume. In front, where the bird had perched, was the gray-headed commandant, with two cinders thrust into his sockets, and his flesh hanging from him like a beggar's rags. Behind was the line of men, each with his legs charred off to the knees, and his body so haggled and scorched and burst that the willow bands alone seemed to hold it together. For a moment the four comrades stared in silent horror at the dreadful group. Then each acted as his nature bade him. De Catinat staggered up against a tree trunk, and leaned his head upon his arm, deadly sick; Du Lhut fell down upon his knees, and said something to Heaven, with his two clinched hands shaking up at the darkening sky; Ephraim Savage examined the priming of his gun, with a tightened lip and a gleaming eye; while Amos Green, without a word, began to cast round in circles in search of a trail.

But Du Lhut was on his feet again in a moment, and running up and down like a sleuth-hound, noting a hundred things which even Amos would have overlooked. He circled round the bodies again and again. Then he ran a little way towards the edge of the woods, and then came back to the charred ruins of the block-house, from some of which a thin reek of smoke was still rising.

"There is no sign of the women and children," said he.

"My God! There were women and children!"

"They are keeping the children to burn at their leisure in their villages. The women they may torture or may adopt, as the humor takes them. But what does the old man want?"

"I want you to ask him, Amos," said the seaman, "why we are yawing and tacking here, when we should be cracking on all sail to stand after them."

Du Lhut smiled, and shook his head. "Your friend is a brave man," said he, "if he thinks that with four men we can follow a hundred and fifty."

"Tell him, Amos, that the Lord will bear us up," said the other, excitedly. "Say that He will be with us against the children of Jeroboam, and we will cut them off utterly, and they shall be destroyed. What is the French for 'slay and spare not'? I had as soon go about with my jaw braced up as with folk who cannot understand a plain language."

But Du Lhut waved aside the seaman's suggestions. "We must have a care now," said he, "or we shall lose our own scalps, and be the cause of those at Ste. Marie losing theirs as well."

"Ste. Marie!" cried De Catinat. "Is there, then, danger at Ste. Marie?"

"Ay; they are in the wolf's mouth now. This business was done last night. The place was stormed by a war party of a hundred and fifty men. This morning they left, and went north upon foot. They

have been cachéd among the woods all day between Poitou and Ste. Marie."

"Then we have come through them!"

"Yes, we have come through them. They would keep their camp to-day and send out scouts. Brown Moose and his son were among them, and struck our trail. To-night—"

"To-night they will attack Ste. Marie!"

"It is possible. And yet with so small a party I should scarce have thought that they would have dared. Well, we can but hasten back as quickly as we can, and give them warning of what is hanging over them."

And so they turned for their weary backward journey, though their minds were too full to spare a thought upon the leagues which lay behind them, or those which were before. Old Ephraim, less accustomed to walking than his younger comrades, was already limping and footsore, but, for all his age, he was as tough as hickory and full of endurance. Du Lhut took the lead again, and they turned their faces once more towards the north.

The moon was shining brightly in the sky, but it was little aid to the travellers in the depths of the forest. Where it had been shadowy in the daytime it was now so absolutely dark that De Catinat could not see the tree trunks against which he brushed. Here and there they came upon an open glade bathed in the moonshine, or perhaps a thin shaft of silver light broke through between the branches, and cast a great white patch upon the ground, but Du Lhut preferred to avoid these more open spaces, and to skirt the glades rather than to cross them. The breeze had freshened a little, and the whole air was filled with the rustle and sough of the leaves. Save for this dull never-ceasing sound, all would have been silent had not the owl hooted sometimes from among the tree-tops, and the night-jar whirred above their heads.

Dark as it was, Du Lhut walked as swiftly as during the sunlight, and never hesitated about the track. His comrades could see, however, that he was taking them a different way to that which they had gone in the morning, for twice they caught a sight of the glimmer of the broad river upon their left, while before they had only seen the streams which flowed into it. On the second occasion he pointed to where on the further side they could see dark shadows flitting over the water.

"Iroquois canoes," he whispered. "There are ten of them with eight men in each. They are another party, and they are also going north."

"How do you know that they are another party?"

"Because we have crossed the trail of the first within the hour."

De Catinat was filled with amazement at this marvellous man who could hear in his sleep, and could detect a trail when the very tree trunks were invisible to ordinary eyes. Du Lhut halted a little to watch the canoes, and then turned his back to the river, and plunged into the woods once more. They had gone a mile or two when suddenly he came to a dead stop, snuffing at the air like a hound on a scent. "I smell burning wood," said he. "There is a fire within a mile of us in that direction."

"I smell it too," said Amos. "Let us creep up that way and see their camp."

"Be careful, then," whispered Du Lhut, "for your lives may hang from a cracking twig."

They advanced very slowly and cautiously, until suddenly the red flare of a leaping fire twinkled between the distant trunks. Still slipping through the brushwood, they worked round until they had found a point from which they could see the place without a risk of being seen.

A great blaze of dry logs crackled and spurtled in the centre of a small clearing. The ruddy flames roared upwards, and the smoke spread out above it until it looked like a strange tree with gray foliage and trunk of fire. But no living being was in sight, and the huge fire roared and swayed in absolute solitude in the midst of the silent woodlands. Nearer they crept and nearer, but there was no movement save the rush of the flames, and no sound but the snapping of the sticks.

"Shall we go up to it?" whispered De Catinat.

The wary pioneer shook his head. "It may be a trap," said he.

"Or an abandoned camp?"

"No; it has not been lit more than an hour."

"Besides, it is far too great for a camp-fire," said Amos.

"What do you make of it?" asked Du Lhut.

"A signal."

"Yes. I dare say that you are right. This light is not a safe neighbor, so we shall edge away from it, and then make a straight line for Ste. Marie."

The flames were soon but a twinkling point behind them, and at last vanished behind the trees. Du Lhut pushed on rapidly, until they came to the edge of a moonlit clearing. He was about to skirt this, as he had done others, when suddenly he caught De Catinat by the shoulder and pushed him down behind a clump of sumac, while Amos did the same with Ephraim Savage.

A man was walking down the other side of the open space. He had just emerged, and was crossing it diagonally, making in the direction of the river. His body was bent double, but as he came out from the shadow of the trees they could see that he was an Indian brave in full war-paint, with leggings, loin-cloth, and musket. Close at his heels came a second, and then a third and a fourth, on and on, until it seemed as if the wood was full of men, and that the line would never come to an end. They flitted past like shadows in the moonlight, in absolute silence, all crouching and running in the same swift, stealthy fashion. Last of all came a man in the fringed tunic of a hunter, with a cap and feather upon his head. He passed across like the others, and they vanished into the shadows as silently as they had appeared. It was five minutes before Du Lhut thought it safe to rise from their shelter.

"By Ste. Anne!" he whispered. "Did you count them?"

"Three hundred and ninety-six," said Amos.

"I made it four hundred and two."

"And you thought that there were only a hundred and fifty of them!" cried De Catinat.

"Ah, you do not understand. This is a fresh band. The others who took the block-house must be over there, for their trail lies between us and the river."

"They could not be the same," said Amos, "because there was not a fresh scalp among them."

Du Lhut gave the young hunter a glance of approval. "On my word," said he, "I did not know that your woodsmen are as good as they seem to be. You have eyes, monsieur, and it may please you some day to remember that Greysolon du Lhut told you so."

Amos felt a flush of pride at these words from a man whose name was honored wherever trader or trapper smoked round a camp-fire. He was about to make some answer, when a dreadful cry broke suddenly out of the woods, a horrible screech, as from some one who was goaded to the very last pitch of human misery. Again and again as they stood with blanched cheeks in the darkness they heard that awful cry swelling up from the night, and ringing drearily through the forest.

"They are torturing the women," said Du Lhut. "Their camp lies over there."

"Can we do nothing to aid them?" cried Amos.

"Ay, ay, lad," said the captain, in English. "We can't pass distress signals without going out of our course. Let us put about and run down yonder."

"In that camp," said Du Lhut, slowly, "there are now nearly six hundred warriors. We are four. What you say has no sense. Unless we warn them at Ste. Marie, these devils will lay some trap for them. Their parties are assembling by land and by water, and there may be a thousand before daybreak. Our duty is to push on and give our warning."

"He speaks the truth," said Amos to Ephraim. "Nay, but you must not go alone!" He seized the stout old seaman by the arm and held him by main force to prevent him from breaking off through the woods.

"There is one thing which we can do to spoil their night's amusement," said Du Lhut. "The woods are as dry as powder, and there has been no drop of rain here for a long three months."

"Yes?"

"And the wind blows straight for their camp, with the river on the other side of it."

"We should fire the woods!"

"We cannot do better."

In an instant Du Lhut had scraped together a bundle of dry twigs, and had heaped them up against a withered beech-tree which was as dry as tinder. A stroke of flint and steel was enough to start a little smoulder of flame, which lengthened and spread until it was leaping along the white strips of hanging bark. A quarter of a mile further on Du Lhut did the same again, and once more beyond that, until at three different points the forest was in a blaze. As they hurried

onwards they could hear the dull roaring of the flames behind them, and at last, as they neared Ste. Marie, they could see, looking back, the long rolling wave of fire travelling ever westward towards the Richelieu, and flashing up into great spouts of flame as it licked up a clump of pines as if it were a bundle of fagots. Du Lhut chuckled in his silent way as he looked back at the long orange glare in the sky.

"They will need to swim for it, some of them," said he. "They have not canoes to take them all off. Ah, if I had but two hundred of my *coureurs des bois* on the river at the further side of them not one would get away."

"They had one who was dressed like a white man," remarked Amos.

"Ay, and the most deadly of the lot. His father was a Dutch trader, his mother an Iroquois, and he goes by the name of the Flemish Bastard. Ah, I know him well, and I tell you if they want a king in hell they will find one all ready in his wigwam. By Ste. Anne, I have a score to settle with him, and I may pay it before this business is over. Well, there are the lights of Ste. Marie shining down below. I can understand that sigh of relief, monsieur, for on my word, after what we found at Poitou, I was uneasy myself until I should see them."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLORADO AND ITS CAPITAL.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IF its people had not already called it "the Centennial State" and "the Scenic State," I might have done better by it. I would have called it the Palace-car State, because it is the only one in the West where palace-cars are run all over the tallest mountain ranges, and to the gold and silver mines as fast as they are discovered, and because the general style and finish of the cities and pleasure resorts are of palace-car luxury and thoroughness, while nature provides an endless gallery and museum of gorgeous scenery and magnificent curios that would seem extravagant anywhere else, yet are in keeping there.

Colorado is sufficiently settled and developed to form a valuable object-lesson for the study of the early results of the forces we see at work in the brand-new commonwealths near by. They are seizing the water rights in Montana, Wyoming, and Washington, but in Colorado the water is being sold and used. In the newer States wiseacres are prophesying what will be done with imperial reaches of bunch-grass and sage-brush land, but in Colorado county fairs are being held upon such lands. In Montana the leaders are wishing for an agricultural battalion of neighbors to the miners, but in Colorado agriculture has already distanced mining as a wealth-producing factor.

Denver's peculiarity and strength lie in its being all alone in the heart of a vast region between the Canadian border and the Gulf of Mexico; but it has been brought suddenly near to us. Not all the fast railway riding is done in the East in these days. The far Western steeds of steel are picking up their heels in grand fashion for those who enjoy fast riding. On a palace-car train of the Union Pacific Railroad between Omaha and Denver the regular time is nearly fifty miles an hour, and the long run is made in one night, between supper and breakfast. Denver is only fifty-three hours of riding-time from New York as I write—twenty-five hours from New York to Chicago, and twenty-eight hours from Chicago to Denver.

I am going to ask the reader to spend Saturday and Sunday in Denver with me. Instead of dryly cataloguing what is there, we will see it for ourselves. I had supposed it to be a mountain city, so much does an Eastern man hear of its elevation, its mountain resorts, and its mountain air. It surprised me to discover that it was a city of the plains. There is nothing in the appearance of the plains to lead one to suppose that they tilt up like a toboggan slide, as they do, or that Denver is a mile above sea-level, as it is. But a part of its enormous good fortune is that although it is a plains city, it has the mountains for near neighbors—a long peaked and scalloped line of purple or pink or blue or snow-clad green, according to when they are viewed. There are 200 miles or more of the Rockies in sight

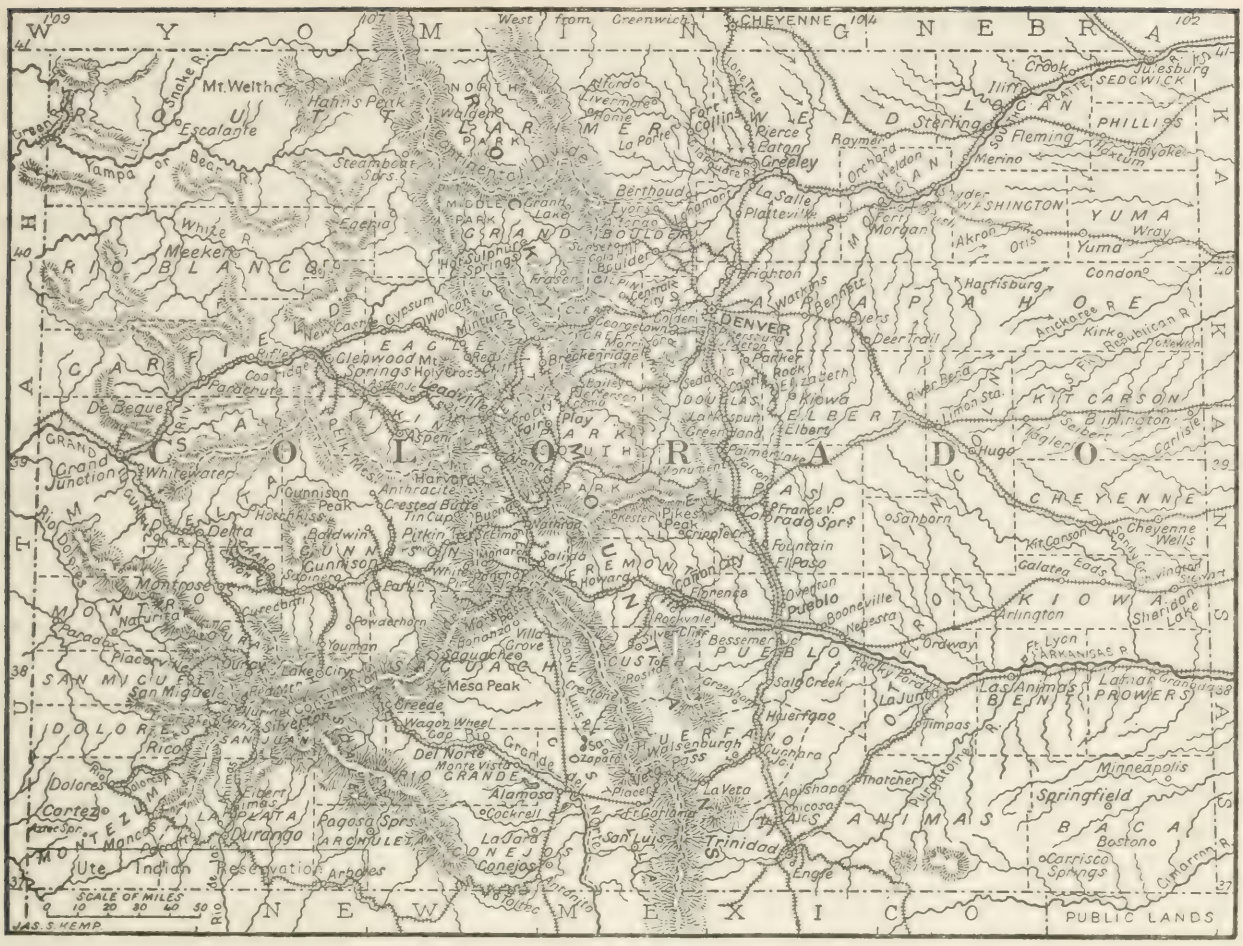
in clear weather. As there are but fifty-six cloudy days in the year, and as these mountains elevate and inspire even the dullest souls, I think we can forget that it is a city of the plains, and ever associate it with the mountains hereafter. I plighted my troth to the sea near which I was born, but in Denver and Salt Lake City, loveliest of all our inland cities, I felt a straining at my loyalty; and when I saw in the dining-room of Mr. W. N. Byers the great square window that his charming wife ordered made so that she might frame 200 miles of the Rockies as in a picture, I admitted to myself that there was much to be said for "t'other dear charmer," and that, in the language of Denver's poet, Cy Warman, "God was good to make the mountains."

We have looked on Denver's patent map, and know where we are. Every Western city has its own patent map, usually designed to show that it is in the centre of creation, but Denver's map is more truthful, and merely locates it in the middle of the country west of the Mississippi. It shows the States east of that river without a single railroad, while a perfect labyrinth of railroads crisscross the West in frantic efforts to get to Denver. Gravely a Denver man says to us afterward, as he holds the map in his hand, "If those Dutchmen and Puritans and things who settled the East could have landed out here on the plains, the thirteen original colonies would have been a howling wilderness filled with savages to-day." And that in turn reminds me of the remark of a man in Utah, a Mormon, who was a member of a colony that pre-empted an alkali lake, washed out the salt with a system of ditches, and succeeded in growing crops. "Eastern people make a great mouth about irrigation and farming in the arid belt," said he, "but we folks 'd rather scoop out a ditch than have to clear out forest stumps and blast rocks to get room for farming." The moral of both these tales is that we may have our own opinion of the West, but we can't prevent the West's having its own opinion of us.

In all other respects the patent Denver map is reliable. It shows that this city of 135,000 souls stands all alone, without a real rival, in a vast rich region. It is 1000 miles from Chicago, 400 from Salt Lake City, 600 from Kansas City, and the same distance from the Missouri River. If you drew a circle of 1000 miles diameter, with Denver in its centre, you would discover no real competitor; but the people have adopted what they call their "thousand-mile theory," which is that Chicago is 1000 miles from New York, and Denver is 1000 miles from Chicago, and San Francisco is 1000 miles from Denver, so that, as any one can see, if great cities are put at that distance apart, as it seems, then these are to be the four great ones of America.

Denver is a beautiful city—a parlor city with cabinet finish—and it is so new that it looks as if it had been made to order, and was just ready for delivery. How the people lived five years ago, or what they have done with the houses of that period, does not appear, but at present everything — business blocks, churches, clubs, dwellings, street cars, the park—all look brand-new, like the young trees. The first citizen you talk to says: "You notice there are no old people on the streets here. There aren't any in the city. We have no use for old folks here." So, then, the people also are new. It is very wonderful and peculiar. Only a year ago Mr. Richard Harding Davis was there, and commented on the lack of pavements in the streets, and I hear that at that time pedestrians wore rubber boots, and the mud was frightful. But now every street in the thick of town is paved with concrete or Belgian blocks as well as if it were New York or Paris. The first things that impress you in the city are the neatness and width of the streets, and the number of young trees that ornament them most invitingly. The next thing is the remarkable character of the big business buildings. It is not that they are bigger and better than those of New York and Chicago—comparisons of that sort are nonsensical—but they are massive and beautiful, and they possess an elegance without and a roominess and lightness within that distinguish them as superior to the show buildings of most of the cities of the country. The hotels are even more remarkable, from the one down by the impressive big depot, which is the best-equipped third-class hotel in the country, to the Brown's Palace and the Métropole, both of steel and stone, which are just as good as men know how to make hotels.

The residence districts are of a piece with the rest. Along the tree-lined streets are some of the very prettiest villas it is


WYOMING
NEBRASKA
KANSAS
NEW MEXICO
PUBLIC LANDS
DENVER
COLORADO
CHEYENNE
Mt. Welthe
Hahns Peak
Steamboat Spgs.
Escalante
Meeker
Whiteriver
Glenwood Springs
Aspen
Leadville
Gunnison
Crested Butte
Grand Junction
Delta
Montrose
Ouray
Silverton
San Miguel
Rico
Dolores
Cortez
Durango
Mancos
Ute Indian Reservation
Arboles
Pagosa Spgs.
Del Norte
Monte Vista
Alamosa
Creede
Mesa Peak
Saguache
Salida
Buena Vista
Pitkin
Tin Cup
Harvard
Anthracite
Gunnison Peak
Baldwin
Powderhorn
Placerville
Lake City
Lake San Cristobal
Rio Grande
Conejos
Los Pinos
Ozanam
Walsenburg
Huerfano
La Veta
Cuchara
Trinidad
Engle
San Luis
Fort Garland
Placer
Cockrell
Wagon Wheel Gap
Bonanza
Villa Grove
Creston
Custer
Rockvale
Florence
Canon City
Fountain
Colorado Springs
Pueblo
Boonesville
Nepesta
Rocky Ford
La Junta
Las Animas
Timpas
Hasty
Bent
Prowers
Lamar
Wiley
Fleming
Merino
Holyoke
Haxtun
Sedgwick
Julesburg
Phillips
Sterling
Atwood
Orchard
Weldon
Raymer
New Raymer
Crook
Iliff
Logan
Washington
Akron
Otis
Yuma
Wray
Idalia
Haigler
Benkelman
Arickaree
Republican R.
Kirk
Hugo
Limon
Limon Sta.
Kit Carson
Bethune
Burlington
Seibert
Carlisle
Cheyenne Wells
Kit Carson
Galatea
Eads
Sheridan Lake
Arlington
Lyon
Arkansas R.
Ordway
Sugar City
Sheridan
Granada
Lamar
Minneapolis
Springfield
Bacca
Bostono
Carrisco Springs
Cimarron R.
Two Buttes
Big Timber Creek
Two Buttes Creek
Purgatoire R.
Las Animas
Boggsville
Thatcher
Apishapa
Nicosa
Aguilar
Berthoud
Loveland
Longmont
Boulder
Golden
Arvada
Colorado City
Manitou
Colorado Springs
Fountain
Pueblo
Rocky Ford
La Junta
Lamar
Holyoke
Julesburg
Sterling
Fort Morgan
Brighton
Platteville
Greeley
Fort Collins
Loveland
Longmont
Boulder
Golden
Arvada
Denver
Parker
Kiowa
Elbert
Elizabeth
Castle Rock
Monument
Palmer Lake
Colorado Springs
Fountain
Fort Carson
Pueblo
Boonesville
Nepesta
Rocky Ford
La Junta
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Timpas
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Monument
Palmer Lake

jewellers' windows, and the museums of Indian curios that are peculiar to the town, a marked and distinctive secret of the place is forced upon our attention. It is that though the signs of great wealth and liberal outlay are in every view, there is no over-decoration, no vulgar display, no wasteful ostentation (except in that saloon that has silver dollars sunk in the floor, and that other one where the mosaic floor slabs are set with double eagles). There is upon the show-places of the town that restraint which we call "taste." To be sure, the bar-rooms cost the price of a prince's ransom, and the walls and bars are made of onyx. But there they stop. A little spray of silver arabesquerie, necessary to save such a room from bareness, is all the ornament one sees. In the high-class hotels, for some reason that appears inscrutable to an American who has been surfeited with bold paintings and dubious bric-à-brac from Madison Square to Nob Hill, there is the same extraordinary good taste. The walls of all the rooms, both public and private, rely on the harmonious blending of soft tints, and on mere lines of fine beading on the hard-wood fittings. Why that taste which makes the apartments of the Japanese our marvel and delight should reappear in Denver, and nowhere else out West, is certainly remarkable.

"There is in Denver," says a man who meets me in the Hôtel Métropole, "what is shockingly called 'the one-lunged army.' I am a member of it, and may repeat the nickname without shame, for we are proud of ourselves. This army comprises 30,000 invalids, or more than one-fifth of the population of Denver. Not by any means is this a host of persons with pulmonary ailments, but of men in physical straits of many sorts, who find the rare air of a place a mile on the road to heaven better than medicine. These are men of wealth, as a rule, and of cultivation and of taste. They have been more important factors in the making of this unique city than most persons, even in Denver, imagine. The stock and oil and gold and silver millionaires point to their operations as the cause of Denver's importance; and they are right. But importance is one thing, and good taste, good society, and progressiveness are quite different things. It was not mining that begot the taste which crowds our residence quarter with elegant dwellings, or that created a demand for clubs like the Denver Club. It was not oil that gave us college-bred men to form a 'Varsity Club of 120 members, or that insisted upon the decoration of the town with such hotels as ours. The influence of the invalids is seen in all this. They are New-Yorkers, Bostonians, Philadelphians, New Orleans men, Englishmen — the well-to-do and well-brought-up men from all over the country—architects, doctors, lawyers, and every sort of professional men being among them."

After that we caught ourselves constantly looking for invalids, but without success. Even those who told us that they were members of the strange army of debilitated æsthetes did not look so. But we came upon many queer facts regarding them, and the air, and the customs of the place. One very noticeable peculiarity of the people was their habit of speaking of the East as "home." "At home in the East we call that Virginia-creeper," said one. "I go home to New York every few months," said another. "We long to go back East to our homes, but when we get there the climate does not agree with us, and we hurry back to Colorado." Thus was revealed the peculiar tenure the place has upon thousands of its citizens. But among them are very many who say that it is customary for Eastern folks to let their regard for the East keep warm until the moment comes when they seriously consider the idea of leaving Colorado. At that juncture they realize for the first time the magic of the mountain air and the hold it has upon them. Few indeed ever seriously think of leaving it after one such consultation with themselves. But I must say it is a very queer air. It keeps every one keyed up to the trembling-point, inciting the population to tireless, incessant effort, like a ceaseless breathing-in of alcohol. It creates a highly nervous people, and, as one man said, "it is strange to fancy what the literature of Colorado will be when it develops its own romancers and poets, so strong is the nervous strain and mental exaltation of the people." One would suppose alcohol unnecessary there; but, on the contrary, there is much drinking. It is a dangerous indulgence. Among the dissolutes suicides are frequent. "If you stay here a week you will read of two," said a citizen. And I did. It was

found that when the saloons were allowed to remain open all night, violent crimes were of frequent occurrence. Drinking too deep and too long was the cause. The saloons were therefore ordered shut at twelve o'clock, and a remarkable decrease of these crimes followed.

We shall see that on its worst side the city is Western, and that its moral side is Eastern. It will be interesting to see how one side dominates the other, and both keep along together. But in the mean time what is most peculiar is the indifference with which the populace regards murder among those gamblers and desperadoes who are a feature of every new country, and who are found in Denver, though, I suspect, the ladies and children never see them, so well separated are the decent and the vicious quarters. It is said that not very long ago it was the tacit agreement of the people that it was not worth while to put the county to the cost or bother of seriously pursuing, prosecuting, and hanging or imprisoning a thug who murdered another thug. It was argued that there was one bad man less, and that if the murderer was at large another one would kill him. The axiom that "only bad men are the victims of bad men" obtained there, as it did in Cheyenne and Deadwood, and does in Butte. To-day a murder in a dive or gambling-hell excites little comment and no sensation in Denver, and I could distinctly see a trace of the old spirit in the speech of the reputable men when I talked to them of the one crime of the sort that took place while I was there.

The night side of the town is principally corralled, as they say; that is, its disorderly houses are all on one street. There is another mining-town characteristic—wide-open gambling. The "hells" are mainly abovestairs, over saloons. The vice is not flaunted as it is in certain other cities; but once in the gaming-places, the visitor sees them to be like those my readers became acquainted with in Butte, Montana — great open places, like the board-rooms in our stock exchanges, lined with gambling lay-outs. They are crowded on this Saturday night with rough men in careless dress or in the apparel of laborers. These are railroad employés, workers from the nearest mines, laborers, clerks—every sort of men who earn their money hard, and think to make more out of it by letting it go easily. Roulette, red and black, and faro are the games. Behind each table sits the imperturbable dealer—sometimes a rough cowboyish-looking young man, who has left off his necktie so as to show his diamond stud; sometimes a man who would pass for a gray-bearded deacon in a village church. By each dealer's side sits the "lookout," chewing a cigar, and lazily looking on in the interests of such fair play as is consistent with professional gambling. All around each table, except on the dealer's side, crowd the idiots, straining and pushing to put their chips where luck will perch. These places are orderly, of course. It is the rule with them everywhere. There is very little conversation. Except for the musical clink-link-link of the ivory chips, the shuffling of feet, and the rattle of the roulette marbles, there is little noise. But the floor boards hold small sea-beds of expectoration, and over each table is enough tobacco smoke to beget the fancy that each lay-out is a mouth of the pit of hell.

Queer characters illustrate queer stories in these places, just as they do in the mining regions, but with the difference that all the stories of luck in the mines are cast with characters who are either rich or "broke," while in the hells they seem never to be in luck when you happen on them. They were flush yesterday, and will be to-morrow — if you will "stake" them with something to gamble with. The man who once had a bank of his own and the one who broke the biggest bank in Leadville were mere ordiary *dramatis personæ* when I looked in, but the towering giant of the place was the man who at twenty-six years of age had killed twenty-six men, all so justly, however, that he never stood trial for one episode. This is part of the "local color" in any picture of Denver; but, on the other hand, the best of that color is, as I have hinted, of the tone of lovely firesides, elegance, wealth, and refinement.

From the gaming to the fruit fair, that happens to be in progress, we are eager to go. The fruit or orchard exhibition was an unlooked-for consummation in so new a State. It was a sight of the dawn of the fruit industry where the best orchards were not five years old. Indeed, some of the finest fruit was plucked where Indians were guarded not long before. There were apples, pears, peaches, plums, quinces, grapes, and ground-cherries. It was too

late in the year (October) for berries, but they are grown in Colorado in great abundance, and the strawberries are said to be big and most delicious. The fruits I saw displayed at the fair were of large though not Californian size. Their most remarkable quality to the eye was their gorgeous coloring—the richest and deepest I ever saw except in paintings. I found afterwards that all the fruit grown in the valleys of the Rockies is equally gorgeous. But of more practical import is the fact that this Colorado fruit is of delicious flavor. In Denver and in other parts of the State I tasted every product of the orchards. I cannot recall my experience in California clearly enough to say more than that they pick their fruit green to ship it away, and so they miss the credit they deserve abroad as growers of luscious fruit. I would like to encourage the Coloradans in their boast that theirs has higher flavor than the west-coast product (if it were true, and I had both kinds to prove it by), and I will say that I think I never enjoyed any fruit more than most of that which I ate in Colorado. The only melons at the show were muskmelons, but it is a great State for melons, particularly for watermelons. One place, Rocky Ford, in Otero County, is celebrated for its observance of what is called "melon day" every year, when the idle people, tourists, and pleasure-seekers gather there to eat free melons in a great amphitheatre built for that purpose. This affair is not altogether unique. At Monument, in Douglas County, the exuberant villagers dig a great trench and cook potatoes—as the Rhode-Islanders do clams—for the multitude, without charge. The fruit at the Denver show was grown in the following counties: Arapahoe, Boulder, Delta, Grand, Jefferson, Larimer, Mesa, Montrose, Otero, and Weld.

The wild flowers at this show were very interesting. No account of Colorado would be complete if it omitted at least some mention of these gorgeous ornaments which Nature litters with lavish hands all over the State—far up the mountain-sides, where the very rocks are stained with rich colors, and up and down the valleys, where even man's importation, the alfalfa, turns the ranches into great blue beds of thickly clustered blossoms. It may have been the flowers, or it may have been the beautifully stained rocks, or, as some say, the color of the water in the Colorado River, that gained the State the Spanish name it bears, but whichever it was, the flowers alone were sufficient to justify the christening, so multitudinous, lovely, varied, and gay are they. Fortunately for the fame of the flowers, certain Colorado ladies are skilled in pressing them so as to reproduce and preserve the natural poses of all the flowering plants, as well as to make them retain their colors unimpaired. The work of these women is now known in every part of the civilized world.

It was interesting to read the progress of Denver in the remarks of those who were presented to me during that visit to the fruit show. One gentleman was interested in the electric-light plant, and said that it is so powerful that during a recent decoration of the streets in honor of a convention that was held there, no less than 22,000 incandescent and four 5000 candle-power search-lights were used in the display. In few cities in the world, he said, is this light so generally and so lavishly used. He added that few of the dwellings, except in the poorest quarter, are without telephones.

A public official volunteered the information that since 1870 the percentage of increase of population has been greater in Denver than in any other city of the land, it being something more than 2000 per cent. A bevy of smiling young women was pointed out as representative art students; for there is a Denver Art League which has sixty members, and aims to maintain classes in oil and water-color work and sculpture. Two of the classes, one for each sex, pursue the practice of drawing and painting from the nude. This institution is the pride and care of the leading business and professional men of the city, who give it ample funds, and are encouraged by the eagerness of the youth of the State, as well as of the city, to enjoy its advantages. A merchant spoke of the Chamber of Commerce, to the enterprise and kindness of which, and especially of the secretary, I was afterward indebted. I learned that this watchful organization of promoters of the commercial welfare of the city maintains a fine free library, containing a collection of books that now numbers 20,000 volumes, and is constantly increasing. No less than 77,000 volumes were read in the homes of its

patrons last year. The reading-room is kept open on all the days of the year, and the city government has passed an ordinance appropriating $500 a month, from the fines imposed by the police magistrates, for the benefit of this valuable institution. Another new acquaintance urged me to see the public schools of the city. The high-school building cost $325,000, and is the second most costly and complete one in existence. Many of the ward or district schools cost a fifth, and some cost more than a fifth, of that large sum. I could not then nor there farther insist upon the opinions that have engendered the only criticisms that have passed between myself in these papers and the new West which I am describing. The report of the Denver Board of Education is before me, and if I read it aright, it declares that the common-school system embraces a course of twelve years of study, eight in the common schools and four in the high-school. Drawing, music, physical culture, and German are mentioned as among the studies in the grammar grades, while the wide gamut between algebra and Greek, with military training for the boys, comprises the high-school course. The 700 high-school pupils are said to be of the average age of seventeen years. I reiterate that this is education for the well-to-do at the expense of the poor. If Denver is like any other town of my acquaintance, the poor cannot release their children from toil during twelve years after they are of an age to be sent to school. The disparity between the sum of 9500 in the common schools and the sum of 700 in the high-school makes it appear that Denver is no exception to the rule. I will not dwell upon my belief that the wide range of studies in these latter-day schools gives children a mere but dangerous smattering of many things and no thorough grounding in any study, and that the result is to produce a distaste for honest labor and an unfitness for anything above it. It is unpleasant to criticise at all where a community is so enthusiastic as this, but I believe the whole system, whether we find it in New York and Boston, as we do, or in Denver, is undemocratic, unjust, and unwise. The "little red school-house on the hill," which has been glorified as the chief pride of Puritan New England, is the seed that has grown into the $300,000 palace of learning for 700 children, at the expense of the parents of more than 9000 other children. The little red school-house was grand indeed. It taught the "three R's" thoroughly, and when a boy or girl wanted more, he or she managed to get it, at such pains and in such a way as to cause him or her to value all that was acquired. Honest work was the portion of all but the rich, who paid for their children's higher schooling. However, the spirit in which Denver maintains and elaborates her school system is beyond all criticism; it is, indeed, creditable and wonderful. If we do not agree about the result, I can at least testify to the impression I received — that the whole people are honestly and enthusiastically proud of their schools, and that of their elaborate kind they are among the best in the country.

Denver has other than her public schools—the (Methodist) University of Denver, the (Catholic) St. Mary's Academy, the (Episcopal) St. John's College for boys; an Episcopal school for girls, called Wolfe Hall; the Woman's College, and the Westminster University, the first a Baptist and the second a Presbyterian institution. I should have mentioned the fact that a second fine public library is maintained in connection with the public-school system. It goes without saying, in a study of a city like Denver, that musical, dramatic, literary, and kindred coteries are numerous.

Away from the fruit display, out in the brightly lit streets, were the crowds of Saturday-night shoppers. Of these many more were persons employed in manufacturing industries than those would imagine who know no more of Denver than I have told. The fine and varied building stones that will yet become a great asset in Colorado's inventory of wealth are cut and dressed in more than one establishment. The notable buildings of Denver are built of Colorado red sandstone, granite, and other beautiful materials found in the mountains. The main or parent range of the Rockies loses its striking configuration soon after leaving Colorado in the south. Then it becomes a broken, ragged chain. They have some good stones in the territories to the southward, but not the assortment found in Colorado. Already Colorado stones are shipped to Chicago, the Nebraska and Kansas towns, and Texas. These are brownstones, granite, a so-

called lava or metamorphic stone of great durability and beauty, and a variety of sandstones. Some red sandstone that I saw being quarried in the Dolores Valley, where it is abundant beyond calculation, is said to be well adapted for fine interior decorative uses. Others in the crowds were workers in the cotton factory; in a knitting-mill that has been removed there from the East; in the three large establishments where preserves, fruit pickles, and sauces are made; in the making of fire-brick, drain-pipe, jugs, jars, churns, and other coarse pottery; in the manufacture of the best mining machinery in the world, whole outfits of which have been shipped to China and South Africa, to say nothing of Mexico and our own mining regions, which are all supplied from Denver. Other operatives work upon the hoisting machinery and pumping machines, of which the Denver patterns are celebrated. Still others in the streets work at the stock-yards, where there are two large packing companies, and where nearly 200,000 hogs, cattle, and sheep were slaughtered last year. A mill for the manufacture of news paper has been in operation for a year, and now (October, '92) three other paper-mills are about to be erected, the aim being to make book and letter paper, Manilas, coarse wrapping-paper, and flooring and roofing papers, as well as to produce the pulp used in these manufactures.

The three smelting-works employ nearly 400 men, and handled 400,000 tons of ore, producing $24,500,000 in gold, silver, lead, and copper, last year. In addition to the twenty foundries and machine shops of whose work I have spoken, there are thirty other iron-working establishments, making tin and sheet-iron work and wire-work. In another year a barbed-wire factory and a wire and nail making plant will be in operation. There are sixty brick-making firms. Leather-workers are numerous, but all the leather is imported; there is no tannery there. Paint and white-lead making are large industries; there are six breweries; and eight firms engage in wood-working and the making of building material. In a sentence, this busy metropolis is manufacturing for the vast territory around it, with 339 manufacturing establishments, employing 9000 operatives, and producing $46,000,000 worth of goods.

The Chamber of Commerce advertises the need of woollen mills, stocking factories, tanneries, boot and shoe factories, glue factories, and potteries, but declares that Denver will give no subsidies to get them. "The natural advantages of the centre of a region as large as the German Empire, without a rival for 600 miles in any direction, combined with cheap fuel, fine climate, abundant supply of intelligent labor at reasonable prices, unutilized local raw materials, a good and ever-growing local market, protected against Eastern competition by from 1000 to 2000 miles of railroad haul—these are the inducements that Denver offers to new manufacturing plants."

And now we will fancy it is Sunday in Denver. The worshippers are coming out of the churches. But in the streets rush the cable cars with their week-day clanging of bells. On the car roofs are the signs, "To Elitch's Gardens," where, according to the papers next day, there are "music and dancing and bangle-bedizened women." Other cars rush toward the City Park, where the State Capital Band is to play. "Oho!" thought the critical Eastern visitors; "we are in the presence of the usual American Sunday, with the gin-mills and the gambling-places all wide open." Not so. So far as I could see, not a bar-room was open. The shades were up, and the desolate interiors were in plain view from the streets. The gambling-saloons were tight shut. No one loitered near them. Here, then, had reappeared the Sunday of the Atlantic coast, for the local ordinances are enforced, and require the closing of the saloons and "hells" from Saturday midnight until Monday morning.

Except for the cling-clang of the street cars, an Eastern-Sunday hush was upon the town. Just as we see them in New York, country couples, strangers there, walked arm in arm in the business quarter, looking in the shop windows; German families, children and all, in stiff Sunday best, streamed along in queues behind the fathers; idle young men with large cigars leaned against the corners and the corner lamp-posts, and the business streets were nine-tenths dead. Thousands gathered in the park, just as they do on such a Sunday in New York. Beyond that the silence and stagnation of Sunday were on the town. In the Denver Club the prosperous men loafed about, and looked in at the great round table in the private din-

ing-room with thoughts of the grand dinners it had borne. In the pretty homes were many circles wherein the West was discussed just as it is in New York, with sharp words for its gambling, its pistol-carrying, and its generally noisy Sundays. It was strange to hear in the West such talk of the West. It was easy to see the source of the influence that brought about that quiet day of worship. Yet in the same homes, in the same circles, was heard the most fulsome lauding of Denver and Colorado—praise that seemed to lift those altitudinous places even nearer to the clouds. With only the happiest memories and kindest wishes, then, adieu to Denver.

I made a journey of more than two thousand miles in Colorado without seeing half of it, for it is as large as New England and New York. Upon the famous "Scenic Route" (the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad) I rode from Denver to the New Mexican border, through southern Colorado, and back through the middle of the State, over the famous Marshall Pass. I took in, on the way, the full lengths of the Silverton and the Rio Grande Southern railways, which, in quest of mining towns and agricultural settlements, are laid amid some of the most gorgeous, stupendous, and varied scenery in the State. It will surprise the reader to hear that on these mountain railroads rock ballast, heavy steel rails, and gas-lighted palace-cars are provided. Yet the greatest surprise comes with seeing how the railroad-builders have flung their steel in loops upon the mountain sides and tops, where one would suppose no engines could ever haul a train, or trains could ever yield a profit, and where it is no uncommon thing to see three and even four lengths of the same railway above or below your car, as the rails "tack" to and fro toward the top of a steep mountain. "Yachting round the Rockies" was what the party on the trip with me resolved to call our journeying. There is not room in an entire paper such as this for a description of the scenery of Colorado. I had not supposed that, after enjoying the mountain scenery of British Columbia, I would find anything to delight me as much in any other part of the Rocky Mountain chain. Even now I think there are grander views in the North, but they are not as numerous, nor as beautiful and warm and full of color and variety, as the mountain scenes in Colorado. The railway tourist in British Columbia merely crosses the mountains, whereas in Colorado it is possible to start from Denver and, riding only by daylight, to spend a week of nearly continuous mountaineering. At the end it will be difficult to determine which is the prettiest scene that memory retains for the mind's eye to return to. Perhaps it will seem that, taken altogether, the wondrous cañons were most worth seeing; those of the Rio de las Animas Perdidas, of the Grand, of the Dolores, of the Rio Grande, and that at Toltec, in New Mexico. Perhaps the surprising views of innumerable far-reaching, snow-clad mountain-peaks—seen at many points when the cars cross a divide—will be most delightfully remembered. Or it may be that the choicest recollection will be of the superb region between Trout Lake and the Cathedral Peaks, followed by a valley view of great beauty beyond. Then strangely beautiful mining towns, built in blind valleys between towering mountains, will come to mind, and Telluride, Pandora, Ouray, and other villages will seem the most enchanting bits of the grand experience. Their neat houses, shaded streets, and glorious surroundings gain much from the added novelty of mining paraphernalia in action. The pack-trains of long-eared burros, which the people call "Colorado canaries," the trolley railways, the heaps of ore, the Welsh miners—all these lend added value to the scenes. Each day is crowded with views of fearful gorges, of mountain-sides stained red and blue and green, of valleys cultivated to the degree of an Illinois prairie, of vast irrigation-works gridironing the plains with silver threads, of Mexicans and their huts and villages of adobe, of myriads of sheep on southern ranges. It is not necessary to go to Europe for scenery or for unfamiliar peoples and conditions.

I shall say even less about the mining than about the scenery. Colorado is generally known to possess both in abundance. Let it be my part to show that already the surer, more lasting resource of agriculture is the heaviest asset of the State. The Denver smelteries treated four and a quarter millions of pounds of Colorado copper, 100,000 tons of Colorado lead, twelve million ounces of silver, and 120,000 ounces of gold. The total value of all this was fifteen and three-quar-

ter millions of dollars; but much of the Colorado ore is of the free-milling variety not treated at the smelteries; and besides, there are other smelteries at Pueblo, Rico, Leadville, and Durango. The total revenue from mining in 1891 was thirty-three and a half millions of dollars. And yet the Denver Chamber of Commerce estimates the income from agriculture at forty millions, derived from the cultivation of two millions of acres of land. If the value of the live-stock were added as a farm product, the sum would be increased by at least $15,000,000. A wonderful showing for so new a State.

It is estimated that at the end of another hundred years Colorado will boast a population of four millions of souls. Her stone quarries, her petroleum, her mineral paints, her cement, which is already classed as equal to the best, her clays, found in tremendous banks, and suitable for the production of fine china, as well as pottery of all the coarse grades, her coal and iron, her natural parks, scenic wonders, mineral waters, farm and fruit and pasture lands, her vast stores of metals—all these, and many resources that I have not mentioned, will more than support a population of that magnitude.

The range cattle business and civilization, with its fences and farms and towns, cannot exist together, and as Colorado is civilized, this rude business is almost at an end there. Cattle are being held in small bunches and with winter corrals—an infinitely more practical and humane industry. The present grade of cattle is higher than before. Every farmer sells a few head each year, and thus makes a little money where a few used to make (or lose) large sums.

One-third of the State is plains land, and two-thirds are cut up by mountains. These are separated by valleys of varying degrees of value for farm land, and the mountains are not so rocky as to be to any great extent unavailable for pasturage. Farming and orchard culture are making great headway in Larimer, Arapahoe, Boulder, Jefferson, and Weld counties, in eastern Colorado. Farmers are pushing into the valleys of southern Colorado, especially those in the southwest, that were once thickly peopled and well cultivated by the cliff-dwellers. The Mormons and other thrifty folk are taking up valley lands in the western part of the State.

Colorado's 66,560,000 acres of land lie upon either side of the continental divide and upon many secondary ranges, forming mountains, parks, and valleys, of which not five per cent. is bare of vegetation. Long ago the Mexicans began, with petty irrigation-works, to borrow from the eight principal rivers and their tributaries the water that came down from the mountains in those channels. The mean yearly precipitation west of the mountains is but 25 inches; east of them it is only 18.7 inches. At Denver the highest rainfall was in 1891, and amounted to $21\frac{4}{10}$ inches. The lowest was in 1890, and was $9\frac{1}{3}$ inches. All over the State irrigation companies have been formed, or farmers have banded together as ditch-owners, and, as we shall see, a vast acreage is under irrigation or ready for it. The destruction of the forests, and consequent loss of water, through its unequal distribution, have hurried the necessary building of reservoirs, of which there are many, and some very large ones, in use. Colorado is forward in this respect. The importance of reservoirs where water is scarce will be seen when the reader understands that the winter's stores of snow, and even the heavy rainfalls, are apt to rush away in one great flood, robbing the State of a large fraction of the too little water that comes upon it. The gauge records of the Cache la Poudre River show that 82 per cent. of the total annual discharge passes down the river in May, June, and July, whereas in August the discharge is only 6.6 per cent., and in September it is only 2.6 per cent.

Artesian wells add comparatively little to the wealth of the State, although this source of supply has been so successfully tried in the San Luis Valley that there are now more than 2000 wells there.

On the eastern slope, out to the eastern boundary of Colorado, there are nearly thirty millions of acres of arable land, of which four millions of acres are "under the ditch," and only a million and a half are actually cultivated. Of what remains unditched it is difficult to say how much may be redeemed. It depends upon the situation of the land and the extent of the water supply, and the latter factor is dependent on future developments.

For one thing, the irrigable land is constantly being extended and increased by

the storage of the water of spring freshets in reservoirs that are usually formed out of natural depressions at the base of the mountains. The custom is to use the stored water on the near-by land, while the stream carries its own quota, undiminished, to distant fields. Thus the area of irrigable territory is greatly increased. Moreover, time has demonstrated the strange but important fact that, after three or four years, water used in irrigation goes twice as far as it did when the work was begun. The ground under the ditches becomes a vast reservoir, from which the water that sinks into it "seeps" or drains back into the natural waterways. Mr. Maxwell, the State Engineer of Colorado, finds that at the eastern line of the State, far beyond the ranches and farms which drain the river, the Platte carries 600 cubic feet of water per second as against the 200 cubic feet it brings out of the mountains. There is, therefore, a far better supply in the eastern plains country than formerly, and this will increase as reservoirs catch the spring floods, for it is certain that however much water be spread on the land, none is lost except by evaporation. The least hopeful outlook in eastern Colorado is for the land on the divide between the Platte and the Arkansas. There is no water there; the land is higher than the distant rivers, and wells have not succeeded there.

West of the Rocky Mountains there are more and larger streams, but there is less rainfall than on the eastern slope. It is estimated that there is a drainage area of twenty-five millions of acres in western Colorado, but that only nine millions are arable. These nine millions are mainly irrigated, the country being the field of rapid development. The principal streams flow through well-cultivated farming districts, and these form the region already noted for choice fruit-raising.

In the celebrated Greeley colony, north of Denver, the ditches are owned by the men who own the land. They bought and pre-empted a large tract (now as rich as a typical Illinois district, by-the-way), took the water rights, constructed a large canal, and distributed the water proportionately with the various holdings of the land. Thus the water has become part and parcel of the land, and costs only the trifling sum each owner is assessed for repairs and superintendence. This is as near to the perfect and ideal method of irrigation as mankind has come in this country. It is the method of the Mormons also. But, alas! practically the whole water treasure and irrigation-work is in the hands of speculative corporations. All the newer schemes are of that sort. In the San Luis Valley, the Arkansas Valley, and along the Platte River corporations have built the ditches, appropriated and diverted the water, and are selling the liquid to farmers with a superimposed annual tax for repairs—a tax of such proportions that the plan may be justly described as making the farmers pay down at the outset for the privilege of having water afterward by paying for it over again every year. Like cows who come home to be milked at nightfall, the settlers of Colorado must "give down" each year or go dry. The first payments vary between five, eight, and ten dollars an acre for the land—usually eight to ten dollars—and the annual dues (for "maintenance," as this Colorado method of producing water-barons is called) are from a dollar to two dollars and a half an acre.

In each State I have visited where irrigation is necessary (and this is the case in something like one-fifth of the land of the United States) the conditions are about the same, and their unjustness causes thinking men to predict excessive irritation and trouble in the future. An eminent lawyer in Denver has reached the same conclusion that I announced in one of my papers on the new States in the Northwest. "Eventually and surely," said he, "the States must control the water supply within their borders. They will have to take the water by right of eminent domain, and pay the present owners for it. They must pay a great deal, for the owners count on becoming wealthy and on bequeathing Fortunatus purses to their descendants. Once in the possession of the government, the water must be distributed for the benefit of the greatest possible number. It will not be in our time, but it will be done, and it will result from the very great discontent, and perhaps even violent disorder, that are certain to breed out of the present unjust, selfish, and primitive methods."

The coal of eastern Colorado extends the whole width of the State in a belt that reaches an average distance of twenty miles out into the plains. It is an ac

companiment of the Rocky Mountains, and has been thought to extend from the Gulf of Mexico to Alaska. An equal field lies to the west of the mountains, and is worked in Utah, Wyoming, and elsewhere. It is by no means uninterrupted or continuous. Glaciers and floods have worn away great reaches of it, and other lengths are overlaid by such thicknesses of rock that they are unworkable. But there are vast fields of it in Colorado—thirty thousand to forty thousand square miles, one official report declares. It is bituminous or lignite, and varies in quality, but even that which shows the lowest of these stages of development is valuable. The southern coal area is the better. There the coal is firm, does not slack, or slacks but slightly, breaks up into large blocks, is freer from impurities, and is found in thicker veins than elsewhere, as a rule. It is to get this coal and supply it to Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, and other States and Territories that several railways have extended their lines into Colorado, to the incalculable benefit of the State. A remarkable and indubitable "find" of anthracite coal is the gem of this vast double field of fuel. It is mined at Crested Butte, in Gunnison County, in the Elk Mountains. By the fossil remains found with it geologists determine it to be of the same origin as the lignite of the foothills and plains, altered by heat into anthracite. It is now known to occur in more than one large bed, and close to it are beds of semi-anthracite, as well as much bituminous coal. There is a great deal of coking-coal here, and other coking-coal in large quantities is found in the Trinidad region—a plateau of 750 square miles in southern Colorado and New Mexico. It is also found in lesser quantities near Durango, in the San Juan district.

The field of petroleum oil in the State is in Fremont County, near Cañon City. The supply of oil is reported to be practically unlimited, and the wells are called more prolific than any others of the same number and size in the United States, yet the production of the whole field is kept down to the requirements of a very limited market. I found but one opinion in Denver, and that was that the Colorado output of oil is limited to the demands of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, and New Mexico.

Along the entire foot-hills are geological conditions more or less similar to those at Florence, and it is not at all certain that the present wells are in the best place. That is the general opinion in Colorado, and it is also believed that natural gas will prove a factor in the State's assets some day. With varying success, nearly ninety wells have been drilled in the Florence oil-field. Fifty-two and a half per cent. have proved productive in greater or lesser degree, and some have produced constantly for five years. Out of the 30,000 barrels produced up to October, 1891, one-third of the amount was refined into oil, and 5000 barrels of lubricating oil were made, both products being excellent, for the oil is rich in illuminant and lubricating qualities.

There is among Colorado capitalists a project for operating a four-million-dollar iron and steel producing company, and this company has for a long time kept experts in the field in an endeavor to find suitable coal and iron in such proximity to one another as to warrant the establishment of furnaces for the making of pig to blend into the Bessemer product afterward. I went to the chief personage in this great prospective industry and asked him as to the quantity and kinds of iron that were supposed to exist in the State. With rare tact, and a quality of courtesy not often met with in the West, he said that exactly what I wished to know was precisely what I should not find out. What was vouchsafed to me by this custodian of the bad manners and the knowledge of the iron deposit in Colorado was as valuable as it was churlishly given.

There is, it seems, but little development-work in iron in the State, though the iron is found scattered in large fields on both sides of the mountains, some being magnetic and some hematite, not to speak of the more or less worthless ores. For twelve years iron has been made at Pueblo of ore from the San Luis Valley, Leadville, and other points. There is in the State a great deal of ore free from phosphorus and sulphur to make Bessemer steel, ore of good quality being found in many places, the only question about any of it being with regard to its quantity and availability. "But," said the gruff sage who told me this, "there is not a pound of fuel east of the Rockies that is fit to use in making iron, and to use what there is would bankrupt whoever did it."

Iron is going into Colorado from Alabama at seventeen dollars a ton, ten dollars being the market price and seven dollars the freight charge. In another year Lake Superior pig-iron will enter the Colorado market. The problem in Colorado, then, is to find iron to market at a less price. Fifteen-dollar iron would do, on a basis of thirteen dollars cost, leaving a margin for profit and interest on the plant. There is required a combination of the right ore, the right fuel, and satisfactory transportation facilities, and that combination is yet to be made. An exhaustive, energetic investigation is going forward, and the men interested hope to work at many points to produce mixtures for Bessemer. They believe that there is a good prospect of success at an early day. They are looking into the fuel question in Wyoming, where the iron supply is no longer debatable.

Second to Denver among Colorado's cities is Pueblo, in the county of that name. It claims 40,000 population, and is a substantially built and very busy town, with a banking capital of a million, and mercantile operations that amount to $35,000,000 a year. Its three smelteries produce $14,000,000 a year. It has five railroads running through it, a $400,000 opera-house, a public library, immense iron and steel works, oil-refineries, thirty miles of electric street railway, and a solid, orderly, and prosperous appearance. It is 4700 feet up in the air, and surrounded by a delightful country, either cultivated or naturally picturesque. The mineral palace for the display of the mineral resources of the State, the artesian magnetic mineral baths, the near-by lake-side summer resort, and the really fine hotels of the city have attracted tourists and invalids in great numbers.

Colorado Springs is another important place, of which it has been said that it presents the anomaly of a bustling town of fine buildings, banks, clubs, palatial hotels, and yet manufactures nothing at all, and does no business except with itself. The place has 12,000 inhabitants, and is a winter and summer resort, 6000 feet above sea-level. Residence there is advertised as a "sure cure" for consumption, which explains the mystery of its size and character. The town has electric cars, a college, the Childs-Drexel Printers' Home, hospitals, churches, schools, banks, clubs, an opera-house, and a casino, which includes a fine restaurant and an orchestra. The place is surrounded by resorts and scenic points that have been widely advertised. Pike's Peak, Manitou (another resort famed for its springs), the latest sensational mining camp, called Cripple Creek, and many other noted places are all close to Colorado Springs, which is perhaps the most finished and elegant health resort west of the Mississippi.

Colorado is dotted with springs of medicated water of various kinds—hot, cold, sulphur, soda, iron, magnetic—a great variety, and existing in almost every county. At Glenwood Springs, an especially beautiful resort, hot springs are utilized to fill an open-air bath 600 feet long, in which men and women may bathe in midwinter without being chilled while in or beside the bath. A hotel to cost $400,000 is building there.

The southwestern part of the State, called the San Juan country, has for its capital a place named Durango, which is sufficiently far from any competitor, is in a sufficiently rich country, and has a sufficient reputation for "hustling" to make it a very promising place. It is 6000 feet above the sea-level, in the Animas Valley, and includes some fine buildings, good hotels, several banks and churches, a free-and-easy, electric lights, gambling lay-outs in all the saloons, and, indeed, everything that goes with a high-spirited Western town. The United States land-office there has sold 102,000 acres of land, at $1 25 an acre, and has given away 50,000 acres to homesteaders. It has issued receipts for about 3000 gold and silver mining claims, and has sold 7000 acres of coal land. Here is the San Juan Smeltery, which cokes its own coal, and a smeltery that treats ore from Red Mountain and Rico. The Porter Coal Company, whose mines are near by, turned out 70,000 tons last year. The San Juan Company mines 150 tons a day; the Ute Coal Company mines twice as much; and there are still other companies in the business. The place supports three banks and a savings-bank, an iron foundry and machine shop, two flour-mills, saw-mills, a brick-yard, a lime company, a stone-quarrying company, and the inevitable brewery. Timber for charcoal, gypsum for plaster of Paris, fire-clay, and fine building stones are found near by. The farm land yields, in the local parlance, "everything from peanuts to persimmons," viz., wheat, oats,

apples, pears, cherries, plums, melons, grapes, and many sorts of berries. Over in New Mexico peaches are said to do well, and they raise thirty-five varieties of grapes. There are many streams, and irrigation-works are numerous. Montrose is the likely town at the northern end of the San Juan country. Montrose County has 500 miles of ditches, and is rich in the production of wheat, corn, potatoes, hay, and very fine fruit. Here again flour-mills, lumber-mills, banks, an opera-house, a club, and the other monuments of a prosperous community are to be found. It would be interesting to glance all over the State in this way, but since I must choose, I have told of this region—distant and backward until very lately—to illustrate what is true of the whole State.

Aspen and Leadville are no longer bold, bad mining camps. Both are solid, sober places. Creede has moved out of the original gulch to what was "Jimtown," and is also an earnest, orderly town. Greeley is a thrifty, prosperous, and beautiful farming centre; and Grand Junction, in western Colorado, is an ambitious and inviting place.

THE FRENCH SCARE OF 1875.

MR. DE BLOWITZ.

I WISH to tell in all simplicity the story of a historical episode in which I played a certain part, an episode travestied by almost everybody, and often spoken of in ignorance, but one which deserves to be placed in its true light before posterity.

It was only a few weeks ago that Prince Bismarck, accused of having conceived in 1875 a scheme of aggression against France, protested with all his strength not only that he himself never thought of such a thing, but, indeed, that no one in Germany had ever dreamed of it. Prince Bismarck has taken the greatest pains, since his fall, to impress upon history, for all the events in which he personally took part, his own seal. This endeavor is the proof of a curious anxiety. The very man who has always shown so bitter a scorn for his contemporaries now reveals the most intense and an almost superstitious regard for future generations; and this, too, in the midst of extraordinary aberrations of self-control which may be seen almost daily. Thus, since his fall, scarcely a day has gone by without his trying to show that the young Emperor, who was his pupil, has been not only an ingrate, but a traitor to the true interests of the fatherland in hurling him, the omnipotent Chancellor, from his high estate, and reducing him to the condition of abasement in which he now plays the rôle of grumbler. This great Chancellor, indeed, who up to the eve of his fall was the most noteworthy historic personality of the second half of the century, is so carried away by passion that he does not perceive that every accusation brought against the young Emperor is a confession of his own previous blindness; for although he had the management of this young man from childhood, he never discovered in him a future Emperor capable of dashing his preceptor to the ground once the imperial authority clashed against the Chancellor's iron will and unrelenting pride.

When the Emperor, in spite of the Chancellor's resistance, demanded his various ministers to furnish him with direct reports, Prince Bismarck said to him, "Then it only remains for me to place my resignation in the Emperor's hands," and William II. replied, "I am extremely sorry, but unfortunately I cannot give you mine."

This single ironic reply brought the colossus to the ground.

Prince Bismarck, therefore, not only was utterly mistaken as to the character, the haughty and indomitable audacity, of his pupil, but he forgot that it was he himself who, with his own hands, forged, as it were, the empire with the laws and constitution which armed the sovereign so powerfully that even he, who might have been thought privileged as their designer, could be crushed at a single blow. And all that Prince Bismarck has since then striven to do to recover his former power has been without avail. He has talked and written and travelled; he has been fêted at home and abroad; he has criticised the utterances, the acts, the schemes of the young sovereign; but he remains still growling from the corner where the imperial gesture drove him.

To-day, before his constant utterances—evidence of the uncontrollable despair which fills his soul—public opinion, which always follows the strongest, is haggling, as it were, over the admiration which it is willing to give to him; and in the honors of which he is from time to time the object is to be seen rather a playful and harmless bearding of the sovereign than a sincere testimony of unalloyed esteem of the Chancellor. His most devoted friends know well enough that he is forever beaten—unless some utterly unforeseen order of facts should arise—and several months ago one of them cried out: "Ah, what a pity that Prince Bismarck was bound to be the loyal servant of this dynasty, as having constructed the imperial crown! For if it were not for this, he might have shut the young Emperor up at Spandau before he had time to strike a blow, on the plea that he was threatening, by the rashness of his resolutions, the security of the German fatherland."

Such an utterance as this, with its scarcely restrained anger, is of itself proof of Prince Bismarck's irremediable fall. But the Prince refuses so readily as this to acquiesce. With his eye fixed on posterity, he seeks to anticipate the judgment of history. He seeks even to remake the facts where he thinks them unfavorable to himself. Thus, just recently, he undertook a controversy about the "Ems telegram," a matter of which, however, I have not now to speak; and not long ago, as I have said, he declared that not only did he himself, in 1875, never dream of attacking France, but that no such idea ever entered any German head.

Who wishes to prove too much proves nothing.

For my part, I can testify that no one in Germany in 1875 had the absolute intention of attacking France in 1875, but everybody studied the possibility of doing so with the certainty of victory, and in so doing everybody wished as well to know how far it would be possible to go without arousing Europe and the whole world against the immorality of such an enterprise. All those in Germany who had it in their power to unchain the dogs of war admitted the necessity of some supreme resolution; but they one and all hesitated to take the initiative, and the scheme was so long postponed that it was finally abandoned.

At this time the Duc Decazes was Minister of Foreign Affairs and one of the most conspicuous figures in the French political world. From the very start, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, he had become famous as a most clever diplomatist. He had taken this post just after the fall of Thiers, succeeding Comte de Rémusat, a man whose diplomatic despatches are still regarded as models in their kind. But it must be admitted that the difficulties that lay in the path of the Duc Decazes were infinitely greater than those against which Comte de Rémusat had to fight.

As long as Thiers remained in power, Europe was convinced that France would never dream of abandoning the republican form of government. Europe saw that the home problem in France, in her struggle in defence of the republican idea against all the furious hostility of the former parties, was of itself so difficult as to be an earnest of peace. But the accession of the conservatives, and in particular of the Orleanist party, aroused abroad a good deal of anxiety. It was feared that this party might try to overturn the Republic and establish the Monarchy, and that the peace of Europe might thereby be troubled. Indeed, the new government seemed very early to be giving some show of reason for this dread. The French bishops, in the very year of the change, and the Bishop of Nancy in particular, published certain pastorals which aroused indignation and the anxiety—perhaps only feigned—of Germany; the two monarchical houses, the Legitimists and the Orleanists, united their forces to a common end; a delicate situation was created with Italy; the policy of England was opposed; Spanish susceptibilities were irritated by the suspicion that got abroad to the effect that the new government favored the Carlists; and then, little by little, as if in the natural course of things, France found itself hedged about by a circle of suspicious and distrustful neighbors.

This general feeling among European statesmen was not lessened by the elevation to the Presidency of Marshal Macmahon. It was believed that military reorganization would henceforth be the chief preoccupation of France; and when the National Assembly patriotically voted the creation of the Fourth Battalion, this vote, almost forced upon it, was the expression of widespread national anxiety, which Germany did not fail to note.

This is the real origin of the diplomatic incident of May, 1875.

As soon as the creation of this Fourth Battalion was decided on, the military party in Germany betrayed much agitation, of which Count Moltke, after the Emperor the personification of German military power, was the first to give the signal. From the very start the Emperor William I. had shown that he was resolved to be the sole master in military matters, but he left to Prince Bismarck almost absolute freedom in all questions not pertaining to the army. It was in this way, indeed, that he succeeded in quieting the suspicions and irascible nature of his Chancellor. Even to-day it is impossible to say what were the secret aspirations of the Chancellor after the treaty of Frankfort, which had sealed the triumph of Germany over France. He had certainly regarded himself from the start as the sole founder of the new German Empire. His constant utterances since his fall prove how deep-rooted was this conviction. From the very beginning he was clearly a *mécontent*. For a long time he had nursed the all but impossible dream of expelling Austria from Germany, and of bringing in, as parts of a single empire of which he saw the vision, the southern states, the kingdom of Saxony, and all the independent states scattered over German territory. This end he had constantly pursued amid the greatest obstacles, and this ambitious scheme he had succeeded in accomplishing solely by his persevering genius. So that when, at the close of the war, after the signing of the treaty, M. Pouyer-Quertier said to him, "There's no reason why you should complain; you have been made a Prince," the Chancellor replied, showing to him a parchment roll: "You think, then, I have no reason to complain. Certainly I have become a Prince; and my principality, here it is." This inner discontent, this disenchantment of a man who thought himself the founder of the empire, was instinctively understood by the Emperor. And it was as a sop to his overleaping ambition that he made Prince Bismarck the real sovereign of Germany, reserving for himself only the absolute control of the army. Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke were never rivals, for each kept to his respective field, although the former, by his sovereign's pleasure, always wore the uniform with characteristic regularity.

When, therefore, the creation of the Fourth Battalion was decided on, and when Count Moltke, with his constant vigilance, saw how the active army of France was being strengthened, he communicated his fears not to Prince Bismarck, but to the Emperor William himself. And Prince Bismarck was well aware that there was no use in his intervening in any way, either to hasten or retard, or even to stop the scheme conceived by Count Moltke, knowing beforehand that all intervention in this question would be trespassing on forbidden ground.

Prince Bismarck has always energetically protested not only against his being the author of an aggressive scheme formulated in 1875 against France, but he has constantly maintained that no such idea had occurred to any one in Germany, but that it existed only in the malevolent minds of the French. The French, however, claimed that these plans had nearly been successful, and were stayed only by Russian intervention. The result of this accusation was calculated to prejudice the German nation in the eyes of posterity. It threw upon Russia the entire honorable responsibility of checkmating this design, and, on the other hand, Prince Bismarck's attitude towards France, which he treated as a calumniator, has had the result of detracting from her renown, while it placed Russia in the light of a pretentious Don Quixote. It is to rectify so many erroneous statements, to apportion to each in all fairness his responsibilities and his successes, it is, in a word, to throw light upon a historical event until now left in vague obscurity, that I am writing these pages.

I am going to relate what was told me at Berlin during the Congress of 1878. I shall tell what passed between me and the Duc Decazes between the 14th and the 24th of April 1875; and finally, I shall mention what was told me on December 17, 1878, by General Leflô, at that time French ambassador at St. Petersburg. When these three unquestionably authentic accounts have been perused, together with my observations upon them, the reader will be in a position to gather an absolutely correct impression of the diplomatic incident entitled by the *Times* "the French scare."

On July 7, 1878, a German statesman, then devoted to Prince Bismarck, and a

politician of great weight, said to me: "In your letter to the *Times* of May 4, 1875, which has had the effect of the report of a cannon fired in the night, you have been unjust to Germany. You betray the influence of French sympathy, and you have been led away by generous feelings which, as a journalist, you should guard against as much as against an opposite feeling. You have drawn up an indirect indictment against the German nation, quite forgetting that there were then in Germany three men who worked together in the incident of 1875—Marshal Moltke, who, as a man of war, wished for immediate action; Prince Bismarck, whose whole interest was political and international; and the Emperor, who, judging the matter as having then purely military bearings, held all the reins in his hand. Prince Bismarck well knew that his direct intervention with the Emperor would be looked at askance, and could not make headway against the imperious will of Count Moltke. Before taking any action whatever, he determined to cast about with caution. He felt no dread of Austria, Italy, or England. Towards Russia alone he turned his attention, as being the only country whose action interested him. This is why he decided to send M. de Radowitz to St. Petersburg. Contrary to the common opinion, the latter's mission was not to induce Russia to take common action with Germany, nor in consequence to offer to her any compensation whatever as a reward of such an action, apart from the fact that he would be exposing himself to a serious check, and he, moreover, felt that Count Moltke's scheme was too vague to be carried out at the moment, or even to be commenced. With the characteristic caution of a student of history, his chief end at the moment was to make up his mind as to the consequences of such a plan, which seemed to him of doubtful efficacy."

This is why M. de Radowitz went to St. Petersburg.

All the European foreign offices were secretly informed as to the excited state of feeling in Germany caused by the creation by the French Chamber of the Fourth Battalion. Prince Bismarck's intentions remained, however, a mystery. It was well known that the Emperor would brook from him no intervention as far as military matters were concerned; and the German army corps and the German military party looked at matters only from the military point of view. Prince Bismarck, therefore, thinking, for the moment, that discretion was the better part of valor, took up an attitude of alert observation, gathered from every quarter of Europe all possible impressions, and bided his time. Thus the various European foreign offices knew the state of mind of the German military party, while they were entirely ignorant of the Chancellor's intentions; but on the whole the general impression was that Prince Bismarck's will would in one way or another triumph, and that thus, notwithstanding the precision of the resolutions formed by the military party, the matter would still be left vague and uncertain, never coming to anything. This very vagueness was ominous, however, and the air of mystery which in European diplomatic circles surrounded the crisis thus secretly being concocted in the German capital was a quite natural result.

Prince Gortschakoff knew as well as other leading statesmen in Europe what was going on in Germany, and the reason for the departure of M. de Radowitz for St. Petersburg. While not being absolutely clear, he was aware that it was due to the influence of the German military party. Thus, quite in the tradition of Russian diplomacy, he decided, even before he had seen M. de Radowitz, to avoid all indirect conversation, and not to go into the matter except in an absolutely unequivocal form. This put M. de Radowitz in the dilemma of either coming straight to terms, or of going back home again without having accomplished his purpose. But in the present circumstances the former course was all but impossible. Indeed, M. de Radowitz had no precise mission. He had been sent to St. Petersburg on a sort of academic mission, namely, to find out how Russia would look upon a German attack upon France. Prince Bismarck was particularly keen to know the answer to this question. There was no thought whatever of proposing to Russia any common action, nor even a benevolent neutrality. The point was merely to know whether, in the light of the terror felt by the German military party, or which at least it pretended to feel, Russia would admit that Germany, while not attacking France, might take up towards her a menacing attitude. For, once this

point had been gained, Prince Bismarck thought that he could so conduct matters that, provided he found, to his mind, a sufficient excuse to exchange the menacing attitude for a positive attack on France, no foreign power would have either the time or the excuse to intervene. It is clear, therefore, that M. de Radowitz's attitude necessarily had about it something vague, and that his plans could be brought to a successful end only by a series of somewhat academic conversations.

When, therefore, M. de Radowitz met Prince Gortschakoff, even at the very first words of alarm uttered by the former, the Russian burst into a laugh, and thus slipped easily and definitely out of M. de Radowitz's hands. The latter's mission was finished almost before it had begun. The leading diplomatists at St. Petersburg were in no doubt as to the indirect end pursued by M. de Radowitz; and from constantly repeating, "I don't know why they have sent me M. de Radowitz," Prince Gortschakoff made it quite clear why M. de Radowitz had really been sent.

But it will be readily understood that in the various foreign offices "mum" was more than ever the word with reference to the agitation in Germany. No one, indeed, would have dared in these circumstances to accuse Germany of planning an attack on a disarmed France. The action dreamed of by the German military party remained more obscure and mysterious than ever.

The purpose was known, however, to too many persons to be kept secret. The knowledge of it passed from the foreign offices to the best-informed in the outside world. I myself was indirectly informed by various people of the state of affairs. I was asked to watch what was going on between Germany and France. I was the constant recipient of letters from all over Europe, asking if it was true that France was becoming so strong as to be a legitimate menace at Berlin, if the Fourth Battalion was a dangerous addition to the French army. And I saw that these inquiries usually emanated from persons who were the mouth-pieces of others. All this was another evidence of the universal preoccupation in Europe.

During this time I met M. Clasczko, the keen-sighted author of *Les Deux Chanceliers*. He was just back from a trip throughout the continent. Everywhere he had been received, as was his due, as a man to be trusted, and he had been struck by the widespread anxiety among European statesmen. He came to see me, and we had a long and absolutely frank conversation. Our conclusion was that the situation demanded my liveliest attention, and we parted with the agreement to keep each other mutually informed of all that came to our notice.

It was in these circumstances that on the 14th of April, 1875, I fell in with the Duc Decazes one evening at a *soirée* at the house of the prefect of police, M. Léon Renault. The Duc was standing near the door, a little apart from the company, as if not caring to be interrupted. As I went by him I bowed. He stopped me and said,

"You seem in a great hurry."

"No," I replied; "but you appeared to have something on your mind, and I did not wish to be indiscreet."

"You are paying me a very bad compliment," he returned, "for if I really have something on my mind I ought not to show it; and if I have not, it's a great mistake to appear so. But own that you said this for a purpose, that you wanted to let me know that you think I really ought to be anxious."

"No, Monsieur le Duc," said I, "I was not so subtle as all that. But the truth is that, thinking you worried, I discovered that your face betrayed it."

"We cannot talk here," said the Duc. "Come to see me to-morrow evening, and we will have a long talk. In my rooms no one will bother us."

So on the following evening at nine I found myself at the Duc Decazes's. I knew how he hated being forced to talk, or to have information wrung from him. As this process has also always seemed to me childish and commonplace, I was tempted less than ever to use it with him. I opened my portfolio, and read in a clear voice the letters that I had received about the German military party, the notes I had taken on the subject from conversations with foreign diplomatists, and even with members of the Paris diplomatic corps, and in particular the very characteristic words of M. Clasczko.

After listening for some time, the Duc said: "I really haven't anything to tell you. You know all that has come to my knowledge, and my information so strongly corroborates yours that there is only one conclusion to be drawn, namely,

that every foreign office in Europe is preoccupied with our relations with Germany. I must add, however, to what you have said simply this: Hohenlohe came here and tried to turn the conversation upon our armaments and the anxiety which they are causing in Germany. I tried to worm out of the situation. The subject is too risky to enter upon. But I know Hohenlohe well, and I know his orders. He will come back to the subject, and if I continue to avoid the topic, and refuse all explanations, he will get up some *coup d'état* or other. He will succeed in obtaining leave of absence, and he will manage to leave Paris in such a way as to compromise the situation; for his presence here is a gage of peace. What troubles me is that the Germans still surround their plans with so much mystery; that the world continues to be ignorant of them; and that these plans may come to maturity at any moment, when it will be too late to do anything. The Russian Emperor thinks of going to Berlin at the beginning of May, and all that it is possible to do will be done there to keep the matter dark. The Emperor will, of course, be told about these plans, but he will pretend that he doesn't know about them, and refuse to believe them; and he will not venture to allude to them so long as they do not come to the light. How, indeed, can a sovereign let another and a friendly sovereign suppose that he regards the latter capable of such an act of aggression against a vanquished and disarmed people, an aggression which, in the present circumstances, would be little short of barbarous? So that all possible secrecy will be kept at Berlin during the Emperor's stay, and if the matter comes to the surface at all it will be after he has gone.

"For this reason I think that there is only one way to prevent the Russian Emperor from being compelled, while at Berlin, to hold his peace, and this way I will tell you. Some authoritative journal known throughout the world should expose the entire situation, and this journal, I need not tell you, is the *Times*.

"No French journal could possibly do this, for the Germans would have the right to regard it as a provocation, and no one would believe the statement abroad. This would be, therefore, a great mistake. Nor could such an exposure be made in an Italian journal; those that are friendly to us have no authority. So in Austria no important paper would care or dare to do this; and the Russian press is obviously out of the question, as its intervention, even were the censors to allow it, would put the Russian Emperor in a false position at Berlin. The *Times* is the only paper in the world which can possibly publish such information with any resounding and authoritative effect. And that is what I ask you to do."

"I am perfectly ready, as far as I am concerned," said I, "to undertake this work, but you will understand that the matter is too important for me to guarantee its publication without previously having informed the *Times* as to the matter, and obtaining its assent. I shall write to-morrow to Mr. John Delane, and act according to his orders."

So, indeed, I did. I told him the exact situation, and asked explicitly for the permission to write a letter publicly denouncing the plan of aggression against France conceived by the German military party.

Mr. John Delane replied that my communication had greatly interested, even moved, him; but he said that such an insinuation against a civilized nation could not be risked by a paper like the *Times* unless it was backed up in the most positive and official fashion, so that if called to account absolute and crushing proof could be adduced in reply. This letter I showed to the Duc Decazes, and it caused him much disappointment, although he recognized with me that Mr. John Delane could hardly act differently. He began to walk up and down the room in great agitation, continually repeating:

"Time presses. We must act, or it will be too late. I persist in my position, the *Times* is the only paper which can do what I ask; and if it doesn't do it, all may be lost." Then turning to me suddenly, "So," said he, "what Mr. Delane wants is information so authoritative that he may be sure he is acting on the best faith in the world?"

"Certainly, M. le Duc," I replied, "that is Mr. Delane's idea."

"Very well," he said; "come back and see me this evening."

On returning in the evening I found him in one of the small first-floor rooms, where he was always to be seen when alone.

"Do you think," he asked, "that Mr. Delane would publish your letter on your word of honor if you assured him that you referred to an absolutely authentic document?"

"I am sure of it, M. le Duc: the day when my word of honor is not enough for Mr. Delane will no longer find me under his orders."

"Then," said the Duc Decazes, "I am going to do something that is quite absolutely unusual. I am going to communicate to you an official and confidential document; but in so acting I am convinced that I am acting in my country's interest and in that of Europe. Only I ask you to swear to me that in my lifetime you will not say that I have shown you this document unless your paper's honor obliges you. Not that I fear to confess to all the world what I am going to do, but because I know the passions that exist all about us. If the misfortune that I fear should occur, I should be blamed for not having warded it off; and if I succeed in preventing it, it will be said to have existed only in my imagination. For this reason I ask you to keep your peace as to our interview, at least so long as I am of this world. If you survive me, I authorize you to speak; for by that time, I hope, the hour of justice will have sounded for me, and my act will be seen to be that of an ardent patriot, anxious only to defend his country against a fresh calamity."

With these words the Duc opened a small "secretary" at the right of the chimney-piece and handed me a rather large paper note-book.

The book contained a despatch of the Comte de Gontaut-Biron, French ambassador at Berlin. In this despatch the Comte de Gontaut-Biron, who is happily still living, though in retirement, with the respect of all who have ever known him, had given the Duc Decazes a detailed account of his interview with M. de Radowitz, whom he had met at a ball.

M. de Radowitz, having turned the theme to the famous Fourth Battalion and the French armaments, which were arousing the anxiety of the German government, revealed to him the plans conceived against France by the German military party. M. de Radowitz related that Count Moltke had had a great influence on the Emperor, proving to him the necessity of an immediate war against France. The German armies were to invade France, crush instantly all opposition, press on to Paris, invest the capital, take up a position on the plateau of Avron, whence it could overlook Paris, and if need be destroy it. This done, Germany would dictate a treaty reducing France to absolute subjection for many years. It would insist on a permanently reduced army, impose a war indemnity of 10,000,000,000 (ten milliards) of francs, payable in twenty annuities, without being permitted to pay by anticipation, with annual interest at five per cent., and keep garrisons in the principal towns of France until the whole sum should be paid. The Comte de Gontaut-Biron had scarcely been able to maintain his coolness during this revelation. He pretended to M. de Radowitz that he did not believe it, and he had thus forced him to confirm his words in the most absolute fashion. He left M. de Radowitz in the greatest excitement. He felt sure that the latter had spoken by order, but could not conceive who had commanded it, or why. He believed that the idea was to frighten France, and to force that country into some overtures of explanation which would reassure Germany. But he left no stone unturned to investigate the matter and corroborate this recital; and the result of his inquiries was that he obtained the assurance that the scheme had been concocted only by the military party, and that Prince Bismarck, as far as his responsibility went, was an absolute stranger to the plan.

As may be easily imagined, I was profoundly impressed by the reading of this document. In tones betraying my emotion, I returned the note-book, and thanking the Duc, said,

"I shall write the letter, and I swear to you to do all that is in my power to obtain its publication."

On going home, without a moment's delay, I wrote a letter revealing the entire plan of the German military party as told by M. de Gontaut-Biron from the lips of M. de Radowitz. And on receiving this letter, Mr. John Delane, frightened at its contents, took measures himself to discover the ground of truth or falsehood in the terrible scheme thus circumstantially revealed.

Some days went by and the letter did not appear. I began to be apprehensive, when suddenly, on May 4, 1875, it came out under the title, "The French Scare."

The effect was instant and universal. The Emperor Alexander II. now had no excuse, during his approaching visit to Berlin, not to know all about the matter; and, indeed, in the midst of the stir aroused by my letter, the German Chancellor himself had nothing left to do but to bring before the Russian Emperor the question of this bellicose scheme laid to the door of Germany, and of which he himself hastened to wash his hands.

The German Emperor, too, on meeting M. de Gontaut-Biron, said to him, "They are trying to embroil matters between us, but they happily haven't succeeded."

And Prince Gortschakoff lost no time in addressing to the Russian representatives a circular beginning: "Peace is henceforth assured." While Lord Derby, on his part, assured Englishmen of the same fact.

But the French press, mistaking altogether the motives which had dictated the *Times* letter, and quite without reflection, heaped upon its author the most incredible insults, and the German press, seeing what had been the effect of it, echoed the attacks of the French newspapers, until the latter, finally detecting the real motive that had inspired the letter, ceased their diatribes. Six weeks after, as I was entering the Countess Walon's salon with a friend, a Frenchman there asked my friend how much Prince Bismarck had paid me for "publishing the 'scare' letter." And this is enough to show to what a point of blindness my act of loyalty had driven the French press, an act made possible by the courageous and enlightened support of my chief.

But I confess that the following letter from Mr. John Delane made up for all these attacks and insults:

"*May* 18.

"MY DEAR MR. DE BLOWITZ,—I did not need your very interesting letter of the 14th inst. to appreciate the entire success of that startling public letter by which you alarmed Europe to a sense of its imminent danger. It has been of the greatest public service, and, as I sincerely believe, has done even much to spare the world the horrors of another war. No greater honor than to have aided in averting war is within the reach of the journalist.

"As to the French and German press, I hope you have philosophy enough to bear the attacks with contemptuous equanimity."

On December 17, 1878, I was dining at the Café Voisin. While there General Leflô entered and took a table in a neighboring corner of the restaurant. Having finished my dinner, I joined him. General Leflô had been French ambassador at St. Petersburg during the period of the incidents called by the *Times* "the French scare." He, better than any one, was able to give me the details as to this incident, in which I had been myself so closely associated. The following is a faithful report of his words to me, taken from notes which I made during that very evening:

"I was at Paris when the incident of 1875 first began to occupy the minds of European statesmen. I went to the Duc Decazes, and took the liberty of telling him that, to my mind, his fears in reference to an attack by Germany upon France were greatly exaggerated. The Duc replied that he had in his possession certain trustworthy documents which appeared to him to justify all his fears. As a result of this conversation I was to return as soon as possible to St. Petersburg. But before my departure I wished to call on Prince Orloff, then Russian ambassador in Paris, to let him know that I was going back to Russia.

"'I have just mentioned your name in a telegram to Prince Gortschakoff,' said Prince Orloff to me. 'I am quite of your opinion that the fears of the Duc Decazes are chimerical, and I have no idea that any one now thinks of attacking France.'

"From Prince Orloff I went to the Élysée to see the Marshal, for I wished to tell him as well as the Duc Decazes of the encouraging impression left upon me by Prince Orloff's words. The Marshal was out, so I went on to see the Duc Decazes. But he too was away from home. Returning to the Élysée, I found an aide-de-camp of the President, whom I asked to say to the latter that as I did not wish to leave Paris for my post without seeing him, I would call again on the morrow, putting off my journey for a day. That evening I received from the Marshal a note fixing an appointment for nine o'clock on the following morning. I went there at the hour appointed. In all frankness I told him what I myself thought, and that my opinion had been corroborated by that of other men of weight; and I protested against the views held not only by him, but by his Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Duc Decazes, as well as by some other French statesmen.

"'You seem to be very easy about the

whole matter,' said the Marshal; but with a key attached to his watch chain he opened a drawer, and took out a packet of papers. These papers were official documents of all kinds, including some military reports to the government and to the President. They came from all the French military attachés in Europe, and testified to the recent activity of Germany in provisioning its troops, in purchasing horses, and in storing up fresh ammunition. It was stated that all these horses and this ammunition had been transferred to the neighborhood of the French frontier. There were the fullest and most surprising details as to the process of mobilization which had been secretly going on in Germany for some time. It took me more than an hour to look through these documents with care, and I made a brief summary of them, which I submitted to the Marshal, and which I wished to take with me to St. Petersburg.

"The following morning I set out. It was a tiresome journey, especially for a man of my age. I had seen Prince Orloff before leaving, and with the agreement of the Marshal and the Duc Decazes, had told him what I had just learned, and how I had begun to share their fears. He intrusted me with a long despatch for Prince Gortschakoff, the exact contents of which were not known to me. On arriving at St. Petersburg I was so exhausted by my journey that in sending to Prince Gortschakoff the despatch, I excused myself for not calling upon him immediately, and said that I should go to see him within forty-eight hours.

"But on the morrow, before I had got up—from fatigue having kept my bed longer than usual—my *valet de chambre* came to tell me that Prince Gortschakoff was in the salon. I dressed in haste, and went down to him.

"'I came to inquire about your health,' said he, 'and to talk over Prince Orloff's despatch. I am rather of his opinion that your fears are a little exaggerated. It is true enough that they are angry at Berlin at the energy you are displaying in repairing your disasters, and at the remarkable result you have already obtained in the short space of four years, while other nations would have spent the time in thinking matters over. But it is a long way from anger such as this to thinking of attacking you, and I really believe that you insult the national honor of our time in thinking that they have in Germany any such intention.'

"I made no reply. This was clearly the part that Prince Gortschakoff might be expected to play. He knew that it was not by adding fuel to the fire of our anxiety that the situation could be made less serious or that minds could be calmed. So that instead of discussing the matter with him, I asked to be immediately presented to the Emperor. The Prince promised to arrange the matter on that very day.

"The Emperor had the very correct rule, which I well knew, of replying always on the following day to any request for an audience made by a member of the diplomatic corps. But when three days went by without an answer, I began to be a good deal troubled. I took his silence as evidence of his slight regard for French anxiety at the moment, and my pain increased with my irritation.

"It was in this state of mind that I met soon again Prince Gortschakoff. I confessed to him how anxious I felt, and I told him how much I feared a failure in my mission of interesting the Czar in my country.

"My words evidently had their effect, for on that very evening I was told that the Emperor would receive me on the morrow. I was there at the appointed hour. The Emperor, without being lacking in amiability, was a little distant in his manner. Even before I had begun to tell him my mission, he said to me, as if echoing Prince Gortschakoff's words: 'I know what brings you here, but I like to think that your fears are exaggerated. People at Berlin are certainly startled at your extraordinary activity, but that doesn't mean that they are thinking of attacking you.'

"This language frightened me. The Czar had spoken in a tone of such evident firmness that it seemed that nothing could change his opinion. I felt that it was the expression of an irrevocable *parti-pris* in favor of Germany, and that any words of mine would be taken only as a calumny against that country's honor. But I could not hesitate. I put before him all the communications made to me by Marshal Macmahon, the reports of the military attachés and foreign ministers, and, without comment, I merely begged him to look

them through. He did so with some attention, and his face betrayed the liveliness of his emotion.

"I then began to speak. I showed him that France was weak, it was true, but just then in such a state of mind that so perfidious, so barbarous an attack by Germany would drive it to exasperation; that if the worst should really happen, it would be a war to the death without quarter, and that all Europe would be dragged into this struggle of extermination; and, indeed, so moved was I by the sense at the moment of the enormous responsibility that weighed upon me that I burst into tears.

"The Emperor got up quickly; he came up to me, and standing at his full height, with one hand took mine, and placing the other, with a dignified and friendly gesture, upon my shoulder, said, in a voice of restrained emotion:

"'Be calm. You shall not be attacked. I promise you to prevent any such scheme. Europe will never see such a spectacle!'

"My joy at these words was profound. A man so omnipotent as Alexander II., a man so alive to the sense of sovereign responsibility, could not possibly have used this language without being sincere. In circumstances like these the word of a sovereign was more sacred, more inviolable, than any treaty. His promise, 'Europe will never see such a spectacle,' was an encouragement in which I could have absolute confidence. I left the royal presence relieved of an enormous weight. Hurrying home, I sent to the Duc Decazes a despatch in cipher, warning him to have it read in his presence by his most confidential clerks, and I so wrote it that if deciphered in portions, by several persons, there could be no possible danger of its sense being indiscreetly detected.

"The reply of the Duc Decazes came very speedily. It breathed the greatest admiration for and gratitude towards Alexander II. It said that France, under the cover, as it were, of this imperial utterance, might await the future in all confidence, and bare its face to the storm without fear. But, in a private portion, the Duc added: 'However, it must not be forgotten that the war, now being secretly planned at Berlin in so much mystery and silence, might at any time burst forth suddenly, and as the Czar has solemnly affirmed that this should not be, his Majesty may feel called upon to draw his own sword to keep the promise of his inviolable word. His Majesty, in the enthusiastic expression of his generous soul, has perhaps not thought of such a contingency; but we should be disloyal and ungrateful to his Majesty if, while using the greatest prudence, we did not make this possibility quite clear.'

"This telegram a good deal worried me. I asked myself if the Duc Decazes was not pushing a little too far his feelings of loyalty and gratitude to the Czar, and I wondered if, in communicating this excessive scruple, I might not upset all that I had done, and expose France again to isolation. Looking through the despatch again, I marked, with a red pencil, the confidential passages, to leave them out when I read it to Prince Gortschakoff.

"Simultaneously with this despatch, I received a copy of a conversation between Comte de Gontaut-Biron and M. de Radowitz, and a circumstantial account of a ministerial council held at Berlin, in the Emperor William's presence, when Count Moltke had spoken as follows: 'It is not peace that we have made, but only a truce. To-day France is without an army and without money. Spite of its all but inexhaustible prosperity, it could not possibly get hold of the sums necessary to organize a resistance worthy of the name. It would certainly try to fight—and fortunately, too, for us, for we would not think of attacking a nation unable to do its best to resist us. But at the moment, and whatever her resistance, our success is certain. A new war is only a question of time, and if we postpone it for eighteen months, France, with the marvellous resources which she has at her disposal, will have so far recovered from her disasters as to be able to set against us an army equal to our own. Her frontiers will have been re-established, and in eighteen months she will have as strong an artillery as we have to-day. It is a matter of whether we wish to sacrifice or not 100,000 men, for that is what will be inevitable if we put matters off. From every point of view, military, political, philosophic, and even Christian, an immediate war is a necessity.'

"Taking the diplomatic paper which contained these words, the military reports, and the despatch of the Duc Decazes, I called unexpectedly upon Prince Gortschakoff. I found him lying on a

sofa, laid up with an injured foot. Seeing him in this state, I was about to withdraw, but the Prince insisted that I should stay. So I began to read to him the despatch of the Duc Decazes, of course leaving out the marked passages. But the room was not well lighted, and I stumbled at a certain place. The Prince noticed that I was not reading it all, and, interrupting me, said:

"'My dear General, you really believe that Germany is planning to attack your country because it is now unable to defend itself successfully; and you think, therefore, that this must at any cost be prevented, lest a great blot should stain the history of this country. So be it, but in these circumstances all hesitation is a crime, and reticence would be a bad policy. I know my master. I know how he is touched by confidence reposed in him, so only it be absolute and without reserve. He did not say what he did lightly, for he has since repeated these words to me. Give me, then, the whole of your document, and I will send it to him this very moment, without even looking at it myself.'

"I hesitated no longer, but handed the paper to him just as it was. The Prince wrote a note there in my presence. He put the manuscript with the note into an envelope, and calling an aide-de-camp, sent the package to the Emperor.

"I confess that on leaving Prince Gortschakoff I was in what may be called a 'state of mind.' The Emperor was to leave for Berlin within four days. I could not ask for another audience. Prince Gortschakoff was laid up at home, and it was not even certain that he would be able to accompany the Czar. How, then, could I learn the effect produced upon him by the despatch of the Duc Decazes, with its dangerous passages? I was myself ill on the morrow, having been overexcited by the events which had taken place, and I was obliged to stay in bed. My secretary brought me the news that the Emperor was to go that very evening to a soirée at the Princess Yousoupoff's. I sent for my doctor, and after much persuasion induced him to let me get up and go to this party. I arrived after the entertainment had begun, but I was scarcely inside the great gallery when I saw the Emperor entering it at the opposite end. I noticed that he was looking at me. Then he made a slight sign of recognition, and came slowly towards me between the hedge, so to speak, of guests that was formed on either side. As he advanced I felt a pallor coming over my face. But when he had come up, he stretched out both hands, and, as everybody had discreetly gone a short distance away, said:

"'I have been greatly touched at your confidence. Don't regret it. You may be sure that all that is humanly possible I shall do. You will not be attacked unawares. I swear it.'

"Two days afterwards I was present among the staff-officers about the Emperor during a review. At its close, and as I passed before the Emperor to take leave of him, he stopped me with a sign and said: 'Adieu, General; or, rather, au revoir. Rassurez votre gouvernement.' Then, with a kindly smile, he recalled the confidential passages in the despatch of the Duc Decazes, saying: 'Tell the Duc Decazes he may be tranquil. There will be no surprise.'

"And there," concluded General Leflô, turning to me—"there you have the complete and detailed account of my personal action in the affair of 1875. The rest took place at Berlin, for on the morrow the Emperor left St. Petersburg, and I did not see him again."

If the preceding narrative has been read with attention, the conclusion which I wish to make clear, and which, indeed, was irrefutably impressed upon me at Berlin when I went there in 1878, will appear obvious. As has been seen, it was M. de Radowitz who revealed to M. de Gontaut-Biron the plan of the military party in all its details. Such an indiscretion as this on the part of a German diplomatist, unless it was committed by order, would have drawn down upon him the severest punishment. But who could possibly have ordered this indiscretion? Certainly not Count Moltke, who was pursuing his plan of attack with his characteristic tenacity. It was Prince Bismarck—and the fact does him the greatest honor—who ordered M. de Radowitz to let M. de Gontaut-Biron know what was going on in Germany. Prince Bismarck knew that the Emperor William I. had been much influenced by Count Moltke's pertinacity. He knew that on the military ground there was no chance of his intervention. But he saw not only that the rights of nations and national honor for-

bade the execution of this scheme as an ineradicable blot on the pages of history, but also that politically, from the point of view, that is, of the attitude of England and Russia, such an enterprise might turn out to be most disastrous for Germany. Austria, moreover, had not forgotten the defeat of 1866, and there was the danger that it might join Russia and England to prevent such an attack against France. Prince Bismarck, therefore, thought that the best way to cut short a project in which he was himself no longer the master, was to reveal it to official Europe, and let the force of public opinion take its dissuasive course.

It has been said that this action on his part was traitorous towards the German military party. But that is absurd. There was a consideration in Prince Bismarck's mind above and beyond this. This was the historic honor of the German nation, and the danger to which, spite of French weakness, his country might be exposed. Moreover, all who noted that during the Berlin Congress M. de Radowitz, as secretary, was seated for an entire month directly in front of Prince Bismarck, that the Prince treated him always with the utmost kindness, and that until Prince Bismarck's fall he was the recipient from the Chancellor of constant favors, saw well enough in these marks of special honor the evidence of M. de Radowitz's great rôle during the crisis of 1875; and there can be no doubt that the latter acted by special order, and that this historic episode occurred as I have related. The hostile projects of Count Moltke remained unfulfilled only because of Prince Bismarck's failure to co-operate. He undermined them by bold but indirect tactics, which were quite in keeping with his well-known audacity in design.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROOKS, D.D.

"*BEHOLD what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!*" These words express very fully the spirit of the life of Phillips Brooks. They tell of the greatness of man as identical with the love of God. They are full of joy and of hope; they convey to our hearts, as we hear and read them, the same buoyancy and sense of power which filled all hearts whenever this child and servant of God came among them. God the Father loving all men, man the child getting near to his Father, those were the thoughts that formed his being, and inspired his tongue, and crowned with glory his life and his death.

We understand to-day very clearly the importance of heritage and training in the formation of any life. Such a thought appeals to our constant endeavor to trace the development of effect from cause. We have not far to look for clear ideas on this point in regard to Phillips Brooks, if the facts are well understood, as has not always been the case. Descended through a long line of Congregational ministers, with Puritan blood and traditions constituting the very essence of his heritage, he was born at a time when the stern dogmatic faith had received a staggering blow in the development of Unitarianism in its central citadel. Devout souls, which had been brought up with the thought of the supremacy of Christ, felt themselves, under the influence of the new Unitarian teaching, thrown back upon the internal evidence of their personal love to Him. Holding still, in a greater or less degree, and with more or less precision, to old statements, they counted the great fact which those statements enshrined more precious and evident than ever. And in that atmosphere of personal devotion to a loving Saviour and of dependence upon Him, Phillips Brooks lived and grew as a child. That love to Christ which glowed in his words and flashed in his eye was caught from a mother's lips, and was read with boyish eyes as the central power of a mother's soul and life. I may not say more, nor lift any farther the veil which separates a holy of holies, into which we loved to enter with an awe which we could not understand. I cannot say less, lest I should take from young mothers to-day the encouragement, the hope, and the incentive which they have a right to claim from the story of this great life. No revolt from influences under which he had been trained, no memory of controversial theology, could have been the power of that sweet and easy belief in Christ as the

personal Saviour, any more than the fires of Vesuvius can be turned to warm the domestic hearth. But the positive love for Christ in the midst of a community where the right of contrary and conflicting statements was fully allowed and abundantly used, accounts for the clear and warm statements of the Christian faith by which the world has been made better.

Baptized by a Unitarian minister, who, in obedience to the command of Christ, used all that the Church catechism declares to be the outward visible sign or form in baptism, Phillips Brooks received all his early training in the Episcopal Church. The circumstances could not have been happier. Dr. Alexander Vinton became rector of St. Paul's Church in Boston when Phillips Brooks was seven years old, and how much his ministry of seventeen years did to form the life of the growing boy no one can doubt who has read his eloquent and wise description of that ministry. A man largely in sympathy with the dogmatic position of New England theology, loving the Episcopal Church, and presenting its claims on the largest possible grounds, of magnificent presence and with wonderfully impressive powers as a preacher, massively logical and argumentative, with a wide knowledge of nature, a deep sympathy with men, and a burning love for Christ, Dr. Vinton was precisely suited to mediate between Congregationalism and Episcopacy to the father and the mother, and to impress, to train, and to lead with no slavish adherence, the boy who heard him Sunday after Sunday, and looked up to him with awe in the street and in the home. Boston was a city neither too large nor too small, with neither flaunting wealth nor abject poverty; in its public schools, where he was educated, boys of all classes, from sturdy, sober, religious-minded families, sat side by side. The large intellectual blessings of city life without its frivolities or foolish conventionalities found their place in the life of the household to which he belonged. Parents whose praise, because of this great son, is in the churches to-day, earned it by self-denial and the subordination of all interests and ambitions to the training and education of a family of boys. Picture the earnest-minded, large-eyed boy, with a simplicity and earnestness which were with him to the end, amid such surroundings, and you will see how on every side his life was trained, how God and humanity, not separate, but one, ministered to the drawing out of every faculty. Make all you will and can of the man (you never can make too much), but do not forget the atmosphere and soil in which he grew, for it is to that that fathers, mothers, pewholders, vestrymen, citizens, are contributing every day. The family, the church, the city, care for those, and need we doubt what our boys will be?

And then came college at Cambridge, not tearing from the family soil, but with that privilege which has ever belonged to the Boston boy, and for which I have so often longed for the New York boy, the ability to be in college during the week and at home on Sunday, like a bird that tries its wings and settles back into the nest between anxious parents to make ready for the next flight. It was a college life which stimulated thought. James Walker, with all the devoutness of the old days, but belonging to the new, inquiring, doubting age, was the president of Harvard College. Felton, Agassiz, Longfellow, Lowell, were in their prime in the college. Emerson was giving his message of spiritual manhood to America and the world. Tennyson had published "In Memoriam" two years before, and his words were on the lips of all young men. Phillips Brooks felt and used such influences of the larger life which was dawning, but he was not confused or blinded by them. That combination of faith in the past and in the present, which we have loved ever since, was there then. The past was not to overshadow the future, nor was it to be swept away. He was the student of high rank, and yet the popular classmate and friend, everywhere sought and loved, as we have known him since and for the same reasons. His power was recognized, his literary ability was rewarded, his geniality and largeness of spirit were loved. Young men who know college life will best understand how much such peculiar combinations of success mean in regard to the character which is able to reach them.

Perhaps we do not expect such men to choose the ministry as their life work, and particularly one who had not been confirmed before his graduation from college. There was nothing in his speech or manner to foretell the eloquent preacher. A

mother's prayers had indeed consecrated him years before to that which was to be his great life work, but a mother's wisdom refused to interfere with the mystery of a growing life which had reached its power of decision, and belonged to God, its great Father. I may leave untouched the story of consultation with the president of the college, and of his advice that he should not think of entering the ministry, for which I know no authority. But I may speak of the crude misconceptions and narrow representations of classmates, to whom such a selection of a profession, in their youthful ignorance, seemed the narrowing of all the possibilities for a great life. The resistance of such influences, the ability to see the greatness of what he had not yet experienced, the ready and joyful obedience to duty which, while it went contrary to the opinions of those with whom he was associated, severed no tie of friendship, and lessened no whit the admiration for him, are so characteristic of all his future career, that young men can lay hold of that focal moment in his life and say, here is where his life was like mine, and where he acted as I should like to act. The love which he gave to and received from young men in after-life seems to find its best reason and expression in that moment when he, without any pretension of self-sacrifice, simply and naturally followed a path which his larger sight made him understand better than those whose views were bounded by the immediate present of youthful feeling.

Never did a young man enter the theological seminary with less knowledge of the details of ecclesiastical and theological issues than that which Phillips Brooks carried to the seminary at Alexandria in Virginia. I can refer to the life which he led there, and to which he always looked back with loving remembrance, and in which his fellowship was close and warm with men who have since become prominent in every department of the Church's life, only to note again that breadth and insight with which, as he seized the new, he never lost the old, but only felt its richness and value more deeply than ever. The culture which he had gained at Harvard, the scholarly habits, the large appreciation, all were brought to bear upon the new studies. He was the champion of faithful study, as the only method for true piety in connection with the search for truth. He himself has told us of the surprise with which he found men powerful in the prayer-meeting neglectful of the duties of the class-room. He loved the seminary's atmosphere of warm religion and practical piety, but when asked to lecture he chose as his subject, "A few words about Poetry." In his accounts of those seminary days he always dwelt upon what he represented as his failures in extemporaneous address, and his vague, unpractical sermons. His contemporaries have delighted, both before and after his death, to recall his quick apprehension of the spiritual meaning of the words of Scripture, his ready expression, and his clear statement, as containing the promise of all that followed in his life. It is not necessary to distrust either of the pictures, nor to ascribe the one to undue modesty nor the other to over-appreciation. The dissatisfaction with his work, and the eagerness to press on to something better and more complete, while all the time men were praising what he had done, was always a recognized feature of his power. It is not strange that he, who always believed in progress as the mark of true life, recognized amid the crudities and imperfections of youth how greatly his nature demanded new and better things, and while he valued the appreciation of others, thought more of the promise which it contained than of the pleasure which it gave.

We cannot be surprised at the enthusiasm with which such a man entered on the delightful duties of parochial life, which he never ceased to love. The man felt the nearness to men, which he had always loved, to be the burden of every day's experiences, and it was his privilege to help others to that same nearness to their brethren by preaching to them the love of God. It was no wonder that the sermons glowed with the new enthusiasm, and brought out all the powers of the well-stored, the well-trained, and the marvellous mind. Once more the move forward was no passage into a new room with a closed door behind; it was a removal of a barrier so that the old religious training, the literary and scholastic thought, the theological and ecclesiastical knowledge, flowed into that richer experience of contact with men, women, and children on the deepest side of their lives. It was something which the experience of the

boy and student had never had, but which it had been gradually anticipating, and into which it passed as easily as the air of two contiguous countries blends, without any regard to State and sectional divisions. Stories of that early ministry, true and apocryphal, as with artistic terms we might call them impressionist and realistic stories, based upon sentiment and upon fact, are afloat, and it is useless to try to sift them. They have one source, and live by one life, the profound conviction among all who knew him of his intense sympathy with all men, and of his desire to help them in every way with the love of God, which was his best possession.

It is at this point, at the opening of his work of preaching, that I can best speak of his great sermons, for they never changed their character. Their knowledge widened, their poetry grew richer and warmer, their thought became maturer, their range of topics increased—they felt all those great expanding influences which he was ever anticipating and utilizing; but the breath that he drew as a child differed no less from that which was his as a mature man than did the sermons which he preached in the little Church of the Advent in Philadelphia vary from those in Trinity Church, Boston, and in Westminster Abbey. Jesus Christ the revelation of God was the centre of them all. To him all humanity and every man was complete in Christ, and therefore it was that no man could feel himself a stranger under such preaching, or go away, as he himself pathetically describes it, and say, "There is nothing for me to-day." Whatever the topic, all felt that the sermon belonged to them, because the theme was mankind and manhood in Christ. Every grace, every human power, must minister to such sermons, because to their great subject all human powers belonged. Tennyson did not surpass him in carefulness of work and richness of decoration, because everything must be rightly given to Him from whom it came, and no jewel was too valuable for the glory of the great King. And yet the King of saints and His glory so shone through all the beauty that men never thought of the poetry and splendor of form which belonged to the message, because their hearts were held by the message itself. Men came to criticise, and to see whether familiar words and phrases were used, and they soon forgot to listen for such expressions, as the thing itself, love of God, supremacy of Christ, the power of the Spirit, for which those valued phrases stood, took possession of their hearts as never before. Men who from different training or inferior spiritual power could not follow him in all his doctrinal positions, yet claimed assistance in all their best effort, and felt his fellowship in every word which he spake, because of his central theme. Old truths suddenly were brought into living connection with their source in God's love, and received new light and power. Specific topics of reform or of public interest were seldom touched, and all the material for sensational interest was deliberately and persistently abandoned. And yet every sermon seemed to fit the spirit of the hour, to throw new light upon living issues, and to assist in meeting the sins and temptations of the present day, because the life of the day was the most immediate and pressing part of that life of the world which in Christ he loved to preach. The theory of that preaching, as far as so living a thing could be systematized and analyzed, he has given to the world in his lectures on Preaching, delivered at Yale College in 1877, at about the middle point of his career, and embodying for the benefit of future generations of clergymen and congregations the results of his best thought and practice. From them those who have never known him personally will catch something of the divine sunlight which flooded every corner of his being, and will best learn the laws of the workshop where were wrought out those sermons which will live in the literature of the language and the hearts of men forever.

I had to speak of the sermons first as I came to the career of that happy life, for preaching was its joy, and, to his mind, to preach the Word was the glory and crown of the minister's life; no other activity ever could crowd it out. "As ye go, preach, saying, the kingdom of Heaven is at hand," was the apostolic commission, which grew ever dearer and dearer to him from the first days of ordination until his earthly lips were closed forever. But the beginning of his residence in Philadelphia brings other aspects of his life to sight which were closely connected with his great work of preaching, and, like it, never changed, but only enlarged as the years went on. When, in

1861, two years after his ordination to the ministry, he left the Church of the Advent to become the rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in the same city, the war had begun, and into all that concerned its origin, its prosecution, and its results he threw himself with all his heart. The sin of slavery and the duty of patriotism he preached with all his strength and power. The glory of his country free, united, victorious, growing, meant, to his mind, the latest word of God to this world, and the one in which it was his wondrous privilege to have a share. His life was one constant opposition to all that tended to obscure the ideal of the nation's existence. Slavery, oppression, narrowness, selfishness—those, wherever and whenever they showed themselves, found him ready to utter his word and to stir men's hearts against them. Freedom, education, enfranchisement, philanthropy, charity—those always claimed and received his immediate and ready sympathy. The breadth of his interest was unlimited. While others elaborated details, it was for him to make their hearts warm and their arms strong to work, by encouragement and sympathy. He never dissipated his strength in attempts to do all things; he never narrowed his sympathy so that his strength was not available for those in any work who desired and who merited his assistance. He caught with his clear mind, stronger every day to seize the natural and common-sense features of each position, at the central point of all new movements, and gave to them according to that decision his support or his opposition. He never expected any movement to be free from human imperfection, but he did trust to the divine life which was at the centre of every good movement to shake it free finally from all that corrupted, as the life of the seed shakes off the enfolding vesture and pushes away from the darkness of the earth into the glory of the flower. It was his mission, time and time again, standing outside of movements, strange, distrusted, distorted, often to help them to recognize what was best in themselves, to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, and by kindly encouragement to draw them into closer affiliation with that great stream of life which under God's guidance has flowed onward from the beginning, and in whose power and beauty he so greatly delighted.

Here was the secret of that union of clear decision and definite thought with large tolerance which has been so incomprehensible to many. He refused to be discouraged or to be alienated by passing features of any work whose spirit he believed to be right. His taste was pure, his criticism searching and minute; his helpful appreciation lay behind them both. The crudities of a new land he felt keenly, and the mistakes of new movements none saw more clearly, but always to be in the front was better than to be behind. So, to a mind that felt the poetry of old associations, the life of England, which from his earlier to his later days received him with love and honor, was very close and dear; and to wander from city to city on the continent of Europe was his delight and his recreation. With the same full appreciation of their meaning and power he viewed the religions of Asia, and that which they had accomplished for the peoples to whom they were given. But with regard to the supremacy and the missionary power of Christianity in its contact with other religions, and on the subject of the advance of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America beyond its mother, the Church of England, in largeness of opportunity, method, and privilege, there never was a doubt in his mind. He felt the beauty of the old; he gloried in the greatness and the progress of the new. He neither longed to see old countries imitate us nor claimed that we should imitate them. No insistent Americanism was showed by him when there; no foolish Anglicanism was introduced by him when here. For it was the life of God in all its strength and glory which he felt in both lands, but which he loved most of all as he saw it in all the freshness of a new day in his own country. The mingling of all religious influences here, the equality with which all denominations met in our country, the ability of every one of those denominations to gain help and to learn lessons from all the others—these, to his mind, constituted the grandest opportunity for the Church of his love to grow in thought and in comprehension, gaining larger and better modes of life than ever had belonged to it in any age.

And here again, as we reach the subject of religious thought, we can go back to those first Philadelphia days. For the collection of papers called *Essays and*

Reviews, which perhaps a present generation does not know even by name, was published in England the year after he entered upon his first parish, and in the estimate of the meaning and development of the new movement which that book embodied and popularized none too wisely we see the difference between him and the generation of clergymen whom he venerated in the person of Dr. Vinton, and who were to give over their leadership to him and his friends as they passed away. From the beginning to the end, from 1860 to 1893, the Broad-Church movement meant to him a closer relation between God and man. He saw and deprecated its dangers of mere intellectualism, he recognized the chances of one-sided statement and thought which new aspects of truth must ever involve, he steadily exalted spiritual power as material force seemed to be unduly dwelt upon; but he never feared for the ultimate result. He entered into every new development of thought and of research. Theological movement, Biblical criticism, Scripture revision, he gloried in them all, and loved to defend and to expound them, and often to give to the very leaders in them a larger and richer idea of what they were accomplishing. Truth to him was beautiful and sacred. It must be sought and it must be obeyed in every realm; and where such was the case God and man would always come nearer to each other. And never was the thought possible to him that the obedience and love of the mind militated against the obedience and love of the heart. Man to him was a living son of God who could not thus be parcelled out into different activities. And therefore the Evangelical found in this Broad-Churchman the fire of love to his Saviour burning as high as he had ever known it in the days which had preceded, and its warmth dispelled all cold distrust. At the time of the consecration of Trinity Church, Boston, it was the sermon of Phillips Brooks, and not of Dr. Vinton, that Dr. Tyng glowed over, and said that he could best understand. This man yearned to bring to his Master every particle of true thought and love, no matter where it appeared. He saw the divine mark upon it, and the more unpromising its surroundings, the more he rejoiced to acknowledge its presence. He held and called back to the truth as it is in Jesus men who had been repelled and frightened by it as they found it in doctrinal statements. He talked or wrote to those who were troubled, and as they saw the power of some great doctrine, whose form before had hid it from them, they began to feel that they could not help accepting what before they could not help rejecting. He made no new school of thought, but, better still, he showed how two schools of thought which feared and dreaded each other, the Evangelical and the Broad Churchman, belonged together in their conviction of the duty of each man to find the truth and to follow it as a child of God. Whatever interfered with that process he dreaded. The life of the past, the word of authority, the Church's forms and dogmas, must help but never must stop that burning passion of each man to find his own place close to the heart of his Father God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. All activities, all processes of thought, were God's great gift for that purpose, and to them with eagerness and sympathetic love his heart went out, and his best intellectual power and spiritual energy were given.

I cannot follow into detail that power of personal contact and assistance to which allusion has been made incidentally. It is written in the consciousness of thousands of men and women who delight to think of Phillips Brooks as their friend, just as the summer's sunbeams lie in the ruddy fruit of harvest. It was a power which shared in the growth and development of his life, it was one which he loved to exercise, and yet which with the most delicate taste he carefully guarded from the danger of undue familiarity and of false expression of friendship. It came from and ever fastened itself more deeply in the conviction of the divine life that belonged to all men. He wrote many letters, few of them long, all of them models of true feeling and expression. One luminous phrase would depict a situation or express a judgment on the deepest of subjects, and the purpose of the letter was answered; one word or sentence unfolded a warm and sympathetic feeling which made the man who received it place the letter among his rarest treasures, and ever feel strong and bright afterward with the thought that such a soul had once said, you are my friend. In personal interviews he seemed to lend to others the instruments of his clear intel-

ligence, quick apprehension, and spiritual discernment to use upon their difficulties of thought or action, and men often wondered whence the help had come as, after talking with him, their lives lay before them no longer knotted, but running clear and straight on into the future. The royal power that recognized the pulpit as its throne never lost its crown as it came down to walk among its brethren in the loving and helpful intercourse of daily life.

In the ministry of twenty-one years in Boston, from 1869 to 1891, all the great features of this life were known and recognized. He loved the city as his birthplace, and as a centre from which streams of noble thought and strenuous action had flowed throughout the land for two centuries. He gloried in its prominence and fame, and he felt that personal attachment to it which belongs to all who have been born in the midst of its deep and earnest life. Harvard College gave, as his own Alma Mater, a ready field for that combination of loyalty, of tender reminiscence of the past, of eager anticipation of the future, of scholarly taste, of love for young men, which marked his life at every stage. The call to so favored a field of action as preacher to the university, attractive as it seemed to his mind for a moment, could not divert him from the Church which he loved and the parish ministry in which he delighted.

Circumstances at once made possible and necessary the enshrining of his ministry in a church building which in its conception and its details was worthy of the high purpose and aim which his preaching embodied. In many respects Trinity Church became the most notable building in America. And the fact that it was so brought to light another feature of the many-sided character of its rector, its power of comprehension and combination. Without detailed knowledge of art, he was the one who made the church building what it was. His was the power to enlist the enthusiasm and liberality which were necessary in order to erect such a building, his was the choice of architect and artist, his was the unerring taste which passed upon all propositions, his was the inspiration of beauty which guided and encouraged the genius of the great artists whom he had selected. That power of holding all things in combination which marked all his life was well illustrated in the building of Trinity Church. Everything, if we except the power of musical composition and expression, seemed to render up its force and meaning to him, if not its secrets. It is this fact which accounts for his ability to lead a large and varied life without fatigue. He needed not to go through details in order to get at the spirit of a subject or a movement. He read much and widely, but not to weariness; he caught at the thought of an author whom others thought tiresome, and had to exert themselves to read. He spoke to some man who was wearied of the details of his work, and his sympathy and knowledge of the spirit of that work often made that man think that he must be wearied too, whereas to him the subject was only new material for enthusiasm and strength. His power of combination has produced that strange fact that every one says of him, he was not this and was not that, he was not a theologian, he was not a poet, he was not an organizer, so that one who did not know him almost would wonder what he was. Distinctly his life was a protest against such a partition of the human faculties as the highest ideal of existence. He saw its value and necessity at times; sometimes he expressed an envy of the men who had embodied it in their action. But his plan and inspiration of life involved a better conception. Like Paul, he could say: "Covet earnestly the best gifts. And yet I show unto you a more excellent way." To his mind a chemist's shop was good, where all the substances needed for life stood labelled on their shelves, ready to supply deficiencies and to meet emergencies in the human system. But the living man who carried the substances in happy and healthy combination by the power he had received from God was better. And as such he ever impressed himself upon men and lived among them.

And so it was with his churchmanship. In that humiliating discussion of two years ago, when men said, show us your churchmanship, it was because of no mere personal method of action that he was silent. He could not take the churchmanship out of his being and ministry and show it to men. It was like asking a man to show his heart, that men might see how brave he was. There was but one answer which he could make; it was that of his Master: "Why askest thou me?

Ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them; behold, they know what I said." And they did know. Nowhere has such a conception of the Church's glory and true mission to testify for Christ in all His simplicity gained currency as among those to whom he ministered; nowhere has the Church of Christ appeared so attractive and Christ-like as in the community where he lived; nowhere have men sought it more eagerly than under his ministry. Every canon of his Church he obeyed scrupulously. No man ever dared to hint otherwise. His belief in the present inspiration of the Church of Christ, as contrasted with that which confines it to the early centuries, was too great to allow him to do otherwise. That Church idea of the elect, the chosen of God, was so strong, so large, that he carried it to all men, and told them of the place that was waiting for them in the Father's house. Wherever that call was uttered, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God," there was the essence, the power, and more or less of the outward form of the Church of Christ on earth. His own Church gave that call with a clearness and a simplicity, a breadth and a historical comprehension, a practicalness and an effectiveness of detail, which belonged to no other, and therefore he loved it, bore proudly its name upon him, and rejoiced that God had given him the glory of being a presbyter in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. Every detail of the name was dear to him, because it told of how in his Church God had brought the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ near to the needs and the thoughts of these present times.

And that Church vindicated his love for it. We tremble even now to think how near it came to losing the chance of recognizing with its highest office its noblest and most loyal son. Willingly and joyfully he accepted the office of Bishop. He saw the possibilities of the highest office in the Church just because he appreciated the true Church spirit as one which got nearer to humanity, and not farther away from it. When I remember how some men predicted and others feared that it would narrow him and shut him away from contact with others to be a Bishop, I seem to hear the repetition of those crude fears of the friends of boyhood that to be a clergyman meant the narrowing of his possibilities. He saw that the Church's mark of dignity and authority would bring him nearer to men, just as the water that rises highest is not that which is cut off from its source, but that which feels the joyous push of vigor from every other drop that springs on the mountain and flows in the valley. And so it has proved. He was the friend and companion of men who never would have known him, and who would have looked upon him with distrust if he had not been their Bishop. He loved to meet them and to know what they were, and to let them feel what he was. As a Bishop he was nearer to all Massachusetts, which, as a State, he loved as every loyal son must love the old Bay State. His travels through the length and breadth of it on episcopal duties made him glow with a deeper love of its rugged and noble scenery. He was an authority in the great University even more after he was a made Bishop than he was as its preacher. He loved the great work, and did it joyfully and buoyantly, as he had done all his work, and it did not wear him out. His door was open to all who came; and with the fear of seclusion that hedges in dignity, he said, on the afternoon of the day of his consecration, to one of his clerical friends, "Don't desert me." As the personal power elevated him to the official dignity, the official dignity enlarged and deepened the personal power. What nobler, richer gift could the highest office in his Church's bestowal ask at his hand than that view of its best possibilities? What more fitting as the result of all his previous career?

There remained one more work that he could do by the power of his great personality, consecrated to the service of Christ, as no other could, and God gave it to him to do it. He who had taught the power of life, the unity of life, the growth of life by word and deed and look, he was to carry the lesson beyond the grave. He passed up nearer to the Master, as he always had done, in the fulness of human strength and power, losing none of the past and present as another great future, the best and brightest, burst upon his gaze, as the great vision of God, which never had been a dream, became more than ever a reality. He who had said to men for more than thirty years,

with glowing words and face, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God," now, by his death, which seized the hearts of all even as his life had done, added, "We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

A great life is the simplest thing in the world, God's gift direct from His own heart and hand, instinct with His power. You may tell its story, you may study its methods and motives, you may catch its inspiration, but you cannot analyze it, or imitate it, or fill its place, or do its work. Each life is the only one of the kind which the world will ever see. But when a great life knows its Father, and is consecrated to His work, as this one was, it can tell us whence it came and whither it has gone; it can and does send us close to the same Father to learn our power; it can put us in loving connection with the same Saviour, that we may learn and fill our place; it can help to bring us at last to the same place of God's everlasting presence—the crown and the glory of every human life.

God be praised to-day! From God he came; with God he walked; God's world he loved; God's children he helped; God's Church he led; God's blessed Son he followed; God's nearness he enjoyed; with God he dwells.

Editor's Study.

I.

THE frequent proposals to amend the Constitution of the United States suggest the propriety of an attempt to amend the general intelligence, especially as many of these proposals are in the line of a radical change in the nature of our Federal government. The theory upon which the public free school supported by the State rests is that it is absolutely necessary, in our system of popular government, that the voters should have intelligence enough to perform the requisite duty of voting. It is admitted that ability to read and write is essential to the exercise of citizenship in such a government as ours. It is argued, however, that it is not the legitimate business of the State to go any further than these essentials, and that, in fact, the extent and comprehensiveness of the present education in the public schools quite transcend the proper functions of the State. It is not intended here to raise this general question, but only to speak of one feature of it. And it is contained in this question: If it is the duty of the State to give sufficient education to the voters to enable them to know for whom and for what they vote, why should it not logically go a step further, and instruct them in the fundamental nature of their government? It is admitted that intelligence is necessary somewhere in conducting any government, and that a popular government, one resting on universal suffrage, cannot be successful unless the voters are intelligent. And what knowledge is more necessary to the voter than that of the real nature of the government he is called on to help administer?

We are accustomed to think that people inherit certain traditional notions of government, that they are born republicans or born monarchists. As to prejudices and tendencies and habits, this is true enough, and also that early associations shape the mind to ideas of freedom or to habits of submission. But it is a little too much to assume with us that anybody is born with a good working knowledge of the Constitution of the United States, or of the peculiar relation of the States to the general government. Even if this knowledge were the birthright of the native-born, it cannot be assumed for the foreigner made a citizen, born and reared in governmental conditions totally different from ours, or for his children inheriting his ideas, nor for the millions of colored citizens in the South suddenly come into new responsibilities. And if to-day the sex line were to be obliterated in suffrage, does anybody suppose that all the women, except the few, comparatively, who have given attention to public affairs, would not need elementary instruction in the nature of our complex government? And why, in any event, should not the girls in the public schools, who may be mothers and have to teach their sons, understand these things as well as the boys?

By way of illustration of the need of instruction in the fundamental conception of what our government is, take the

proposal that is put about in newspapers, and appears in popular conventions, to elect Senators of the United States by popular vote in each State. What difference, it is asked, does it make whether the Senators representing the State are chosen by popular vote or by the Legislature? The question shows a profound misconception of the fundamental nature of our system, upon the maintenance of which depends the perpetuity of the republic. The framers of the Constitution provided for two sorts of representation in Congress, a popular representation of the people of the several States in the Lower House, and a representation of the States themselves as entities, as real living bodies, in the Senate. They secured these by providing that Representatives should be elected by popular vote, and Senators by the vote of the Legislatures of the States. The Constitution was not adopted by popular vote, but by the vote of the States, given according to their natures by the Legislatures. The State acts through its Legislature and its Executive, and not by popular movement directly. It needs no argument to show that to change the Constitution in regard to the election of Senators is to change fundamentally the character of our government, and also to remove one of the safeguards against impulsive movements to which our stability, in a century of revolutions elsewhere, has been largely due. So long as we can keep the machine with its original checks and balances, as the phrase is, we have the most stable government on earth.

This by way of illustration, and not of disquisition. It is evident enough on all sides that instruction of an elementary kind is needed, not only as to the nature of the constitutional government, but in citizenship. Where else can it be given except in the public schools, and why may not the State legitimately undertake it? If it does, elementary text-books on our government are needed. But good text-books are of little value without competent teachers. If the State is to make its children intelligent, even in the most limited range of the education of them, it can only be by the use of intelligence. Are the majority of the teachers employed in public schools intelligent in regard to the nature of our government or the duties of citizenship? Our public-school system rests on solid grounds of public utility. But the question is whether it is properly fulfilling its object. It is getting to be understood that the best teachers are required for the youngest and most unformed minds, and that they are nowhere more needed than in the common schools of the lower grades. The corollary of all this is that the State must spend more money, not in the ornamental part of education, but in the essentials, and that it must pay a fair salary in order to secure competent teachers in the places where they are most needed. Considering how much is at stake, the State cannot more profitably spend its money than by making young citizens intelligent about their own government and their own country.

II.

In the translation of the poems of Giosuè Carducci and the introductory essays by Mr. Frank Sewell (translations excellent, and essays which admirably interpret the poet) attention is forcibly called to the persistence of fundamental race instincts. The return of Carducci to the Hellenic, or, more broadly, to the pagan, conception of life is not merely a reaction against Christianity, spiritual or ceremonial, but an expression of the continuing pagan conception of the Italians, that is to say, of the old underlying Hellenic instincts of the people. In plain words, Christianity has been imposed upon the Italians as an external thing, but never taken into their life, and consequently never changing their race instincts; to them never has come the Christian-Puritan conception, as Mr. Douglas Campbell expresses it in *The Puritan*—"Duty the object of life, and the Bible its rule." The Christian sense of awe in the presence of the invisible and the supernatural never has effaced the Italic instinct for the Hellenic worship of immediate beauty and sensuous pleasure; "a vast chasm still unbridged exists between the ancient inherent Hellenism of the Italian people and that foreign influence, named indifferently by Carducci Semitic or Gothic, which for eighteen centuries has been imposed without itself imposing on them." To the Greek and Latin soul the fear of death was not on account of judgment or punishment, but a horror of the absence and delights of life. The essayist speaks of the inherent national blindness of the Hellenic, and in equal if

not in greater degree of the Latin, mind to what we may call a spiritual conception of life, its duties, and its destiny, and he continues: "To spiritual Christianity Carducci is not adverse because it is spiritual—as such it is still a comparatively unknown element to Italian minds—but because it is foreign to the national instinct; because it came in with the emperors, and so is indissolubly associated with foreign rule and oppression. It is the Gothic or Teutonic infusion in the Italian people that has kept alive whatever there is of spiritual life in the Christianity that has been imposed upon them by the Roman Church. The other elements of Romanism are only a sensuous cult of beautiful and imposing forms in ritual, music, and architecture on the one hand, and, on the other, a stern, uncompromising asceticism, which in spirit is the direct contradiction of the former.... In the ever-widening antagonism between the spirit and the flesh, between the subjective conception of Christianity, on the one hand, as represented by the Teutonic race and the empire, and the sensuous and objective on the other, as represented by the Italic race and the Pope, may we not discern the reason why the Italian people, in the lowest depths of their sensual corruptions, were largely and powerfully Guelph in their sympathies, and why the exiled and lonely writer of the 'Divina Commedia' was a Ghibelline?"

This is not quoted to raise any ecclesiastical question. The interest of it is in the survival of a race instinct. If Carducci is the national poet of the Italians, and his conception of life is theirs, as it is asserted, then we have an instance of race persistency paralleled only in the case of the Jews. There is, however, a suggestion of it in the original inhabitants of the Nile country below the Second Cataract. How many religions or shades of belief they may have accepted or had imposed on them before the Greek and the Roman occupations, we do not know. We do know that they accepted Christianity, and that after an experience of that, probably not vital, for many centuries, they embraced the faith of Mohammed. But the traveller who observes the life of to-day and studies the ancient history of the people is impressed with the conviction that they are inherently unchanged in manners and in morals, and that the various religions to which they have been subjected have not effaced the race instincts. Certain ancient characteristics survive, and perhaps certain primal conceptions of life, as vividly as Carducci finds similar survivals in the Italians.

What this conception is can perhaps be more dispassionately shown by the quotation of a sonnet which has no religious intention than by such poems of revolt as his hymn to Satan or to any of the Greek deities. As poetry there is nothing better in the volume, and its perfect pagan calm is undisturbed by any modern anxiety about realism. It is a sonnet to "The Ox":

"I love thee, pious ox; a gentle feeling
Of vigor and of peace thou giv'st my heart.
How solemn, like a monument, thou art!
Over wide fertile fields thy calm gaze stealing,
Unto the yoke with grave contentment kneeling,
To man's quick work thou dost thy strength impart.
He shouts and goads, and answering thy smart,
Thou turn'st on him thy patient eyes appealing.

"From thy broad nostrils, black and wet, arise
Thy breath's soft fumes; and on the still air swells,
Like happy hymn, thy lowing's mellow strain.
In the grave sweetness of thy tranquil eyes
Of emerald, broad and still reflected dwells
All the divine green silence of the plain."

III.

Nothing is more marked in the literature of the last quarter of our century than the emancipation of what is called history. This is not wholly due to the growth of the scientific spirit, nor to the spread of civil liberty and ecclesiastical toleration, but also, let us hope, to the love of truth for truth's sake in the world. In this process of emancipation many "canned" reputations have been destroyed, and many maligned characters have been lifted to honor. The reaction against tradition and partisan perversion has been often iconoclastic. But it is necessary sometimes to break windows in order to get fresh air, and the damage done is slight compared with the benefit from freer respiration, vital circulation, and breadth of view. In the new theory of history nothing is to be gained to progress by concealment, and it is the business of the historian to uncover the past, and not to make it, or any portion of it, what he thinks it should have been, or should be in order to sustain a cause or bolster up a creed. We are only in the beginning of this process of reconstruc-

tion, for important historical archives are still inaccessible or to be unearthed, and the study of the life of the common people in every period is only recently yielding its fruits.

An important work of original research in the full spirit of modern inquiry has recently been issued, after receiving a prize from the French Academy, in two large octavo volumes. It is entitled *Sébastien Castellion, sa Vie et son Œuvre* (1515–1563), a study on the origins of French liberal Protestantism, by M. Ferdinand Buisson. M. Buisson was a commissioner to the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, and made to his government the valuable report on Primary Instruction. This work, in all its illuminating details, is the labor of his mature life, and was made possible by access to inedited documents in the Geneva archives. Castellion, humanist and pedagogue, was a friend of Calvin, at first a disciple and an inmate of his house in Strasburg, but he became later his critic and adversary, and was distinguished in the sixteenth century for the memorable struggle he maintained against Calvin and Théodore de Bèze on the occasion of the death of Michel Servetus. But his glory is—and he is lifted into prominence in our time by it—that he was the first who established the true principles of religious toleration and liberty of conscience. This curious and interesting story of his life becomes, therefore, of the first importance, especially to the pre-eminent land of civil and religious liberty. It is probable that from this source came the defined and enlightened idea of toleration which placed William of Orange two centuries in advance of his era, and made the Netherlands the first state to practise religious tolerance. It was from the Netherlands that we inherited our humane and tolerant institutions, and of this new thought in modern life Castellion was as truly the precursor here as in the French awakening in the time of Voltaire. M. Buisson traces somewhat the expansion of the idea of toleration beyond the continent and the time of Castellion, by reference to the experience of Roger Williams and other sufferers for conscience's sake, and to Jeremy Taylor, who, several years after the stand taken by Williams, published his discourse on the iniquity of persecuting men for their opinions.

IV.

More directly revolutionary of history as it has been written in England and America is Mr. Douglas Campbell's study of *The Puritan in Holland, England, and America.* But it is in the same line of the development of the principles of civil and religious liberty. The theory of the book is that we owe these principles to the Netherlands and not to England, and that whatever is most valuable in our institutions has a Continental origin. The critic will observe that where anxiety to sustain a theory on the part of a writer is too conspicuous the reader is apt to suspect that facts have been culled with a purpose to sustain it. But apart from any animus, the array of undisputed facts in this book, largely drawn from the arsenal of those who have had a different theory, must challenge attention, if it does not carry conviction to those who have no interest in maintaining English traditions. The extraordinary pictures of the civilization of the Netherlands in the sixteenth century drawn by Motley are not only sustained but accounted for in a study of the origins of these remarkable pioneers of freedom. And the direct debt of England to this civilization, which it was so slow to copy, cannot be doubted. Though the object of the work may sometimes seem to be the relegation of England to a low place in the progress of civilization, this is only incidental to a defence of Puritanism. And in carrying this defence to the Puritans of Massachusetts—the Pilgrims need no defence—an idea is advanced that would probably have created a smile on the grave faces of the settlers of Massachusetts Bay. It is that their intolerance and unloveliness were not due to their Puritanism, but to their share in the English nature and character of that day! That is to say that the good in them came from the Netherlands, and the harshness, which approached barbarism in its intolerance, was due to the backwardness of civilization in England. As a conquering race the English have never been too scrupulous of the rights of those who stood in their way, not certainly more tender of them than the Americans have been of the rights of the aborigines here. The author contrasts the treatment of the Indians by the Puritans and by the Dutch in New York and Pennsylvania. The wife of William Penn was Dutch. The author

constantly maintains that the historians of England and those who have been inspired by their leanings in this country have steadily, if not studiously, done injustice to the Dutch, and that the records will give those heroic pioneers in the arts of utility and of taste, in commerce, manufacturing, and free government, and in religious freedom, their just position at the head of our modern procession of civilization. The work is written with so much vigor and with such abundant citation of authorities that it is certain to give a new direction to the investigation of the historical period in question by writers in America, and meantime it is so brilliant and fascinating that it is likely to command a wide reading.

V.

If the principle of toleration has been of slow growth in this world, the rise and spread of the humane spirit has been not less tardy in the nineteen centuries of the kingdom of the Founder of the brotherhood of man. The Christian world is scarcely yet free of slavery, and has not yet been able to stop the slave trade, while the treatment of offenders against the civil and moral law, although less barbarous than fifty years ago, is still very far from being enlightened. Indeed, the growth of a public conscience or the change in public opinion on most questions during the era of Christianity is one of the most interesting as it is one of the most perplexing of studies. A great source of revenue to Elizabeth and her piratical sea-rovers was the slave trade, and the interests of England continued to force slavery upon her American colonies down almost to the Revolutionary period. Whitefield, the Methodist evangelist, and Jonathan Edwards, the Calvinist, were slave-holders, and although light broke into many noble minds in the close of the eighteenth century, and slavery could not be defended South or North, the sentiment was so feeble as to be speedily obscured by self-interest; and even in the free North prior to 1860 to be an abolitionist was to incur social odium if not ostracism; to publicly advocate the abolition of slavery was to run the risk of mobbing, which was not seldom experienced, and a large proportion of the Christian clergy defended slavery as of divine ordination, as Whitefield had done. Indeed, the moral question was only fully illuminated by a flood of political and economic light. Expediency is usually the guide of nations, whatever their creed. Slavery stood revealed in its moral aspects when it was seen to be inconsistent with the life of the Union. The narrative of this change of public opinion on a strictly moral question is one of the most interesting features of a *History of the United States* by James Ford Rhodes. He undertakes to cover the period from the passage of the compromise measures of 1850 down to the first election of Grover Cleveland. The method of the historian is in the modern spirit of scientific investigation, with abundant citations of authorities. It is a most difficult period to deal with, because it is so nearly contemporary, and because the passions of men and of parties have not yet subsided regarding it. The two volumes issued carry the story down to the election of Lincoln, and the difficulties of the historian are sure to increase as he goes on. The work, judged by the part completed, must be pronounced philosophic in spirit, and eminently fair and impartial, if one can ever be exactly impartial, or ever ought to be, in a question of moral right and wrong, or in a question of political patriotism. To take sides is inevitable, but the author has not taken sides without stating both sides as fully as lay in his power. An example of his fairness is his treatment of Stephen A. Douglas, whose immense force greatly impresses the author. The narrative has a strong, lucid current which irresistibly bears the reader onward, and it is sufficiently dignified without being on stilts; it is made vivid by admirable portraits, and is full of the life of the time. Perhaps its most notable characteristic, considering our nearness to the period, is the excellent historical perspective. The events are related with the discrimination of a spectator, not with the heat of an actor.

VI.

That history is being so extensively revised and rewritten is largely due to the wealth of new material which the present period enjoys, in the opening of closed archives, the publication of memoirs and of private diaries and correspondence. It is an age of publicity and not of concealment. A notable contribution in this way is the life of the silent soldier Field-Marshal von Moltke. This is thus far

revealed in three volumes—*The Franco-German War*, the general's own narrative; *His Life and Character*, sketched in journals, letters, memoirs, a novel (of his youth), and autobiographical notes; and *Letters to his Mother and his Brothers*. The value of these volumes is not in any startling revelation of political secrets, or diplomatic or military manœuvres, but in their unconscious exhibition of character, of culture, of loyalty, of patriotism, of scholarship, of Christian virtue, of a sense of duty, and therefore of the underlying forces that made modern Germany, and that made Von Moltke one of the potent creators of it. Here is no posing, no exaggeration; his letters are often as free from color as his narrative of the war; and it is not until we see the private man in domestic life, a lover of poetry, and with the ability to turn agreeable verses, with a passion for music, a taste for the study of antiquity, no mean talents as a draughtsman, a keen comprehension of facts, in his travels, with no disposition to speculate, and feel his simple loyalty and faith, that we begin to comprehend how great a man he was. It was not merely mathematics, the power of discipline and concentration, the skill of combination, that made Von Moltke the victor in the Franco-German war; it was the higher moral and intellectual forces. And M. Lavisse and the French students of to-day cannot overlook this character, as highly typical of German civilization, when they search for the reasons of the German success.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 7th of March.—On the 2d of February, President Harrison nominated Howell E. Jackson, of Tennessee, to succeed the late L. Q. C. Lamar as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Fifty-second Congress adjourned *sine die* on the 4th of March. But little legislation of general interest was performed during the latter part of the session. Besides the usual bills for the various appropriations, an act was passed for the establishment of a national quarantine system, also one requiring the use of automatic couplers and continuous brakes on all railroad freight trains. The total appropriations and expenses of both sessions of the Congress were estimated to have exceeded $1,026,000,000.

United States Senators were chosen in several of the States as follows: Kentucky, William Lindsay, Democrat; Nebraska, W. B. Allen, Populist; North Dakota, William N. Roach, Democrat; Wyoming, A. C. Beckwith, Democrat; Montana, Lee Mantle, Republican. The last two were appointed by the Governors of their respective States, the Legislatures having adjourned without making a choice.

On the 4th of March Grover Cleveland was inaugurated President of the United States, and Adlai E. Stevenson Vice-President. The following cabinet officers were chosen by Mr. Cleveland: Secretary of State, Walter Q. Gresham, of Illinois; Secretary of the Treasury, John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky; Secretary of War, Daniel S. Lamont, of New York; Secretary of the Navy, Hilary A. Herbert, of Alabama; Secretary of the Interior, Hoke Smith, of Georgia; Postmaster-General, Wilson S. Bissell, of New York; Secretary of Agriculture, J. S. Morton, of Nebraska; Attorney-General, Richard Olney, of Massachusetts.

News was received from Honolulu on the 9th of February that Minister Stevens had established a United States protectorate over the Hawaiian Islands, pending the action of Congress. On the 15th the draft of a treaty for the annexation of the islands, together with a message recommending its adoption, was submitted to the Senate by the President, but no definite action was taken.

The closeness of the election of several members of the Lower House of the Kansas Legislature led to disputes between the rival Republican and Populist parties, which, on the 15th of February, threatened to culminate in a riot at the State-house in Topeka. A compromise was finally effected, and the questions at issue were submitted to the Supreme Court of the State for settlement.

In the British House of Commons, on the 17th of February, Mr. Gladstone introduced a bill providing for the establishment of home-rule in Ireland.

In France the trials of persons accused of complicity in the Panama Canal frauds were continued. Several prominent men, including the Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, M. Eiffel, and others, were convicted, and sentenced to be fined and imprisoned.

In Rome, on the 19th of February, Pope Leo XIII. celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entry into the episcopate.

DISASTERS.

February 7th.—News from Queensland, Australia, reported the destruction of much property by floods. More than 500 houses had been demolished in Brisbane alone, and many people had been drowned.

February 8th.—The British steamship *Trinacria* was wrecked off the coast of Spain, and thirty-seven persons were drowned.

OBITUARY.

February 9th.—In London, England, Louis J. Jennings, M.P., formerly editor of the New York *Times*, aged fifty-six years.

February 12th.—At Louisville, Kentucky, Dr. Norvin Green, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, aged seventy-four years.

February 20th.—At New Orleans, Louisiana, General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard (Confederate Army), aged seventy-four years.

February 24th.—In New York city, Rufus Hatch, capitalist, aged sixty-one years.

March 5th.—In Paris, France, Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, author, aged sixty-five years.

March 7th.—At Schenectady, New York, Douglas Campbell, lawyer and author, aged fifty-three years.

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early all day.
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"That's where poor Mrs. Wilkins used to live!"
"Why '*poor*' Mrs. Wilkins?"
"Well—her husband was killed in that horrid railway accident—don't you remember?"
"Oh—but that was *months* ago!"

—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

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HOW JINNY EASED HER MIND.

UNCLE Ben Williamson was as well known in town as the Mayor or the Governor. He was an "old-time darky," and to this owed his position, which was a good one. He had been "boy" about law offices in the Law Building ever since the first evening when he had knocked gently at Judge Allen's door, and then, after a tardy invitation, had slipped slowly in sideways, with his old beaver hat in his hand, and having taken in in his comprehensive glance the whole room, including the occupant himself, had said, apparently satisfied, that he had heard they wanted a boy, and he wanted a place. It was an auspicious moment for him. The last "boy," a drunkard and a thief, had just been discharged, and the judge had been much worried that day. His thoughts had turned in the waning evening light to his home, from which the light had faded for all time, and his heart was softened. The old lawyer had looked Ben over too, and was satisfied. Something about him had called up tender recollections of his little office at the old court-house before he became a successful lawyer and a celebrated judge, and when his best friend was the old drunken negro who waited on him, "cleaned up" (?) his room, and was his principal client and most sympathetic friend and counsellor in his long love-affair with his sweetheart, the old Colonel's brown-eyed daughter. He had just been dreaming of her, first as she wore his first violets, and then as she lay for the last time, with her head pillowed in his roses, and her white slender hands, whiter than ever, clasped over his last violets on her quiet breast.

He had recalled all the sweet difficulties in winning her; his falling back into dissipation, his picking himself up again, and again his failure; and then the lonely evening when he had sat in front of the dying fire, sad, despairing, and had wondered if life were worth holding longer; then old William slipping in, hat in hand. He recalled his keen look at him as he sat before the fire with the pistol half hidden on his desk, and his sudden breaking of the silence with: "Don't you give her up, Marse Johnny; don't you nuver give her up. Ef she's wuth havin', she's wuth fightin' for; an' ef she say no, she jes beginnin' to mean yes. Don't you give her up." And he had not given up, and she had called him from the dead and had made him. He would not have given the right to put those violets in her calm hands for a long life of unbroken happiness with any one else. So, when the door

opened quietly, and Uncle Ben, in his clean shirt, time-browned coat, and patched breeches slipped in, it was an auspicious moment.

"Where did you come from?" he asked him.

"From old Charlotte, suh; used to 'longst to de Bruces."

"Can you clean up?"

He laughed a spontaneous, jolly laugh. "Kin I clean up? Dat's what I come to do. Jinny ken, too."

"Can you read?"

"Well, nor, suh, not edzactly. I ain't no free-issue nigger nor preacher." The shade of disappointment on his face counterbalanced this.

"Do you get drunk?"

"Yes, sir, sometimes"—cheerfully. "Not so often. I 'ain't got nuttin to git de whiskey. But ef I's drunk, Jinny cleans up."

"Who is Jinny?"

"She's my wife."

"What sort of a woman is she?"

"She's a black woman. Oh, she's a good sort o' ooman—a toler'ble good sort o' ooman, ef you know how to git 'long wid her. Sort o' raspy sometimes, like urr wimmens, but I kin manage her. You kin try us. Ef you don't like us we ken go. We 'ain't got no root to we foots."

"You'll do. I'll try you," said the judge; and from that time Uncle Ben became the custodian of the offices. He was a treasure. As he had truly said, he got drunk sometimes, but when he did, Jinny took his place and cleaned up. Her temper was, as he had said, certainly "raspy." Even flattery must have admitted this, and Uncle Ben wore a bandage or plaster on some part of his head a considerable part of his time, but no one ever heard him complain. "Jinny jes been kind o' easin' her mine," he said, in answer to questions.

At length it culminated; one night Jinny went to work on him with a flat-iron to such good purpose that first a policeman came in, and then a doctor had to be called to bring him to, and Jinny was arrested.

Next morning, when Jinny was sent on to the grand jury for striking with intent to maim, disfigure, disable, and kill, Ben was a trifle triumphant. When the justice announced his decision, he rose, and shaking his long finger at her, exclaimed, "Ay, ay, what I tell you?"

"Silence!" roared the big tipstaff, and he sat down with a puzzled look on his face.

When the police court closed he went up to his wife, and said, in a commanding tone: "Now come 'long home wid me an' 'have yourself. I'll teach you to sling flat-iron at folks' head!"

The officer announced, however, that Jinny would have to go to jail—the case had passed beyond his jurisdiction. She had been sent on to the grand jury.

Ben's countenance fell. "Got to go to jail!" he repeated, mechanically, in a dazed kind of way. "Got to go to jail!" Then the prisoners were taken down to the jail. He followed behind the line of stragglers that generally attended that interesting procession, and he sat on a stone outside the iron door nearly all day.

That afternoon he spent in the judge's office. The grand jury was in session, and next day "a true bill" was found against Jinny Williamson for an attempt to maim, disfigure, disable, and kill—a felony. The same day her case was called, the first on the docket.

She had good counsel. She could have had every lawyer in the building had she wanted them, so efficiently had old Ben polled the bar. But the case was a dead open-and-shut one. Unhappily, the judge was ill with gout. The commonwealth called Ben first man, and he told simply the same story he had told at the police court and to the grand jury. Jinny had always had a vicious temper, and had often exercised it towards him. That evening she had gone rather far, and finally he had attempted to remonstrate with her, had "tapped her with his open hand," and she had pounded his head with the flat-iron. The officer was called, and corroborated the story. He had heard the noise, had gone in and found Ben unconscious, and the woman in a fury swearing to kill him. The surgeon pronounced the wound one which came near being very serious; but for Ben's exceptionally hard head, the skull would have been fractured; as it was, only the outer plate of the frontal bone was broken. He had known several men killed by blows much less vigorous. No cross-examination affected the witnesses. Ben had evidently told his story unwillingly. The jury was solemn. Earnest if short speeches were made. The judge gave a strong instruction upon the evil of women being lawless and murderous, and the jury retired. The counsel leant over and told Ben he thought they had lost the case, and the jury would probably send his wife up for at least a year. Ben said nothing. He only looked once at Jinny sitting sullen and lowering in the prisoners' box beside a thief. Then, after a while, he got up and went out, and a minute later slipped in at the door sideways, and making his way over to her, put an orange—not a very large or fresh one—into her lap. She did not look at him.

The appearance of the jury filing in glum and important sent him to his seat. The clerk called the names and asked, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?" The consumptive-looking foreman bowed, and handed in the indictment, amid a sudden silence, and the clerk read, slowly, "We, the jury, find the prisoner guilty," etc., and "sentence her to confinement in the penitentiary for two years." Neither Jinny nor Ben stirred, nor did the counsel. He was evidently considering. The judge, in a voice slightly troubled, said he would pronounce sentence at once, and asked the prisoner if she had anything she wished to say. She rocked a little and glanced shyly over towards Ben with a sort of appealing look—her first—said nothing, looked down

again, and turned her orange over in her lap.

"Stand up," said the judge; and she stood up.

Just then Ben stood up too, and making his way over to her, said, "Jedge, ken I say a wud?"

"Why—ah—yes," said the judge, doubtfully. "It is very unusual, but go on." He sat back in his arm-chair.

"Well, gent'mens," began Ben, "I jes wants to say" (he paused, and took in the entire court-room in the sweep of his glance)—"I jes wants to say dat I don't think you ought to do Jinny dat way. Y'all ain' got nuttin 't all 'ginst Jinny. She 'ain' do nuttin to you all—nuttin 't all. She's my wife, and what she done she done to me. Ef I kin stan' it, y'all ought to be able to, dat's sho'. Now hit's dis a-way. Y'all is married gent'mens, and yo' knows jes how 'tis. Yo' knows sometimes a ooman gits de debil in her. 'Tain't her fault; 'tis de debil's. Hit jes like wolf in cows. Sometimes die gits in de skin an' mecks 'em kick up an' run an' mean. Dat's de way 'tis wid wimmens. I done know Jinny ever since she wuz a little gal at home in de country. I done know how mean she is. I done know all dat, an' I done marry her, 'cuz she suit me. I had plenty o' urr gals I could 'a' marry, but I ain' want dem. I want Jinny, and I pester her tell she had me. Well, she meaner eben 'n I think she is; but dat ain' nuttin. I satisfied wid her, an' dat's 'nough. Y'all don' know how mean she is. She mean as a narrer-faced mule. She kick an' she fight an' she quoil tell sometimes I hardly ken stay in muh house; but dat ain' nuttin. I stay dyah, and when she git thoo I right dyah jes same as befo', and I know den I gwine have a good supper, an' I ain' got to pester my mine 'bout nuttin. Y'all done been all 'long dyah, 'cuz y'all is married gent'mens. Well, dat's de way 'twuz turr night. Jinny been good so long, I feared she got some'n de matter wid her, an' I kind o' git oneasy, an' sort o' poke her up. But she ain't; she all right. I so glad to find her dat way, I sort o' uppish, and when she hit me I slapped her. I didn' mean to hu't her; I jes hit her a little tap side her head, so, and she went all to pieces in a minute. I done hurt her feelin's. Y'all knows how 'tis yo'self. Wimmen's got mighty cu'ious feelin's, ain' like chillern's nor men's. Ef you slap 'em, dey goes dat a-way. Dey gits aggervated, an' den dey got to ease de mine. Well, Jinny she got mighty big mine, an' when she dat a-way it tecks right smart to ease it—to smoove it. Fust she done try broom, den cheer, den shovel, den skillet; but ain' none o' dem able to ease her, and den she got to try de flat-iron. She got to do it. Y'all knows how 'tis. Ef wimmen's got to do anything dey got to do it, and dat's all. Flat-iron don' hu't none. I 'ain' eben feel it. Hit jes knock me out muh head little while, and I jes good as I wuz befo.' When I come to I fine dee done 'res' Jinny. Dat's what hu't me. Jinny done been easin' her mine all dese years, an' we 'ain' nuver had no trouble befo'. An' now y'all say she got to go to de pen'tentia'y. How'd y'all like somebody to sen' you' wife to pen'tentia'y when she jes easin' her mine? I ax you dat. How she gwine ease her mine dyah? I ax you dat. I know y'all gwine sen' her dyah, gent'mens, 'cuz you done say you is. I know you is, an' I 'ain' got nuttin to say 'bout it, not a wud, but all I ax you is to le' me go dyah too. I don' want stay here b'dout Jinny, an' y'all ain' gwine to know how to manage her b'dout me. I is de on'iest on' kin do dat. Jinny got six chillern—little chillern—dis las' crap; she didn' hab none some sevul years, an' den she had six. I gwine bring 'em all right up heah to y'all to teck keer on, 'cuz I gwine wid her, ef you le' me. I kyarn stan' it dyah by myself. I leetle mo' went 'stracted last night. Y'all kin have 'em, 'cuz y'all ken teck keer on 'em, an' I kyan't. I would jes like you to let her go home for a leetle while 'fo' yo' sen' her up. I jes would like dat. She got a right new baby dyah squeelin' for her dis minute, an' I mighty feared hit gwine to die widout her, an' dat 'll be right hard 'pon her. She 'ain' never los' but byah one, and I had right smart trouble wid her 'bout dat. She sort o' out her head arter dat some sevul months, till she got straight agin. I git 'long toler'ble well wid de urr chillerns, but I ain' able to nuss dat new one, an' she squeel all night. I got a woman to come dyah an' look arter it, but she say she want Jinny, and I think Jinny want her—I think she do. Jes let her go dyah a little while. Dat's all I want to ax you."

He sat down. A glance at Jinny proved his assertion. Her eyes were shut fast, and with her arms lightly folded across her ample bosom, she was rocking gently from side to side. Two tears had pushed out from under her eyes, and stood gleaming on her black cheeks.

The counsel glanced up at the judge, whose face wore a look of deep perplexity, and then at the jury. "I would like to poll the jury," he said.

The clerk read the verdict over, and called the first name. "Is that your verdict?"

The juror arose. "Well, judge, I thought it was; but" (he looked down at his fellows) "I think if I could I would like to talk to one or two of the other jurors a minute, if it is not too late. My wife's got a right new baby at home herself that squealed a little last night, and I'd like to go back to the room and think about it."

"Sheriff, take the jury back to their room," said the judge, firmly.

In a few minutes they returned, and the verdict was read:

"We, the jury, all married men, find the prisoner guilty of only easing her mind."

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.



THE SAILING OF THE AUTOCRAT.*

On board the S.S. "Cephalonia," April 26, 1886.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

I.

O Wind and Wave, be kind to him!
So, Wave and Wind, we give thee thanks!
O Fog, that from Newfoundland Banks
Makest the blue bright ocean dim,
Delay him not! And ye who snare
The wayworn shipman with thy song,
Go pipe thy ditties otherwhere
While this brave vessel ploughs along!
If still to tempt him be thy thought,
O phantom Daughters of the Brine,
Look lively lest thyselves get caught
With sweeter strains than those of thine!

II.

Yet, soft sea-spirits, be not mute;
Murmur about the prow, and make
Melodious the west-wind's lute.
For him may radiant mornings break
From out the bosom of the deep,
And golden noons above him bend,
And fortunate constellations keep
Bright vigils to his journey's end!

III.

Take him, green Erin, to thy breast!
Keep him, gray London—for a while!
In him we send thee of our best,
Our wisest word, our blithest smile—
Our epigram, alert and pat,
That kills with joy the folly hit—
Our Yankee Tsar, our Autocrat
Of all the happy realms of wit!
Take him and keep him — but forbear
To keep him more than half a year....
His presence will be sunshine there,
His absence will be shadow here!

* These lines, written by Mr. Aldrich on the day Dr. Holmes sailed for England, in 1886, are now printed for the first time.

LIGHT IN INDIANA.

THE clearing up of even the smallest mystery is always a matter of congratulation, since thereby the common stock of knowledge is made greater. For two months a deep mystery has hung over Hopkinsville, Indiana. At last it is explained; and not only is the public made wiser in understanding this local enigma, but a little more light is shed on that greatest enigma which has baffled man since the beginning of time, namely, woman.

Hopkinsville is sharply divided into a business and a resident district. There is, practically, but one street connecting these two parts of the town; it is called Posey Avenue. Along the west side of Posey Avenue there is a substantial plank sidewalk. On the night of the 12th of last November, Mr. Frobell, a prominent merchant, was kept at his office very late balancing up the books. Indeed it was past midnight when Mr. Frobell started for home. He is certain that he was in good order when he left the store, with the exception, of course, of being somewhat tired; but when Mr. Frobell arrived at his home he was in a wrecked and battered condition which was painful to behold. His clothes were muddy and a good deal torn, his hat was crushed, and he was also severely bruised, and had lost his umbrella and eye-glasses. When he recovered his powers of speech, which he did with difficulty, he first hastily explained to Mrs. Frobell why he had been detained so late. In regard to his condition he then said that he had fallen through an immense hole in the sidewalk along Posey Avenue. He thought that he knew where the place was, and felt confident that he could go to it in the morning and recover his umbrella and eye-glasses. He then announced his intention to sue the city for $50,000 damages, and fell into a heavy slumber, seeming much fatigued.

Early the next morning Mr. Frobell started out to find the treacherous hole in the walk. Mrs. Frobell accompanied him, as he wished to use her as witness in his suit. Near the neighborhood in Posey Avenue which he had described Mr. Frobell found his property. There was also in the mud the accurate print of his own person where he had struck the surface of the earth on his back. But, horrors! there was no trace of any hole in the sidewalk. On the contrary, this useful municipal institution stood as firm and whole as it had ever stood. Mrs. Frobell looked at him severely. Mr. Frobell smiled a kind of sickly smile. He then went down town, and she returned home. That very night Mr. Brown, of Hersey, Bean, and Brown, had precisely the same experience while returning from an important lodge meeting at about one o'clock. In the morning he went to find the break in the sidewalk, accompanied by his wife, and, like Mr. Frobell, was discomfited and humiliated. Then followed the greatest wreck of leading citizens ever recorded. The next victim was Mr. C. J. Hornby, president of the Hopkinsville Temperance Society. He was injured so that he was kept in the house four days. Mayor Richardson and City Treasurer Katz also foundered, the former spraining his elbow, and the latter dislocating his shoulder-blade. This went on for upwards of two months, nearly every night claiming a fresh victim. All looked for the defect in the sidewalk, but no one found it. Finally Judge Cox, late Prohibition candidate for County Auditor, while returning from the bedside of a sick friend, went through the mysterious hole and broke two ribs. The men then called a mass-meeting. Between themselves, each confessed that on the night when he went to pieces he was returning from a little poker game in the Harley building, and that he was more or less under the influence of beer and light wines. But this did not explain why all had been wrecked in the same place, and where the walk was good. Somebody shrewdly suggested that the women were at the bottom of it. It was decided to apply torture and bring out the facts. Accordingly each man told his wife that she could not have a new spring bonnet till she confessed. At the end of two weeks the whole terrible truth came out. They had employed a mechanic from Terre Haute to loosen a section of the sidewalk, and place heavy springs under it which would throw it up violently over four feet when a key was pressed in a neighboring house of a widow named Burke, the connection being made by wires and electricity. The widow had been hired to watch each night, and when a citizen went past after midnight whose step was at all unsteady she sprang the trap and threw him high into the air, allowing the attraction of gravitation to do the rest.

The springs have been taken from under the sidewalk, the movable section firmly nailed down, and the men of Hopkinsville return to their homes in safety; but if woman, unemancipated and oppressed, can do such things as this, what may we soon expect from her when she has the inspiration of Mrs. Lease in the Senate?

A GREAT COMBINATION.

ON the outer wall of a Brooklyn house are two signs, which make an extremely suggestive combination. The most striking is a patent medicine advertisement, which begins near the top. This medicine claims to be a specific for nearly every ailment man is heir to. The name, price, and virtues of the medicine are first set forth—then follow the ailments that it can conquer, enumerated at great length. The advertisement then comes to an abrupt halt, and another, modest, unpretending, but exceedingly suggestive sign reads, "MURPHY, UNDERTAKER."

AN INJUSTICE.

"THERE'S wan unjoost thing about ar-rmy pinsions," said Pat. "Them as lives gits it all; them as dies gits lift."



A PROSPECT OF A LIVELY TIME.

"Will you apologize for blowing smoke in that lady's face?"

"Apologize nawthin."

"Very well; I intend to thrash you, and before I do I think it only fair to tell you that I am Tranjan, the heavy-weight rusher of Harvard."

"That's all right, young feller. I'm Liver Gilligan, the middle-weight champion of Hoboken."

REFINED TASTES.

A RATHER pointed story is told of Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, and the late Senator Beck, which we give without varnish.

Upon one occasion it was necessary to test some Old Bourbon Whiskey before shipping the Simon Pure to a fastidious customer. The anxious dealer bethought him of these two great men, who were universally admitted to be connoisseurs in the article, and begged their indulgence in the matter of tasting the liquor. Blackburn swallowed a sip, smacked his lips, looked a little bit critical, tried it again, and then said: "It is fair—very fair—but," again smacking his lips, "it seems to me I taste iron in it." The dealer looked discouraged.

Beck went through the same process of tasting and trying, at last exclaiming: "That's good—very good—but I think I detect a taste of leather."

The dealer's face fell. But feeling sure he had a superior article he investigated. After diligent search he found a *carpet-tack with a leather cap* in the bottom of the cask.

CLEVER UNDERWRITING.

In the palmy days of the clipper service—long before the great insurance companies were founded—there lived in New York a wealthy banker, who did a thriving business, underwriting vessels for the Quaker merchants, who then lived on East Broadway. It came to pass that the late Joseph Barker had the ship *Patience* insured by this banker to a considerable sum, and the ship being overdue, he tried to get additional insurance. The banker asked so large a premium that Mr. Barker deferred receiving the papers overnight, to advise his partner in the matter. As a consequence of the conference of the owners of the *Patience*, Mr. Barker walked to his friend's counting-house on Pearl Street the next day—a beautiful summer morning—to cancel his order. The banker sat at his open window, and Mr. Barker called from the street:

"Friend M——, if thee has not made out those papers, never mind. We've heard from the ship."

"Oh, they're all made out," the banker called back, and stooping at his desk, he added his signature, the one needful thing to make the papers legal. He hurried to the street and thrust the documents into Mr. Barker's hand. The old Quaker read them carefully, noted the banker's signature still wet, folded the papers deliberately, and replied:

"Yes, Friend M——, we've heard from the ship. She's lost." Coggeshall Macy.

A WONDERFUL ROOT.

"I don't remember to have ever seen any magic done myself, master," said the old peasant postmaster in whose little log-built room I was drinking my fourth allowance of tea that morning, while fresh horses were being hunted for my travelling wagon, "but there was a wonderful thing of that sort happened in my father's time, close to the village where I was born.

"Not far from the village lived a famous magician whose like was never known before or since. He could charm away sickness, or cure the Siberian distemper in cattle, just as easily as I would put the harness on a horse; and if you lost anything, you need only give him a few kopecks and he'd tell you just where it was, and how it had gone astray, and all!

"But, as the proverb says, 'living a lifetime is not like crossing a field'; and when the wizard grew old, all his magic failed to keep him from falling sick and dying like other people. So, when he was going to die, young Prince Volnikoff, who had always been very good to the old man, came to see him once more, and to ask if there was anything that could be done for him.

"The wizard thanked him, and said that his time was come, and that he needed nothing, but that, to show the prince that he was grateful for all his kindness, he'd give him something that should always bring him luck. And with that he fished up from among his magical things two small roots, and told the prince that if he took one of them with him whenever he went out hunting, and the other when he went out fishing (for he was very fond of sport), he'd have such luck as no man ever had yet.

"Now the prince was one who hadn't much faith in magic or anything after that sort, and so he just put away the two magic roots in a drawer, and forgot all about them. But at last, many months after the wizard's death, he lighted upon them one day by chance, and, as he happened to be going shooting that morning, he thought that, just for the fun of the thing, he would take the hunting root along with him, and see what would come of it.

"Well, off he went, and tramped mile after mile, but not a feather of game could he see, any more than he could see his own ears, and he was just thinking of giving it up and going home again when all at once he trod upon something slippery, and down he tumbled on his nose. And when he got up and looked about him, the whole ground for yards round him was littered with pike and salmon, salmon and pike, as thick as dust; for you see he had brought out the *fishing root* by mistake!"

David Ker.

A HARD WOMAN TO PLEASE.

"There is no pleasing Mrs. Adipose," said Parker. "She got on a crowded car the other day, and when three men got up to offer her a seat she got mad. Took it as a reflection upon her size."

AGNOSTICISM.

(AS UNDERSTOOD IN THE CABIN.)

De quarest 'ligion I ebber did hear
  Is de 'ligion ob de Abnostick,
A lookin' fer somethin' he nebber can fin',
  An' a leabin' out God an' ole Nick.
He nebber has knocked at de Bibil do',
  Ner wep' wid de sinners in need;
He don' b'lieve nuttin in de heaben er de yarth,
  Exceptin' w'at his eyes hab seed!

De quarest 'ligion I ebber did hear
  Is de 'ligion of de Abnostick;
He h'ain't like de lamps dat de virgins hab,
  'Caise he carn't show de littlest wick!
He nebber has sot on de moaners' bench,
  Ner listened ter de sperit's call,
An' de onliest preachin' he ebber has dun
  Is, "I don' know nuttin at all!"

De quarest 'ligion I ebber did hear
  Is de 'ligion ob de Abnostick,
Fer he gits no yarbs in sarchin' aroun'
  Ter holp out de souls dat are sick!
He's a-studyin' now, but yo' min' my word,
  He'll drap 'gin de gospil wall;
Ef his heart don' thump at de Jedg*ment* trump,
  'Den I don' know nuttin at all!

William H. Hayne.